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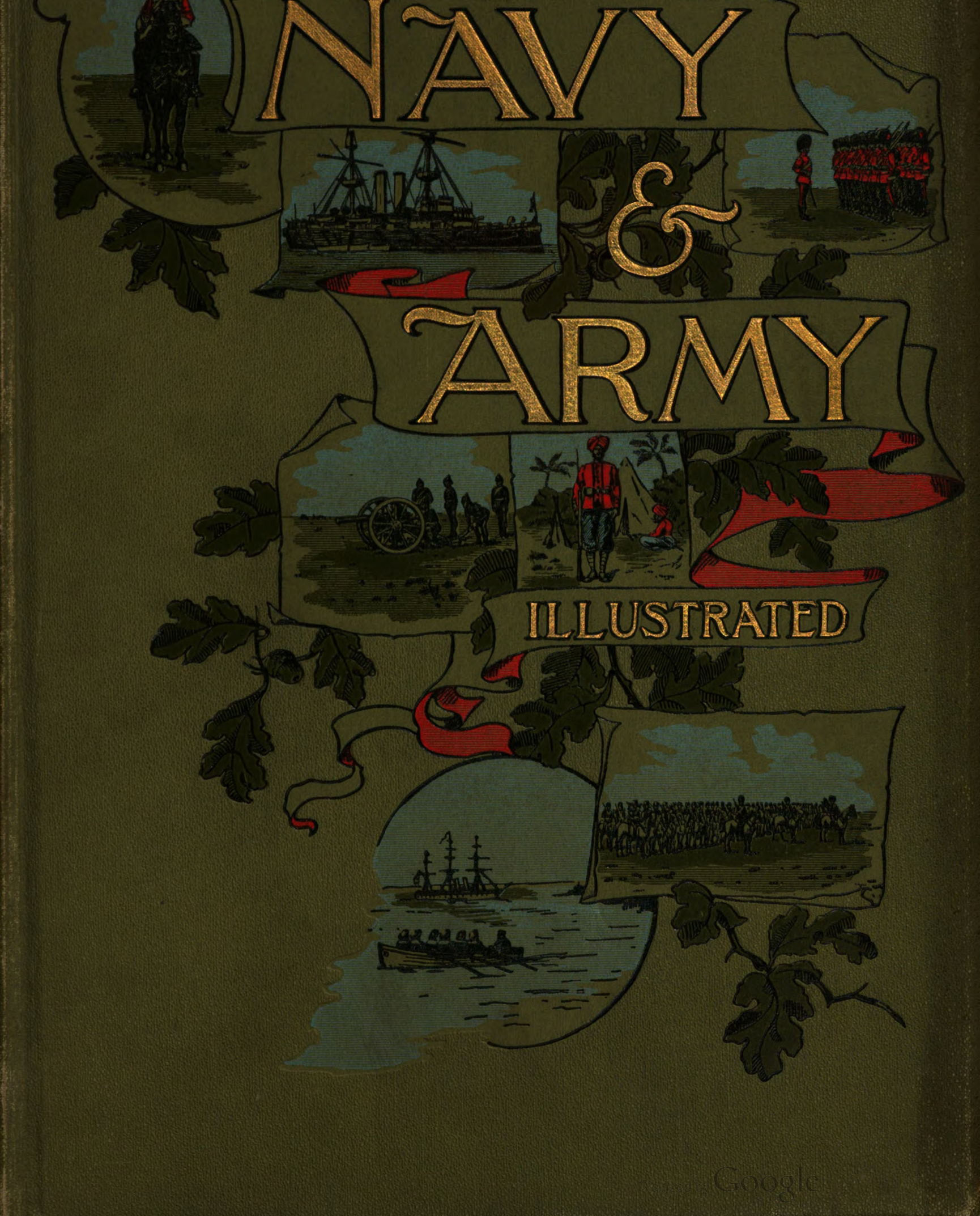

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INDEX.

ADVANCE FROM KIMBERLEY, The
Observation Service at Warrenton, 370; An Improvised Natural Curtain, 370; Only Six Miles Off . . . 370
ADVANCE FROM LADYSMITH, The—
Reminiscent of the Siege, 255; W. Kennedy Laurie Dickson and Staff, 255; The Grave of G. W. Steevens, 255; From a Well known Agency, 255; The Morning of Buller's Advance . . . 255
ADVANCE OF LORD ROBERTS, The—Episodes Near Pretoria—
A Flag of Truce from the Enemy, 381; Captain P. A. Kenna, V.C., 381; Twelve Miles Towards the Front, 381; In the Midst of the Sun and Glaring Heat, 381; A Welcome Break in a Long March . 381
AFTERMATH OF WAR, The . . . 174
"ANDROMEDA" . . . 568
ANNEXATION OF THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY, The—
Hoisting the British Flag in the Market Square, Bloemfontein . 456
AN INHABITED BRIDGE IN THE KWANG-TUNG PROVINCE . . . 600
"ARGONAUT" . . . 568
"ARIADNE" . . . 568
ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY, The—
On the Way to Meet His Doom, 552; The Crowd outside the Pavilion, 552; The Athletes Parading before the King, 552; "Le Roi Est Mort; Vive le Roi!" . . . 552
AUSTRALIA, South and West—
South Australian Infantry, 346; West Australian Mounted Infantry, 346; Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Bushmen's Corps . . . 347
AUSTRALIA, The Premier Colony of—
The New South Wales Army Medical Corps, 341; The Departure of the Bushmen from Sydney, 341; A Patrol of New South Wales Mounted Infantry . . . 341
AUXILIARIES AT THE FRONT
Sussex sends a Contingent, 273; A Strong Company of Volunteers, 273; Amid the Trees at Burnham Court . . . 273

BADEN-POWELL, Major-General R. S. S., in the Uniform of the 5th Dragoon Guards . . . 233
BADEN-POWELL, Major-General—The Many-Sided . . . 354, 356
BATTERY'S ANIMAL ACCESSORIES, A—
Making Provision for Future Comfort, 96; Branding a Bullock . 96
BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS BUILDING TO-DAY—
The Stout Stern of an Armoured Cruiser, 238; Busy Work Upon a Great Battleship, 238; An Excellent View of a Battleship's Stern, 238; The Ribs and Frames of an Unfinished Monster, 239; The Steel Skeleton of a Great Barbette, 239; A Battleship's Barbette Nearing Completion . . . 239
BEATING THE BOUNDS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON
A Time-Honoured Observance . . . 283
BENGAL INFANTRY, The 16th (The Lucknow) Regiment of—
The British Officers of the 16th Bengal Infantry, 144; Sepoys of the Regiment, 144; Non-Commissioned Officers, 144; A Group of Native Officers . . . 441
BENTINCK, Lieutenant Lord C. C. . . . 233
BETWEEN PAARDEBERG AND BLOEMFONTEIN . . . 133
BIG NAVAL GUNS ASHORE—
Tailing on to the Big Gun, 9; Making Sure of Results . . . 9
BISLEY, Crack Shots at—
The Winning Shot in the Queen's First Stage, 502; Good Luck to Devon, 502; The Winner of the Silver Medal . . . 502
BISLEY MEETING, At The . . . 425, 478, 503
BLOEMFONTEIN—
The Late Presidency, 7; The Town Gaol, 7; The Market Place, 7; The Anglican Cathedral . . . 7
"BOBS" AT BLOEMFONTEIN . . . 121
BODY-GUARD OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, The—
Good Exemplars of the True Imperial Spirit, 613; Worthy Soldiers and Valiant Trencher-men . . . 613
BOER BURGHERS IN BATTLE—British Prisoners at Pretoria—
Many Mausers Ready, 240; Alert and Ready on the Watch, 240; The Railway Station at Pretoria, 240; Change of Prison . . . 240
BOER CAPITAL, The Taking of the—Some Scenes in Captured Pretoria . . . 623
BOER IRISH BRIGADE, With the—
What is in the Larder for Dinner, 576; Not a very Luxurious Officers' Mess, 576; Resolved to do all the Mischief Possible, 576; Making the Best of Scanty Provisions . . . 576
BOER PRISONERS IN CEYLON, The Camp of the . . . 640
BOER SNAKE, Scorching the—Some Prominent Officers at the Front—
General French and his Staff, 637; Riding Round the Boer Capital 637
BOER STRONGHOLD AT KROONSTAD, The—
A Drift near the Kopjes, 91; Prepared for Eventualities, 91; Kroonstad from the River . . . 91
BOERS AT MAFEKING, The—
Gun Practice at the Town, 376; A Fort of the Enemy Near Mafeking, 376; Boer Defences from the Rear . . . 376
BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP, Army and Navy—
Officers, Middleweights, 608; Rank and File, Middleweights . . 608
"BRAMBLE" AT DEVONPORT . . . 491
BRITISH ADMIRAL ON HIS OWN SHIP . . . 89
"BRITOMART" AT KEYHAM, The . . . 491
BULLER, REDVERS, SIR, in Natal . . . 289
BULLER IN NATAL, With . . . 374
BULLER'S ADVANCE IN NATAL . . . 83
BULLER'S HISTORIC BATTLES . . . 207
BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY—The Prince of Wales's Levee . 288

CADET BATTALION THE QUEEN'S, The—
The Governing Body, 631; The Backbone of the Battalion, 631; In Camp—"Officers to the Front" . . . 631
CAMPING IN THE ORANGE STATE WITH "BOBS"—
A South African Windmill, 157; A Mule Waggon and Team on the Trek, 157; The End of a Long and Weary March, 157; The Briton is a Devotee of Athletics, 157; Far Away on the Wide Veldt, 157; The Easiest Way to the Front, 157; The Mule is Proverbially Obstinate, 157; On the Banks of the Klipdam River . . . 157
CANADA, Leading Spirits from the Dominion—
Some Officers of the Canadian Contingents, 331; The Canadian Troops in South Africa, 332; Preparing for the Forward Movement, 332; The Canadian Mounted Rifles, 332; Canadian Artillery Leaving for the Front . . . 332
CANADA.—The Men of the Great Dominion—
Lord Strathcona's Horse Cheering for the Queen Before Leaving Ottawa, 329; The Hon. D. Berden, Minister of Militia, and Colonel Steele, Commanding Strathcona's Horse, 329; The Sturdy Patriots of Winnipeg, 330; Non-Commissioned Officers of the Second Contingent, 330; True Britons from Distant British Columbia, 330; The Manitoba Dragoons Standing Easy on Parade . . . 330
CANADIAN FUSILIERS, Fair—
In Martial Guise: "A" Company, Amazonians, 62nd St. John, New Brunswick, Fusiliers . . . 480
CAPE COLONY DEMONSTRATES—"God Save the Queen" . . . 181
CAPE COLONY TO THE FORE—
Colonial Workers for Britain, 57; The Cape Volunteers, 57; A Company of Volunteer Rifles, 57; Another Form of Cape Military Energy, 57; The Pipers of a Regiment Eager to Get to the Front . 57
CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY. In the—Before and Since the Occupation . . . 277
CARRINGTON'S FORCE IN RHODESIA, With—
Off Duty, 182; A Quaint Terminus, 182; At the Bushmen's Camp, 182; Small but Important, 183; Under an Honoured Name, 183; Pepper Prepared for the Boers . . . 183
CECIL, Brevet-Major Lord E. H. . . . 233
CELEBRATING AT PORTLAND THE OCCUPATION OF PRETORIA—
The Head of the Procession, 305; The Largest Torpedo ever Made, 305; The Big Float, 305; A Model of the "Powerful," 305; The Tail of the Cortege . . . 305
CELEBRATING SOUTH AFRICAN VICTORIES AT MALTA—
A Stirring Scene at Floriana, 46; Bluejackets and Guns, 46; A Modern Scene in an Old Barrack, 46; Just on the Move, 47; Celebrating Ladysmith Day, 47; Recognition of Good Service Well Done . . . 47
CENTRAL AFRICAN REGIMENT, The—
The Rank and File in Native Dress, 191; Types of the Central African Regiment . . . 191
CENTRAL AFRICA RIFLES AT MAURITIUS, The—In the Cantonments at Port Louis—
In the Regimental Lines, 192; At Bayonet Exercise, 192; A Regimental Group, 192; Ladies of the Regiment . . . 192
CHANNEL SQUADRON, In Command of the—
Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson and His Staff, 575; The Rear-Admiral's Staff in the "Magnificent" . . . 575
"CHARLIE" BERESFORD AND HIS FLAG LIEUTENANT . . . 25
CHINA, A Colonial Contingent for—
The Force offered by the Victorian Government arrived last week at Hong-Kong . . . 640
CHINA. Britain's Contribution to the Allied Forces—
Military and Royal Indian Marine Officers who Assisted at the Departure, 588; Just Before Starting, 588; British and Native Officers of the 14th Sikhs En Route for China . . . 588
CHINA 'CONTRA MUNDUM' . . . 390
CHINA, Civilisation and Chop-sticks . . . 462
CHINA, Cricket and . . . 630
CHINA CRISIS, The British Forces and the—
From Shore to Ship and Ship to Shore, 521; Anglo-Chinese Fighting Men . . . 521
CHINA.—At the Taking of Peking—With Gaselee's Relief Column . 639
CHINA CRISIS, The—The Shanghai Volunteers—
Some Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, 465; The "Extinguishing Fire Dragon, 465; The Light-Horse Troop of the Shanghai Volunteers . . . 465
CHINA DRAMA, In The—
Vice-Admiral Bendemann, 430; Brigadier-General Gaselee, 430; Rear-Admiral Courrejolles, 430; Captain James H. T. Burke, 430; Commander C. G. F. M. Cradock, 430; Captain E. H. Bayly, 430; The Breach in One of the Taku Forts at the Capture in 1860, 430; The Chinese Encampment in the North Fort on the Peiho, 1860, 431; The Breach in the Great Fort as Seen from the Inside . . . 431
CHINA—Fighting at Tientsin—
Nearing the Chinese Capital, 391; A Typical Chinese Fishing Village, 391; A Large Village on the Railway . . . 391
CHINA.—From Ladysmith to Tientsin—
Landing Long 12-Pounders on Scott's Mountings from the "Terrible" at Taku . . . 512
CHINA—Great Britain in Peking—
The Entrance to the British Legation, Peking, 493; The North End of Chancery Lane, 493; Mess Rooms and Quarters . . . 493
CHINA, In the Capital of Far Cathay—
The Temple of Confucius in Peking, 1860, 550; The Great Temple of Heaven, Peking, 1860, 550; The Summer Palace before the Burning in 1860, 550; A Domestic Scene in Peking, 551; A Typical Group of Boxers, 551; In the West City of Peking . . . 551
CHINA, In the Celestial Capital—
"Without the City Walls"—The An-Ting Gate, 405; Pekin's Most Important Building—The Imperial Winter Palace . . . 405
CHINA IN THE PAST, Britain and . . . 500, 524
CHINA, In the Sphere of British Influence—
Chung King, on the Upper Yang-Tse, from which British Subjects where Withdrawn, 564; The Shanghai Bund, 564; The Chinese Arsenal at Han-Yang, 564; At a Mandarin's Grave at Ku-Kiang, 565; A Villiage on the Banks of the Yang-Tse . . . 565
CHINA.—KWANGSU, THE "SON OF HEAVEN" . . . 481
CHINA, Life in—
Big Bulwarks and Small Fighting Powers, 445; On an Errand of Mercy in Tientsin . . . 445
CHINA.—Life in the British Legation.—Sir Claude Macdonald and Staff at Peking . . . 497
CHINA.—Li Hung Chang—His Latest Portrait . . . 577
CHINA, Off the Taku Forts—
The Flag-ship on the China Station, 560; The Same Old Game with the Guns, 560; Alongside the "Orlando," 560; Afloat in the "Fame" 560

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PAGE

CHINA, Overland to—
On the Central Siberian Line, 590; At a Roadside Station, 590; A Necessary Precaution 590
CHINA—Peking—Its Walls, Streets, and People 517
CHINA—Pictures from the Yellow Drama—
At a Chinese Well, 492; Off on Official Duty, 492; Pigs to Market, 492; A European Missionary 492
CHINA.—Scenes of the Fighting with Sir Edward Seymour—
The Chinese Imperial Arsenal, North of Tientsin, on the Peiho, 561; An Important Foreign Factory in the Outskirts of Tientsin . . 561
CHINA.—Scenes on the Yang-Tse-Kiang—
A View on the Upper Yang-tse, 614; Ignorant of its Impending Doom 614
CHINA STATION, A Day With the Navy on the—
A Clear Deck Forward, 339; At Target Practice, 339; Running Torpedoes, 339; The Port Battery in Action, 339; The Starboard Battery Opens Fire 339
CHINA STRUGGLE, Places of Interest in the—
A Parade of the Tientsin Volunteer Corps, 583; A Party of Bellicose Boxers in Battle, 583; The Yang-Kang-Pang Creek at Shanghai . 583
CHINA, The Crisis in—
Vice-Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B., 394; Vice-Admiral Eugene Ivanovitch Alexieff, 394; The "Centurion," 394; The "Terrible," 395; The "D'entrecasteaux," 395; The Destroyer "Whiting," 395; The "Newark," 395: The Destroyer "Fame" 395
CHINA, The Crisis in—
Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee 548
CHINA, The Crisis in the Far East—
A Chinese Tea-House, 382; In a Junk on the Peiho, 382; Some Chinese Fighting Men 382
CHINA, The Crisis in—Types of the Times—
CHINA, The Embarkation of British Troops for—
Preparing Food before going on Board the Transport, 544; The 24th Punjab Infantry taking Baggage on Board the Transport "Nuddea" 544
CHINA, The Events in—
German Nurses for China 644
Junks Near Shanghai Waiting for the Tide, 453; The Observatory at Peking, 453; A Guard of Chinese Soldiers on Parade, 453; A Chinese Family Dinner-Party, 453; The Missionary Hospital, Chefoo 453
CHINA, The Latest Trouble in—
Wives and Relatives of Chinese Missionaries, 333; Types of Villagers from Shantung, 333; Chinese Converts to Christianity . . . 333
CHINA, The Navy and Relief Force in—
The Men with their Guns Leaving the "Terrible," 559; Refugees from American Missions in Shang-Tung, 559; Naval 12-Pounders for the China Field Force 559
CHINA, The New Trouble in—Things Much in the Public Mind—Her Majesty's Sloop "Algerine," 368; A Maxim from the "Algerine," 368; A Native and his Daughter, 368; Prisoners in the Cangue . 368
CHINA.—The Story of Seymour's Gallant Dash—
In Hospital at Wei-Hai-Wei 596
CHINA.—The Terrible Tragedy at Peking 457
CHINA.—The Tragedy at Pao-Ting-Fu—
River Boats and Frowning Walls, 537; A Building Sacred to Learning, 537; It Looks Like a Half Ruin 537
CHINA—To Peking and After—Scenes Illustrating the Present Operations 593
CHINESE BATTLEFIELDS, From—The Capture of Tientsin City—
Scene of the Principal Fighting, 607; Silencing the Enemy's Artillery, 607; Honouring the Brave After Victory, 607; Just Rushed by the Allied Troops 607
CHINESE BOXER CHIEF AND HIS BRAVES, A 409
CHINESE CAPITAL, In The—
On the Walls of the Tartar City, 421; A Street View in the Chinese City, Peking 421
CHINESE DRAMA, In the Midst of the—
The Principal Street in Peking, 501; The British Legation in the Chinese Capital 501
CHINESE DRAMA, Scenes in the—
The Port of Amoy, 479; A Mission Compound in Northern China, 479; A Ruined Buddhist Temple in Hunan 479
CHINESE LIVE, How the—
A Characteristic Chinese Scene, 446; A Chinese Itinerant Musician, 446; Two Sweet Little Maids are We 446
CHINESE TROUBLE, Lights on the—
The Hatta Meunne Gate of the Tartar City, Peking, 468; The Chinese City, Peking, From the Wall of the Tartar City . . . 468
CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS AT THE FRONT, The—
A Group of Officers in South Africa, 417; A Parade at a Camp in the Orange River Colony 417
CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS, With the—
A Quiet Camp at the Starting Point, 278; Fairly Under Way for the Fight, 278; Under the Shadow of Table Mountain, 278; Prepare to Stand to Arms, 279; Waiting for the Order to Advance, 279; The Bivouac—Preparing a Meal 279
COACHING CLUB MEET, The—
The Procession Leaving the Mall, 401; The Royal Horse Artillery Coach 401
COALING AT SEA—
The Coal Bags in Transit, 373; Haulage by the Miller Conveyer, 373; A View from the Collier 373
COLDSTREAMERS CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA . . 112
COLESKOP, The Fighting About—
Overlooking the Boer Position, 14; A Very Steep Task, 14; An Aerial Transit 14
COLONEL BETHUNE AND HIS IRREGULAR HORSE—
COLONIAL FORCES; NEW ZEALAND 23, 24, 142, 143, 215, 216
A Noted Cavalry Leader, 275; From All Classes of Society . . 275
COMMANDANT CRONJE, PRISONER—
Cronje Trapped at Last, 63; Arrival of Cronje at Cape Town . . 63
CONTRASTS OF THE SEAMAN'S LIFE—
Reflection, 469; Action 469
CONVALESCENTS FROM THE WAR—
Golder's Hill, Hampstead, 252; Gables Theatre, Surbiton, 252; Hill Farm, High Wycombe, 252; The Cottage Hospital, Basingstoke 252
CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS AT ARUNDEL CASTLE—
Arundel Castle From the South-East, 418; The Sleeping Accommodation on the Upper Floor, 418; Sunday Morning—The After-Breakfast Pipe 418
CORRESPONDENTS AT THE FRONT—
A War Correspondent On His Way, 408; Two Correspondents at Their Quarters, 408; Waiting for the Mail-Carts to Come, 408; Loading Up a Mail on the Veldt, 408; Order From Confusion Worse Confounded, 408; How Letters are Distributed by the Post Office 408

PAGE

COWES WEEK, The—
Grace and Power—A Winner of Many Races, 535; Once a Speedy Cutter, Now a Yawl, 535; A Scene on the Marine Parade, Cowes, 535; Where the White Ensign Flies for Yachts 535
CRACK SHOTS 598, 620
CRONJE'S EXPATRIATION—
"Good-Bye, South Africa," 184; In Quiet Quarters Afloat, 184; Under Way for St. Helena 184
CRONJE, General, and his Fellow Prisoners at St. Helena—
On the Way to the Barracks, 247; The Boer General in Captivity . 247
CRONJE'S SURRENDER—
Across the Boundless Velt, 84; An Undoubted Foe, 84; Cronje's Captured Guns, 84; The Rank and File of Cronje's Army, 84; Glad to be Out of the Fighting 84
CRONJE, The Capture of—
B. J. Jooste, 38; Piet Cronje, 38; W. L. Jooste, 38; Under Convoy to the Railway, 38; Refreshing the Inner Man, 38; A Few Stragglers from the Host, 39; By Rail to the Sea, 39; The Prisoners' Camp at Simon's Town 39
CYCLISTS ON BANK HOLIDAY, With The—
Starting for Work, 536; The New Volunteer Cyclists' Dress, 536; Signalling is an Important Duty, 536; The Soldier's Necessary Preliminary 536
DAM THAT FAILED, The—Boer Labour Wasted—
Sandbags and Strategy, 136; The Dam on the Klip River, 136; Sandbags en Route, 136; The Work Disturbed 136
DAY IN A GUN-BOAT, A 189
DEFENCE AND RELIEF, The—
Lancers at the Front, 131; Guardsmen in the Field, 131; Otto's Kopje During the Siege, 131; The Last Honours to Gallant Men, 131; A Redoubt and Its Sharpshooters 311
DEFENDING THE DIAMOND CITY—
Colonel Kekewich and Staff Riding out to meet General French's Column on the outskirts of Kimberley, 8; A Unique Industry for a Diamond-Mining Company 8
DEVONS UNDER BULLER, With the—Among the Biggarsberg Mountains—
An Isolated Signal Station, 231; On "Sentry-Go" at the Front, 231; In Camp, 231; A Ready Shelter from the Sun, 231; Hard at Work on the Railway 231
DIED FOR THE FLAG 400
DISPOSITION OF TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA, 18, 66, 90, 138, 210
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, H.R.H. The . 553
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S OWN SLIGO ARTILLERY, The . 569
DUKE OF EDINBURGH, The Late 505
DUKE OF NORFOLK'S RETURN TO ARUNDEL, The . . 528
DUKE OF YORK'S ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL, The—The Annual Inspection by the Commander-in-Chief 415
ECLIPSE EXPEDITION AND THE NAVY, The—
Erected from the Ship's Resources, 334; Preparing for the Photographic Work, 334; Light on Shadows, 334; A Walk Round the British Camp, 334; Instruments and Observers. 335
ECLIPSE EXPEDITION, At Work on the—
Hail to Mafeking at Eclipse Camp, 272; Working a Prismatic Camera, 272; Landing at San Pola, 272; Waiting to Record the Corona, 272; Watching the Sun—With the Scissors . . . 272
EDWARD OF YORK—The Royal Hope of England, Khaki Clad . 313
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AND THE ARMY—
An Engine for Electrical Engineering Work, 117; A Search-Light Apparatus for Field Use, 117; A Cyclist of the Electrical Engineering Corps, 117; A Group of Highly-Skilled Workers 117
ESQUIMALT, On the Golf Links—
The United Service Golf Links, 367; Just the Place for a "Drive," 367; The Resort of Naval Golfers 367
ETON CELEBRATION, The—
The "Wet Bobs" Ready for the Start, 357; A Lower Boat Leaving the Brocas, 357; The Cricket Match in the Playing Fields . . 357
ETON VERSUS HARROW AT LORD'S 452
"EUROPA" 568
EXCELLENT TYPES OF OUR COLONIAL SOLDIERS—Gallant Fighting Men of Kimberley and Mafeking—
Some Rough Riders of Rhodesia, 322; British South African Police, 322; The Kenilworth Defence Force, 322; The Diamond Fields Artillery, 322; The Komgha Mounted Infantry, 323; The Cape Mounted Police, 323; The Queenstown Town Guard, 323; De Montmorency's Scouts, 324; The Railway Pioneer Regiment, 324; Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guard. 324
EXILES OF ST. HELENA, The—
Changing Colonel Schiel's Guard, 300; Deadwood Camp, with Longwood in the Distance, 300; The Cooking Shed at Deadwood Camp, 300; Expatriation Cheerfully Borne 300

FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP, THE "HARTFORD"—The United States Training-Ship at Gravesend—
The Battery Deck, 632; Small-Arms Aiming Drill, 632; The Ship in Port, 632; All About Big Guns, 632; "Our Mascot" 632
FEEDING THE ARMY AT BLOEMFONTEIN—
Wood for the Field Bakeries, 166; Compressed Forage for the Troop Horses, 166; A Home Built of Biscuit Boxes, 166; "Dutch" Cheeses for Thomas Atkins, 166; A Fresh Meat Van From Cape Town, 166; Unloading a Train of Supplies 166
FIELD DAY IN HYDE PARK, A—A Fine Muster of the Guards . 584
FIGHTING ON THE TUGELA—Scenes at the Front . . . 37
FIGHTING ON THE TUGELA, The 62
FIGHTING ROUND BLOEMFONTEIN, The—
A Boer Memorial, 178; At Karree Siding, 178; Coming up from the South, 178; Wessel's Farm near Bloemfontein, 179; On the way to the Camp at Glen, 179; A Waggon Lost at Koorn Spruit . . 179
FIGHTING ROUND PRETORIA, The—
A Scene Near Lindley, 495; Fagged but Fit, 495; Some of the Servants of the Public 495
FITTING OF THE FLEET, The—
Chatham, 441; Devonport, 441; Portsmouth 144
FLIGHT FROM THE GOLD REEF CITY, The—
With Flags and Guns, 319; A Very Hurried Trek, 319; A Group of Our Foes 319
FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY, The (Article by F. Norreys-Connell)—
378, 402, 426, 450, 474, 498, 546, 570, 595, 618, 619, 642
FOR SERVICE UP THE STRAITS—
On the Eve of Departure, 69; The Officers of the "Ocean" . . . 69
FORWARD WITH THE TROOPS IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY—
After a Wet Night, 310; Bloemfontein to an Outsider, 310; Guns Ready for the Fighting, 310; A Field Battery on the March, 310; Mounting a Siege Gun 310

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PAGE

FOUND IN A BOER LAAGER 256
FRENCH CRUISER "JEAN BART," The 444
FRENCH FLEET AT HOME AND ABROAD, The—
On the Morrow of the Naval Review at Cherbourg, 538; A Useful Second-Class Cruiser, 538; The "Guichen," a recent First-Class Cruiser, 538; The United French Squadrons in the Roadstead, 539; Very Fast and Well Armed, 539; A Small but Powerful Armoured Cruiser 539
FRENCH, General, and his Staff 169
FRENCH NAVAL MANŒUVRES, The—
A Very Powerful Battle-Ship, 454; The "Brennus," completed in 1891, 454; One of the More Recent Battle-Ships 454
FROM THE VELDT TO SIMON'S BAY—
The Camp of the Prisoners at Simon's Bay, 358; The Arrival of the English Mail, 358; Making the Best of It on the Veldt, 358; The Captives' Guard Ready at the Camp, 359; With a Battery on the Orange River, 359; A Group of the Carabiniers at Lunch. . . . 359
FUNERAL AT CHELSEA, The Military—
The Funeral Service Inside the Chapel, 113; Out of the Chapel, 113; En Route for Brompton Cemetery 113

GALLANT DEAD, The 31
GALLANT DEFENDERS OF LADYSMITH, The—
Sir George White and his Staff 56
GALLANT MEN OF CAPE COLONY, The—
Major Rimington and His Guides, 321; Campaigning Fare, 321; A Squadron of Kitchener's Horse 321
GATACRE, With—
A Chance of Tenants, 86; The Trail of the Boer, 86; Loyalists from Barkly East, 86; Colonial Fighters, 86; At Cyphergat, 87; Primitive Shambles, 87; En Route for Stormberg, 87; General Gatacre and his Staff 87
GERMAN CRUISER "KAISERIN AUGUSTA," The 444
GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES, At the—Some Lessons in the Art of War—
Some Old-fashioned Guns at Work, 647; The Enemy's Infantry in the Field, 647; The Bivouac after the Engagement, 647; The Troops Defending a Village 647
GERMANY'S NAVAL REINFORCEMENT FOR THE FAR EAST—
A Trim-Looking Cruiser, Both Handy and Useful, 520; The "Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm," 520; An Important and Heavily-Armed Battle-ship, 520; The Second-Class Cruiser "Gefion." . . 520
GOOD WORK DONE IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY—
The Court-House at Kroonstad, 443; Some Indispensable Work of the Sapper, 443; Some Despatch Riders for the "Times" . . . 443
GOVERNOR OF BLOEMFONTEIN, The—
Major-General Pretyman, C.B. 40
GUNS AND GUNNERS IN NATAL — Hard Work in a Rough Country—
Water-Bottles to the Fore, 70; Pushing On to Join Buller, 70; Long and Weary is the Way, 70; A Toilsome Piece of Work . . . 70
GUNS THAT DEFENDED KIMBERLEY, The—
The Actual Guns That Defended Kimberley, 67; A Rival to the Boer "Long Tom" 67

HAMPTON COURT REGATTA—A Pretty River Fixture on Saturday last—
Between the Races, 545; A Pleasant Interval, 545; The Winners of the Ladies' Double Sculls, 545; At the Winning-Post, 545; After the Racing 545
"HANDY MAN'S" RETURN The 78
HARD WORK FOR FIGHTING MEN—The Life Our Troops are Leading in South Africa 232
HAUSAS AND THE ASHANTI RISING, The—
More Soldiers Than Police, 167; "Johnny Hausa" 167
HAUSSAS AT HOME—In Barracks at Lagos 168
HENLEY, Glorious—
A View Down the Course. One of the Prettiest Sights on the River 425
HER MAJESTY'S ORDNANCE FACTORIES—Enfield Lock.—IV.—
A Bayonet Roller, 71; A Ribbon of Steel, 71; A Warlike Grindstone, 71; A Fiery Ordeal, 71; An Emery Persuader, 71; Guilty or Not Guilty, 72; The Bayonet Assembling Shop, 72; Sword Testing, 72; A Warlike Trophy 72
HER MAJESTY'S ORDNANCE FACTORIES—Enfield Lock—V. . 110
HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS, A Visit to One of 609
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT WOOLWICH—
"HERMES," The. 467; A Group of Officers from North America . 467
In the Grounds of the Royal Military Academy, 41; After the Queen had Visited Herbert Hospital 41
HEROES FROM NATAL—
The Arrival of Sir George White at Southampton, 104; The Arrival of the "Powerful" at Portsmouth 104
HEROES OF MAFEKING—
A Group of British South African Police, 472; "B.-P." and His Principal Supporters as Heads of Departments, 472; Some Officers of the Bechuana Rifles, Who Did Such Good Work 472
HERO-WORSHIP AND POLITICS 150
HISTORIC KIMBERLEY, Details of—Its Battles, Its Beleaguerment and Its Rescue 88
HISTORIC LADYSMITH UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE—
A Picture of a Besieged Town, 154; Guides Entrenching, 154; A Gorge on the Klip River, 154; A View From Convent Hill, 155; Good Men and a Fiercely-Fought Post, 155; The Better Place the Better Deed 155
HONDURAS, In British 514
HOISTING THE FLAG AT PRETORIA—
The Union Flag on the Top of the Raadzaal 514
HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, Inspection of the—The Trooping of the Colour at Finsbury—
A Battery of the Company on Parade, 377; The Infantry Saluting the Colour, 377; Lt.-Col. the Earl of Denbigh, 377; The Lord Mayor and his Party on the Ground, 377; General Stephenson Discussing the Event 377
HOSPITALS, Chaplains and Doctors in South Africa 375
HOSPITAL, ESQUIMALT, B.C., The Royal Naval—
The Quarters for Officers, 612; The Hospital Landing-Stage, 612; Favoured by Convalescents, 612; Amid the Maple Trees . . . 612
HOSPITALS IN SOUTH AFRICA, The—
A View of No. 6 General Hospital at the Base at Naauwpoort, 540-541; A Corner of the Hospital, 540; To Tend the Sick and Wounded, 540; Unfortunately a Necessity, 541; Ready at a Moment's Notice . 541
HOSPITAL SHIP TELLS ITS STORY, A—
An Ambulance Train at Durban, 109; A Grim but Necessary Preparation, 109; One of the Many Woes of War, 109; Some of our Incapacitated Heroes, 109; Getting on Board a Hospital Ship, 109; Gentle Ministrations to the Wounded 109

PAGE

HOW BRITISH COLUMBIA CELEBRATED MAFEKING—
Besieging the Telegraph Office, 281; Half a Mile of Humanity, 281; The Growth of the Procession 281
HOW OUR FOES ENTRENCH THEMSELVES—
Carefully Hidden Away, 108; A Well-Constructed Defence, 108; A Formidable Entrenchment for Riflemen, 108; Innocent-Looking, but Deceptive, 108; A Harmless-Looking Stretch of Veldt . . . 108
HOW SHALL WE TRAIN OUR SEAMEN? 366

IAN HAMILTON ACROSS THE VAAL, With—
Progressing Well to the Front, 610; During the Britsh Occupation, 610; Artillery Halted by the Way 610
IAN HAMILTON, C.B., D.S.O., Lieutenant-General 625
IMPORTANT BOER PRISONERS AT CAPE TOWN 385
IN A GUN-BOAT IN THE WIDE PACIFIC—
Sunday Divisions, 85; Facing the Weather, 85; The Regular Pay Day, 85; Naval Pets, 85; A Moving Gun and a Mobile Target, 85; The Defaulters' Sheet 85
IN CAMP WITH THE ENEMY—
Two Military Attaches With the Boers, 586; British Prisoners at Nooitgedacht, 586; The Questioning of a Boer Spy, 586; A Firebrand Out of His Element 586
INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT ADVANCE TO PRETORIA—
The Military Post-Cart Ready to Start, 419; Some Accessories of an Army in the Field, 419; Early Morning, 419; Men Eager for a Morning Draught, 419; A Scene on the Pretoria Railway . . 419
INDIAN EMPIRE, The Loyalty of the—
The 3rd Madras Lancers and Syces, 351; Lumsden's Horse Embarking at Calcutta, 351; The Ceylon Mounted Infantry Contingent, 351; The 3rd Madras Lancers, 352; A Squadron of Bengal Cavalry, 352; A Party of Bengal Lancers, 352; The Madras Transport Corps 352
INDIAN TROOPS FOR CHINA, Some of the—
The 1st Bengal Lancers for China—The British Officers, 487; The Native Officers of the Regiment 487
INDIAN TROOPS FOR CHINA—
Awaiting Embarkation 587
INDIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO IMPERIAL NEEDS—
Colonel Lumsden's Horse at Home, 93; Farewell to the Men for the Front, 93; Lord Curzon's Farewell to the Fighters . . . 93
INDIA'S VOLUNTEER CORPS IN SOUTH AFRICA—
The Behar Light Horse Contingent (Indigo Planters), 187; The Assam Valley Light Horse Contingent, 187; Officers of the Surma Valley Light Horse 187
IN PLAY AND IN EARNEST—A Mobile Repairing Shop—
Only a Children's Party, 160; A Launch and a Spar Torpedo, 160; The "Vulcan" at Anchor, 160; Amusing the Little Ones, 160; A Discharge in Real Earnest 160
INSIDE LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE—
A Battery on Wagon Hill, 141; The Imperial Horse Entrenching, 141; A Good Shot Doing His Best, 141; An Embrasure and Its Gun 141
INSPECTING THE VOLUNTEERS—
The 3rd London Rifle Volunteers, 401; The 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment 401
INSPECTION OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH—
The Major-General Arrives, 296; Ready for the March Past . . 296
INTER-'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH—
The Luncheon Promenade at Lord's is a Brilliant Spectacle . . 425
IN THE CENTRAL SPHERE OF OPERATIONS—Cavalry and Mounted Infantry at Work in South Africa 16
IN THE ORANGE STATE WITH LORD ROBERTS—
A Panorama of the Town of Kroonstad, Entered by the British Forces, May 12, 1900, 226; Boating on the Valsch River, 226; Ex-President Steyn Opening the Railway at Heilbron, 226; The Little Town of Wepener, 227; A South African Freak of Nature . 227
INVADERS BEWARE 340
INVADING THE ENEMY'S TERRITORY—
Negotiating the Modder River, 158; Vacated by the Enemy, 158; A Grand Opportunity, 158; Coming into Bloemfontein, 159; Increased Mobility, 159; A Wayside Group, 159; At Towns River Station, 159; An Awkward Bend, 159; Plenty of Pulling Power 159
INVALIDS AT ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL, NETLEY—
The Story of the War 620
IRISH HOSPITAL IN SOUTH AFRICA, The—Lord Iveagh's Contribution to the Cause of Mercy—
Mules are very Useful Here, 301; A Wide and Pathless Veldt, 301; Ready to Receive Sufferers, 301; They Have not Long to Wait . 301

JACK'S LANGUAGE (Article by Davy Jones) 404

KELLY-KENNY, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL T., C.B., AND STAFF 193
KHEDIVE'S VISIT TO ENGLAND, The—The Long Line of Egyptian Rulers 360
KIMBERLEY—THE SIEGE AND THE RELIEF—
A Strong Barricade, 208; A Formidable Barrier, 208; The 6-in. Guns Taken to Warrenton 208
KITCHENER ACROSS THE KAROO, With—
Shelters Up and Fires Lighted, 302; Food is the Essential of Life, 302; Tommy Atkins has a Rest, 302; Trek Oxen out to Graze, 303; Just Off to Prieska, 303; Some Questions on the March, 303; Headquarters at Omdraai Vlei, 303; Not for Warmth but for Shelter, 303; Colonel Adye at Prieska 303
KRUGER IN RETREAT, With—
The Railway's Part in the Flight, 585; The Bullock Train Across the Veldt, 585; The Railway Station at Middleburg 585

LADYSMITH GUNS AT ISLINGTON, The—
"We've Seen Him Dragging his Guns along at the Agricultural Hall," 199; "As Useful as He's Big" 199
LADYSMITH RELIEVED AT LAST—Celebrations in South Africa—
Cape Town Elated with Joy, 64; Enthusiasm at Maritzburg, 64; Maritzburg Will Not Be Left Out, 64; Durban Demonstrates, 64; Telegrams at a Premium 64
LADYSMITH RELIEVED—Long Effort Crowned At Last—
The Victor's Quiet Advent, 156; A Very Well-known Spot, 156; After the Struggle Was Over, 156; Greetings Unstinted and Cordial, 156; The Supreme Moment and a Grand Sight, 156; Civic Functionaries to the Fore 156
LADYSMITH TO ENGLAND, From—
The First Photograph After Their Arrival Home, 151; Home From the One Time Beleaguered City 151
LANCERS, Our 424
LEAGUES AND THEIR LESSONS 188
LEGATIONS, The Relief of the—
The Entrance of the British Minister's House 572

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PAGE

LIFE IN LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE—
A Useful Improvised Fort, 60; The "Lady Anne" Hits Hard, 60; Smashed in Spite of the Red Cross, 60; Smashed with Shell, 60; A Bivouac in the Open, 60; Very Necessary Precaution, 79; Another Form of Shelter, 79; The Shells sometimes got Home . . . 79
LITERATURE OF THE WAR, The 294
LOCUST STORM ON THE VELDT, A 97
LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA 380

MACDONALD, Major-General Hector A., C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. . . 49
MAFEKING DAY—Rejoicings in the Metropolis—
Young England Celebrates, 224; Opposite the Mansion House, 224; At Baden-Powell's Old School, 224; A Marvellous Manifestation, 224; In Queen Victoria Street 224
MAFEKING DAY IN THE GARDEN COLONY—
The Mass Meeting in the Albert Park, Durban, 384; How Durban Decorated, 384; With the Children's Procession, 384; Children's Enthusiasm in Maritzburg, 384; "B.P.'s" Picture in the Capital of Natal 384
MAKING OF A SEAMAN, The—Masts and Sails as an Educational Factor—
Running Up The Rigging, 592; The Officer Hailing the Foretop, 592; Early Training of the Boys, 592; Smart Work in the Training-Ship 592
MANŒUVRES AT MALTA 297
MANŒUVRES, The Lessons of the—
Looking Forward in the "Camperdown," 566; Three of the "Admiral" Class, 566; Still Good for Fifteen Knots, 567; In the Swirl of the Sea, 567; Away into the Broad Atlantic . . . 567
MAN-OF-WAR'S MAGAZINE, A—
Two Points of View, 633; From the Christmas Number, 633; The Cover of the Las Palmas Issue, 633; Two Points of View, 633; The Staff of the "Furious" Magazine 633
MARTIAL LAW (Article by A. B. Tucker) 476
MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB, The—
In the Park—Preparing for the Parade, 258; About to Leave for Ranelagh and Hurlingham 258
MILITARY ISLINGTON—
Some Happy Damsels, 263; Jolly Sailor Boys, 263; The Glitter and Glamour of the Guards, 263; On Liberty From the "Powerful" . 263
MILITARY RESOURCES OF INDIA, Some
A Bombay Mountain Battery, 634; The Mules for Wheels and Ammunition, 634; The Training of Mountain Artillery, 634; The Ammunition Column sent to China, 635; A Group of the China Ammunition Unit, 635; The Food for the Guns on Parade . . 635
MILITARY STORES FOR PRETORIA—
Ready for Conveyance to the Front, 371; The Means of Propulsion, 371; Slumbaring Strength Unrevealed, 371; One of the Most Important Railway Junctions 371
MILNER'S VISIT TO LORD ROBERTS, Sir Alfred 265
MORE OF NEW BRUNSWICK'S RIFLEWOMEN—
In Martial Guise: "B" Company Amazonians, 62nd St. John Fusiliers 504
MOUNTED INFANTRY WITH "BOBS"—Hard Work and Plenty of It—
A Field Gun in Position, 132; Rest and Refreshment, 132; A Luxurious Tent, 132; Leaving the Camp, 132; Unfamiliar Duties . 132

NATAL, The Brave Sons of—
The Imperial Light Horse, 325; The Natal Field Artillery, 325; The South African Light Horse, 325; The Officers of the Natal Carbineers, 326; The Officers of the Natal Mounted Rifles, 326; Colonel Royston, Colonel Dartnell, and Staff, 326; The Officers of the Border Mounted Rifles, 326; Officers and Sergeants of the Natal Mounted Police, 327; Ladysmith Guides and Scouts, 327; Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, 328; The South African Light Horse, 328; Colonel Bethune, Captain Minshall Ford, and Lieutenant Annesley, 328; The Natal Mounted Police, 328; The Imperial Light Horse 328
NATIONAL BAZAAR AT KENSINGTON, The—In Aid of the Sufferers by the War—
Royal and Distinguished Patronesses, 228; Some of the Ladies at the Stalls 229
NATIONAL GRUMBLING FIT, A 606
NATION AND NATIONAL DEFENCES, The 534
NATION AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE, The 414
NATIONALITIES OF OUR REGIMENTS, The 162
NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD, The 5, 29, 53, 77, 101, 125, 149, 173, 197, 221, 245, 269, 293, 317, 365, 389, 413, 437, 461, 485, 509, 533, 557, 581, 605, 629
NAVAL AND MILITARY BAZAAR AT OLYMPIA—To Aid Disabled Soldiers and Sailors—
Prominent Patrons and Stall Holders 336, 337
NAVAL BRIGADE OF THE "POWERFUL," The—
Saviours of the Situation, 134; A Naval Battery at Ladysmith, 134; A Heavy Gun in Action, 134; The Gun in Action, 135; After Firing, 135; A Corner of the Beleaguered Camp, 135; With the Relief Column, 135; On the Cone Redoubt, Ladysmith, 135; A Snug Retreat, 135; A "Record" in Artillery, 135; An Angel of Destruction 135
NAVAL MANŒUVRES, After the—
Jack Grasping the Skirts of Circumstance, 624; Things Whispered on the Shingle, 624; On the Marine Parade at Weymouth, 624; The Curiosity of the Seaman Ashore 624
NAVAL MANŒUVRES, Boat Sailing at the—
Waiting for the Signal, 489; "Make Sail," 489; Fairly Under Way 489
NAVAL MANŒUVRES, The—
Drafts Joining a Newly-Mobilised Ship, 429; Hoisting Shell Inboard from Lighters, 429; Coaling a Channel Battle-ship, 429 . . . 433
NAVAL MANŒUVRES, The—
A Brief Spell Ashore, 470; All Hands to Bathe, 470; Back To Duty 470
NAVAL MANŒUVRES, The—With the "B" Fleet—
Tactics at High Speed, 488; The Fleet in Line Abreast, 488; A Sunny Afternoon, 488; Thick Weather Approaching, 488; The Officer of the Watch, 488; The "B" Fleet at Anchor in Torbay, 518; Waiting for the Word, 518, As Seen from the Shore, 518; The Eyes and Ears of the "B" Fleet, 519; Coming to Anchor in a Romantic Spot 519
NAVAL MANŒUVRES, The—With the Reserve Squadron—
A Sailing Race in Torbay, 439; Under Way with Some of the Ships, 439; Lowering a Life Boat 439
NAVY AND ARMY AT MALTA—Some of the Winners at Shooting and Sports—
Royal Garrison Gunners to the Fore, 285; A New Ship Makes Her Mark, 285; Hurrah for Old "Hibernia," 285; The Winners of the Fleet Challenge Cup, 285; At the Royal Naval Sports on Coradino, 285; Restricted to Sergeant's Alone 285

PAGE

NAVY AT ISLINGTON, The—To Assist Military Charities—
In Charge of the Detachment, 262; Officials at the Military Tournament, 262; Always Ready to Help, 262; To Work the Four-point-Seven, 262; As at the Military Tournament 262
NEARING THE END IN SOUTH AFRICA—
A Colonial Contingent Doing Good Service, 406; Irishmen Under Fire, 406; A Busy Scene and Hard Work, 406; An Illustration of One of Our Difficulties, 407; Fulfilling an Important Task, 407; Good Work in the Twilight 407
NEW BATTLE-SHIP FOR CHINA, The—
A Beautiful Ship Well Poised on the Water, 447; Captain L. E. Wintz and the Officers of the "Goliath" 447
NEW SOUTH WALES—Prominent Officers of—Leading Men of the Colonial Forces 342
NILE SUDD, Fighting the—Opening Up the Way to Uganda—
Captain Gage's Party From Uganda, 471; A Piece of Detached Sudd, 471; A Meeting on the Upper Nile, 471; Cutting the Sudd Into Sections, 471; A Novel Use for a Gun-boat 471
NOTABLE NAVAL CONSTRUCTORS, Two—
Sir W. H. White, K.C.B., 263; Mr. Philip Watts 263
NEW ZEALANDERS, The Loyal—
New Zealand Artillery in South Africa, 347; The New Zealand Hotchkiss Battery, 348; Sergeants of the Second New Zealand Contingent, 348; A Group of New Zealand Rough Riders, 348; The Governor of New Zealand Addressing Troops Before Departure, 349; New Zealanders Leaving for South Africa in the "Knight Templar," 349; Lord Ranfurly Addressing the Troops, 350; The New Zealanders at Naauwpoort, 350; Major Jowsey of the Rough Riders 350

OBSEQUIES OF SIR DONALD STEWART, The 115
OFF DUTY WITH ROD AND GUN—Sport in the Army . . 597, 645
OFF DUTY WITH ROD AND GUN—Sport in the Navy . . 573, 621
OFF FOR THE SUMMER CRUISE—With the Mediterranean Squadron 369
OFFICERS OF THE 10th ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS RESERVE REGIMENT 648
OLD AND NEW—
After the Smashing, 307; The New Flag-Ship on the East Indies Station 307
ON THE FLEET FOOT—With President Kruger—
The President's Vacated House in Pretoria, 306; From Delagoa Bay to the Capital, 306; The Classic Government Buildings, 306; A Quiet Station by the Way 306
ON THE LOOPER BERG—With the Army to Bloemfontein—
A Cosily Constructed Shelter, 274; A Frequent and Necessary Task, 274; A Friendly Chat and an Alert Eye, 274; Partly Protected and Wholly Ready 274
ON THE MARCH TOWARDS THE CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE STATE—
Horse-Gunners Dining at Klipdam, 165; An Officers' Mess on the Veldt, 165; Highland Light Infantry Taking a Rest, 165; Rimington's Tigers Refreshing Themselves, 165; The Ante-Room of the Carabiniers' Mess 165
OPENING THE BUSHEY MASONIC SCHOOLS 209
OPENING THE WOMAN'S EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT—
Women of All Nations in London 185
OPERATIONS OF THE RAILWAY PIONEERS, The—Making Good Damage Done During the War 383
ORANGE RIVER, On the—With the Wounded and the Sick—
A Word With Sister De Montmorency, 225; A Letter Home from a Hospital Ward, 225; At the Orange River Hospital, 225; Receiving the Wounded at the Train 225
OUR FOES AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES—The Boers from their Own Standpoint 177
OUR NEW POSTER 73
OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER 1

PARIS EXHIBITION, A Few of the Attractions at the 280
PARIS EXHIBITION, At the 393
PARIS EXHIBITION, All Nations at the 496
PARIS EXHIBITION, National Types at the 616
PASTE-BOARD WARRIORS AND PAINTED PALADINS (Article by F. Hamilton Knight) 523
PENALTY OF FAILURE, The 558
PICKED CORPS FOR THE FRONT—
Tired of Garrison Duty, 250; Just After Stables, 250; Fresh From Parade, 250; "Turn Out, Everybody," 251; Wet, Weary, and Undressed, 251; Come From North Africa 251
PIETER'S HILL TO LADYSMITH, From—
Occupying a Boer Position, 106; Mr. Thomas Atkins is Happy, 106; How the Enemy Lived, 106; Brushwood and Sacking, 106; Expanding Bullets and other Ammunition, 107; The Last Honours to Fallen Adversaries, 107; Strong Cover was no Protection, 107; A Scene after the Battle 107
"PIGMY" AT WOOSUNG, The 491
PLACES OF INTEREST IN CAPE COLONY—
Burghersdorp, 114; Dordrecht, 114; Wynberg 114
PLACES OF INTEREST IN SOUTH AFRICA—
A New Capital and a New Bridge, 259; An Approach to the Orange State, 259; A Serious Devastation of the War, 259; Church Street, Boshof, 271; The Main Street, Klerksdorp, 271; Principal Street, Potchefstroom, 272; The Little Town of Zeerust, 295; Lydenburg in the Mountains, 295; On the Lydenburg Road 295
PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE "GARDEN COLONY"—
Fun at the Front, 175; The Red Cross and the Sick and Wounded, 175; A Specimen of Boer Engineering 175
PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE WAR—
The New Stronghold of the Boers, 127; The Bridge at Fourteen Streams, 127; Stormberg, A Great Railway Centre 127
PLAYING AT WAR 438
PLUNDER FROM PAARDEBERG—Some of the Spoils from Cronje's Laager—
Mausers and Martinis, 180; Saddlery and Harness, 180; Strewn on the Open Plain, 180; A Necessary Work at the Front . . . 180
"POLYPHEMUS" HOMEWARD BOUND, The—
A Plunge, 249; And After, 249; Hard at Work, 249; All Afloat . 249
PORTUGUESE PORT, AND SOUTH AFRICAN SCENES
A Notable Port in South Africa, and a War Squadron In It, 286; Lindley, Very Proud Of Its Honour, 286; The Invasion of the Transvaal, 286; Ladybrand, a Quiet Little Village, 287; The Pretty Site of the Great Corn-Mills 587
"POWERFUL" FESTIVITIES AT PORTSMOUTH, The—
The Arrival at Portsmouth Town Hall, 161; The Banquet in the Town Hall 161

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PAGE

"POWERFUL'S" NAVAL BRIGADE AT WINDSOR, The—
The Guns of the "Handy Man," 176; The Queen Arrives, 176; The Parade before the Queen, 176; A Group of the "Powerfuls," 176; Through the Royal City 176
PREPARING FOR THE MANŒUVRES—
In Portsmouth Dockyard, 398; A View Across the Yard, 398; Ships in the Hamoaze, 398; A Condition Essential to Speed, 399; Getting Her Final Polish, 399; From Labour to Refreshment . . . 399
PRESIDENT KRUGER, The Exodus of 529
PRESIDENT LOUBET INSPECTS THE NAVAL FORCES OF FRANCE—
French Spectators, 473; British Spectators, 473; "Vive La Republique," 473; The Quay Napoleon, 473; To Honour the Fleet 473
PRINCE'S DERBY, The—
A View from the Royal Artillery Tent 283
PROBLEM OF NAVAL WARFARE, The 270
"PYRAMUS," The, 467; Officers of the "Pyramus," 467

QUEEN AND THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, The—
A Smooth Sea and a Steady Speed, 190; Two Splendid Battle-ships Speeding Easily, 190; The Channel Fleet as an Escort to the Queen 190
QUEEN IN IRELAND, The—
Coming up the Liffey, 103; The Guard of Honour, 103; An Ancient Custom at the Gate of Dublin 103
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MALTA, The—
The Governor Leading the Cheering, 311; Three Cheers for the Queen 311
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT THE "ROCK"—
The Naval Troops on Parade, 312; At the Queen's Birthday Review, 312; The Royal Garrison Artillery, 312; Bluejackets Landed from the Fleet, 312; For the Governor of Algeciras 312
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN LONDON, The—
Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards' Parade—
Arrival of Royalty, 248; Inspecting the Troops, 248; The Prince of Wales Taking the Salute, 248; Well-Known to Londoners, 248; A Gaily Caparisoned Troop 248
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN NORTHERN AMERICA, The—
At the Headquarters of Our North American Squadron, 397; Scene at the Close of the Parade at Bermuda, 397; The Rejoicings in Distant Vancouver Island, 397; Celebrating the Event with a Regatta, 397; A Popular Event at Victoria, 397; Canoes Drawing Into Line for the Start 397
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, The—
A March Past at the Curragh Camp, Ireland, 257; A Record Military Parade on Southsea Common, 257; The Celebration at Aldershot . 257
QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM, At the—
In the Mall, 200; A Royal Bodyguard, 200; A Glittering Equipage, 200; An Important Arrival, 200; After the Presentations . . 200
QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, The . 440
QUEEN'S RETURN TO ENGLAND, The—
Her Majesty's Departure From Ireland, 152; The Queen at Sea, 152; In England Once More 152
QUEEN'S RETURN TO SCOTLAND, The—
Her Majesty Entering the Royal Carriage at Ballater Station to Drive to Balmoral 258
QUEENSLAND'S VOLUNTEERS—
In the Camp of the Queensland Mounted Infantry, 345; Officers of the Queensland Mounted Infantry, 345; Non-Commissioned Officers of the Queenslanders 345

RAVAGES OF WAR, The—
The Road Bridge over the Tugela at Colenso, 55; The Colenso Railway Bridge 55
REBELS WHO NOW KEEP ORDER—Soudanese in the Soudan . 372
RECENT OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA—
The Scene of General Prinsloo's Surrender, 511; The Advance from Pretoria, 511; A Smart Cavalry Leader, 511; The Result of Bluff, 562; At Klerksdorp, 562; The 76th Battery R.F.A., 562; Slippery Customers, 563; A Last Resort, 563; British Subjects! . . . 563
RED COATS IN SOUTH AFRICA—
A Very Scratch Mess, 59; Guarding a Bridge, 59; Quite a Novelty in South Africa, 59; In Camp at East London, 59; No Voice in the Matter, 59; Disembarking Horses 59
RELIEF OF MAFEKING AFTER A SIEGE OF 218 DAYS, The . 236
RETIREMENT FROM KUMASSI, The—
A Village on the Road to the Coast, 638; A Hurried Halt under the Palm Trees, 638; The District Commissioner's House, Cape Coast Castle 638
RICHMOND HORSE SHOW 299
RIFLE MEETING AT THE CURRAGH, The All-Ireland—
Bravo the King's Royal Rifles, 542; The Winners of the Vanishing Target Prize, 542; The Champions of the Meeting, 542; The Lord Roberts Cup for Young Soldiers 542
RIFLE MEETINGS—Winners of Army Competitions—
All Credit to the Highland Light Infantry, 455; The Three Army Medallists of the Year, 455; R.M.A. Team—Winners of the Methuen Cup, 455; A Group of the 3rd Hants Regiment, 455; The Hampton Prize, Military Rifle Meeting 455
ROUND ABOUT BLOEMFONTEIN 253
ROUND THE WORLD—
Anderton, R.N., Lieut., 52; "Askold," Launch of the Russian Cruiser, 76; "Askold" Taking the Water, The, 76; "Askold" When Completed, The, 76; Aldershot, Hospital Huts at, 147; "Asahi," Japanese Battleship, Ashore, 196; "Aboukhir," Launch of the, 242; Artillery, New Horse Battery of, 244; Artillery, Royal Malta, 291; Applin, Captain R., 458; Brabant, Lieut.-Gen., 75; Boxing, Public Schools Championships, 148; Boxing, Winners of Championship, 148; Baptie, Major, 171; "Belleisle," The, 194; Broadwood, Brigadier-Gen., 266; "Bonaventure," H.M.S., 386; Burial of Nurse Kingsley at Sea, 386; Bullfighter, Spanish Lady, 411; Baden-Powell when a Boy at Charterhouse School, 316; Baden-Powell as an Actor at Malta, 411; "Britannia" Cadets, A Group of, 436; "Baltimore," United States Cruiser, 459; Ballooning, Admiral Sir E. Fremantle, 506; Burton, Major J. A., 531; "Britannia," Winning Boat Sailing Crew of, 556; Bandmasters, Group of Military, 556; Burroughs, Col., 603; Bandsman J. Bond of East Surrey Regiment, 579; Collision, S.S. "Aligator" after a, 482; Chichester, Gift to Sir E., 484; Canadian Pacific Railway, On the, 4; Cameron Highlanders at Gibraltar, 52; Campbell, Sergt. Patrick, 146; "City of Rome," Nursing Staff of the Hospital Ship, 147; Convalescent Home for Soldiers at Torquay, 148; Colenso, Heroes of the Battle

PAGE

ROUND THE WORLD—*Continued*—
of, 171; Churchill, Lady Randolph, on Board the "Maine," 194; Charlton, Lieut. L. E. O., 195; Chichester, Midshipman, 242; Canadian Artillery, Badge of the, 268; Cairo, Queen's Birthday at, 314; Cricketers of R. M. College, Sandhurst, and R. M. Academy, Woolwich, 363; Casket Given to Sir G. White, 364; Certificate given to Sir G. White, 364; Canadian Cavalry, Church Parade of, 388; "Crescent" Towing the Disabled "Hermes," 412; Children Reading "Navy and Army," 508; Children Playing at Soldiers, 508; Chichester, Sir E., and Staff, 532; China, First Military Officers Landed in, 555; Compositor and Fighting Rifleman, 579; Cummings, Lieut., R.N., 603; Cummins, Brigadier-Gen., 626; Cherbourg, 628; Cemetery of St. Mary's Island, 628; Chinese Cruiser, "Hai Tien," 387; Dunottar Castle, The, 50; Down, Midshipman, 52; Davidson, Col. W. Leslie, 74; Dunraven, The Earl of, 122; "Daily Telegraph" Cup, Winners of the, 220; Drury, Lieut.-Col., 266; Dog, Trained to Find Wounded, 530; Dartmouth, New Naval College at, 603; "Europa," View of Deck from Shrouds, 171; "Europa," Forecastle of, 171; Esquimalt Harbour, 315; Fishing Outside Esquimalt, 4; Field, Admiral, 28; Forbes, The late Archibald, 99; Fort Napier, Garrison Church at, 170; Firework Display at Crystal Palace, 243; "Forte," H.M.S., at Lorenco Marquez, 266; Flag, A Boer, 291; Fletcher, Nurse, 314; Fowle, Major J., 410; Fukushima, Gen., 435; Fire at Sea, 436; "Forte," Group of Naval Brigade on H.M.S., 602; Figurehead on the Stern of the "Black Prince," 579; Gibraltar Rejoicing Over Ladysmith, 28; Gun-Mounting Being Tested, 51; Gibraltar, Relieving the Main Guard, 98; Gibraltar, Governor of, Welcoming Officers Berks Regiment, 123; Gun, New Pom-Pom, at Eynsford, 220; Gibraltar, Bluejackets at Gun Practice at, 243; Gun, A Twelve Pounder, 291; Guns at Woolwich, 292; Gaberones, Tomb of Captain French at, 316; Grant, Commander W. L., 362; Grace, Lieut. H., 459; German Emperor and Crew of the "Luchs," 459; Gibraltar, Arrival of Sir G. White at, 460; German Officers on Board the "Hausa," 483; Gibraltar, Band of Royal Artillery at, 578; Greece, Ruins of Ancient, 604; Good-bye, 458; German Torpedo Boats at Malta, 602; Hunter-Weston, Major, R.E., 50; Hospital, Officers and Men of Native, 123; Horse, an Emaciated, 172; Hutton, Maj.-Gen. E. T. H. 195; Hilton, Sergt. G., 290; Hamilton, Maj.-Gen. Ian, 292; Haig, Lieut. N., 292; Hall, Capt. W. M., 362; Hodges, Lieut. H. M., 410; Henley, The Eton Eight at, 435; Henley, The Winners, at 435; Harris, Col. D., 458; Hotham, Admiral Sir Charles, 578; Hospital Ship "Gera," 580; Homes for Disabled Soldiers, 100; Hospital Ship "Maine," 194; "Illustrious," Stern of H. M. S., 362; Ice Breaking Ship, Russian, 484; Irish Rifle Meeting, At the, 532; Jones, Capt. Pitcairn, R.N., 410; Knox, Col. W. G., 74; Knox, Maj.-Gen. C. E., 98; Kaffir Cook of War Correspondents, 172; "Kearsage," The, 507; Kennedy, Admiral Sir W., 602; Lockhart, Gen. Sir William, 122; Lyne, The Hon. William John, 122; Lancers, The 21st, Receiving Soudan Medals, 123; Lockhart, Funeral of Gen. Sir W., 124; Leinsters, Departure of 1st, for South Africa, 146; Ladysmith, Volunteer Defenders of, 219; Ladysmith, Tomb of Earl of Ava at, 362; Loch, Lord, and Officers, 387; Lans, Capt., 434; Low, Capt. R. B., 531; Mediterranean Fleet, The, 2; "Mosquito," The, 3; Man and Arm Boats, 3; Montmorency's Scouts, A Corporal of, 51; Moroccan Gun-Boat "Hassami," 52; Malta Rifle Shooting at, 243; Mafeking Day, H.M.S. "Terror" Decorated On, 268; Malta, Naval and Military Sports at, 268; Malta, Shooting Competition at, 290; Malta, General Smith at, 387; Monument Erected to the Buffs, 411; Malta, Royal Artillery Dramatic Club, 412; Munnik, J. H., 482; Morrison, Mr. G. E., 506; Mounted Infantry at Malta, 554; Marines, A Record Guard of the Royal, 627; Nurses, Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, Group of, 27; News from the Front, 74; Native Prince and his Suite, 99; Naval Brigade, Address Presented to Officers and Men of, 124; Naval Brigade, Engineer Staff, 196; Naval Brigade, Inspection of, 219; Natal Navigation Collieries, 242; Naval Engineering College, Winners of the Sports of the, 244; Naval Brigade at Singapore, 267; Naval Manœuvres, Men Embarking at Portsmouth, 460; Nurses of Imperial Yeomanry on the "Briton," 578; Ottawa, The Fire at, 196; O'Grady, Maj.-Gen. R. H., 482; Otta, Lieut.-Col. W. D., 506; Prussia, Princess Henry of, and Children, 26; Popham, Lieut., 50; Parry, Private J., 99; "Powerful," Sailing Launch of the, 195; Palmer, Lady Power, 218; Palmer, Sir Power, 218; Plumer, Lieut.-Col., 266; Phipps-Hornby, Major E. J., 314; Pekin, The River Road to, 315; Pretoria, Home of Dr. Leyds at, 316; Pekin, on the Road to, 364; Persia, The Shah of, 506; Queen's Watermen, 626; Rifle Ranges at Simonstown, 4; "Revenge," H.M.S., 27; Reinforcements, Royal West Kent Embarking, 28; Ridley, Maj.-Gen. C. P., 195; Royston, Funeral of Col., 220; Roberts, Lord, Examining Despatches, 483; Rifle Club, Leeds, 530; "Royal Sovereign," H.M.S., 580; Smoking Circle on the "Crescent," 2; Shark Caught by "Terrible," 51; Seaforth Highlanders Arrival at Alexandria, 52; Strathcona's Horse Departing for South Africa, 75; Smith-Dorrien, Maj.-Gen. H. L., 98; Sillem, Lieut., R.N., 195; Sims, Lieut., R.N., 267; Settle, Gen. H. H., 290; Seely, Capt. J. E. B., 290; Sports on board the "Cymric," 291; Sports at Malta, 291; Schroder, Sister, 314; Simonstown, Queen's Birthday Review at, 363; Seymour, Admiral Sir M., 386; "Saxon," The Mail Steamer, 388; Stosseli, Gen., 434; Shanghai, 434; Stewart, Commander, 435; Sheppere, Sister, 458; "Shaftesbury," Presentation of Prizes on the, 482; Seymour, Admiral Sir M. Culme, 554; Straits Settlements, Race Meeting in the, 554; Selangor, Racing at, 555; Tucker, Lieut.-Gen. C., 26; Tactics, Military being Taught, Afloat, 28; Theatricals on H.M.S. "Pinafore" at Malta, 50; Torpedo Training Squadron, The, 98; "Terrible," Landing the Body of a Seaman from the, 100; Taku Forts in 1858, The Capture of the, 410; Trophy, Army Rifle Challenge, 531; Trimcomalee, a Picnic at, 628; Valentia, Col. Lord, 74; Volunteers, Youngest Detachment of City Imperial, 100; Valentine from Ladysmith, 172; "Viper," The, 218 and 627; Volunteer Artillery, 1st Monmouthshire, 243; Volunteers, Shanghai, 434; Volunteers Training at Dawlish, 604; Wounded Soldiers from South Africa, 27; Whale Island, Men from the Gymnasium, 122; "Wolverine," The, 147; Whale Caught in Simons Bay, 170; War Correspondents at Mess in Ladysmith, 172; Wales, H.R.H. Princess of, 218; Warr, Earl de la, 267; Wounded Soldiers who were in Battle of Paardeberg, 363; Wellingtonians, A Group of Old, 556; Weston, Miss Agnes, 580; Yeomanry, Testing Recruits for the Imperial, 75; Yachting at Kiel, 412.
ROYAL INSPECTIONS, Two Notable—
Imperial Yeomanry Hospital at Devonshire House, 17; St. Patrick's Day at Dublin Castle 17
ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY SPORTS, The—
During the Obstacle Race, 209; The Start of the Donkey Race . 209
ROYAL REVIEW IN PHŒNIX PARK, The 137
ROYAL WEST SURREYS IN NATAL, With The 254
RUSSIAN ARMOURED CRUISER "ROSSIA," The 444

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PAGE

RUSSIAN RAILWAY TO THE FAR EAST, The—
In Advance of the Iron Horse, 591; The Beginnings of the Railroad, 591; The Most Important Siberian Station, 591; On the Shores of the Pacific . . . 591
RUSSIANS ON THE AMUR, The—Typical Russian Progress in Asia 515

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN RECOVERED NATAL . . . 442
SCENES IN KIMBERLEY DURING THE SIEGE . . . 130
SCENES OF CHINESE DOMESTIC LIFE—
A Lady of Rank at Home, 525; Peasant Women in the Paddy Fields . . . 525
SCENES OF FIGHTING IN SOUTH AFRICA—
The Bloemfontein Waterworks, 186; On the Road to Greytown, 186; The Notable Town of Wepener . . . 186
SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERS AT ALDERSHOT—Some Pictures Taken During the Manœuvres . . . 32
SCOUTING IN ZULULAND—
Natal to the Fore 94; Eager for the Fray, 94; A Primitive Postman, 94; A Muster at Eshowe, 94; "Shooting the Sun," in a New Form, 95; Ready and Willing, 95; Capital Troops, but Badly Armed, 95; Drilling at Fort Curtis . . . 95
SCOUTING ON THE ROAD TO PRETORIA—Advancing to Occupy the Enemy's Positions . . . 128
SEAMEN AND MARINES FOR THE FAR EAST—
Ready to Go Aboard the "Jelunga," 392; The Seamen Embarking, 392; Marines from Forton, 392; "Let Go the Ropes" . . . 392
SETTING OUR HOUSE IN ORDER . . . 126
SEVENTH BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS, The—At the Tower of London . . . 617
SHARPSHOOTERS AND FOXHUNTERS—
The Inspection of Imperial Yeomanry Last Week, 65; Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers of the Battalion of Sharpshooters, 65; The 61st Company of the Imperial Yeomanry . . . 65
SHEEN HOUSE BAZAAR, The—Prominent Patronesses and Stall-holders . . . 432
SHEEN HOUSE GARDEN FETE—In Aid of Lady Lansdowne's Fund for Widows and Families of Officers—
The Musical Ride, 416; Polo on Bicycles, 416; Miss Queenie Blake, 416; The "Bachelor's" Stall, 416; A Fair Four-in-Hand . . . 416
SHOOTING NOTES . . . 574
SIDE-SHOWS OF NATIONAL DEFENCE . . . 222
SIEGE TRAIN, With the—
Marching Out of Camp, 58; A Relief from Anxiety, 58; Tea on an Ambulance Train . . . 58
SIGHTS AND SCENES IN PEKING—Life in the Capital of Cathay . 526
SIXTH DIVISION AT THE FRONT, With—
Mule Teams at Work, 21; After a Long Day, 21; A Passing Greeting, 21; In Camp at Thebus, 22; An Anxious Duty, 22; A Primitive Shelter . . . 22
SIXTH DIVISION IN THE FREE STATE, The—
In Face of the Rebels, 34; After a Hard Day's Work, 34; A Change of Venue, 34; Indispensable on the Karoo, 35; On the Line of Communications, 35; Ferried Across the River . . . 35
SOLDIER RETURNED FROM THE WAR, The . . . 601
SOME INTERESTING GUNS AND THEIR CURIOUS STORY—
Taken at Bloemfontein, 309; An Ancient Relic of Naval Origin, 309; A Relic of Jameson's Raid, 309; A Mortar of Ancient Date . . . 309
SOME REFLECTIONS AND A MORAL . . . 510
SOUTH AFRICA, The War in—
The Abuse of the White Flag, 494; A Boer Trench near Majuba, 494; A Boer Ambulance Wagon, 494; The Friend of all Correspondents, 494; In the Attack, at Botha's Pass, 494; Classic Ground Reached at Last, 494; Baggage Crossing a Drift, 494; The "Special" of a London Paper . . . 494
SOUTH AFRICA, With the Troops In—In the Transvaal, Natal and Rhodesia—With Roberts, Buller, Carrington . . . 477
ST. HELENA, The Island of—
The Tomb of Napoleon, 19; A View in Sandy Bay, 19; Government House . . . 19
STILL THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—
Operations on an Isolated Kopje, 466; Taking a Greatly-Needed Rest, 466; Provisions and Ammunition for the Front, 466; The Roman Catholic Church at Newcastle, 466; A Triumph for Hard-Worked Troopers, 466; Boer Prisoners Being Brought to Camp, 466; "Tit-Bits" at the Front, 466; At Home on the Veldt . . . 466
STORMING A KOPJE—A Stiff Climb . . . 36
STORY OF THE WAR, The 20, 44, 68, 92, 116, 140, 164, 188, 260, 284, 308
SUBALTERN'S "LIVING WAGE," The . . . 54
SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHY . . . 582
SUFFOLKS STORMING A KOPJE, The— . . . 241
SUNNYSIDE RAID, The—Col. Pilcher Surprises the Enemy . . . 15

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW . . . 109
TELEGRAPH CORPS IN SOUTH AFRICA, With the—A Necessary Adjunct of Modern Warfare . . . 276
TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, The—
The Ladies' Doubles, 401; The Men's Doubles . . . 401
THABA NCHU VILLAGE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—
The Hills to the Left of the Place were Lately Occupied by our Troops, 202; Heliographing to Bloemfontein, 202; The Naval Brigade with "Bobs," 202; The Native Part of the Town here shown was Strongly Held by the Boers, 203; Obliged to Amuse Ourselves, 203; Writing a Letter Home . . . 203
THEATRICALS IN THE FLEET—"Hiawala" by Officers in the—Channel—
A Scene That Brought Down the House, 420; Jack at his Old Game Again, 420; A Group of the Principal Characters, 420; Two Shy "Little Maids Are We," 420; "Captain Stopper" and his Colleagues 420
THE DRAMA IN NAVY BLUE AND OTHER COLOURS (Article by F. Hamilton Knight) . . . 43
"THE EMPIRE'S TRIBUTE TO QUEEN AND DEFENDERS" . . . 223
THE 16TH LANCERS IN SOUTH AFRICA . . . 213
"THE OLD DUKE" AND THE NATIONAL BAZAAR . . . 217
THE "POMONE" AT BOMBAY—
In White Attire, 214; Jack Ashore—and Larky as Usual . . . 214
THE "POWERFUL'S" NAVAL BRIGADE IN LONDON . . . 205
THE STORY OF THE WAR . . . 212
"THE VILLAGE ON THE VELDT," AND THE VETERANS WHO DEFENDED IT—
A Panorama of the One-Time Beleaguered City, Indicating the Difficulties of the Prolonged Defence, 234; Some of the Garrison of Mafeking, 234; Part of the Native Stadt, 234; Where the Fighting Was Fiercest, 235; The Home of the Baralongs. . . . 235
THE WAY OUR BOYS DO THEIR SOLDIERING—A Cadets' Field Day at Claydon Park . . . 396
THIRD ASHANTI RISING, The . . . 428

PAGE

TIENTSIN TO THE CHINESE CAPITAL, From—
Junks at Anchor on the Peiho, 589; Chinese Troops Encamped on the River, 589; Sir Claude Macdonald's Residence at Peking . . . 589
TIGHTENING THE BONDS OF EMPIRE . . . 30
TO CROSS THE DRAKENSBERG—
On to the Biggarsberg, 230; A Patrol of Buller's Lancers, 230; Extending the Telegraph . . . 230
TO HONOUR THE EMPIRE'S HEROES . . . 246
TO STANDERTON WITH CLERY—Telegraphists and Engineers at Work—
The Military Telegraph in the Field, 611; How the Ordinary Work is Done, 611; An Important Construction on the Vaal, 611; The Scene on the Standerton Line . . . 611
TOWARDS THE FRONT IN NATAL—With Sir Redvers Buller . . . 282
TOWN AND HARBOUR OF VLADIVOSTOK, The— . . . 615
TRACK OF A BOER COMMANDO, On the—Scenes in the South African Drama—Across the Rolling Veldt . . . 636
TRACTION ENGINES IN SOUTH AFRICA, With . . . 299
TRANSPORT ON THEIR WAY TO THE FAR EAST—
From India to China in the Transport "Nuddea," 543; A Celebrated Sikh Regiment in Colonel Stewart's Brigade, 543; On Board the Steamship "Patiala," 543; At the Barracks in Calcutta before Starting . . . 543
TRANSPORT, The Burden of—
An Important Highway, 105; A Well-guarded Point, 105; On the Line of Communications . . . 105
TRIBUTE TO EMPIRE, A—The Heroes We Mourn . . . 48
TRIUMPHANT PHOTOGRAPH, The . . . 486
TURKEY'S JUBILEE, The Sultan of—
The Port of Lemnos, 641; Saluting the Sultan's Standard, 641; Lord Charles Beresford received by Admiral Husni Pacha on Board H.I.M. Yacht "Fuad" . . . 641
TWO DISTINGUISHED FUNCTIONS—
For the Widows and Orphans, 211; War-Worn Veterans . . . 211
TWO GREAT MEN IN CONFERENCE AT KIMBERLEY . . . 361
TWO IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS—Royalty at Eltham and Chelsea—
An Earnest Consultation, 353; After Distributing the Prizes, 353; The Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Eltham, 353; In the Grounds of Chelsea Hospital, 353; The Inspection by the Duke 353
TWO VERY IMPORTANT COMMANDS—
Ireland's Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, 304; In the Old West Country . . . 304

UNDER THE GUM TREES . . . 335
UNDER THE RED CROSS—Work for the Wounded in the War . . . 139
UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "OREGON," The . . . 444

VETERINARY OFFICERS IN WAR (Article by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Graham) . . . 463
VICTORIA AND TASMANIA—
Major Eddy, 343; Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, 343; Lieutenant Pendlebury, 343; The Officers of the Victorian Bushmen's Corps, 343; A Detachment of Victorian Infantry, 344; The Victorian Bushmen's Contingent, 344; "Cameron's Scouts" of the Bushmen's Corps . . . 344
VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO TRIESTE, The—
The British Admirals Land, 452; The Prelude to the Festivities . . . 452
VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY, The Work of Our—
Officers and Men of the No. 2 Position Battery, 5th Lancashire Volunteer Artillery, 448; The Same Fine Battery in Action at the Camp, Knott End . . . 448
VOLUNTEER CAMP TRAINING, The . . . 599
VOLUNTEERS IN PEACE AND WAR—The Inspection of the 2nd Tower Hamlets R.E.—The Departure of the C. I. V. Reinforcements . . . 449

WAR AND PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA—
An Ammunition Column Leaving for the Front, 527; Sunday's Rest—A Church Parade with Methuen's Column . . . 527
WAR IN ITS GRIM REALITY—
Outpost Duty, 10; A Meal before the Fray, 10; In Touch with the Enemy, 10; In the Trenches, 11; A Critical Moment, 11; Two days after the Fight . . . 11
WATCHING THE ENEMY AT PAARDEBERG—
Paardeberg in the Distance, 80; An Uncommonly Useful Weapon, 80; A Chance that does not often occur, 80; Hard Work and no Excitement, 80; Alert for the Lightest Sound . . . 80
WEST AFRICA, Our Troubles in—
Guns and Gunners, 490; Typical Native Soldiers Employed in Ashanti, 490; A Typical Ashanti Village . . . 490
WEST INDIA REGIMENT—
Awards at St. Lucia to the West Indian Regiment, 264; Drawn Up On Parade to be Decorated, 264; "Present Arms" . . . 264
WHAT WE'VE GOT WE'LL HOLD . . . 318
"WHEN THE TROOPER'S ON THE TIDE" . . . 6
"WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK, DADDY?" . . . 338
WHITE FLAG, The (Article by A. B. Tucker) . . . 31
WIDOWED . . . 145
WITH BULLER IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY—
On the Summit of Almond's Nek, 549; A Boer Farm Flying the White Flag, 549; An Isolated Place of Worship . . . 549
WITH CARRINGTON FROM BEIRA TO MAFEKING . . . 111
WITH ROBERTS TO BLOEMFONTEIN—
A Peaceful Crossing, 12; Food for the Hungry, 12; The Triumph of British Pertinacity, 12; Deep and Wide, 13; Utilising our Predecessors' Efforts, 13; Without the Mess Plate . . . 13
WITH THE CHANNEL SQUADRON—Coaling Ship—A Dirty Job . . . 118
WITH THE C.I.V.—From Mansion House to Modder River . . . 33
WOODGATE, Major-General Sir Edward R. P. . . . 261
"WOODLARK" AT HANKOW, The . . . 491
"WORCESTER" AND "CONWAY" BOAT-RACE, The—
A Preliminary to the Event, 320; A Victory for the Thames Training Ship, 320; Conquerors Proud of Their Spoil, 320; The "Worcester" and "Conway" Committee . . . 320
"WORCESTER," Annual Prize Giving on Board the, By the Duke of Argyll . . . 464
WORLD'S PRESS AT THE WAR, The—
Correspondents' Quarters, 129; Two Well-Known Journalists, 129; Booth, Skull, Ernest Prater, and Stewart, 129; Winston Churchill and his Brother, 129; Campbell, Herbert, and Atkins at their Morning Toilet, 129; Goldmann, Herbert, Captain Barnes, and Lieutenant Bridges, 129; Richard H. Davies, "New York Herald," 129; Returning from a Visit to a Boer Laager . . . 129

YEOMANRY IN SOUTH AFRICA . . . 45, 81, 201, 153

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OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER.

Our readers will be interested by this picture illustrating the kind of equipage and furniture required by a Special Correspondent at the front, and especially to have depicted the personality and field outfit of Mr. Harford Hartland, who has sent us so many excellent pictures from Natal, and is sending us many more. The war correspondent must be "mobile" and independent, altogether sufficient in himself, and in the case of an artist-correspondent, the equipment is necessarily large and varied. Our correspondent has foreseen every necessity for his operations, as our readers will conjecture from the illustration and from the very successful work done by Mr. Hartland.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE abandonment by the Queen of her usual annual visit to the South of Europe is only one more proof of how Her Majesty puts the interest of her subjects and the well-being of her Empire in the forefront of every thought and action of her life. At an age when it would only be natural for her to make consideration for her health and comfort paramount above all else, and after having for a space of nearly three score years and ten borne on her shoulders the heavy responsibilities which rest upon the Sovereign of this great Empire, she is it possible more devoted to the due fulfilment of the duties that devolve upon her than when she was in the prime of youth and vigour. No monarch throughout the world possesses more fully the heartfelt love of her subjects, and from palace to cottage this fresh proof of her devotion to her people and her realm has been thoroughly appreciated. No wonder that her appearance in the streets of her capital evoked the most enthusiastic demonstrations of devotion to her person and loyalty to her throne. Her coming visit to Ireland will still further endear her in the sister isle, which appreciates most highly her gracious order that in future all her Irish regiments shall wear, as a well-earned distinction, a sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

SOUTH AFRICA attracts many leaders of Society, whose absence will be felt this summer. Many ladies are going out, and more than one with the idea of placing their services at the disposal of the military authorities for nursing purposes. To the number of noblemen actively engaged at the front may be added the Duke of Marlborough, who has left his Duchess and the little three-year-old Marquess of Blandford that he may share the fortunes of the forces operating on the Southern Border of the Free State. The Duke was one of the first to throw himself heart and soul into the movement that culminated in the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry, and with the contingent from his own county of Oxford left Cape Town for the front last week. The Churchills have always been a lucky as well as an able race, and we may be sure that the present head of the family will come out well in his present undertaking, in spite of the somewhat ominous family motto, "Fiel pero desdichado" (Faithful though unfortunate). Another scion of a noble family who has not yet left his legal childhood behind him has left Canada as a trooper with Strathcona's Horse, and his parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Hertford, have just paid a flying visit to Ottawa to bid him good-bye.

TO all who have travelled east of Gibraltar the white-clad sides of our war-ships are a familiar feature in nearly every harbour, and few will be found to deny that they present a prettier picture when thus painted than when of the black with yellow upper works that we are accustomed to see at home. For a long time most Naval Powers have been trying experiments with colours to render a ship less conspicuous. A dirty grey has been the solution of the problem in most cases, but if it makes a ship inconspicuous, it certainly does not make it a thing of beauty. On the Mediterranean station a colour appears to have been arrived at which is excellent for invisibility, and also in no way detracts from the vessel's smartness of appearance. The shade adopted is a light grey, and it is stated that at a distance of two miles, practically about the range at which fire would be opened, the ship is invisible in the daytime, while at night she is practically a phantom. The first ships on which the experiment has been tried are the "Revenge," Lord Chas. Beresford's flag-ship, and the torpedo depôt ship "Vulcan." If it is as successful as it promises to be, the experiment will be extended to all the ships on the station.

IT is a source of very sincere gratification

From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

READING THE NEWS.

The Officers' Smoking Circle on board the "Crescent," on the North American and West Indies Station.

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THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

Landing Troops from the Ships of the Squadron in Marsa'rocco Bay, near Malta.

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to find that Lord Pauncefote's tenure of the Ambassadorial quarters at Washington is to be extended at least until the autumn, and probably for a year more. At the present moment there are issues of great importance between us and our cousins on the other side of the herring pond to be discussed, and His Excellency is most certainly better fitted to deal with them than would be any diplomatist who might succeed him, for he has now been our Minister in Washington since 1889. Moreover, the Presidential "campaign" is about to open, and there is no one who will more carefully safeguard our interests during this critical period, whilst studiously refraining from any interference in domestic politics. It is a time when the "twisting of the lion's tail" is likely to be employed as a method for coaxing the Irish vote, whilst there will now undoubtedly be strenuous attempts made from this side of the Atlantic to use the German vote in a way hostile to the interests of this country.

To shatter the fast-growing feeling of friendship that has of late years sprung up between Great Britain and the United States is the dearest wish of our enemies, and no one could more successfully and with more perfect tact checkmate their efforts than the past master in diplomacy who at present represents this country in Washington.

THE sixteenth annual show of the Hackney Horse Society, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington last week, was as usual a very great success, in spite of the natural depression in all things caused by the war. Ten years ago the number of exhibits ran to only four over 300, whilst this year, though failing to touch the high-water mark of last year, when the entries fell only five short of 500, no less than 464 animals were brought into the ring.

In view of the fact that mounted infantry will probably form no small part of the Army of the future, it is worth noting that the entries in the classes for under 15 hands in height were very good.

In stallions the entries fell lower than in any year since 1891, but the entry of mares was little short of the average, whilst the classes for geldings were unusually strong. It goes without saying that that very good lover and most excellent judge of a horse, the Prince of Wales, honoured the show with his presence.

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A RIVER GUN-BOAT.

The "Mosquito," Permanently Stationed on the Zambesi

THE virulent outburst of Anglophobism which is so marked at present on the Continent, and more especially in France, would be ludicrous if it were not pitiable. It is sad to see a people like the French descend to such childlike bursts of spleen as have of late been seen, and the absolute disregard of all truth evinced by the continental Press is as contemptible as it is disgusting, but none the less is it amusing. To call a street "Avenue des Boers," as has been done in Nantes, is about on a par with hooting at the quay-side an English vessel that had "dressed ship" in honour of the relief of Ladysmith and the garrison that had held it against an overwhelming force for four months. We knew that Cecil Rhodes was a man of weight, but we were unaware that he had influence enough to obtain Lord Methuen's appointment as "Governor of Kimberley," as he was one of the heaviest shareholders in the De Beers. We fear things are in a bad way with our Empire, for does not the Adelaide correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* inform us that the Australian contingents, of which we were beginning to feel rather proud, are only "a very mixed set, containing half-grown boys, Afghans, and Chinamen."

BY the time these lines are in print, Lumsden's Horse will be in South Africa, and that most excellent little corps, which will not in a hurry forget its send-off for South Africa, will be amused to find that, according to the Calcutta correspondents of those two frequent mouthpieces of Governments, the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* and the *Hamburgischer Correspondent*, its force consists of "miserably-paid Europeans who, owing to the hard times, have not been able to earn their living here, and who thank Heaven that they have got the chance of shaking the dust of India off their feet."

But then what can be expected of a country that officers its Army with a type thus exquisitely portrayed by M. Delinos in the columns of the *Nouvelle Revue?* "A carpet knight and co-respondent in most of the more romantic divorce cases, perverted, capricious, and *blasé*, who inhabits a palace, has a nigger for a

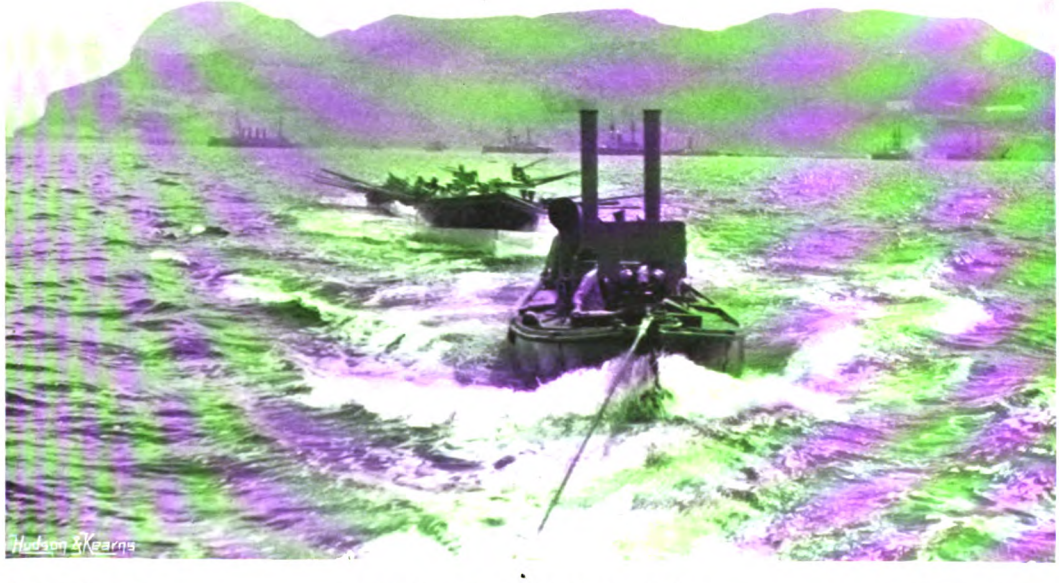

Photo. Copyright. *A. Debenham, Eyde.*

"MAN AND ARM BOATS."

An Evolution Frequently Practised in all of Her Majesty's War-ships.

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groom, a French *chef* as cook, and an income that varies from tens to hundreds of thousands of pounds." Think of it, ye subalterns, when you are hunting dacoits in Burmese jungles, sweltering in Sindh or Rajpootana, this coming hot weather, or shivering with fever in a grass hut somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lokojo!

AS the mails bring home news from Mauritius, we find that the soldiers of the Central African Rifles, who recently appear to have given trouble in that island, are not half as bad as they were painted. Now it appears that the provocation came entirely from the Creoles, who, though they be as black as your boot, assume an overweening arrogance on the strength of whatever white blood may be in their veins. Not only were the men, who appear to have been quartered in barracks at a village named Curepipe, some few miles up country from Port Louis, abused and called beasts and savages, but, not content with this, they were cheated by the Creoles whenever they had money transactions with them, and when they naturally objected they were cudgelled and stoned. Human-like, the Zambesi natives would not stand this, and retaliated in kind. Arming themselves with cudgels, the men, to the number of some 1,400, sent a decoy party to a village in which they had been especially badly treated, hoping that they would be at once attacked. And they were not disappointed; whereupon the main body, who had been concealed in the rear, made their appearance on the scene, and effectually engaged in altering the appearance of that village and its inhabitants, until the arrival of their officers, who hurried to the scene on bicycles, when the riot was at once ended and the men went back quietly to barracks. At present about half are installed in the s.s. "Nerbudda"—for which, by the way, the Government are paying 2,000 rupees a day—and the remainder, with the women and children, are located on a place called Flat Island, where dysentery of a virulent kind has broken out. It is not improbable that the regiment will be given a turn of service in India—an excellent solution of the problem as to what to do with it.

AN OUTPOST OF THE EMPIRE.
Indians Fishing Outside Esquimalt.

A FRIENDLY VISITOR.
A Bear that Interviewed a Train Conveying Bluejackets to the Pacific, at Medicine Hut Station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE RIFLE RANGES AT SIMON'S TOWN.
Where the British Blue Learns to Blaze at his Brother Boer.
From Photos. by Naval Officers.

IN no Service in the world is *esprit de corps* more marked than in the Navy, and it redounds very greatly to the credit of the officers belonging to it that they so frequently take the initiative in organising, and carrying out by private enterprise, undertakings which in no way benefit them personally, but solely with the idea of increasing the efficiency of the great Service to which they are so proud to belong.

For years before the pigeon lofts at the various ports had become a Government institution, the private enterprise of an officer had established a loft at Whale Island, which was eventually taken over by the Government. Now the officers of the "Vernon" are devoting their attention to balloon experiments, which have been taken in hand by Lieutenant Arnold-Forster, the son of Mr. Arnold-Forster, the well-known member for West Belfast, who has made Service matters and the organisation of the Naval and Military forces of the Crown such a speciality.

Mr. Arnold-Forster has secured the services of Mr. Stanley Spencer, a practical aëronaut of very great experience, and several successful ascents have been made with a hydrogen-filled balloon of 8,000 cubic feet capacity. For reconnaissance purposes the utility of captive balloons has over and over again been amply demonstrated in land warfare, and there is no reason why they should not be equally useful for certain operations at sea, such, for instance, as the observation of a port where an enemy's force is being blockaded, or in which it is suspected of having taken up a position.

So successful have been the experiments made in this direction by these officers that it is now proposed to resume them shortly from a sea-going ship. The French have anticipated us in this matter, and Naval balloons have made an appearance during their manœuvres, evoking very great interest in all Naval circles.

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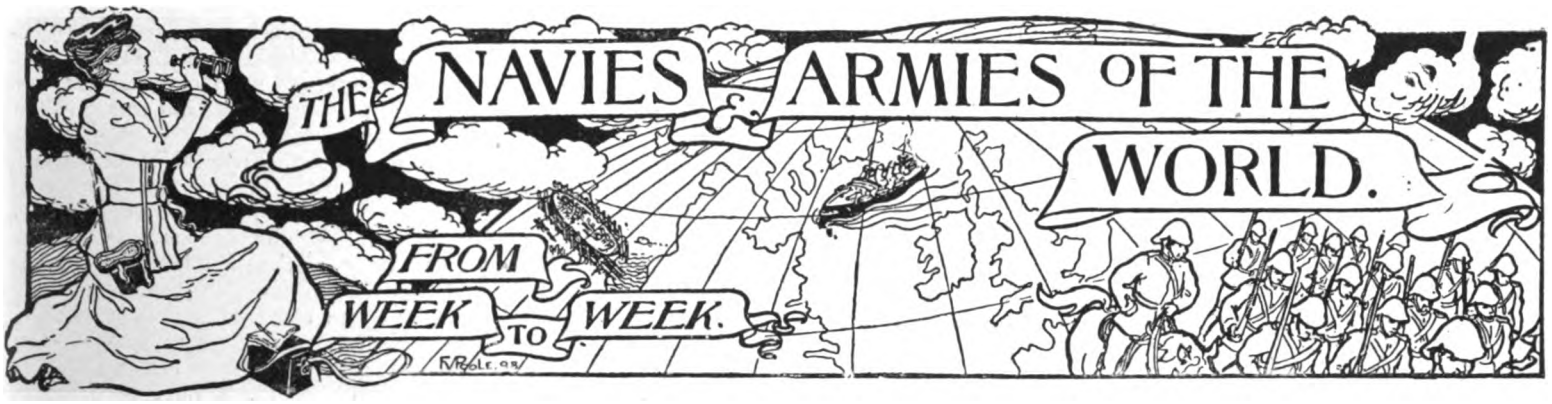

WHAT is an army association, and for what purpose ought it to exist? Those are questions which are likely to press themselves on the attention of some among us before long. Sir J. Wolfe Barry has argued that such an association should be formed, and has urged his view in an emphatic letter to the *Times* of the 13th. Given our taste for leagues and societies, it is very probable that such a body will be formed. That being so, it is desirable to consider how it should be composed, and what its aims ought to be. One can easily conceive of an army association composed of, or at any rate very largely guided by, people who work under the influence of a prevailing idea that the maintenance of a very great military force is a good thing in itself, or of others who have private interests which are forwarded by expenditure on troops, arms, barracks, and so forth. The influence of patriots eager to offer contracts for the making and grinding of the national axe is very active in certain continental nations, and has a visible share in the formation of grand programmes of Naval construction. We do not want an association of that stamp. Neither do we want one which will go on the supposition that "national defence" depends on the Army. The first experience of such a body would be a sharp collision with the Navy League, and the country would be edified by a tug-of-war between contending patriots.

* * * *

If, however, it is to keep to a safe path and be of real service, it must begin by defining with some approach to precision what use it proposes to make of the British Army, and how it is to be qualified for the duties it is to be expected to perform. As the Scotch judge said, when his hostess invited him to take mashed potatoes in the disease year: "Latet dolus in generalibus," which means that there is fraud in generalities. We are not taken much further forward when we are told, in more or less sonorous phrases, that our national interests require a great extension of our Army. What are the interests, and how does the Army serve them; or rather—since the hypothesis is that it is at present insufficient—how ought it to serve them, and how much ought it to be strengthened to that end? Sir J. Wolfe Barry is precise to a certain point. He says that while "dependent mainly on our Fleet" in "the matter of invasion of our shores," "we are, in fact, also a Continental Power in all four quarters of the globe; that our forces have not increased in proportion to the growth of our possessions and responsibilities, or of our largely extended frontiers on land, which are far longer than those of any other Great Power." Sir J. Wolfe Barry goes on to say, referring to a previous letter of his, "I suggested that we should be in a very critical position if during our then under-estimated struggle in South Africa we were involved in complications on our Indian frontiers, in Egypt, or in China, to say nothing of European conflict, which then appeared more remote than now." This is apparently clear enough. The writer implies that our Army ought to be able to defend those frontiers of ours, and to deal with a European conflict.

* * * *

Supposing now that the Army is to be made equal to dealing at once with the defence of our frontiers, or any two of them, and with a European conflict, and that the association is to be formed to bring it up to that level, what must be the size of the Army? Sir J. Wolfe Barry recommends that the Army should be increased by 100,000 men, "apart altogether from Militia and Volunteers." This is a definite proposal enough, and implies a very great deal, but it is manifestly insufficient. It is not 100,000 men, nor even 500,000, who will be equal to protecting all our frontiers and dealing with a European conflict. A little more precision as to the part it is expected to play in this last portion of our responsibilities would also be desirable. Is it to be used for the purpose of invading a European enemy's territory? If so, we want 500,000 or so, plus all other forces. Given a European conflict with the Franco-Russian Alliance, and a war with the United States (to take an extreme case for purposes of illustration); suppose that we are not wholly, but only in the main, dependent on our Fleet as a defence against invasion, and it seems to me quite clear that not less than 2,000,000 men will be needed. We cannot put the force needed in Canada at less than 500,000, plus the Canadians. Another 500,000 will be required to deal with France, and a similar force with Russia in all parts, while a fourth half million will be needed at home, since our Fleet is to be regarded as a partial and not a complete protection against invasion, while we must also retain the power to reinforce our armies in all parts.

* * * *

I am not attempting a *reductio ad absurdum* here, but only trying to get at the facts. It is a plain truth that if we are to undertake to hold all frontiers, and to take part in European conflicts with our Army, we must assume the double burden of a military force equal to that of any of the continental nations, and of the maintenance of our Navy in its present pre-eminence. Less will not do, and it is very doubtful whether so much would be sufficient. Is the army association going to argue for all this? If it is, then I cannot persuade myself that the society, if ever it is formed, will be of long continuance. Any serious attempt to carry out such a policy, if made by the nation, would spell ruin. No people has ever succeeded in maintaining a first-rate force both by sea and land, though several have come to more or less ruinous disaster in the effort to do so. If it is said that our position imposes the necessity upon us, the answer is that then the position is in itself false, and cannot be retained without ultimate destruction.

* * * *

There is unquestionably something which an army association could do which would be eminently useful. It could help to clear away a great deal of the loose talk which has been set going by the first failures of the war in South Africa, and could help towards the establishment of a sound military policy, if only it begins by fairly thinking one out. According to a well-settled old custom of ours, we have made the most of all the checks and difficulties suffered in this war. There are some who have talked as if our Army had broken down completely and had proved itself quite incapable of overcoming the task set it. This is wild exaggeration. As a matter of fact, it has discharged a duty thrown upon no other army in the world. The French have lately had to commit an actual illegality in order to find a garrison for Diego Suarez. We know that they did not make a very successful business of the conquest of Madagascar. In spite of all our mistakes and miscalculations, we have sent out such a force as no other Power in the world could have provided in the same conditions, and it has been on the whole admirably supplied. An army association would find enough to do in perfecting what we have, and in enforcing the lesson that our Army exists for just such work as this and not for anything else.

* * * *

It is idle to talk of defending our land frontiers "in four continents," for the very simple fact that the thing cannot be done. Besides, in Europe we have no land frontier, unless it be on the neutral ground of Gibraltar, which needs no army for its defence. In America we could not defend the land frontier of Canada against the whole power of the United States, and it is little better than childish to speak of doing what we should never attempt. The Canadians must do the work of defending themselves, with a moderate measure of help from us at the best, in the possible, but highly improbable, case that the Imperialist sentiment of the Americans set them on a war of conquest. As for Africa, our frontiers are not menaced by any very solid power. If our experience in Natal has proved anything, it is that the task of any army which endeavoured to get through the mountain frontier of India would be hopeless indeed. As for defending our shores against anything bigger than a raid of a few hundred men who might possibly slip through the most vigilant watch, that must be the work of the Fleet. There will be no invasion on a big scale till the Navy has broken down, and when that happens we are ruined everywhere. To encumber ourselves with a vast Army would be to set about promoting our own ruin.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

"When the Trooper's on the Tide."

IF Mr. Thomas Atkins is at all given to philosophising over his fortunes, he must be reflecting with grim irony just now over the ups and downs of the soldier's lot. The present military mood of the public sets private and officer alike on pinnacles. Nothing can be too good for them. Great ladies devote themselves with well-meant fussiness to sending out surgeons and sticking-plaster. Everyone connected, however remotely, with the Army is collecting the multifarious articles which are included under the head of "comforts for the troops." We are all subscribing to funds for looking after Tommy's wife and family, for sending him field-glasses, for treating him at Buxton if he be rheumatic on the way home. In fact, the country for a short time is doing its duty by its soldiers. But what its soldiers, a good many of them, at any rate, must be thinking is, how long will it last? How long will the sight of the Queen's uniform waken a thrill of pride and enthusiasm in the citizen's breast? How long will solicitude for the well-being of its wearers continue to open our hearts and our purses? How long will red coats and khaki tunics be welcomed with cheers in places of public entertainment, instead of being frowned upon, and in some cases shut out altogether? As the old rhyme effectively puts it,

"In time of danger and in time of war,
Our God and soldiers we alike adore;
The danger o'er, our honour righted—
Our God's forgot, our soldiers slighted."

And this unfortunately has too often been the case. What all of us must do who care for the soldier's welfare in season and out of season, and not only when the hot fit is upon the nation, is to make the effect of the war in this direction lasting, to secure permanent improvement of the conditions of soldiering before the hot fit cools. We must not have it said any longer, as it has been said recently by an Army chaplain of long service, that sergeants often leave the Service just when they are beginning to be most useful because they feel "they are looked down upon by civilians."

So far, unfortunately, the Government proposals do not contain anything to show that this aspect of the question of Army reform has been adequately considered. We are to have more troops, if we can get them. But how are we to get them, and to get them of the right kind, unless we increase the inducements to the right kind of men to enlist? What Macaulay wrote sixty years ago is still true to-day, that "The pay of the common soldier is not such as can seduce any but the humblest class of English labourers from their calling." What Macaulay went on to contrast with this state of things was the principle on which Cromwell's invincible Ironsides were recruited. "The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people, and if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands." At the same time, Cromwell's ideal for the soldier was that he should be a citizen as well. He was to rear a family, and to take his part in the life of the community with his fellows who followed a civil career. Of course, we cannot pretend that it was the conditions of service alone, or even chiefly, that attracted the class of men Cromwell wanted, and made his army the terror of Europe. The answers to the question in the Puritan "Souldier's Catechism," "What is it that moves you to take up Arms and to ingage your selfe in this Civill Warre?" said nothing about the rates of pay or the advantages to be gained. They dwelt upon the necessity for defending "our Religion against Poperie," for preserving Parliament, laws and liberties, for securing the rights of posterity. Religious and political enthusiasm filled the ranks with stern, strong men who rejoiced to meet the foe and advanced to battle firm in the assurance that God was on their side.

Still, there can be no doubt that the conditions of service were a factor in making Cromwell's army irresistible; nor is there any doubt that what was true then is equally true to-day. There is no reason why we should pay our soldiers better wages than are earned by the great body of the people, but there is every reason why we should pay them as well as they would be paid in civil employ. To compare rates of pay in our Army with the pittances of continental conscripts is altogether misleading. The Rev. E. J. Hardy, in his book just published, says that German soldiers who get 3d. a day, or French, Belgians, or Italians, with their halfpenny a day, would consider themselves rich beyond their dreams with the pay and allowances of the British private. But Mr. Hardy seems to forget that Germans, French, Belgians, and Italians are all serving willy-nilly. Whatever their Governments allow them is an allowance of grace, not a wage at all. The British soldier, on the other hand, has had his choice between the Army and every other occupation, and unfortunately he usually chooses the Army only when he finds every other occupation closed to him. "The most ordinary private," says Mr. Hardy, in an outburst of enthusiasm over the soldier's good fortune, "receives one shilling per diem, and, with allowances in the shape of lodging, food, and clothes, his remuneration is worth about 15s. a week." What a magnificent prospect to offer to promising young men—life in barracks on a total income of 15s. a week!

Another question to be considered is whether we should keep more than a certain proportion of our soldiers in barracks at all. If we give them enough pay to keep up a home, they ought to have the chance of enjoying family life. And this of course raises the whole never-ending question of short and long service. At present the Government holds to the short-service system with confident tenacity. But there are many who think with Sir Charles Dilke, that we ought to aim at some plan which should combine both. However much we may rely upon volunteer assistance in actual time of war (and the present war has shown us that we can rely upon it with much more confidence than we thought possible), a stiffening of professional soldiers must always prove an immense advantage. To secure this stiffening element by making the Army a profession and a career for a due proportion of those who enter it, and to induce the best men to stay in the Army by offering them the ordinary advantages they would obtain by good conduct in civil employment—this should be our aim. The problem is one that we hope to see fully discussed during the next few months.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 22, 1794.—Storming of Fort Bourbon, Martinique, by landing parties from the boats of the "Zebra," sloop, Captain Robert Faulknor. Naval medal granted. 1797.—Boats of the "Hermione," 32, cut out three French privateers, and stormed a battery near Porto Rico. 1808.—Destruction of the Danish "Prins Christian Fredreick," 74, by the "Stately," 64, and the "Nassau," 64, on the coast of Jutland. The "Aigle," 36, with the "Impetueux," 74, chased two French frigates, destroying one, the "Seine," 36, near L'Orient. 1820.—Captain Stephen Decatur killed in a duel. 1843.—Rear-Admiral D. H. Bosanquet born. 1885.—Naval Brigade at the battle of Tofrek (McNeill's zareba).

March 23, 1704.—Rear-Admiral Dilkes, off Cape Spartel, captured two Spanish 40-gun ships and a 24-gun frigate. 1741.—Captain Lord Aubrey Beauclerk, with Vernon, in the West Indies, killed in action. 1757.—Vice-Admiral Watson took Chandernagore. 1804.—Action between the "Osprey," 18, and "Egyptienne," 36. 1849.—Commander Bethell, M.P., born. 1898.—The "Goliath" launched.

March 24, 1603.—Queen Elizabeth died. 1740.—Vernon's attack on Chagre. 1776.—John Harrison, inventor of the chronometer, died. 1811.—Destruction of the "Amazone," 40, near Cherbourg, by a British squadron. 1878.—Loss of the "Eurydice," off Dunnose, Isle of Wight.

MARCH 22, 1810.—Attack on Santa Maura. The town on this island between Corfu and Cephalonia having surrendered without opposition to Brigadier-General Oswald, the fortress was attacked and carried by Marines. 1814.—Defeat of French cavalry. At St. Gaudens, Pyrenees, two squadrons of the 13th Dragoons, led by Major Doherty, overthrew four squadrons of French cavalry. Major Doherty charged between his two sons at the head of the regiment. 1885.—Battle of Tofrek. Sir John McNeill's force surprised while constructing a zareba near Tamai. The force was only saved from annihilation by the desperate valour of the British troops, especially the Berkshire Regiment. Our losses, exclusive of camp followers, were six officers and ninety-four men killed, six officers and 136 men wounded, and one officer and seventy men missing. Over 1,000 of the enemy killed.

March 23, 1757.—Reduction of Chandernagore. The French garrison surrendered to a joint expedition, the Navy under Admiral Watson, and the Army under Colonel Clive, after a cannonade lasting several hours. 1794.—Surrender of Martinique. On the 16th the whole of the island was in the hands of the British, except Forts Royal and Bourbon. On the 22nd articles of capitulation were signed, and next day the island was surrendered.

March 24, 1801.—Reduction of St. Martin. The Dutch surrendered to a force commanded by Generals Fuller and Maitland. 1842.—Assault on Jellalabad. This was one of the most determined efforts of the British garrison, under Major-General Sale, to hold Jellalabad against the assaults of an overwhelming force of Afghans. The enemy attacked in great strength, but were gallantly repulsed by a body of the defenders under Captain Broadfoot.

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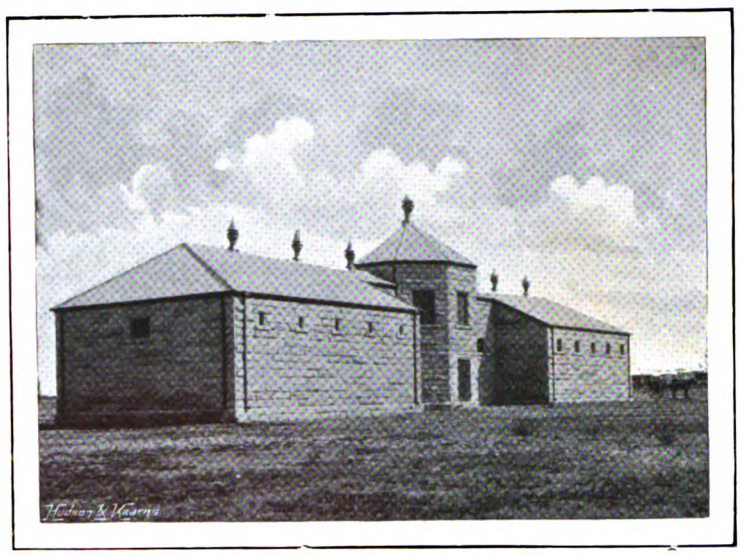
Bloemfontein.

WHERE THE BRITISH FLAG NOW FLIES.

THE LATE PRESIDENCY.

Which Lord Roberts made His Headquarters.



THE TOWN GAOL.

Remembered by Many Boer Malefactors.

IT was with exceeding gladness that many inhabitants of Bloemfontein saw Lord Roberts enter that late capital of the Orange Free State, from which President Steyn and the Boer army had fled. The place is partly English, and many of the people who had no sympathy with the cause in which their late President had embroiled them looked upon the departure of that intriguing politician and his motley following as relief from an incubus. Now the place is entering upon a new era of prosperity, and, the railway from the south being opened up by our soldiers, Bloemfontein becomes an excellent base for further operations. It is a fine position for quartering troops, since it stands in the midst of a plain surrounded by low hills, has an ample water supply, and was famous as a health resort even before the railway was made.

The population is about 10,000, of whom 7,000 are whites; and this is one of the most important of South African towns, being the centre of a large farming district. Owing to the somewhat primitive habits of the people, it looks like a quiet and pleasant rural centre, the effect arising chiefly from the broad market-square, to which the neighbouring farmers bring their produce, and where they outspan their oxen. Some marks of our former occupation of the town still remain, and to the south is a small fort which we erected.

The town is regularly laid out, the market-place being the central point. The finest building in Bloemfontein is the new Raad Zaal, or Parliament House, with a domed tower, which cost £57,000, while the old Raad Zaal is used as a law court, and the building in which the British Convention was signed is now the National Museum. The town hall and the post office are good buildings and the Presidency, where Lord Roberts established his headquarters, is a comfortable structure, built at a cost of £15,000. The most important church in the town is that of the Dutch Reformed community, and there is a good Anglican cathedral, with churches of many denominations. Altogether the capital Lord Roberts so successfully occupied is a very pleasant place.

General Pretyman, the military governor appointed by Lord Roberts, is the very man to effect a settlement of the town. Many of the inhabitants being English, there is a certain air of refinement among the upper classes, while the business people ask only to be allowed to devote their energies to commerce, and have no sympathy with Transvaal aspirations or the projects and schemes of ex-President Steyn.

THE MARKET-PLACE.

The Centre of Life and Business in Bloemfontein.

Photos. Copyright. THE ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL. *"Navy & Army."*

Showing also the Residence of the Bishop.

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Defending the Diamond City.

"A passage perilous makyth a Port pleasant."

COLONEL KEKEWICH AND STAFF RIDING OUT TO MEET GEN. FRENCH'S COLUMN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF KIMBERLEY.

Copyright.

A UNIQUE INDUSTRY FOR A DIAMOND-MINING COMPANY.

Navy & Army."

During the recent siege of Kimberley, the De Beers Company were engaged by the Imperial authorities to make shells for them. The pattern chosen was the ring shell, and this view shows the operation of casting the shell round the rings. The first shell fired at the Boers carried an inscription, "With the compliments of the Hon. C. J. Rhodes." Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, in her description of life in Kimberley during the siege, tells how not only the shells, but a gun with carriage complete and several armoured trains, were made by Mr. Labram, under the direction of Mr. Rhodes. She also relates how the relief division arrived, and how "riding out beyond the town we found ourselves among the vanguard of our deliverers. Passing from squadron to squadron, British, Irish, Australian, New Zealander in turn joined in congratulations to us on their having arrived in time, and to themselves on having taken part in General French's great ride."

From Photos. by F. H. Hancox, Kimberley.

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Big Naval Guns Ashore.

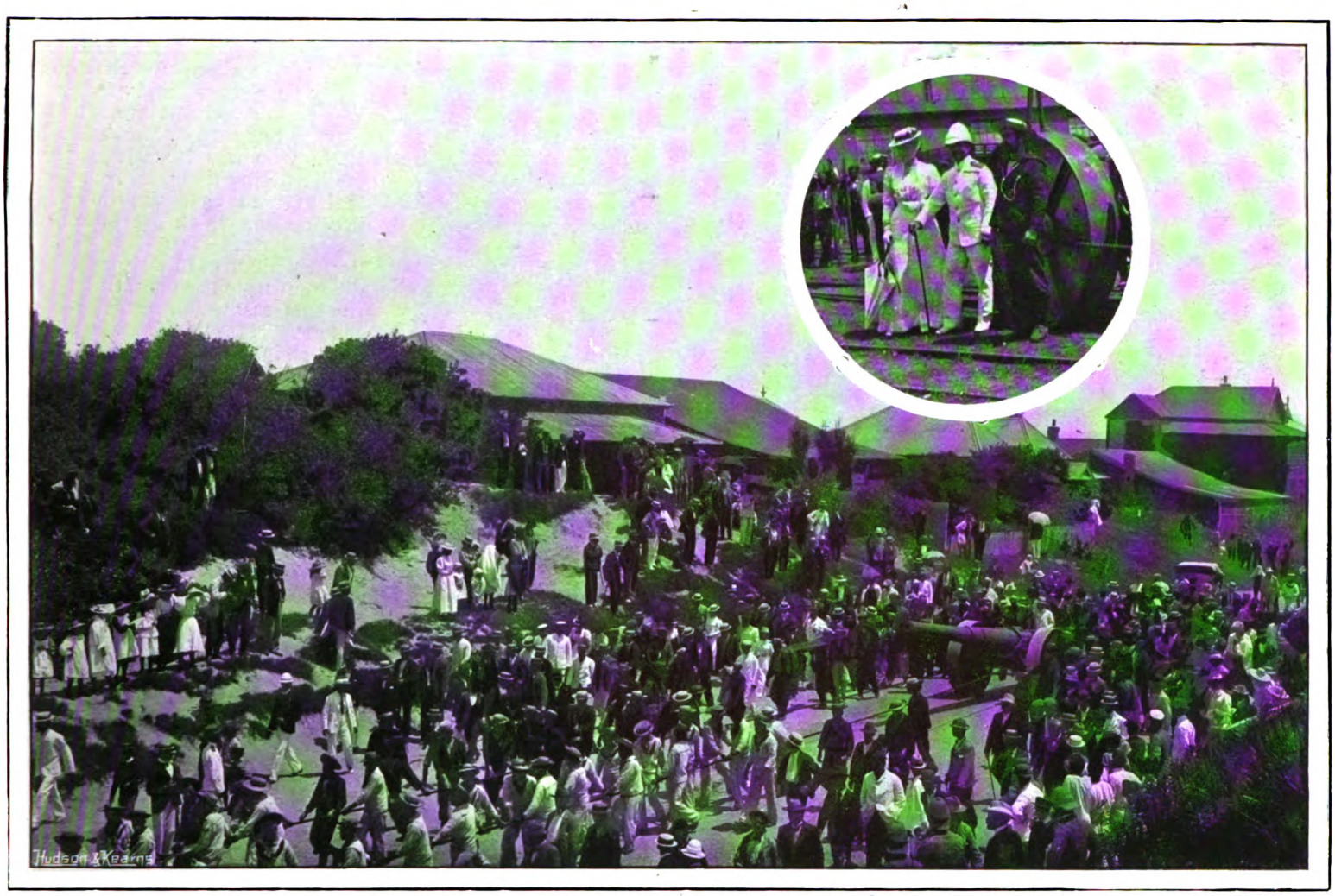

Photo. Copyright. *Jones.*

TAILING ON TO THE BIG GUN.

The Man of the Gun Carriage and the Lady of the "Maine."

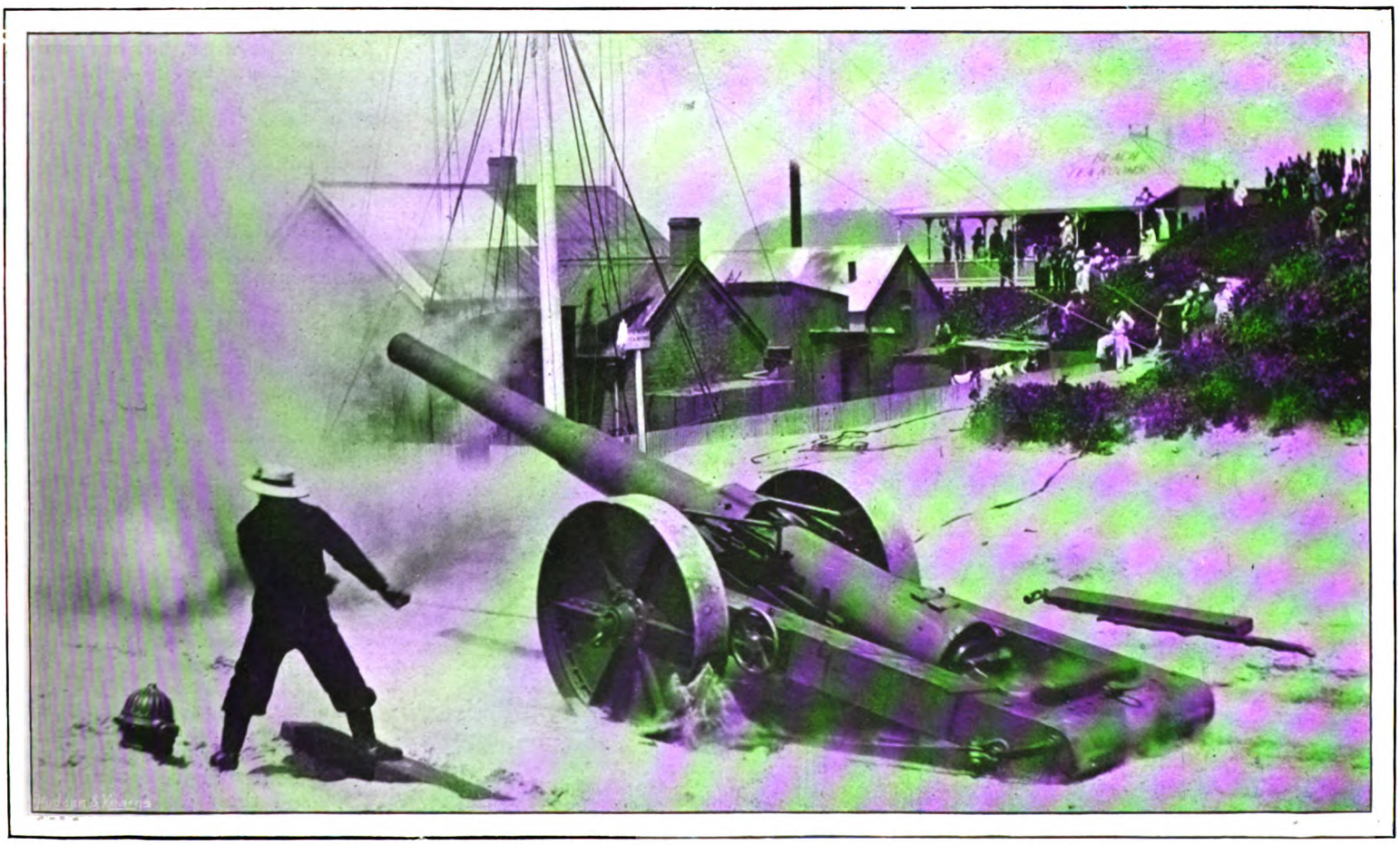

Photo. Copyright. *Burke, Durban.*

MAKING SURE OF RESULTS.

Testing the Bolts and Mountings by Actual Firing at Durban.

Captain Percy Scott, of the "Terrible," who has been rewarded for his great service by receiving the C.B., is the now famous inventor of the wheel-mountings which have sent the 4·7-in. gun to do such splendid work far inland. More recently a carriage was constructed by the Natal Railway Company, Durban, under Captain Scott's supervision, for the 6-in. gun, and 200 men from the "Terrible" took the gun in tow and carried it to the Back Beach and tried it. It was fired three times with great satisfaction, and the projectiles traversed 18,000-yds. It then took part in the relief of Ladysmith, and is now with Roberts or is going to him. Before the gun left Durban for the front Lady Randolph Churchill, whose name is so prominently associated with the hospital ship "Maine," went down to Back Beach to see it.

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War in its Grim Reality.

OUTPOST DUTY.
A Picquet of Scouts in Advance of the Army.

A MEAL BEFORE THE FRAY.
Satisfying the Demands of Appetite.

Photos. Copyright *C. Marsh Beadnell.*

IN TOUCH WITH THE ENEMY.
Skirmishers on the Alert.

SOME vivid photographs of the actual work which frequently precedes and follows an engagement are sent us by Surgeon C. Marsh Beadnell, R.N., who was himself under fire whilst taking them. From these it will be seen that the imaginative illustrations which are presented in some quarters for public consumption as pictures of warfare are very different from the plain truths which the camera mechanically puts upon record. Dr. Beadnell was in a cruiser in the Philippine Islands, and had an opportunity of visiting the front. He ran risks in taking these pictures, but was more fortunate than our own Philippine correspondent, who was wounded earlier in the operations. Even in the Philippines interest turns mainly to South Africa. Only when there is an unusually tough piece of work to be done does the Englishman or the American in Manila consent to have his attention drawn from the greater conflict which is taking place in another quarter of the globe. The principal difficulty in the Philippines, as in South Africa, is to locate the rebels, who avail themselves to the full of their complete knowledge of the country. In this work, too, the Volunteers in the Philippines, as in the South African mountain ranges, often prove the most valuable scouts in front of the main body. Our first illustration shows a party of Americans on outpost duty who have encamped in the field when on the way to find the enemy's stronghold.

The men are specially selected for outpost work, not only as good shots, but as men of clear intelligence and readiness of resource, and able to shift for themselves and make the best of their circumstances, whether in camp or in front of a rebel ambush. When they have drawn near their game, and are, as far as they know, within rifle fire of the enemy, it adds considerably to their peace of mind if they can find a safe spot in which to prepare a meal, as on the present occasion, when they have constructed a useful trench, deep and roomy, which they have converted for the time being into an impromptu dining-room and kitchen combined. A solid meal is the very best substratum for the operations that are to follow. The scouts then one after another leave the trench, their ears cocked and eyes strained to catch the first sign of the presence of the enemy whom they are close upon, and who also have outposts, perhaps behind the next hedge, or in the neighbouring ditch. If the enemy reveals his presence by firing upon the advancing scouts, the latter drop back at once into their trench, and hold it if they can, showing only their heads above ground, while they and their opponents test the relative value of their marksmanship. Finally one or the other of the outposts is driven in, and the victors of the skirmish boldly leave their cover with a view to following up their success. They take their lives in their hands, however, and neither their marksmanship nor their adroitness is of any avail against a stray

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shot when they have ventured to expose themselves. In the present case the foremost and most venturesome has paid the penalty and is falling forward, dead, while another is lying dead half out of the trench. The photographer himself was nearly shot, a bullet passing under his tripod. The scene is a typical one, and was worth recording. It may perhaps serve to correct the impressions of those artists at home who, in depicting a falling soldier, invariably picture him reeling backwards with arms outstretched, and with a dramatic expression upon his face which appears painfully ludicrous to those whose lot it has been to witness the sad, stern realities. The French scientific writer who some time ago propounded the theory that a man on being shot invariably turned round as he fell, cannot have had any knowledge of fighting. When the bullet strikes a vital part the victim drops, simply, without any manifestations, his limbs collapsing as he falls. Whether he falls forward or backward depends solely on the equilibrium of his body at the moment of collapse. It is a grim topic, perhaps, to discuss, but it is well to dispose of silly fictions, and to show by proof as certain as though the reader saw the scene for himself, that this death is, after all, the most painless and perhaps the happiest that the soldier can die.

The greatest efforts are, of course, made by the Americans, as by any civilised people, to recover and decently and respectfully inter their dead. Even savages sometimes have this instinct. Not so the semi-civilised Filipinos, who, if they carry off their dead at all, do so rather with a view to concealing their losses than treating their lost comrades with respect. It is no uncommon thing, two or three days after a battle or a skirmish of outposts, for the Americans to come upon some such horrible scene as that depicted in the last illustration by the photographer, who has wisely excluded from view the most gruesome features, but has not been able to blot out the shocking spectacle of bodies left as they fell, a prey to the beasts and birds which haunt the Philippine battlefields, battening on the bodies of the deluded negro patriots, and leaving little behind them but skeletons, skulls, and the rags in which the victims had stood. On one occasion only were the Americans compelled to abandon their dead, namely, at Castillejos, near Subig, where a detachment of forty men were waylaid by a native ambush. Lieutenant Schenk, in command, was killed, and the party was put to flight.

Notwithstanding all they have suffered, the Filipinos, though no longer dangerous in the least degree, appear as far as ever from rendering submission. The American President has taken steps to appoint a new Philippine Commission, with the special purpose of establishing civil government in the islands. The intentions of the administration with regard to the natives are as liberal and charitable as it is possible to be. But all this fails to convince the minds of the swarthy patriots who, while aspiring to independence and self-government, have demonstrated themselves to be incapable of carrying on government of any sort.

IN THE TRENCHES.
A Test for Rival Marksmen.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.
War Claims its Victims.

Photos. Copyright. *C. Marsh Beadnell.*

TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIGHT.
A Very Gruesome Discovery.

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With Roberts to Bloemfontein.

ON THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.

A PEACEFUL CROSSING.
Fording the Modder at an Easy Spot.

THE photograph which works by the help of the sun is not very successful in giving the effect of his light. Therefore the reader must draw a little on his imagination to complete our illustrations of the Modder country through which Lord Roberts has advanced to Bloemfontein. It is all bulked in a glare that is unknown in these islands. Whoever has seen the summer sun of Spain or Italy can have some idea of the South African landscape, and if his experience include some knowledge of the central Spanish tableland, he probably has a very just notion. There is a burnt-up look about our illustrations, though they do not convey the natural effect, since it passes the resources of art to give full force to the contrast between the fierce high light of a really sunny country with its reverberation and the blue-black depth of the shade. It is under that sun, and in the moving cloud of dust, that our troops have had to make long marches and to fight. The dryness of the country is modified by thunder-storms, which cover it for a time with green, but there can be none of the permanent damp which softens an English, Scotch, and still more an Irish landscape with haze. The Modder has all the look of a river in a dry land where the aridity begins just where the water ends, and the soil is not soaked. It is not that the water is not there. You can get it by boring for it, as our soldiers have learned how to do. But it is not visible, save where there is enough to make a river which is fed from the hills and withers away to nothing in the dry season. A herd of cattle going over a land of that kind stirs up a cloud of fine dust which hangs overhead and travels with it, circling about at every puff of wind. In such circumstances a man gets to learn what thirst means, and to appreciate the full force of the comparison which says, "as pleasant as a spring in a dry land."

FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY.
Cooking Dinner for the Men at the Outposts.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE TRIUMPH OF BRITISH PERTINACITY.
The Modder River Battlefield from the Boer Side.

He also gets very lean if he lives an active life, and it is probable that the highly-trained appearance and the tanned faces of our soldiers now campaigning there would startle some of the friends who saw them start with English complexions. One does not envy the men who had to make the counter trenches shown here. They were dug as a check on the Boers in case they attempted to break out, and presumably by the soldiers who pushed up close to Cronje's position at Paardeberg. To be shot at cannot really be pleasant to anybody. In fact, to judge by the rapidity and spontaneity with which all mankind has taken to considering the question of cover ever since arms of precision began to be common, there must be a strong natural shrinking from exposure in human nature. Yet a reasonable amount of being shot at would be more tolerable to some than the suffering which must be caused by turning up masses of dry earth in the heat. The consolation in South Africa is that you escape the fever which haunts damp

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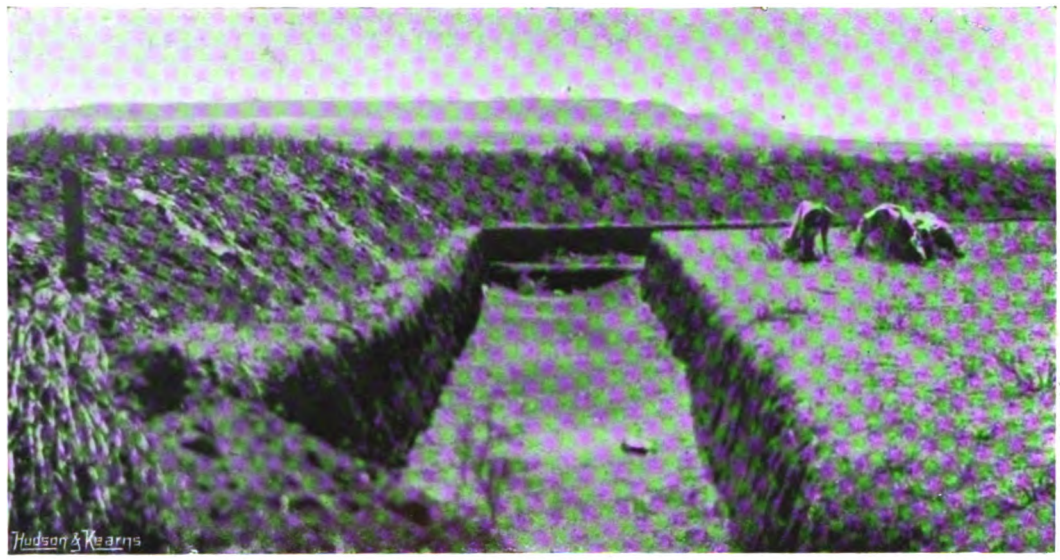
countries. A man can lie down on the veldt with a reasonable confidence that he will not wake up with the germs of malaria in him, and the pretty certain prospect that when they are once there they will take up their abode for the rest of his life and become active at irregular intervals. Whatever else may be said against campaigning in South Africa, it seems to be healthy. And that is as great a blessing as can be expected to go with war, the general rule being that disease strikes down many more men than the bullet. Better sanitary arrangements, no doubt, account for a good deal, and a better commissariat, for nothing is more favourable to the spread of disease than exposure on an empty stomach, and the hasty eating of men who have had to wait so long



DEEP—AND WIDE.

One of the Boer Trenches Our Men have had to Storm.

UTILISING OUR PREDECESSORS' EFFORTS.

Fitting a Pump to an Old Artesian Well.

for a dinner that they eat ravenously. The group dining here seems to be much at its ease. One of the veterans of the Peninsular Army, Kinnaird the Rifleman, we think, describes a little scene in his own experience which we imagine is not likely to be reproduced in this war. The men had been under arms for hours, and, though the day was wearing away, they had had nothing to eat, nor had the officers. A general rode up to where the narrator was standing, followed by a servant with a sumpter mule. He took a look round, saw he was safe from interruption for a little while, and ordered his servant to prepare his dinner. The back-saddle of the mule was taken for a table, and a nice dinner of fowl and other things was laid. The general sat down on a camp-stool and ate leisurely, consuming a bottle of wine. The officers thought it would have been polite in him to ask them to join, but the idea did not suggest itself to him. Then they thought, for they were too hungry to be particular about trifles, that he might leave them what he could not eat. But neither did that occur to the general. The remains of his dinner were carefully packed up by his servant, and kept for the next occasion.

The officers drew their belts one hole tighter, and held out as best they could. In fact, in those days of no railway communication and casual commissariat provisions were very precious, and an officer who had a store kept it. These things are now tolerably well reformed, and our Army does not starve, though it may now and then be reduced to emergency rations.

In spite of the hardships inseparable from war, the life of those who have shared in the rapid advance to Bloemfontein must have been a very pleasant one. Constant movement in a dry and bracing climate is, for a healthy man, a luxury in itself. Perhaps it is not quite so fine for the infantryman, who marches with his knapsack and the rest, as for the cavalry soldier, who has a horse between his legs and no stables to clean. The bivouac frees him from obligation, and pipeclay at large is suspended in a campaign. With less labour he has infinitely more fun. He is always moving, and if not exactly seeing something new, at least he is buoyed up with the hope that he will. And in addition to the roughing which gives zest to all other pleasures, there is the spice of danger which gives excitement. It has been a considerable spicing, to be sure, and yet not so very much when compared with what troops have gone through before. We may be sure that it does not weigh heavily on the spirits of our soldiers. Take away want of food, fever, and exposure to severe cold from the life of a campaign, and you take the worst. To none of these have our men been exposed, and they have had the variety, the conflict and the joys of victory, after experiences of another kind. Much lies ahead of them, but we may hope that it will be a continuation of their experiences of the march to Bloemfontein.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

WITHOUT THE MESS PLATE.

Making the Best of Difficulties.

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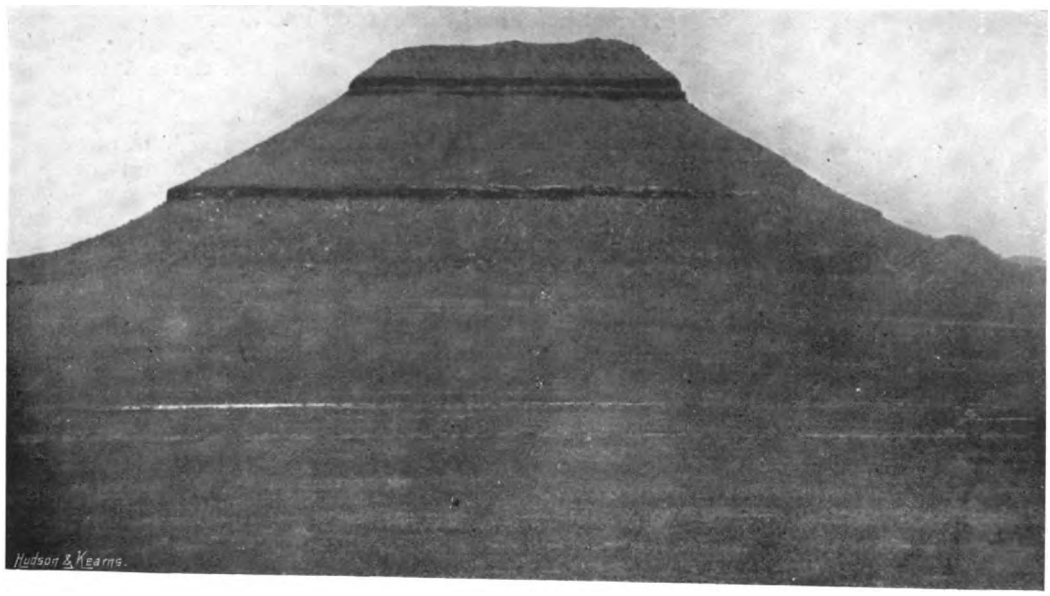
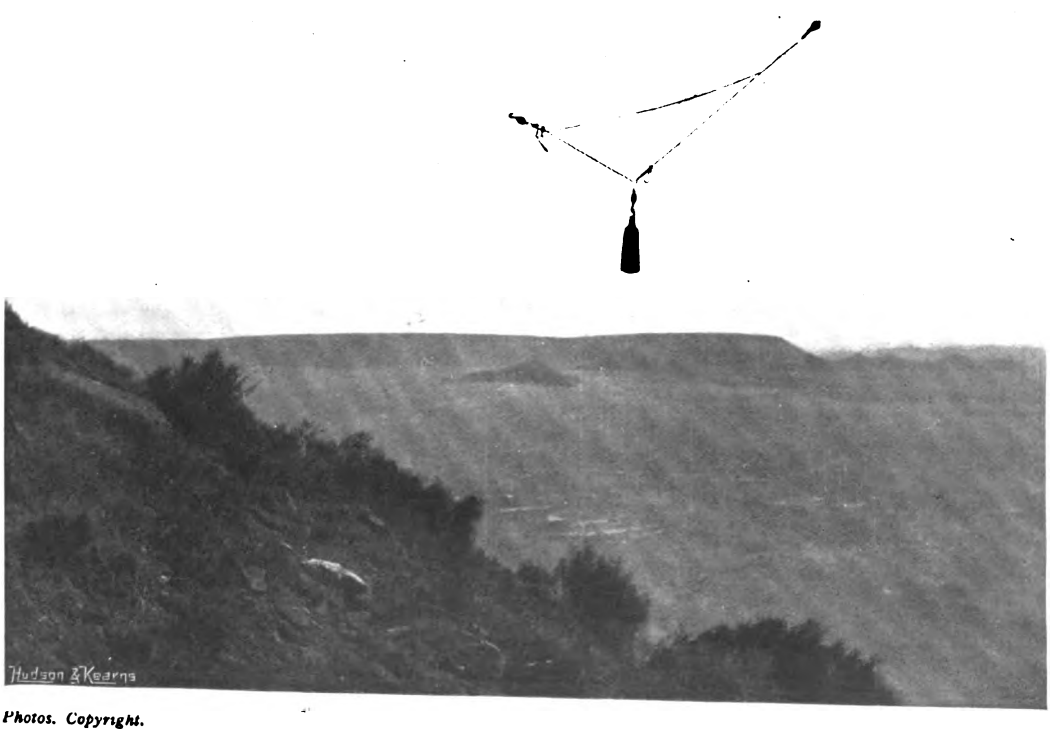
The Fighting About Coleskop.

OVERLOOKING THE BOER POSITION.
A Field Gun on Coleskop, with Colesberg in the Distance.



A VERY STEEP TASK.
Two British Guns were Got to the Top of this Precipitous Hill.



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AN AERIAL TRANSIT.
How Ammunition was Got to the Top of the Hill.

AS everyone recognises, there was at one time in this country a good deal of anxiety in regard to the immediate course of the campaign in the vicinity of Colesberg. It was a rebel region, and they were rebels who were holding it in force, fortifying the kopjes, and plundering and raiding the farms of loyal British subjects in all directions. No district, in fact, could have stood more in need of summary pacification, but, for the moment, progress was difficult, a position of affairs which is emphasised by the twin statements that now "Colesberg is rapidly resuming its normal aspect," and that many farms and town residences are deserted, their owners having either gone to the Free State or being prisoners in our hands. This shows how rebel was the character of the vicinity, and how great were the difficulties with which our troops had to contend beyond those of ordinary warfare. Coleskop, which overlooks the town, and which commanded the rebel position, is, as one of our illustrations shows, a high mountain, with steep, and in places precipitous, sides torn with deep gorges. Even when it was recognised as ours it seemed impossible to place any guns upon it. The engineering difficulties appeared to be too great. By enormous exertions, however, two 15-pounder field guns were placed on a ridge some 800-ft. high, and one of our illustrations shows how they were protected behind a rough sangar, as it were, of unhewn stone, which may not have been unsearchable by artillery, but was at any rate proof against rifle fire. From this coign of vantage the two field guns could worry the Boers in and about Colesberg, and they quickly made the enemy shift from all their laagers in the vicinity. The difficulty of hitting a gun on the side of a hill is notorious, and these guns had the advantages of position and of a commanding view. There was at first, however, one obstacle to their complete success, and as it could not be confronted it had to be circumvented. The labour even of walking up the hill without any load is very severe, and it became a question how ammunition was to be obtained. The problem was very soon solved. By the help of a double wire, an ammunition lift was rigged up, the shells, cartridges, and so on travelling in a canvas bag by means of a pulley, in much the same way as the rescued seaman travels when the rocket apparatus has been successfully fired over his wrecked ship. By this means it was possible to hoist somewhere about 50-lb. on each occasion, a limit which one fancies must have been fixed rather by the strength of the wire than by that of those hauling on the line. It is easy to understand the difficulty, however, of thus raising every pound of the ammunition required for two guns up the face of an almost inaccessible cliff. The lower wire—and the stronger one—was bolted to two railway sleepers, arranged vertically, and this was really the basis upon which the whole thing rested. The effect of the contrivance is shown in one of our pictures.

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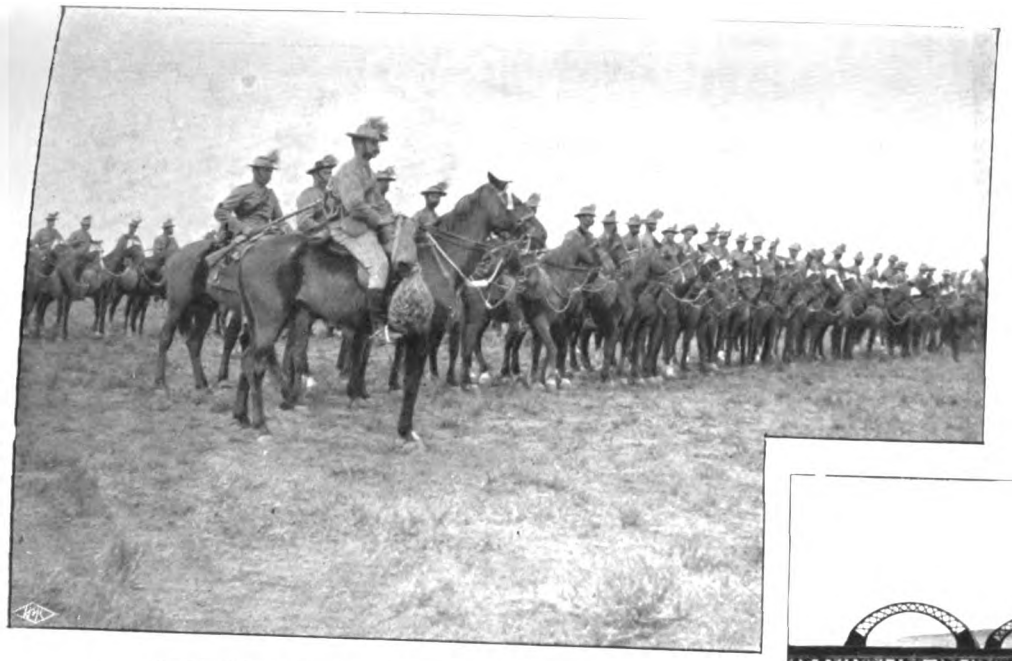
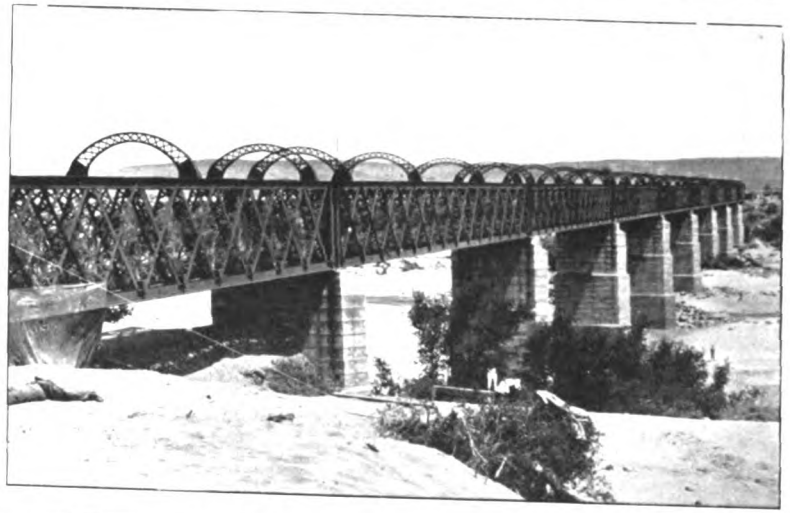
The Sunnyside Raid.



A GALLANT BODY OF TROOPERS.
The Queensland Mounted Infantry Waiting to Start on New Year's Day.

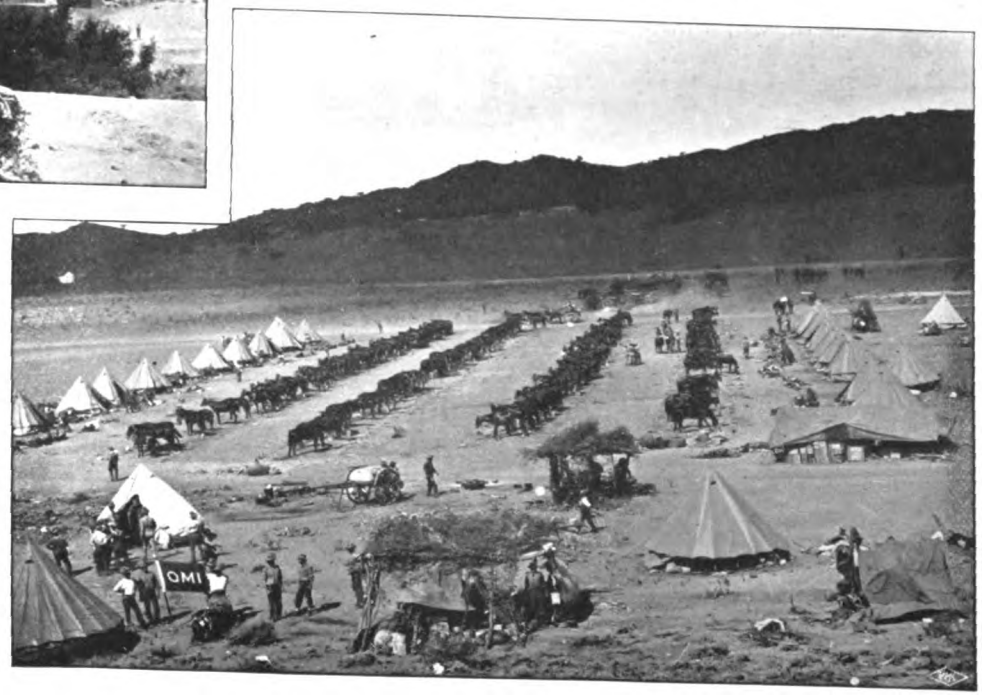
SCOTS GREYS ON THE MARCH.
More Hard Work for a Famous Regiment.



A SOLID PIECE OF ENGINEERING.
The Bridge Over the Orange River.

TROPHIES OF THE FIGHT.
A Sale of Captured Loot.

Col. Pilcher Surprises the Enemy.



QUEENSLANDERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.
The Camp at the Orange River from which the Start was Made.

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In the Central Sphere of Operations.

LEAVING CAMP WITH A LIGHT HEART.
Some of the Australian Troopers Starting to Patrol.

IN FACE OF THE FOE.
South African Light Horse in Touch with the Enemy.

ON THE TRACKLESS VELDT.
In Search of the Foe.

WAITING FOR THE WORD.
Men about to Start for a Look Round.

Cavalry and Mounted Infantry At Work.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front.

ON DAILY ROUNDS.
A Patrol of Hussars Making its Morning Calls.

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Two Notable Royal Inspections.

Photo. Copyright. *T. Thomson*

IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

The Prince of Wales wishes the Staff a Pleasant Journey and a Safe Return.

In December last, Lady Georgiana Curzon and Lady Chesham suggested that English ladies should fit up and despatch to South Africa a complete Yeomanry hospital. The undertaking thus suggested has been successfully organised and started on its beneficent mission. Last month we illustrated the staff of the base hospital, consisting of some thirty-eight doctors, fifty nurses, and one hundred assistants. We now show the field hospital which paraded in the grounds of Devonshire House, and was there inspected by the Prince of Wales; the Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and a large and distinguished company being present.

Photo. Copyright. *Koche.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

The Duke of Connaught Witnesses the Trooping of the Colour in the Upper Castle Yard.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated throughout the Empire with unusual honours, out of compliment to Ireland and to the gallant Irish soldiers now serving in South Africa. The ceremony illustrated here, and performed by the 2nd Battalion of the Liverpool Regiment, took place in the presence of a large assembly, those present, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan, wearing the shamrock.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar and in Orange Free State, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen' Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)

Broadwood's Brigade.
Household Cavalry.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.

Porter's Brigade.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons (squadron).
2nd Dragoons.

Gordon's Brigade.
9th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, O, R Batteries.
Field—18th, 62nd, 75th, 38th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 75th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 43rd (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8 h, 44th, 39th, 66th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
7th (Field), 8th (Railway), 11th (Field), 29th (Fortress), 31st (Fortress), 9th (Field), and 38th (Field) Cos.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY

Pole-Carew's Brigade.
3rd Grenadiers.
1st and 2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

MacDonald's Brigade.
1st Argyll and Sutheriand.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.

Douglas's Brigade.
1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Knox's Brigade.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Wavell's Brigade.
2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Chermside's Brigade.
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Smith-Dorrien's Brigade.
1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

Brigadier unknown.
1st Essex and 1st Suffolk.
1st Yorkshire and 1st Welsh.

City Imperial Volunteers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Horse.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Kitchener's Horse.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.
Diamond Fields Artillery.
Diamond Fields Horse.
Kimberley Rifles.
Cape Mounted Police (Det.).

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Western Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

CAVALRY
7th Dragoon Guards.
8th Hussars.
17th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A and M Batteries.
Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) and 20th (Fd.) Cos.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Bat.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY

Militia Battalions.
6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
3rd South Lancashire.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd South Wales Borderers.
3rd Durham Light Infantry.
3rd Welsh.
3rd Royal Lancaster.
3rd East Lancashire.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th East Surrey.
4th Scottish Rifles.

Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Cape Garrison Artillery.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort.

CAVALRY
6th Dragoons (part).

ARTILLERY
Horse—J Battery.
Field—4th, 20th, 37th (Howitzer) Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway), 26th (Field), 37th (Fd.), and 42nd (Fortress) Cos.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Clements's Brigade.
2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

4th Royal Lancaster.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
Imperial Yeomanry (some)

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.
Montmorency's Scouts.

V.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY

Brocklehurst's Brigade.
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th and 19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Howard's Brigade.
2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.

Brigadier unknown.
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†

Not Brigaded.
1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

NOTE.—The above troops formed the late Garrison of Ladysmith.

CAVALRY

Dundonald's Brigade.
1st Dragoons.
13th and 14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A Battery.
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Hildyard's Brigade.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Barton's Brigade.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Norcott's Brigade.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Hart's Brigade.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Coke's Brigade.
2nd Warwick.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Kitchener's Brigade.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

ARTILLERY
Field—89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) and 47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY

Campbell's Brigade.
2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
2nd Leicester.

Boyes's Brigade.
2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).

Militia Battalions.
4th Somerset L.I.
4th West Yorkshire.
3rd Yorkshire.
6th Middlesex.
3rd Leinster.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
4th North Staffordshire.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
3rd Royal Scots.
3rd West Surrey.

Antrim Artillery Militia.*
Donegal Artillery Militia.*
Durham Artillery Militia.*
Edinburgh Artillery Militia.*

Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).

* This regiment supplies one company for South Africa.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (det.), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles.

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: Clare Artillery (Devonport), 3rd East Kent (Enniskillen), 5th Northumberland (Malta), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Dover), 3rd Devon (Jersey), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 3rd Royal Irish (Aldershot), 5th Lancashire Fusiliers (Chatham), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Glasgow), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (Athlone), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Brighton), 3rd Dorset (Shorncliffe), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Buttevant), 3rd Essex (Warley), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Portland), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Gravesend), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Egypt), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 5th Connaught Rangers (Shorncliffe), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh), 5th Warwick (Colchester), 5th Liverpool (Preston), 4th Lincoln (Parkhurst), 4th Suffolk (Dover), 3rd Hampshire (Aldershot), 3rd Derbyshire (Manchester), 8th King's Royal Rifles (Templemore), 4th Durham Light Infantry (Aldershot), 3rd Argyll and Sutherland (Dublin), 3rd Leicestershire (Curragh), 3rd Berkshire (Kilkenny).

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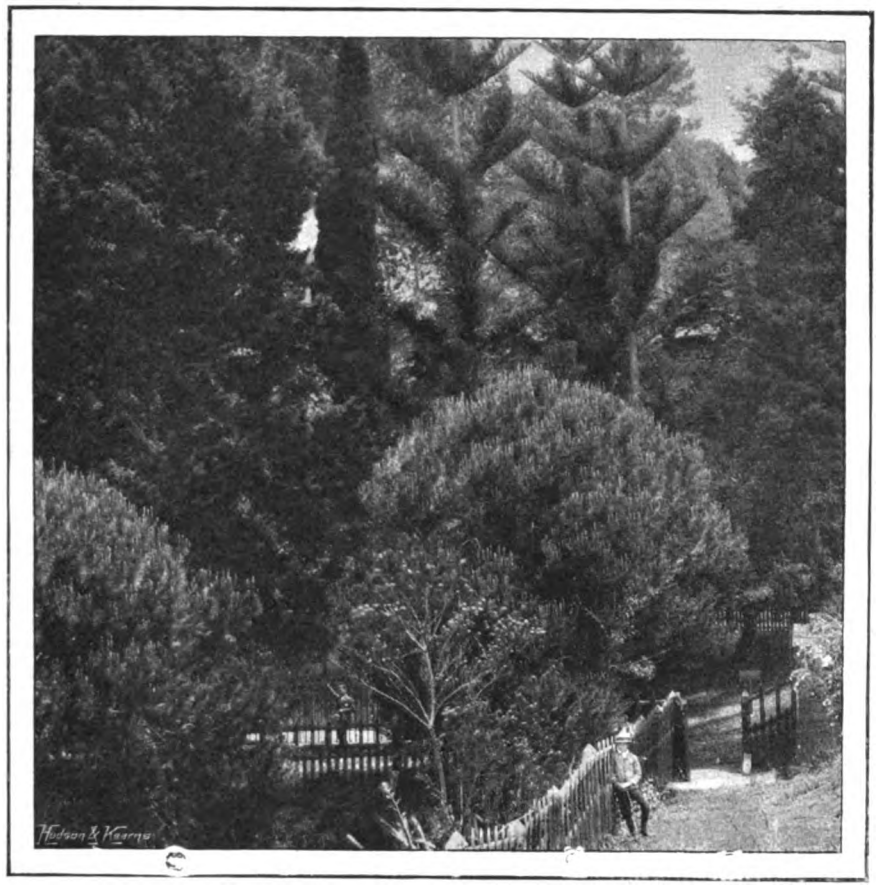
The Island of St. Helena.

WHERE THE ENEMY'S LEADERS ARE IMPRISONED.

IF it be true that "stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," it may reasonably be supposed that General Cronje and his companions will transcend in spirit the narrow bounds of St. Helena. The brave Boer general has had a far greater predecessor who dreamed of Empire as he looked out on the Atlantic from that isle, and perhaps President Kruger may yet bear him company. There are many advantages in having the Boer leaders out of South Africa, both for us and themselves. They cannot become the centres of rebellious projects, and notes enclosed in water-melons will not reach them so easily, while far greater difficulties will attend any efforts to escape, such as those some of them have already made. So far as they are concerned, they will enjoy the advantage of far greater personal liberty than could possibly have been allowed them in South Africa, and their dwelling-place is of an exceedingly beautiful and salubrious character. Indeed, we may surmise that they look with some satisfaction upon that richly-wooded island after so much familiarity with the scorching veldt and the stony kopje.

The pictures explain better than words the character of the rugged volcanic island, made famous for all time by the residence there of the great Napoleon. Readers of history will know what plans of rescue were cherished by the passionate followers of the famous soldier when he was at Longwood, and what jealous precautions we took to prevent them from being carried out. The island is 1,140 miles from the African coast, and Ascension, 800 miles away to the S.E., is the nearest land. It has an area of 47 square miles, and the population is about 4,000. Jamestown, the capital, is built in a ravine, and the road leads up to the central plateau, where Longwood, the residence of Napoleon from 1816 to 1821, is situated. With his grave, it is still a place of pilgrimage for all who touch at the island, but the body of the great soldier now reposes under the dome of the Invalides in Paris. At one point St. Helena rises to a height of 2,700-ft. above the sea.

Jamestown is a well fortified place, and the troops in the command are a company of Garrison Artillery, a detachment of Engineers, and a battalion (two companies) of the West India Regiment, with detachments of the Royal Army Medical and Ordnance Corps. Upon Mr. R. A. Sterndale, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, will devolve the charge of guarding Cronje and his companions, but his duties are not likely to be so onerous as those which clouded the brow of his predecessor when Napoleon was in the island.



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.
From which His Body was Removed to Paris.

A VIEW IN SANDY BAY.
Showing "Lot," "Lot's Wife," and the "Asses' Ears."

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
The Seat of Authority Over the Boer Prisoners.

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The Story of the War.

SURELY and swiftly did the operations of Lord Roberts result in the collapse of resistance in the Orange Free State, and already the influences of English rule have restored confidence to a people who have suffered much from the war. Ex-President Steyn was an intriguing politician, who fell entirely under the dominance of the oligarchy at Pretoria, and he dragged the unhappy people of his State into difficulties from which we are now relieving them. At an early stage in the war it was discerned that there was a line of cleavage between the Transvaalers and the Free Staters, and the occupation of Bloemfontein has shown clearly how deep were the differences that divided them. We have in truth been received as deliverers, and the inhabitants of the town have viewed with great satisfaction the departure of the incubus which has weighed upon them so long. The insufferable arrogance which prompted President Kruger and ex-President Steyn to propose peace upon the basis of a recognition of the Republics as independent and sovereign States, though conveyed in terms of unctuous self-righteousness, was probably only a piece of bluff, but it indicated sufficiently the spirit in which the war was begun, and in which perhaps the Transvaal will persist to the end. It is sufficiently clear that the practical surrender of the Free State cannot imply an independent peace with President Kruger's allies which would indicate anything but the incorporation of the State in the Queen's dominions.

It is one of the difficulties attending illustrated journalism that the reader is often a little ahead of the writer in his knowledge of the development of affairs. Last week we broke off this story of the war after describing the engagement at Poplar Grove, and we have now to take up the thread. The army remained at that place until the morning of March 10, when Lord Roberts divided his forces into three portions. General Tucker, with the Gordons and a cavalry brigade, was on the right, marching by the Petrusburg Road, while General French advanced along the Modder with the Sixth Division under General Kelly-Kenny, and Colonel Porter's cavalry brigade. Lord Roberts was in the centre with General Colvile's division, the Guards' Brigade, under General Pole-Carew, and Colonel Broadwood's cavalry, which were thrown out in front. The Boers were discovered in position holding a double semi-circular line of kopjes at Driefontein, and were shelled from their advanced positions, which were occupied by the mounted infantry. Colonel Porter, on the left, was also in contact with the enemy, but General Kelly-Kenny was directed to converge towards the centre, and at one o'clock in the day, after a march of twenty miles, was in action, while Colonel Broadwood took his cavalry round to the left, and at night was eight miles in the enemy's rear. A heavy fight took place in the centre, the Boers being attacked on both the north and south sides of this part of their line, which was cut off from the wings, and just before dusk the Welsh Regiment carried the last kopje at the point of the bayonet, and the day was won.

The victory was not achieved, however, without heavy loss at the close of the day through the treachery of the Boers. One commando, which was hacking away, and found itself in a severe raking fire, threatened on both sides, hoisted the white flag, the Boers throwing down their arms and holding up their hands in token of surrender. Our troops thereupon advanced, upon which another section of the Boers poured repeated volleys into them. Lord Roberts himself witnessed the dastardly act, and made a representation to Kruger and Steyn, denouncing such breaches of the recognised usages of war and of the Geneva Convention as their troops practised as "a disgrace to any civilised Power."

The army encamped at Driefontein, and marched without opposition on the 11th to Aasvogel Kop, and on the 12th to Venter's Vlei, about eighteen miles from Bloemfontein. The line of advance, following the direction of the Kaal Spruit, had tended southward, and was intended to turn any positions the Boers might have raised in our front. Meanwhile, the cavalry division had been pushed forward, and on the evening of the latter day was astride the railway six miles south of the town. The advance had been extremely rapid, and the troops were hurried up to destroy any chance of opposition on the part of the enemy, who, as afterwards appeared, had fled to the north. It was extremely important for our subsequent operations to seize the railway and the rolling stock. General French had so far temporarily damaged the line on the south that any movement in that direction would have been impossible, while Major A. G. Hunter-Weston, of the Royal Engineers, with ten men performed a most gallant act in passing through the Boer positions to the north of the town and cutting the telegraph and destroying the line It has been stated that a large force of the enemy intended to approach by railway, and that this act involved a retirement. The result of these operations was to give us about a dozen locomotives and a large quantity of rolling-stock.

While these things were going forward, ex-President Steyn, with his associates, after an angry debate with those who favoured surrender, fled northward to Kroonstad. It was on the morning of the 13th that our scouts approached the town of Bloemfontein, whereupon the Free State officials, including Mr. Fraser, a member of the late Government, came out to Lord Roberts and formally surrendered, presenting to him the keys of the public offices. The interview was cordial, and Lord Roberts promised to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants. His victorious entry was of a singular character, for, instead of being received with sullen faces by the former enemy, he was greeted, like his troops, with positive enthusiasm, and the town soon assumed quite a holiday aspect, and the pipes of the Scots Guards delighted the inhabitants. It had been intended that Lord Roberts should march into the town at the head of the Guards' Brigade, but he promised them that he would lead them into Pretoria, and will keep his word. General Pretyman was made Military Governor, and has received the surrender of many burghers.

Lord Roberts took immediate steps to subjugate the whole of the southern part of the Free State, and the opposition entirely collapsed. The columns of Generals Clements, Gatacre, and Brabant have all crossed the Orange River, and are operating as a combined force under the direction of Sir George White, who proceeded from Durban to East London. General Gatacre crossed the river, several officers displaying the utmost daring in removing the dynamite that was to have destroyed the bridge, and occupied Bethulie on March 15. He pushed on to Springfontein on the next day, and General Clements also effected the passage at Norval's Pont on the 15th, Colonel Girouard, director of railways, reporting that the railway bridge would shortly be ready for traffic. Meanwhile active work had been going on upon the railway at Bloemfontein, and on March 15 General Pole-Carew, with 2,000 men of the Guards' Brigade, two guns, and some mounted infantry, left for the south in three trains. On the 16th he reached Norval's Pont, and opened direct communication with Generals Clements and Gatacre. The Boers in this region appear to have vanished. Bloemfontein is practically in communication with Cape Town, and a new line of communication will be opened. Therefore, before these lines appear, the whole of the Southern Free State will presumably have been restored to peace, and we may expect to see Sir George White advancing through the country to join Lord Roberts. One large body of Boers took refuge in Basutoland, on which side General Brabant, after severe fighting at Aliwal North, crossed the river on the 15th. Thus the movement of four distinct columns was combined in a masterful manner on the same day.

The rapid development of Lord Roberts's operations has necessarily drawn the efforts of the enemy and the attention of the public from Natal, where the Boers are still in some strength in the Drakensberg and Biggarsberg Mountains, and appear to have heavy guns in position on Pongweni, Hladatiklu, Impati, and other heights. Sir Charles Warren's division has not been withdrawn as was intended, and Sir Redvers Buller will doubtless soon take some action.

On the Western side all interest is now concentrated on Mafeking, but intelligence from that quarter comes slowly. The garrison shows no sign of surrender, though it feels autely the stress of the siege. As long ago as February 23 horseflesh and bread made from horse forage were being eaten, while the water was contaminated, and typhoid, dysentery, and diphtheria had become epidemic. Colonel Plumer, advancing southward, occupied Lobatsi on March 5, while another column is proceeding to the relief of the place from Kimberley, though its movements have not been divulged, and there is reason to hope that before these lines appear Mafeking will have been relieved.

In every sphere of the war the tide of affairs has turned in our favour, and it remains to be seen whether the irreconcilable spirit of the Transvaal will cause a determined resistance to be opposed to our advance beyond the Vaal. Our soldiers are flushed with success, and inspired with the knowledge that the whole army has shown devotion and gallantry worthy of its best traditions. Every part of the Empire may look with pride upon the achievements of its children, and the colonial soldiers, not less than those of the Imperial Army, have a splendid record of success, which all our generals have united to honour. The British Empire is proud of its army and of the gallant officers and men of the fleet who have lent such timely aid. Lord Roberts's eulogy of the troops at Bloemfontein was indeed well won.

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With the Sixth Division at the Front.

NON-MILITARY readers do not always grasp the fact, of which soldiers are of course aware, that a division of an Army Corps consists of something more than the actual fighting men—that is to say, the battalions of infantry, the regiments of cavalry, and the batteries of artillery. There is the further fact to be recognised, that even the fighting men have to be properly allocated to their respective positions in relation to one another, and that what may be described as the subsidiary portions of the division have to be carefully organised. One of the most important of these subsidiary portions, and one requiring the most minute organisation, is that of transport, and this is particularly the case where a force is about to cut itself adrift from the aid afforded by the locomotive, and to advance through a country in which railways do not exist. In the earlier stages of the present war in South Africa, Sir Redvers Buller was not the only general who was hampered by lack of transport. In this, as in other matters, the War Office was caught unprepared, while it has been stated by prisoners that Cronje, in the capture of whose forces the Sixth Division played so conspicuous a part, never expected that Lord Roberts would venture to abandon the aid afforded by the railway, and to confront the difficulties of transport across the open veldt. The first of our series of illustrations gives an idea of the manner in which this transport is carried out. Long teams of mules are harnessed to the waggons containing the stores, and various countries — Italy, Spain, and the United States—have been laid under contribution to provide the mules required for the present war. Sometimes the place of the mules is taken by still larger and slower teams of oxen, and, except in the case of a flying column, in which everything is sacrificed to mobility, the speed of these teams has to regulate the progress of the troops.

In this country, where we have been passing through the ordinary vicissitudes of an English winter, it needs a distinct effort of the imagination to enable us to realise that our forces in South Africa are marching and fighting in heat and brilliant sunlight, diversified by thunder-storms and torrential rains. We get no temperature in this country to compare with that of the northern portions of Natal and Cape Colony during the Southern summer, and it is easy to understand how welcome is the close of a toilsome day's march and how eager is the desire of every man to moisten his dry lips. There are no luxuries in a campaign, and the water need not be absolutely pure to prove tempting. At such a time, too, the greetings of old acquaintances are doubly welcome, particularly if one has seen service at the front and the other is about to do so. There are not only the ordinary reminiscences to interchange, but hints, garnered from experience, to be given, and something to be said, perhaps, as to the enemy's method of fighting. We

MULE TEAMS AT WORK.
We Find Our Transport at the Station.

AFTER A LONG DAY.
We are Glad to get to the End of a Tiring March.

From Photos. *A PASSING GREETING.* *By a Military Officer*
Some Old Friends who have Seen Service Welcome Us.

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IN CAMP AT THEBUS.
At Home from Home.

AN ANXIOUS DUTY.
Mounted Infantry Guarding the Bridge while the Engineers Repair It.

From Photos. *A PRIMITIVE SHELTER.* *By a Military Officer.*
Our Mess on the Veldt.

have learned Boer ways by now, and know that such a hill as is depicted in our illustration is the very place for a wily foe whose idea of fighting is to give as many shots as he safely can and then to retreat to some other equally advantageous position. Such a kopje as that shown does not, however, give an idea of the worst difficulties of the African Switzerland, nor has artillery always the opportunity of making its way along a road. That it does so when practicable is a matter of course; but British drivers are adepts at taking their guns anywhere, and only those who have seen a battery actually come into action can have any idea what this really means, and how wide is the interpretation which Artillery officers would place upon the word "anywhere."

After a march—rest. The camp of the Sixth Division at Thebus was a busy scene, but Mr. Thomas Atkins has a knack of settling down and making himself comfortable. He makes himself at home from home. At Thebus there are two, more or less, conical hills with flat tops, and upon these the soldiers jocularly bestowed the names of "Tea-Bus" and "Coffee-Bus." Nothing, probably, would stop men of British race from playing cricket and football, and when there is no more serious business in hand it is well that every facility should be afforded for legitimate amusement. Still there is sterner work to do, irrespective of actual fighting. The Boers have shown themselves adepts in the gentle art of doing mischief. They have blown up bridges and torn up railway lines. Perhaps we can hardly blame them for it in warfare, and the history of the early parts of the struggle might have been differently written if we had taken a leaf out of their book at the outset. Still, all this destruction has to be made good, and this duty falls to the Royal Engineers, who, when carrying out their task, have upon several occasions been protected by covering parties of Mounted Infantry, as is shown in our picture.

Messing in a campaign—particularly when away from an established camp—is not a matter of luxury. On the veldt a few trestles and folding chairs are ample accommodation. There are none of the ordinary features of mess-rooms at home.

Lucky is the mess which can get an adequate supply of decent food on the march; still more lucky that which can manage to provide a few items of food which would hardly be regarded as luxuries at home. A blanket or two passed over a line stretched to windward afford protection against the breeze. As to the sun—well, it has to be put up with, as do the thunder-storms and the "sand-devils," or violent whirlwinds of sand, that come roaring and raging across the veldt, penetrating every crevice, blinding the eyes, and working to the bare skin through every space in the clothing. These sand-storms constitute one of the worst troubles of life in South Africa.

Since the memorable part which it played in the surrender of Cronje, the Sixth Division has done good work. It helped to drive the Boers from the position from which Roberts expelled them by a flank attack, and it is now pressing onward at the front.

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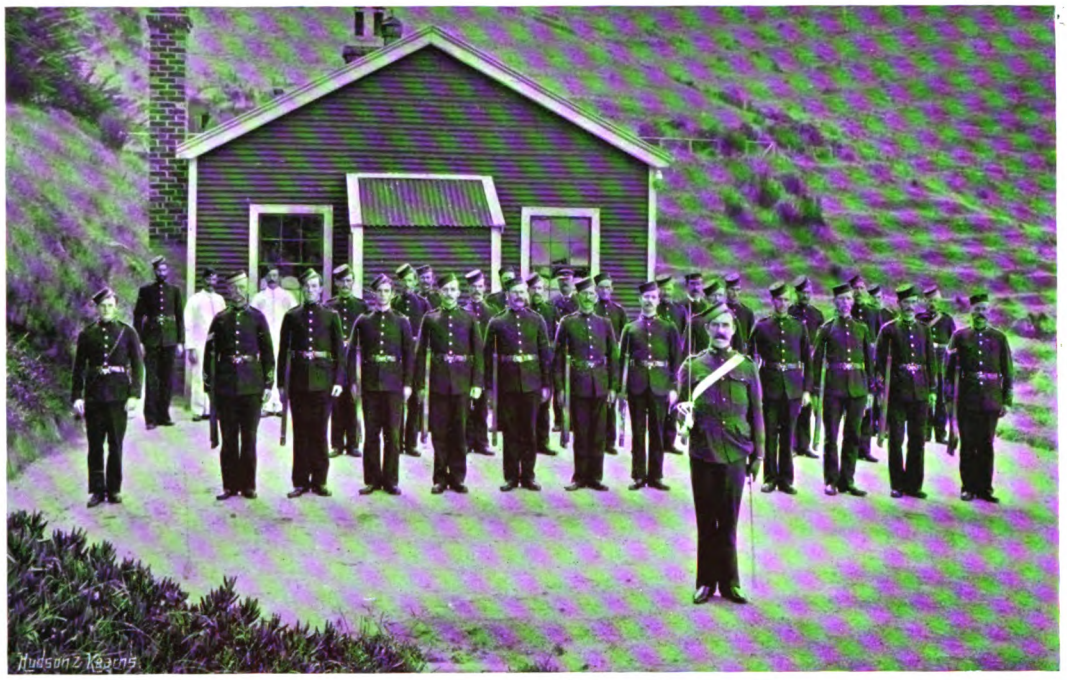
Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—XII.

THE New Zealand Permanent Artillery, which represents the standing army of New Zealand, though small, is most effective; indeed, it is doubtful whether any colony has, in proportion to the enrolled numbers, so many expert men among its permanent forces.

The object of the Permanent Artillery is not so much to act as a defensive force itself, as to train a number of men who shall each be capable of instructing a section of the Volunteers, and with this idea in view the system of training is a very severe one. The Lyttelton Company numbers rather more than thirty of all ranks. These are divided for various duties at the forts and with the torpedo-boat, and assist and instruct the Lyttelton Naval Artillery and Garrison Artillery in their work at the 8-in., 7-in., 6-in., and Nordenfelt guns.

In addition to this, the non-commissioned officers have to train the local Volunteers in infantry duties, and deliver practical and theoretical instruction in gunnery at the local drill-sheds, as well as act as drill instructors to several schools. Lieutenant Hume, who is in charge of the Lyttelton Company, is one of the most efficient officers in the colony, and, besides being an enthusiast at his work, for a long time filled the duties of ammunition tester at Auckland.



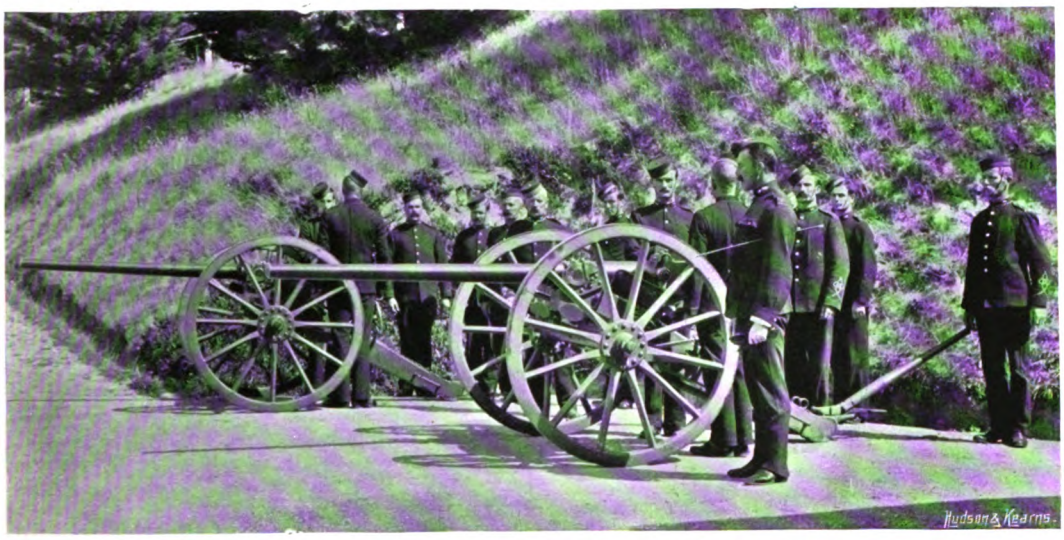
THE LYTTELTON COMPANY.

He conducts examinations of Volunteer Artillerymen, is a strict disciplinarian, and a grand specimen of a colonial officer. The barrack life of the corps is very much like that of a British soldier, except that the pay and food are both far superior; but, on the other hand, the duties are harder from a mental point of view, from the fact that here every man has to qualify himself to become an instructor, in addition to an ordinary soldier's work. Physically they are a magnificent body of men, hardly one of them being under 5-ft. 10-in. in height. Owing to their small numbers, it is unnecessary to say that promotion is very slow.

The interior of one of the barrack-rooms is shown in an accompanying illustration, and here it may be noted that the carbines are not, as in the Imperial Service, kept near each man's cot, but in a room adjoining, set apart for the purpose.

The E Battery of the New Zealand Artillery (Canterbury) is considered one of the smartest in the colony, and has beaten all comers in several competitions during the past few years.

The Martin Cup, the present holders of which are Sergeant Cropp's detachment, was given by Ex-Captain Martin of the battery for the detachment showing the best work in practical and theoretical gunnery, and applies to nearly every duty of an Artilleryman. This battery, which was originally the No. 1 Company of Rifles, was formed in 1860, and can claim to be one of the oldest corps in New Zealand, and fairly representative of her Volunteers. The present officers are Captain Donald and Lieutenant Dougall, both of whom are experienced Artillerymen, and capable of taking their number at the gun as well as of directing affairs. The battery is armed with four 9-pounder breech-loading Armstrong guns.



AT DRILL WITH A FIELD NORDENFELT.
The New Zealand Permanent Artillery.

Photos. Copyright. *Taylor*

THE BARRACK-ROOM OF THE PERMANENT ARTILLERY.
A Model of Neatness.

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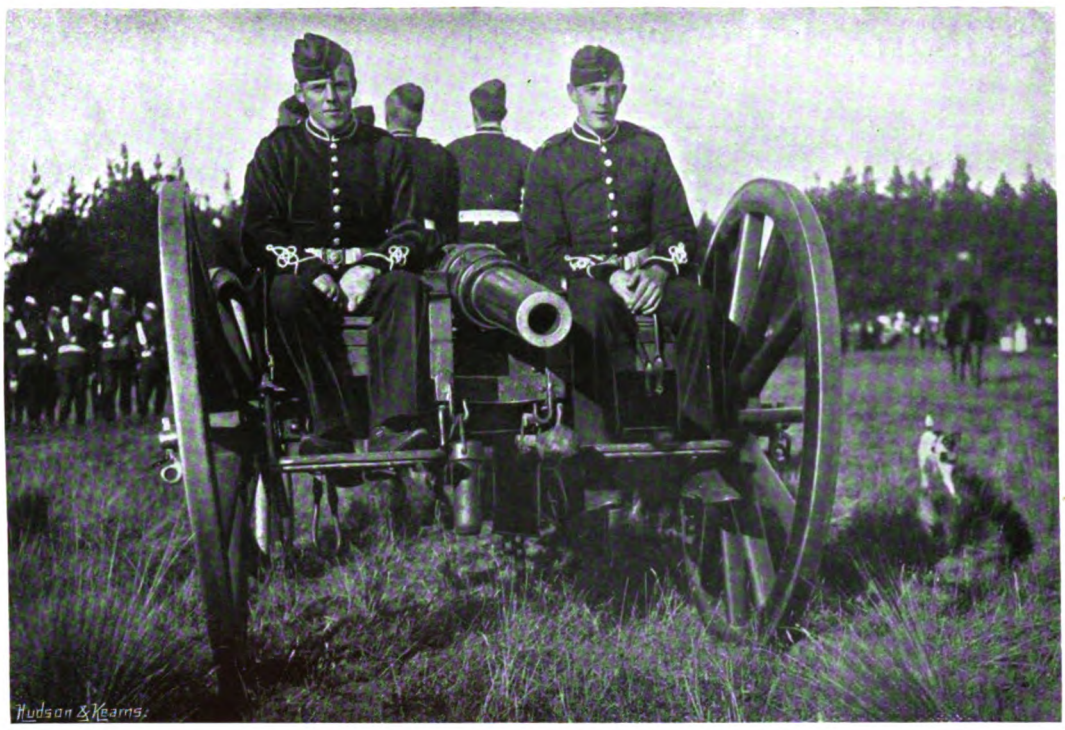
The N Battery (Lyttelton) occupies the unique position of being the only Garrison Artillery Battery in the colony. To this battery is entrusted the working of the 6-in. and 7-in. guns which form the principal features of the Lyttelton fortifications on the land side, the Lyttelton Naval Artillery having charge of the guns on the Peninsula side.

The battery has recently had a couple of 6-pounder field Nordenfelts added to its armament, and the men under



A 9-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN.
"E" Battery, New Zealand Artillery (Canterbury).

neither time nor money in advancing the interests of the battery. The commanding officer is Captain A. McIntyre.

The signallers of the battery have taken a very high position in their special work, and under their instructor, Gunner C. Pavitt, of the Permanent Artillery, easily distanced all competitors last year.

Signallers are used with best results when attached to infantry, but their employment with mobile artillery has long been

Photos. Copyright. READY FOR PARADE—"E" BATTERY, NEW ZEALAND ARTILLERY. *Taylor*

Sergeant Suiter put in magnificent practice.

The battery is instructed by Sergeant-Major Burbery, R.A., and is rapidly becoming one of the most promising features of the New Zealand Defence Force. The men, though Volunteers, spend considerable time in perfecting themselves in their work, and have always had a very good report from the Commandant of the Forces.

For this they have in a great measure to thank their secretary, Sergeant Suiter, who spares

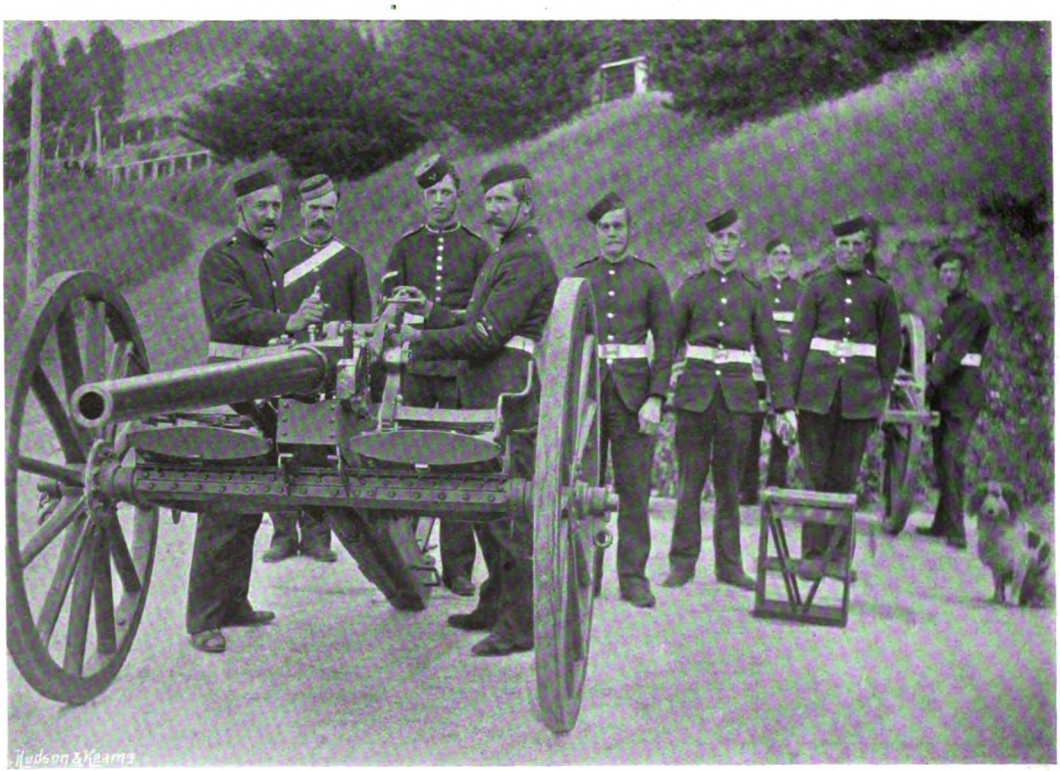


Photo. Copyright. *A 6-POUNDER FIELD NORDENFELT.* *Mahar*
"N" Battery, New Zealand Artillery.

considered a necessity.

In the field the officer commanding the Artillery has often to communicate with the various units under his command, and where field telegraphs are not available, visual signalling has to be relied upon.

At practice, too, signallers are of great value. The particular battery here referred to is continually at work, and from its territorial position has many opportunities of becoming expert in "flag-wagging."

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 165.] *SATURDAY, MARCH 31st, 1900.*

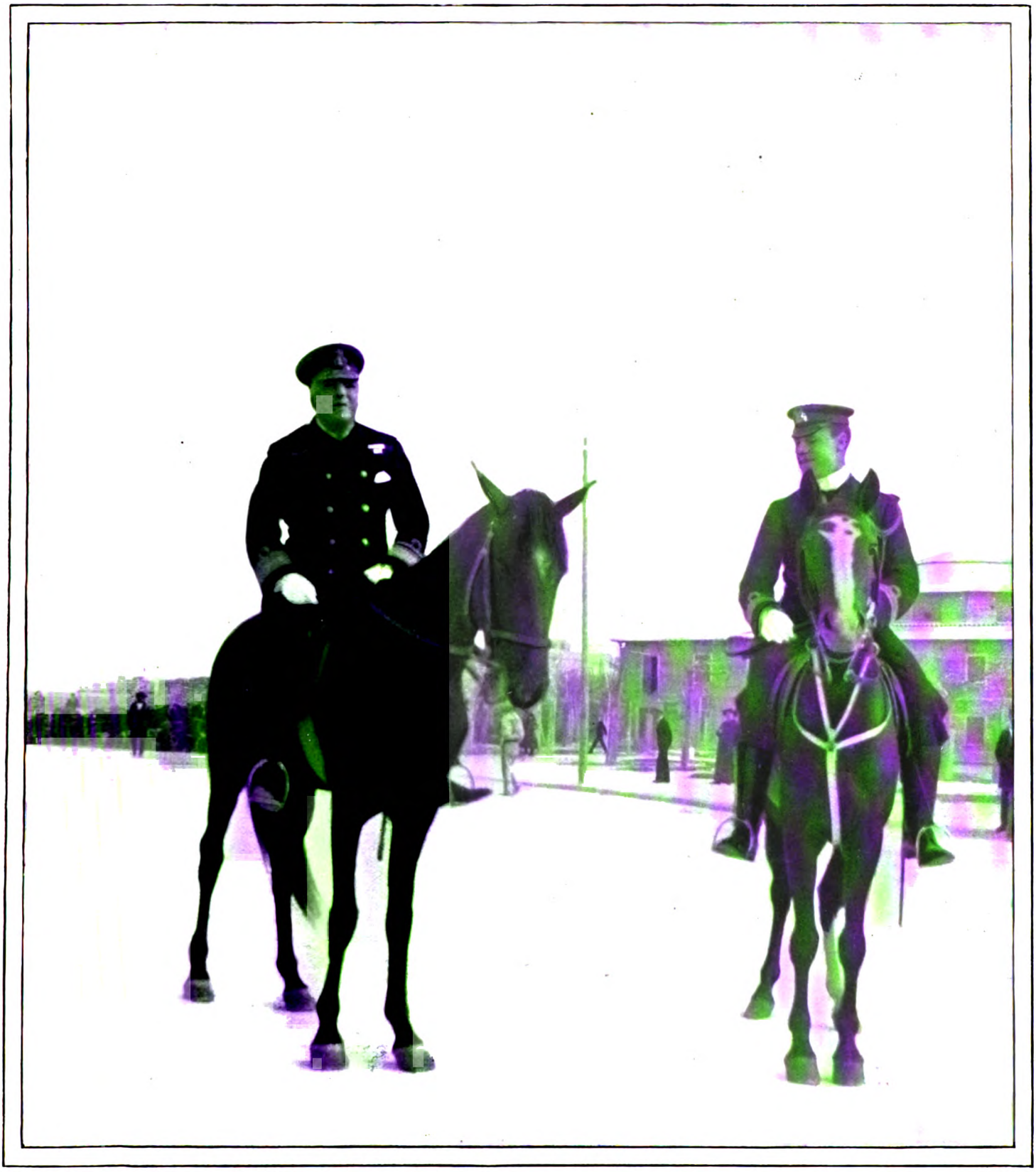

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

"CHARLIE" BERESFORD AND HIS FLAG-LIEUTENANT.

Our picture shows that most popular of admirals, Lord Charles Beresford, second in command on the Mediterranean station, with his flag-lieutenant, Mr. M. J. G. Cay, waiting for the arrival of the Governor of Malta, to join the parade with which the garrison and fleet celebrated the relief of Ladysmith. Lord Charles comes of a family who have learned to ride almost as soon as they have learned to walk, and he is as thoroughly at home on his steed as on his own quarter-deck.

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ROUND THE WORLD

WHATEVER differences may exist between ourselves and our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, all lovers of the dramatic art in this country, as throughout the civilised world, will feel poignant regret at the disaster that has resulted in the destruction of the Théatre Français. The fire that has destroyed the famous house of Molière, Racine, and Corneille has not only burned out a playhouse, but has, let us hope only temporarily, broken the continuity of the dramatic tradition in France. Coming on the eve of the Paris Exhibition, the blow is all the more severe, but it is satisfactory to know that the Odéon Theatre has already been placed at the disposal of the Comédie Française, and that that talented company will still delight the ears and eyes of the crowds that will flock to Paris in the next few weeks. Moreover, much of the artistic treasure of which the theatre was the storehouse has been saved, and the fine library has apparently escaped intact. Already has the work of restoration been taken in hand, and plans have been drawn up for the erection of a building on the old site, after the original plans of Louis XIV., and it is even hoped that it may be opened during the Exhibition period, the announced date being July 14.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

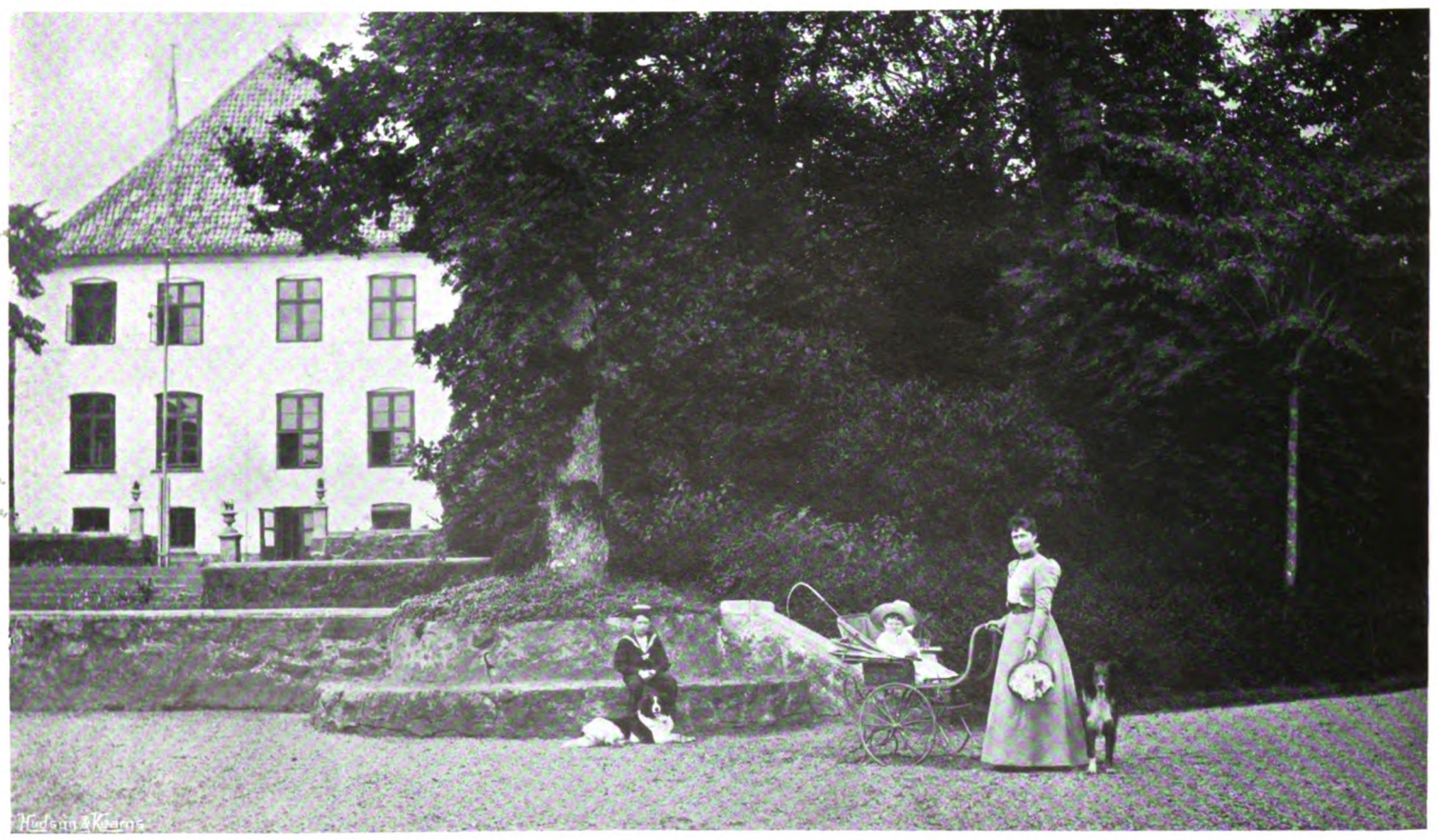
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL C. TUCKER, C.B.

Who Commanded the Seventh Division in Roberts's Advance on Bloemfontein.

FEW at home will notice the brief telegram that tells us that a few days back the Punjab Frontier Force celebrated its Jubilee at Kohat. For fifty years has this superb body of men of all arms of the Service held the guardianship of the North-West Frontier, and the names even of the countless little wars carried to successful issue by the "Piffers," as the force is locally called, are unknown to the average Briton. The "Piffers" are a complete little Army Corps in themselves, comprising four regiments of cavalry, the Corps of Guides (three squadrons of cavalry, eight companies of infantry), six batteries of artillery (five mountain and one garrison), and eleven battalions of infantry (four Sikh regiments, five Punjab regiments, and one two-battalion Ghoorka regiment). As a matter of fact the senior regiments of the force are a little more than fifty years old, for the Guides and the four Sikh regiments date from 1846-47. The four cavalry and the five Punjab regiments date from 1849, whilst five of the batteries of artillery were raised in 1851. One mountain battery is the babe of the force, as it was only raised last year.

Numbers of old veterans flocked to Kohat to rejoice with their brethren still with the colours, and "Bobs," who knows and loves the "Piffers," they having so often served him well, did not forget to send congratulations and hearty wishes for their prosperity and increased distinction.

TO one travelling round the world, a jump from Kohat to Portsmouth is but a step across two continents. Kohat was rejoicing lately, Portsmouth a day or two hence will be indulging in revelry. For has not the senior port of the Royal Navy decided to give a right royal welcome to Lambton and the boys of the Naval Brigade who saved Ladysmith and the situation in South Africa. It is indeed no exaggeration, nor any depreciation of the Sister Service, whose members would be the first to admit the contention, to say that it was the Naval guns and gunners that enabled Ladysmith



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PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND HER TWO CHILDREN.

The Wife of Prince Henry of Prussia K.G., G.C.B., Admiral of the German Fleet and Major General in the Prussian Army.

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to hold out until its relief was effected. No more deserved rewards have been or will be earned throughout the campaign than the C.B.'s that have been given to Lambton and Scott, and the promotion to the rank of commander that has been the guerdon bestowed on Ogilvy, the senior lieutenant of the detachment of the Naval Brigade with Buller, for not only did the Naval Brigade inside Ladysmith enable it to hold out, but the portion outside helped enormously to make the relief possible. The "four-point-seven" governed the situation equally in both cases, and if it had not been for Captain Scott the "four-point-seven" would not have been in a position to do so.

Ogilvy's promotion comes to him after just twelve years as a lieutenant, for his seniority dates from January, 1888.

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NURSES OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL.

In the Courtyard of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, Prior to their Departure for South Africa.

Photo. Copyright. *S. Cribb.*

THE "REVENGE" IN THE FASHIONABLE COLOUR.

A Species of Khaki as a Tint for War-ships is Now being Tried in the Mediterranean.

IT is now undoubted that Her Majesty the Queen will seize the occasion of her visit to Ireland to announce her intention of adding a regiment of Irish Guards to the existing Household Brigade. There is no country in the world so susceptible to sentiment as Ireland, and there are in the Army no corps more strongly imbued with *esprit de corps* than the Irish. So both the country and the Irish part of the Army rejoice at the honour that is to be paid them. What their title will be is a speculation freely indulged in, and none could be more appropriate than the "Irish Fusilier Guards." A very large percentage of the Irish regiments in the Service are Fusiliers

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GALLANT SUFFERERS FOR QUEEN AND EMPIRE.

Soldiers Wounded at Colenso and Spion Kop Landed from their Transport.

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REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The Royal West Kent Embarking to Return Home to take their Place in the Eighth Division.

Photo. Copyright. *Montegrifa.*

GIBRALTAR REJOICING OVER LADYSMITH.

The Public Receiving the News of the Relief.

and the title would not clash with those of any others in the Service. Moreover, the Fusilier Irish regiments have specially distinguished themselves in the present war. The oldest Irish regiment in the Service is the 18th Royal Irish, which was first regimented on the Irish establishment as early as 1683-84, though it takes its official seniority from 1859, when it was first brought on to the English establishment. A still older regiment, the 5th, now the Northumberland Fusiliers, was originally Irish, having been raised in that country by Daniel O'Brien, Viscount Clare.

Photo. Copyright. *S. Cribb*

A NOTED NAVAL CYCLIST.

Admiral Field, M.P., who Presides at the Annual Dinner of the National Cyclists' Union.

THOUGH France, like this country, can scarcely claim the possession of

> "A legion that never was 'listed,
> That carries no colour or crest,
> But, split in a thousand detachments,
> Is breaking the road for the rest,"

yet in her foreign legion, stationed usually in Algiers, will be found a good number of soldiers of fortune whose main object in life would seem to be "to go and get shot and be damned." Until trouble anent Morocco gives them the chance, they are not likely to attain their ambition in North Africa, but they are very often given a chance in Tonkin, Annam, Dahomey, or Madagascar. In fact, the soldier of the foreign legion is almost as essentially the colonial soldier of France as his comrade of the *infanterie de marine*, who has no likeness to the marine as we know him at home. The garrison of Madagascar has just been reinforced by a large contingent of these *aventuriers sublimes*, as one of their former commanders christened them. One battalion of a thousand men left a day or two ago, another thousand go a day or two hence, while a third steamer follows next month with 150 mules and a baggage train.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army"*

MILITARY TACTICS BEING TAUGHT AFLOAT.

Instructing Non-commissioned Officers and Men on Board a Transport.

NOT unnaturally men both at home and in the colonies are speculating as to what particular form the decoration will take that will, when the war is over, reward the heroic defenders of the beleaguered places that stood out so gallantly. The most recent precedent, and cue that occurs to the mind at once, is the defence of Lucknow, for which the original garrison, under Major-General Inglis, who succeeded to the command on the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, received a clasp inscribed "Defence of Lucknow," attached to their Indian Mutiny medal. An excellent precedent for the reward of the garrisons in South Africa.

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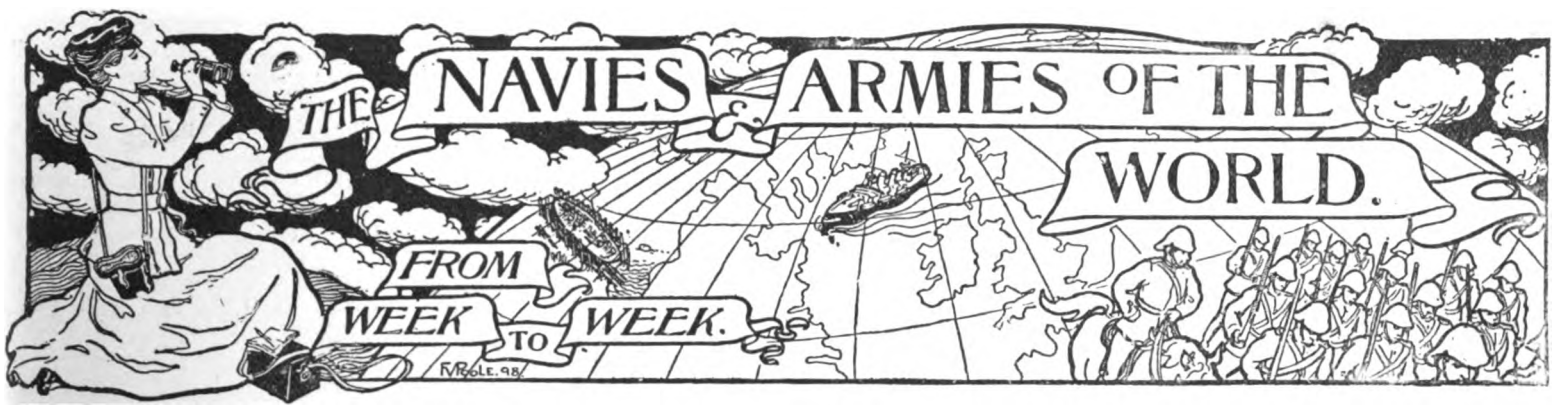

IS it really needful when you are engaged in a war to work up your martial rage by scolding? The question might profitably be put to themselves by most peoples in most wars, and would not be superfluous to some among us at present. There seem to be not a few who cannot feel happy about our conquest of the Transvaal till they have worked themselves into a good foaming rage over the iniquity of the Boers. Hence, one supposes, the extreme desire shown to prove that Commandant Snyman has violated what are called the rules of war at Mafeking by firing on the women's laager, or other places he ought not to fire on. The Boer leader may possibly be rather a brute, but, if so, he is borne out by many precedents and by the example of great soldiers. Here is a story taken by Napier from the memoirs of Suchet, a Marshal of France, and a man whom the Duke of Wellington had no hesitation in meeting on friendly terms. The event, told in Suchet's own memoirs, happened in 1810, that is to say, so near our own time that it took place after the birth of a few people still living.

* * * *

"Harispe's brigade passed the bridge (of Lerida to wit), and making for the gate of St. Anthony, which looked towards Fort Garden, entirely cut off egress from the town; that done, the columns advanced from every side in a concentric direction upon the citadel, driving with shouts and stabs and musketry, men, women, and children before them, while the guns of the castle smote friends and foes alike. Flying up the ascent, the shrieking and terrified crowds rushed into the fortress with the retiring garrison, and crowded the summit of the rock; but all that night the French shells fell among the hapless multitude, and at daylight the fire being redoubled the carnage swelled until Garcia Conde, unable to bear the cries and sufferings of the miserable people, hoisted the white flag." Napier's comment is characteristic. "Thus suddenly," he says, "was this powerful fortress reduced by a proceeding, politic indeed yet scarcely to be admitted within the pale of civilised war. For though a town taken by assault is considered the lawful prey of a licentious soldiery, this remnant of barbarism, disgracing the military profession, does not warrant the driving of unarmed helpless people into a situation where they must perish from the fire of the enemy unless the governor fail in his duty. Suchet justifies it on the ground that it prevented a great effusion of blood, which must necessarily have attended a protracted siege. The fact is true, yet it was sparing soldiers' blood for women's and children's; had Garcia Conde's nature been stern, he also might have pleaded expediency, and the victory would have fallen to him who could longest have sustained the sight of mangled infants and despairing mothers."

* * * *

The condemnation is not severe. Napier would have spoken more harshly had the parts been reversed and a Spanish general had behaved in this fashion in a French town, for he was naturally too passionate a man to be fair minded, and was a great admirer of Suchet. But the point is that Suchet thought his conduct regular. Napier cannot have thought it very gross, or he would hardly have been so loud in praise of Suchet's humanity elsewhere, while the Duke cannot have thought it very vile, or else he would not have been civil to the French marshal later on. Indeed, it is a question which all who set about defending towns must ask themselves, whether they are justified in exposing the lives of the women and children. Some risk they must take; and there is one which they cannot be freed from, and that is the suffering caused by want of food when the siege is prolonged. It is usually far worse than the hurt done by shells, and is wholly due to the defender. He can always stop it by surrendering. In fact, no war on land can be conducted without inflicting enormous misery on non-combatants. War by sea can be better confined to the fighting men, but even that not wholly. The miseries of war are concentrated in a siege, which by no conceivable process can be made humane. Would a general be justified in forcing a town to surrender by setting it on fire? He surely would, and yet this cannot be done without firing on the "women's laager." A general in a besieged town puts himself in a ridiculous position when he complains that the enemy's fire causes him inconvenience. That is what it is meant to do. He can take counter measures, as Colonel Baden-Powell has done, and if they succeed so much the better for him. Yet any measure, however harsh, is legitimate in war, provided it leads to the desired result, which is victory. It is illegitimate only when it fails of the result, and thereby both provokes reprisal and causes unnecessary suffering. The enemy of all war says that this condemns it, and shows soldiering to be a brutal business—but that is another and a large question.

* * * *

The sad subject of the expenses of military life has inevitably come up for discussion in these days once more. "A. A. H." in the *Times* describes the melancholy position of the young officer on 5s. 3d. a day, and has no difficulty in proving that after breakfast, lunch, and dinner have been provided for very little remains at his disposal for other necessaries, to say nothing of the most modest luxuries. Indeed, one need be no profound arithmetician to see that if breakfast costs 1s., lunch 1s., and dinner 2s. 6d., only 9d. remains out of 5s. 3d., while a man must be more than pardonably ignorant of the current prices of goods not to see that the balance is wholly inadequate to cover the cost of tailoring, travelling, tips, charities, wine, and tobacco, without rising to such attitudes as regimental polo ponies. And yet there are many young gentlemen of just the same level of life as the beginner in the Army who are no better off. The professions—the bar, medicine, and the church, which secure the beginner the easily calculated allowance of nothing at all—may be put aside. But supposing a man to begin in a Government office, which is a parallel case, is he any better off than the second lieutenant of infantry, who is very probably his brother or cousin? Supposing him to get one of the big prizes, he starts with £200 a year, and he may begin with £90. He has to live in London, has no quarters given him in any barracks, no soldier servant at 10s. a month, and no allowances of any sort. With rigid economy he may manage on the larger sum, but he must be a thrifty youth indeed if he contrives to make both ends meet on the smaller.

* * * *

The simple truth is that all young gentlemen who are constrained to live "as gentlemen" must have an allowance from their family, in default of independent means of their own. The Army officer is no worse off than other men. Indeed, he is far better off than most of his own class, for it is cheaper to live in a mess than alone, and the Army supplies a certain apparatus of dignity which helps him out. If it is answered that the expenses of the life are heavy, one may answer in the Scotch way, by asking who makes them so? What is there in the common or statute law, or the nature of things, which makes it incumbent on military gentlemen to keep polo ponies, or a regimental drag, or to pay a subscription to buy plate for the mess? There is nothing except the public opinion in the Army, and (to be just) out of it, which requires that gentlemen who wear Her Majesty's uniform should live with a certain approach to splendour. Since that conviction exists, it must have its way and its influence, but what can the State do in the matter? It is not bound to pay for luxuries, which is what a very large proportion of the things deemed necessary in military life are. And be it remembered that the money for them, if given by Government, would come from the pockets of people who certainly are not rich. After all, it is the third-class passengers, not the first class, who make the profits. It is the millions of people of small means, not the thousands of rich, who pay the bulk of the revenue of every country.

* * * *

There is one form of expense imposed on Army officers which is unjust enough, and that is what may be called the tailoring tax. But who is to blame for this? The Army could stop it to-morrow by refusing to put up with the tax, and declaring that its campaign uniform shall be the only dress it is bound to wear. But will the Army take this course?

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Tightening the Bonds of Empire.

IT has seemed strange to many observers that it should take so long for a real sense of unity to permeate the British Empire. And yet it is scarcely so strange, after all. For the British Empire is an altogether new kind of world-State, a phenomenon such as the world has never had to wonder at before. Perhaps "Empire" is hardly the word we ought to use. It suggests ideas of conquest, of subject peoples, of a central governing State and a number of dependencies. Greater Britain is the result not of conquest, but of expansion. Greater Britons are in no sense subject nations, depending upon our will and pleasure. They are free and self-governing like ourselves, just as much a part of the British State as we are. However, Empire is a convenient as well as a fine-sounding phrase, and as long as we do not confuse our minds by trying to compare the British Empire with the Roman Empire, or with any other of the Powers which have ruled vast territories by right of conquest, it is as good a title as we can find.

For a great many years we have been gradually getting used to the idea of the Empire. We no longer hear foolish talk about "letting the colonies go," as if they were so many cage-birds whom we kept for our amusement. We understand that we and our countrymen all over the world have a great place to fill in the world, and that we can only fill it by holding together. At present there are three classes of Powers. There are first what we may call the world-Powers—the British Empire, the United States, and Russia. There are next the great military Powers—France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, perhaps some day we shall have to add China. Then there come the small military Powers like Roumania, and the small Naval Powers like Japan. What we have to keep steadily in mind is that, without its extensions over-seas, Great Britain would fall at once into the third class. Such a fantastic idea as the voluntary disintegration of the Empire can nowadays enter the head of no one but the most parochial of Radical politicians.

And yet the inhabitants of these islands, even as a whole, have not yet got rid of a certain "parochialism" of view. We are still far too much inclined to think of ourselves as "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." We adopt towards other parts of the Empire a patronising tone that must be found either extremely amusing or extremely annoying. We appear to regard the colonies as a rich man regards his poor relations. When he gives a feast in his own honour, he likes to have them in his train, so that the world may see how they love him for his greatness. When he is in trouble, he finds their help very timely and useful. But they must always "keep their place"; they must clearly understand the difference between the great man and the small people who are allowed to live by his bounty. We shall never take a sane and healthy view of the Empire as a whole until we clear our minds of this variety of cant.

Just now the Government is giving us a lead quite in the right direction. Supposing the Boer War had been fought out twenty years ago. If we had then found ourselves, as we are now, in need of officers to lead our troops, would it have occurred to anyone to offer a certain proportion of the new commissions to the colonies? It might possibly have been thought of, but it certainly would not have been done. We should not then have had the colonies heart and soul with us. Their soldiers would not have been fighting side by side with their English, Scottish, and Irish comrades. There had been no Jubilee celebrations to stir all our hearts and make us feel the throb of brotherhood. There had been no hour of Imperial need to bind us closer still and to send a wave of patriotic fervour into the uttermost parts of our Queen's dominions. It is only due to the colonies that they should be recognised in this way. And even from the strictly business point of view it is a wise step that the Government has taken. There is no doubt that many of the colonies can supply men specially qualified to fill vacant places in the commissioned ranks of our Army. In Canada there are a large number of properly-trained local defence officers fully competent to lead troops in the field. Australia has shown that she can provide as many as we can want. South Africa has given samples of the material we may find there in Brigadier-General Brabant and many more. Thus, while we are accomplishing an act of justice, we are doing ourselves a good turn at the same time. By such measures the colonies are made to see that their partnership with us is not a mere phrase. By such a step we win goodwill and affection for the Head of the Firm, and, even if we had to go much more out of our way to do it, this would be well worth doing in the end.

We shall soon see in Ireland what an amount of good may be done by the endeavour to consult people's feelings instead of trampling upon them. The war and the Queen's visit are like to prove a turning-point in Irish history. The historians of the future will say, in Shakespeare's words:

> "When a world of men
> Could not prevail with all their oratory,
> Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled."

Nations are welded together, as well as split up, by war, and this war has already had a marvellous effect upon Britons in every part of the world. It found the British Empire a loosely-joined group of great and small powers. It will leave us a firmly-cemented federation, bound by common blood, by common language, by common political institutions, above all, by ties of blood spilt and flags carried to victory in a common cause.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 25, 1796.—Brigadier-General Nicolls, acting against the French and insurgents at Grenada, having received reinforcements, attacked a hill and redoubt which covered the approach to Port Royal. Though at first repulsed, our men carried this formidable position, and the redoubt was stormed. 1812.—Siege of Badajos.

March 26, 1819.—Surrender of Bhoojia. The hill fort of Bhoojia and the city of Bhooj, the capital of Cutch, surrendered to Major-General Keir. The Duke of Cambridge born.

March 27, 1799.—Battle of Malvelly (Mysore). Tippoo's army routed by General Harris, with a loss of nearly 2,000 men and six standards. Our loss was sixty-six killed and wounded.

March 28, 1810.—The Danish West India Islands of St. Thomas and St. John surrendered to Rear-Admiral Duckworth and Lieutenant-General Trigge. 1854.—War declared against Russia.

March 29, 1818.—Capture of Bhugwantghur (Malacca). 1879.—Battle of Kambula. Colonel E. Wood defeated the Zulus.

March 30, 1759.—The town of Gosier (Guadaloupe) was carried by storm and the French driven from their guns by a force under General Hopton.

March 31, 1814.—On the heights of Romainville and Belleville the French army which had moved out of Paris under Joseph Bonaparte, Marmont, and Mortier, was defeated on March 30, and the allies entered Paris next day. 1891.—Lieutenant C. W. Grant began his gallant defence of Thobal (Manipur) with the force of eighty men with whom he had marched out of Tamu in the hope of succouring any survivors of the massacre of British officials at Manipur.

April 1, 1825.—Capture of Arracan. General Morrison took this Burmese fortress. 1895.—Colonel Kenny began his march over the Shendur Pass, in Northern Chitral.

April 2, 1755.—Severndroog and the Port of Geriah taken by Commodore James. 1772.—Capture of Ramnadaporan. The British troops, under Colonel Smith, and their ally, the Nabob of Arcot, besieged this city and carried it by storm.

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MARCH 25, 1689.—Action between the "Nonsuch," 36, and two French ships of 30 and 22 guns. Captain Roome Coyle being killed, the boatswain, Robert Simcock, fought the ship to the finish, being for his action posted captain of the "Nonsuch."

March 26, 1806.—The "Pique," 36, took the French "Phaéton," 16, and the "Voltigeur," 16, off Curacoa. Naval medal action. 1814.—The "Hannibal," 74, took the French "Sultane," 44, in the Bay of Biscay.

March 27, 1759.—The "Windsor," 60, took the French "Duc de Chartres," 60, off the Tagus. 1811.—Defeat of a Danish flotilla with troops attacking a British garrison of marines in the Island of Anholt.

March 28, 1759.—The "Southampton," 32, and the "Melampe," 36, took the French "Danae," 40, in the North Sea. 1806.—The "Niobe," 38, took the French "Nearque," 18, in the presence of a strong French squadron.

March 29, 1760.—Carical captured. 1795.—The "Cerberus," 32, took the French privateer "Jean Bart" in the Channel.

March 30, 1741.—Vernon's fleet forced the entrance to the Harbour of Carthagena. 1779.—The "Kite," 12, off Portland, in action with a French frigate, and also beat off a French 18-gun privateer. 1799.—Boats of the "Trent" cut out two French vessels near Cape Roxo.

March 31, 1800.—The "Foudroyant," 80, the "Leon," 64, and the "Penelope," 32, cut off and captured the French "Guillaume Tell," 84.

April 1. 1761.—The "Isis," 50, captured the French "Oriflamme," 50, in the Mediterranean. 1809.—Cutting out of the French gun-boat "Leda" in the Adriatic by the boats of the "Mercury," 28.

April 2, 1801.—Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen.

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The Gallant Dead.

"We're for Pretoria to hoist the British bunting,
We're for Pretoria to share in the attack;
And though some may fall,
They'll be sharing in the victory
When o'er Pretoria we hoist the Union Jack."
—*Eardley Turner.*

NO regiment has behaved more superbly or suffered more heavily throughout the campaign than the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to which belonged Lieutenant Henry, one of the officers whose portraits are given on our "In Memoriam" page. Henry was killed on the terrible December 15, when accompanying his regiment in Hart's advance. This gallant young Irishman—he was not twenty-one when he died—had only joined his regiment in the previous May. Two other of our portraits are also of officers who lost their lives in the advance on Ladysmith. Lieutenant Hastie, who was killed on February 23, was only twenty-five, and had been nearly four years in "The Queen's." Captain Sykes, who perished at Pieter's Hill on February 27, was one of the senior captains of the Scots Fusiliers, a regiment he joined in 1885. Captain R. J. Vernon, who was killed in the sortie from Mafeking on December 26, was a Rifleman who had served in the K.R.R. since 1889. His previous war service comprised the expedition to Manipur in 1891. All Scotland mourned poor Tait's death at Koodoosberg, for there lived no more perfect exponent of the great national game. What makes his death more particularly sad is that he had only just returned to duty after a wound received at Magersfontein. Four more of our portraits are those of officers who perished at Spion Kop on January 24. Two of these officers, Captain Knox-Gore and Lieutenant McCorquodale, belonged to a colonial corps that has covered itself with renown during the war, Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. Captain Birch had passed all his service with the 1st South Lancashire, having joined it from the Militia in 1888. To the same corps also belonged Lieutenant Raphael, who died of his wounds. Raphael was twenty-nine when he met his death, and had served with the South Lancashire since 1891. The remaining officers whose portraits are given all fell in the fighting around Paardeberg. Colonel Hannay, who was commanding mounted infantry, was an old Argyll and Sutherland Highlander, which regiment he joined in 1867, and which he left thirty years later, after having held command of one of its battalions for four years. He was not seeing service in South Africa for the first time, for he had served through the Zulu Campaign of 1879 with his Highlanders. His death cut short a career of merit, and only a few days before he had been highly commended by Lord Roberts for the ability and dash he had displayed in the operations around Kimberley. Another officer who also had had a very distinguished career was Lieutenant-Colonel Aldworth, D.S.O., who commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Nearly all of Aldworth's service was passed in the Bedfordshire Regiment, to which he was appointed in 1874, of which he was adjutant from 1877 to 1881, and from a majority in which he was promoted in October, 1898, to command the battalion at whose head he fell. Colonel Aldworth had seen much and varied service in India. He was military secretary to Sir Harry Prendergast in Burma in 1885-86, when he earned his D.S.O., and next served in the Isazai Expedition of 1892. In 1895 he served with his regiment in the Chitral Relief Force under Sir Robert Low, and took part in the storming of the Malakand Pass and the engagement near Khar. Finally, in 1897-98, he took part in the Tirah Campaign as D.A.A.G., with the force under the late Sir William Lockhart, his services earning him mention in despatches and his brevet of lieutenant-colonel. By the death of these two officers the country has lost the services of two soldiers of exceptional ability and merit. Two others of our gallant dead were also officers of the Duke of Cornwall's L.I. The senior of these was Captain Newbury, the junior Captain Wardlaw, and in their death the battalion lost two officers who had been adjutants of it during their service. Newbury, who had barely reached his thirty-fifth birthday when he met his death, had served with the regiment as a second-lieutenant during the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and had been adjutant of the battalion from 1890 to 1894. Wardlaw was its adjutant at the time of his death, he having held that important position since May, 1897. Captain Dewar, who died on February 20 of wounds received two days previously, belonged to the 4th Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, but was serving in South Africa with the mounted infantry. This officer had seen previous service, for he wore the Indian General Service Medal, with a clasp for the Manipur Expedition. Lieutenant F. J. Siordet belonged to the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, of which he was one of the senior subalterns, having joined the regiment in 1891, when nineteen and a-half.

The White Flag.

By A. B. TUCKER.

MUCH has been written lately about the alleged abuse by the Boers of the white flag; it may, therefore, be interesting to enquire into the customs recognised by civilised nations with regard to flags of truce. A flag of truce can only be used legitimately for the purpose of entering into some arrangement with the enemy. When it is necessary to make such a communication, an officer with good address and great tact is selected, and a trumpeter is sent with the officer who carries the white flag. The officer then approaches the enemy's position in the most open ground, and takes care that his white flag is plainly visible, and at the same time orders his trumpeter to sound frequently to attract attention. While the officer is thus trying to attract attention his own troops should halt and cease firing in the immediate locality where the flag is.

Now let us see what the other side does when the flag approaches them. If the troops to whom the mission is sent are willing to receive it, they signal to that effect and cease firing. But it is quite open to an enemy to refuse to receive a flag of truce, and it is understood that firing does not necessarily cease on the appearance of the white flag, and those who sent it cannot complain if the bearers of it are killed by such firing. When it is intended to refuse admission to a flag of truce, the bearer of it should be signalled to, as soon as possible, to retire, and if he refuse to do so he may be fired upon; but it is usual first to fire over his head as a warning before firing at him.

To refuse to receive a flag of truce seems, perhaps, at first sight rather barbarous; but a moment's reflection will serve to remind us that there must be circumstances in which such a refusal is absolutely necessary. A flag of truce may be used by an enemy to gain time or to obtain surreptitious information of the opposing force or its position. If it is proved satisfactorily that the bearer of a flag of truce has made use of his approach to the enemy to gain information, the bearer may be convicted as a spy. It is a maxim laid down by Lord Wolseley, that never for one moment must any movement or operation be suspended because the enemy has sent in a flag of truce. His object may be to gain time to bring up reinforcements or for the execution of some flank or turning operation. "If an enemy's flag of truce is seen," says the Commander-in-Chief, "the question of its reception or rejection is for the general in immediate command of the troops in front of which the flag is shown, without whose orders the firing is on no account to cease."

If the flag of truce be admitted, there ensues what is almost a comedy. It is the business of the bearer of the flag of truce, while within the enemy's lines, to gather all the information he can without appearing to do so. He must be gay in his manner, must appear to have no doubt as to which is the winning side, and to have nothing to conceal from the enemy. On the other hand, the enemy who receive him strive their utmost to make him betray some of his knowledge.

But there is another and less formal way of using the white flag. It is used as a signal of surrender. A victorious force is charging down on an enemy, who hoist a white flag as a sign that they will not resist. In other words, when things are hopeless the white flag is hoisted to show that the force who hoist it surrender to save unnecessary sacrifice of life. It is in this way that it is said the Boers have abused the white flag. To hoist it, and then, when your enemy have stopped their charge or ceased to fire, to pour a deadly volley into them is nothing short of infamous.

The report that the Boers have played this dastardly trick is confirmed, and past experience teaches us that they are quite capable of it. On January 9, 1881, the following order was issued in Pretoria by Captain Bellairs: "During the action of the 6th inst (Zwart-kopje) a white flag of truce was hoisted from the position occupied by the rebels. The officer commanding the troops consequently ordered the 'Cease fire,' and sent forward two white flags from different points in response. The rebels then deliberately reopened fire on the officers carrying the flags and on our men who had risen from cover and exposed themselves. The casualties which occurred to the 2nd Battalion 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers that day arose solely from this treacherous conduct. In order to protect the troops against a recurrence of loss of life from such savage proceedings it becomes necessary to direct that whenever a flag of truce is displayed from a rebel position no one from our side should advance to meet it unless it has come unaccompanied by any armed body close to our line. The troops will be careful to keep under cover on such occasions, although the 'Cease fire' may have sounded, until the officer commanding them directs them to rise."

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Schoolboy Soldiers AT Aldershot.

REPRESENTING ETON COLLEGE.
Section 1 Taking Orders.

FROM HURSTPIERPOINT COLLEGE.
Marching into Camp.

IN AN ALDERSHOT HIGHWAY
A Contingent from Eastbourne.

Some Pictures Taken DURING The Manœuvres.

From Photos. by E. Fry, Brighton.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE CADETS.
A Long Line of Skirmishers.

FROM CHELTENHAM AND BRADFIELD.
Discussing the Campaign.

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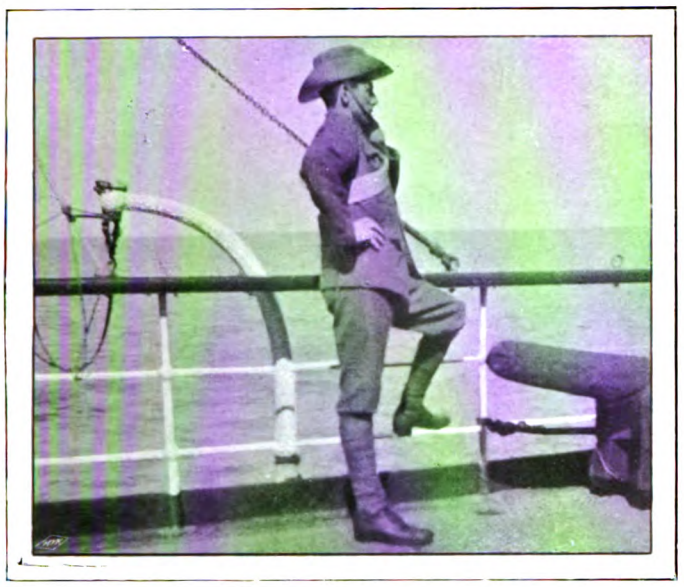
With the C.I.V.—From Mansion House to Modder River.

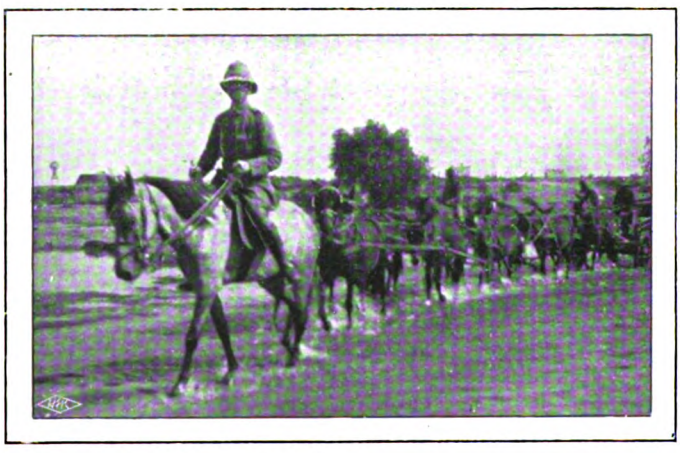


ALBION'S TALL CLIFFS SINK OUT OF SIGHT.
His Thoughts of Home and Beauty.

TABLE MOUNTAIN ON THE LEE BOW.
The Trooper's Call to Arms and Duty.

TEN DAYS FOR RECUPERATING—IN THE C.I.V. CAMP NEAR CAPE TOWN.

ALL CHANGE HERE FOR THE MODDER.
By Train to the Front.



ON THE WAY TO BLOEMFONTEIN WITH "BOBS.
Our Transport Across the Veldt.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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The Sixth Division in the Free State.

In his general order issued after the capture of Bloemfontein Lord Roberts sums up with soldierly conciseness the various stages of the advance of his army. Dating from February 12, Kimberley was relieved in three days, Cronje surrendered on the fifteenth day, on the seventeenth came the relief of Ladysmith, and on the twenty-ninth day the capital surrendered, a record of which, as the Field-Marshal justly observes, any Army would be proud.

Not that the distance covered in the time is very remarkable, for Bloemfontein is only about 100 miles from the frontier, which was crossed on February 12, and our infantry has at various times got over much ground far more rapidly, and had some fighting by the way. It was the circumstances under which the movement was undertaken, and the difficulties which had to be encountered, which rendered it notable, and evoked the well-merited encomiums of the Commander-in-Chief.

IN FACE OF THE REBELS.
Kelly-Kenny's Camp near Thebus

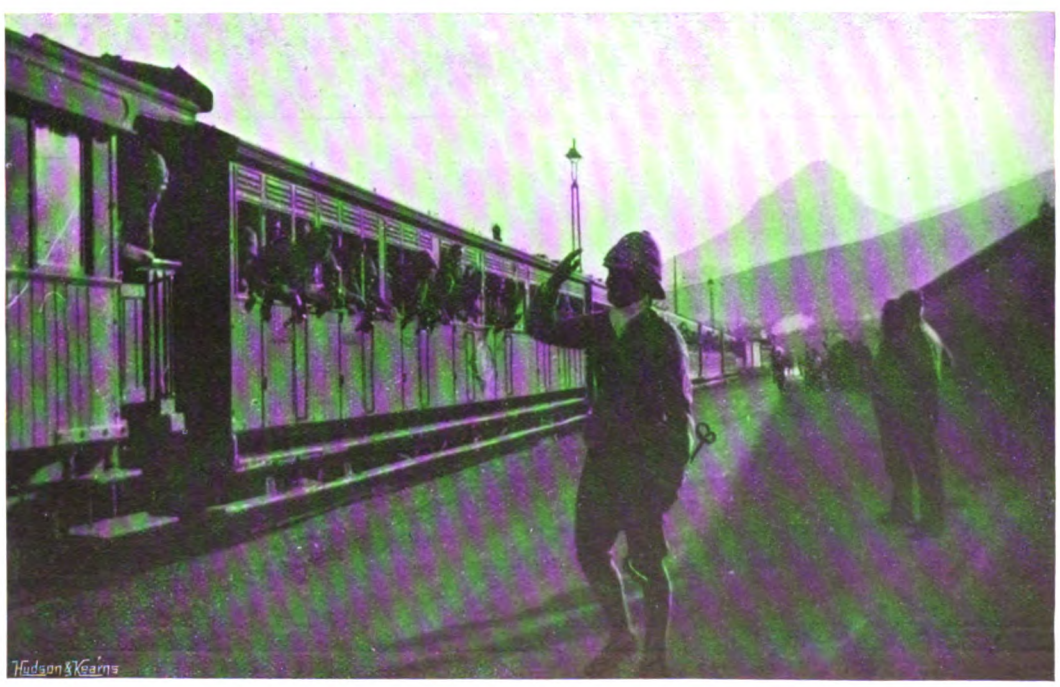
AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK.
Officers' Mess of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Our men had been encamped for many weeks in front of the Boer position at Magersfontein, after a repulse in which we lost heavily, and concerning which various rumours as to serious tactical errors, and differences between generals, had been freely circulated.

When, finally, Lord Roberts prepared to move it was against an enemy of whose marvellous mobility he was only too well aware, and more than two-thirds of his force consisted of infantry with very cumbrous transport.

It was only with the remainder that he could hope to make any sudden and swift attack, and we know how General French and his men accomplished their heavy task, riding over ninety miles and fighting several detached bodies of the enemy in four days, besides causing Cronje to flee from his "Gibraltar" at Magersfontein.

Then came the really remarkable part of the operations; for here was the novel spectacle of an infantry division chasing a mounted enemy. This was the Sixth Division, under General Kelly-Kenny, while the Ninth, under General Colvile, followed hard after him. It requires a little consideration to realise the task presented to these foot soldiers, which they most successfully accomplished. This was no deliberate route march; it was



From Photos. *By Military Officers.*

A CHANGE OF VENUE.
Off to Join Lord Roberts.

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a tearing, struggling scramble, over a sandy plain, often heavy "going," weighted with rifle, accoutrements, and ammunition, under a broiling sun, or through a choking sand-storm; it had to be done, and it was kept up for the best part of four days, with a minimum of rest and the certainty of a hard fight at the end, possibly on an empty stomach, for no general can time the commencement of an action to a nicety under such circumstances.

Through this trying ordeal the Sixth Division came with flying colours, and had its full share of fighting as a reward. It is said that Cronje refused to believe that our infantry could be so close, until he received very practical proof of their proximity, and was forced to stand at bay.

The detailed accounts which have come to hand from day to day are full of admiration for the Welsh and Essex Regiments, which formed part of General Kelly-Kenny's force. On completing the investment of Cronje's army, they repeatedly came in for very hard knocks, but they pursued their task to a successful issue, with a determination which called forth the highest praise on all hands. This was on February 18, and about one o'clock they rushed the river, got across, and worked their way down among the bushes, losing heavily. In one of their rushes the Welsh, out of a party of twenty-five, lost all but one, killed or wounded.

This is the kind of stuff the Sixth Division is made of, and these are the sort of men Cronje hoped vainly to escape from; he may have counted on their provision and ammunition transport failing them, or on their parching thirst incapacitating them, and in fact their sufferings in this last respect were terrible, so much so that men were seen to rush down to drink at the river, regardless of a tremendous hail of Mauser bullets.

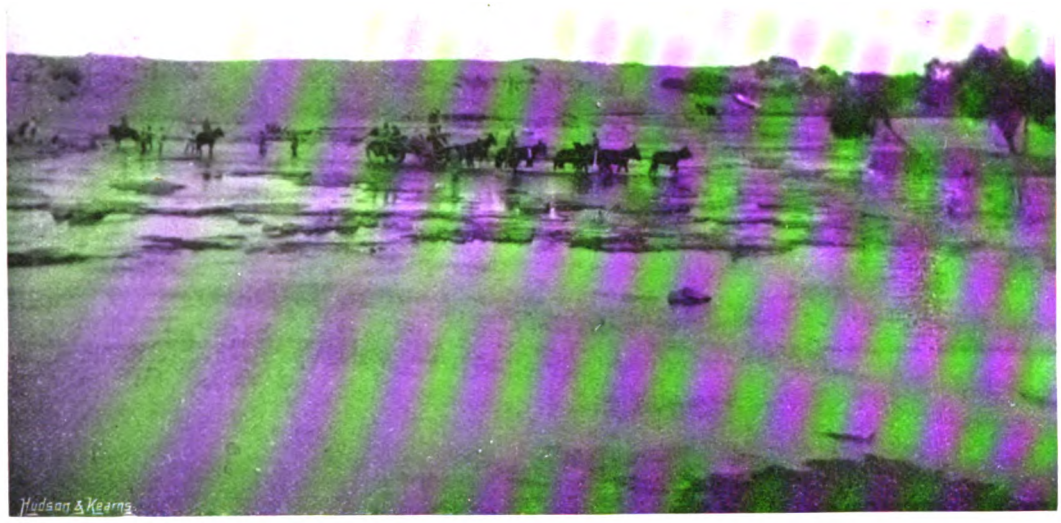
The next engagement, as we know, resulted, so far as the enemy were concerned, in a rout and a pursuit by our cavalry; but there was more fighting to be done at Driefontein, and here again the Sixth was in the thick of it, as Lord Roberts's telegraphic despatch briefly states: "The brunt of the fighting fell on Kelly-Kenny's Division, two battalions of which, the Welsh and the Essex, turned the Boers out of two strong positions at the point of the bayonet."

Truly, these Welshmen and East Countrymen are very bad to beat. The enemy had evidently had enough of them, and of others of like kidney, and no further call was made on our troops on the road to Bloemfontein.

The latest we hear of Kelly-Kenny and his merry men is that they marched through Bloemfontein amidst enthusiastic cheers from the populace, pursuing their way with the unmistakable swing and "go" of men who have come well out of a hard tussle; veterans every one, in spite of their comparative youth.

Ere long they will be on their way further north, inspired by the recollection of the past and the approval and confidence of their chief to more heroic actions

INDISPENSABLE ON THE KAROO.
Mule-waggons on the March to Ramdam.



ON THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.
Crossing a Drift on the Modder.

From Photos. *By Military Officers.*

FERRIED ACROSS THE RIVER.
Part of the Sixth Division Crossing in Boats.

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Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

STORMING A KOPJE—A STIFF CLIMB.

Nothing has impressed those who have seen our soldiers fighting in South Africa more than the splendid manner in which, with in lomitable pluck and devotion, they have climbed almost inaccessible hills in the face of the enemy. The training they received on the North-West Frontier of India was a most valuable experience for those regiments which recently won undying honour in Natal.

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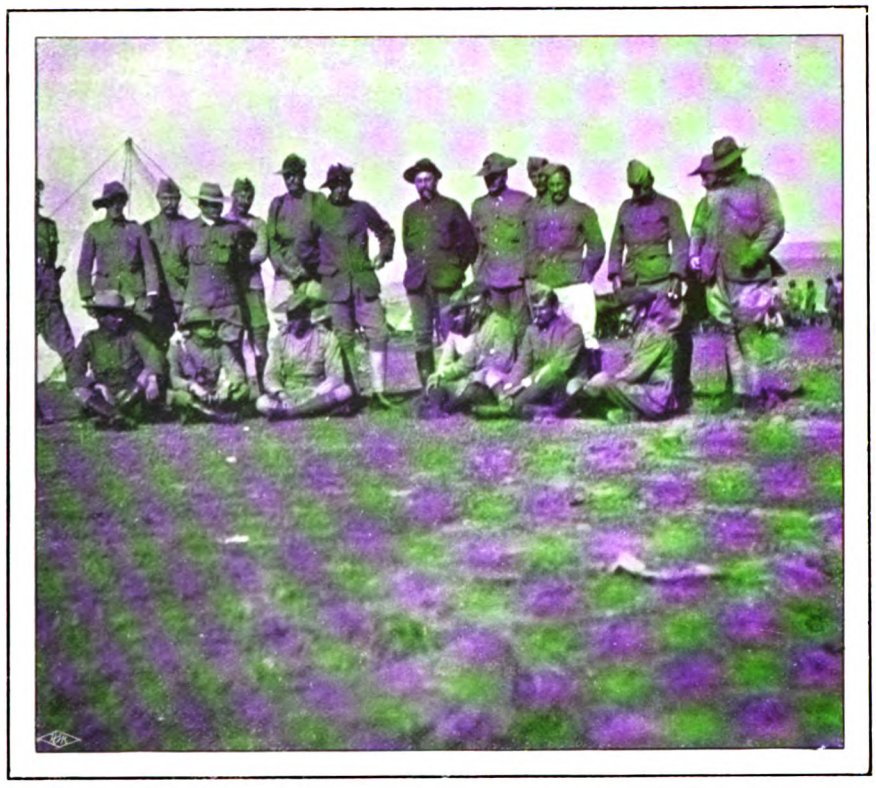
WITH HILDYARD'S BRIGADE AT CHIEVELEY.
The Devons Resting on the March.

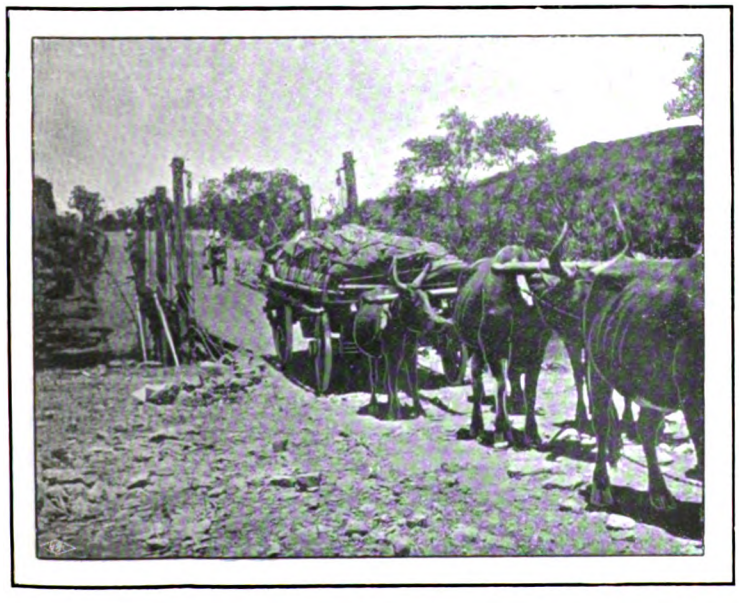
OFFICERS OF THE DEVONS AT PRETORIUS FARM.
Waiting for the Baggage to Arrive

Fighting on the Tugela.



Scenes at the Front.

COLONEL BETHUNE AND OFFICERS OF MOUNTED INFANTRY.
From a Photo. by Earl De La Warr, Recently Appointed Aide-de-camp to Colonel Bethune



TRANSPORT IN DIFFICULTIES—THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.
An Ox-waggon in a Hole. *A Traction Engine Broken Down.*
From Photos. by Military Correspondents.

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The Capture of Cronje.

SOME NOTABLE BOER PRISONERS.

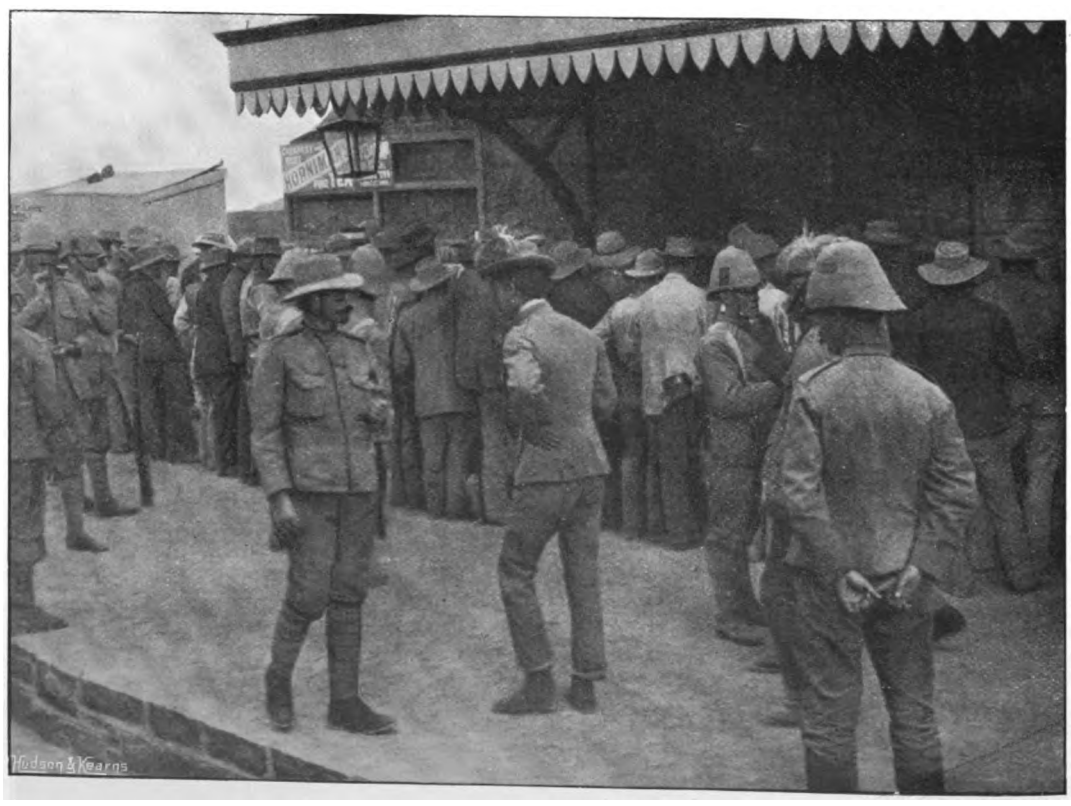
B. J. JOOSTE,
Assistant War Commissioner.

PIET CRONJE.
Most Trusted of Boer Generals.

W. L. JOOSTE.
Camp Commandant.

GENERAL CRONJE has no ground to complain of the treatment meted out to him in being sent as a prisoner to St. Helena. As a matter of fact, we do not know that he does grumble, but supposing he did, it would be unreasonable in him on more grounds than one. In the first place, it is much of an honour for any military leader to be treated as Napoleon was treated, for though the Emperor of the French was most unquestionably a dangerous man and an enemy we vastly feared, he was a very great man in his time, and he was confined at St. Helena because the whole world was afraid to let him loose. It is a rather distinguished thing, therefore, to be sent to the place that held him. Whether General Cronje will be required to occupy Longwood does not appear. Probably not. He will perhaps prefer to be nearer the sea, if not from any attraction such an unfamiliar spectacle can have for a native of the Transvaal, then at least because it is less absolutely dull to be in the only town the island boasts than on the top of the hill. General Cronje is not, if all reports of him be true, an example of the Boer stock farmer, who loves the solitary life of the veldt. It would appear also to be the case that the rank and file of the Boers who are imprisoned with him take readily enough to a community of life; they have been sufficiently cheerful on shipboard and in their camp. If all reports are to be trusted, they have fallen back on one very common resource of prisoners and exiles — they have taken to quarrelling among themselves. It is a melancholy fact, but one which has been commonly noticed, that when men have suffered in the same cause and have failed, there is not always good-fellowship among them, but rather an inclination to blame each other for their common misfortunes. The feuds of the Jacobites among themselves would make a big volume of variations on one miserable old theme, which always in the long run comes to just this: "It was all your fault." In the

UNDER CONVOY TO THE RAILWAY
Bringing the Prisoners from the Front.



REFRESHING THE INNER MAN.
Feeding the Prisoners at the Railway Station.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

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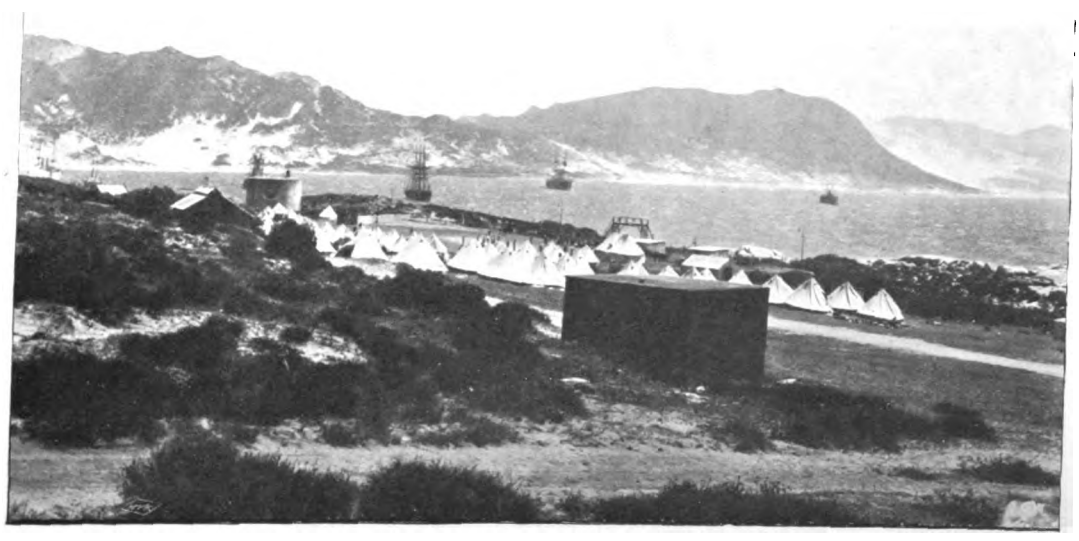
case of the Boers there is a ready-made cause of quarrel in the feuds of Transvaalers and Free Staters. It is understood that the first do not think as highly of the fighting of their allies as the Free Staters could wish, and that is plainly a very sufficient excuse for the most violent possible quarrel. A good many boxing matches might be required to get a dispute of that sort settled—and it seems that some have taken place already. Another and a more legitimate—but at any rate more creditable—relief to the tedium of captivity is the hope of escape and the perpetual effort to break out. The history of the escapes of prisoners of war is a long, varied, and very popular one. Who is there who has not read of the escape of Terence O'Brien and of Peter Simple? How many of those who have read this tale also know that very many of its incidents were taken from the experiences of friends and fellow-officers of Captain Marryat? The Boer prisoners at Simon's Town had already begun to put in practice a plan for escape which was of the most orthodox description. They had started to make an underground passage—a tunnel—which should lead them to freedom. It was dug out with oyster shells, so we are told. How the earth brought out was deposited so as not to excite suspicion we do not learn from the reports received. Perhaps it was this which finally betrayed the plot when the passage had been excavated for about 80-ft. By the way, this same difficulty of disposing of the earth did not prevent some Federal prisoners from breaking out of one of the Confederate camps by just the same method during the American Civil War. We hear, too, of plots to supply the Simon's Town prisoners not only with letters, but with revolvers concealed in water melons. A water melon is certainly large enough to hide not only a revolver, but a good big cannon shot, and we dare say that by dint of careful cutting and artful putting together again the melon might be made to show little sign of having been cut. In any case, the story sounds plausible, and is at the service of all writers of tales of adventure. The revolt of the prisoners armed with revolvers concealed in water melons, the surprise of the guard, the flight through the tunnel, would all work together capitally in a story, or on the Adelphi boards; but they would be much less acceptable at Simon's Town, and therefore it is wise in the Government to send the prisoners to St. Helena.

From St. Helena there will be no escape for the Boers during the few months of detention which remain before them, and if they can keep from squabbling among themselves their life ought to pass smoothly enough.

With the portrait of Cronje we give those of two of his most important associates, the Assistant War Commissioner and the Camp Commandant of the captured force. The Joostes are brothers, and the sons of the late Mr. William Jooste, the original owner of the Buffelsdoorns, Rietfontein, and Eleazar farms, all of which are gold-bearing properties. Mr. W. L. Jooste is the elder of the two, and a member of the Volksraad. Both are men of attainments.

A FEW STRAGGLERS FROM THE HOST.
The Boers are not Good at Marching.

BY RAIL TO THE SEA.
Nearing the Destination.



THE PRISONERS' CAMP AT SIMON'S TOWN.
Awaiting Transhipment to St. Helena.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

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The Governor of Bloemfontein.

Photo. Copyright. *'Navy & Army.'*

MAJOR-GENERAL PRETYMAN, C.B.

Major-General George Tindal Pretyman, who performed the historical task of escorting the redoubtable Cronje to Cape Town after his surrender at Paardeberg, is an Artillery officer of long service and considerable distinction. He entered the Royal Regiment, at the age of twenty, in 1865, and as a captain did excellent service on the Personal Staff in the Afghan War. He was present at the capture of the Peiwar Kotal, the battle of Charasiah, and several minor affairs, and also took part as A.D.C. in Roberts's march from Cabul to Candahar. He was repeatedly mentioned in despatches, and was rewarded with the distinction of a double brevet; in other words, he went into a three years' war a captain and emerged a lieutenant-colonel. In Lockhart's Isazai Expedition of 1892, General Pretyman commanded the 1st Brigade, being at the time a brigadier-general in command of a District in Bengal. This latter appointment he relinquished after a full tenure to go on half-pay in 1894. From that undesirable seclusion the present war has rescued him, and when in December last Lord Roberts assumed the chief command in South Africa, General Pretyman was posted as what is known as "Commandant, Headquarters." In that capacity he was recently in charge of the arrangements for the occupation of Bloemfontein.

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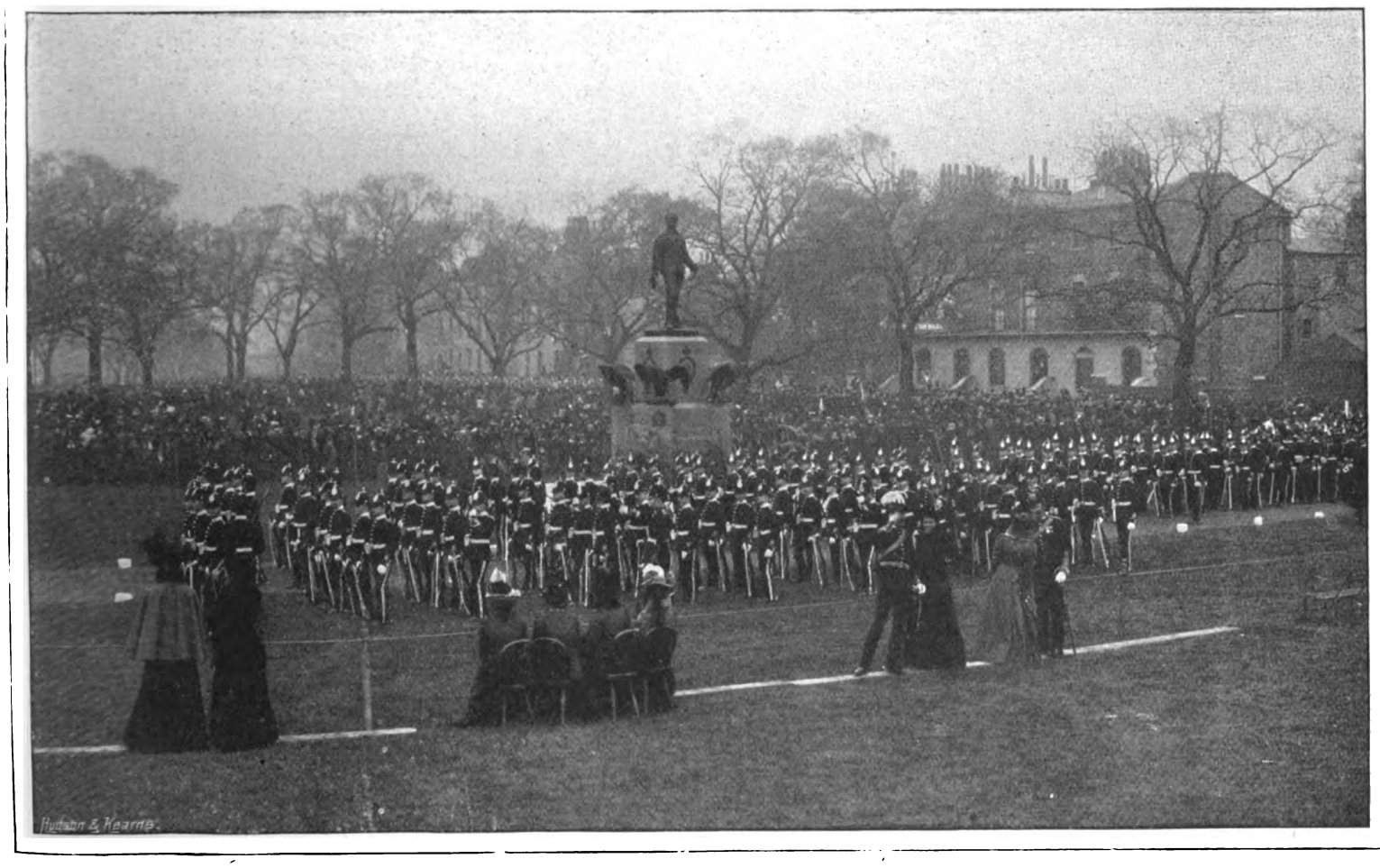
Her Majesty the Queen at Woolwich.

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY

Her Majesty Stops to View the Statue of the Late Prince Imperial.



Photos. Copyright. *G. Higgins.*

AFTER THE QUEEN HAD VISITED HERBERT HOSPITAL.

The Army Service Corps on Their Way Back to Barracks.

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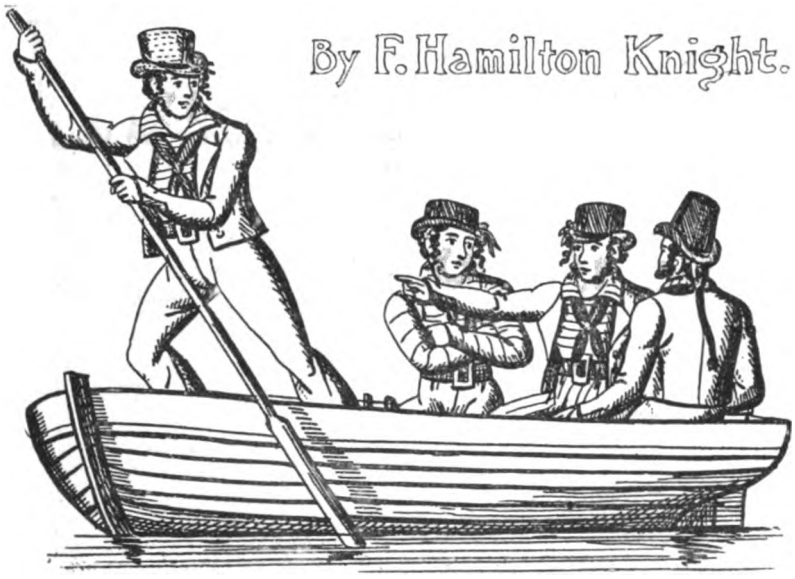
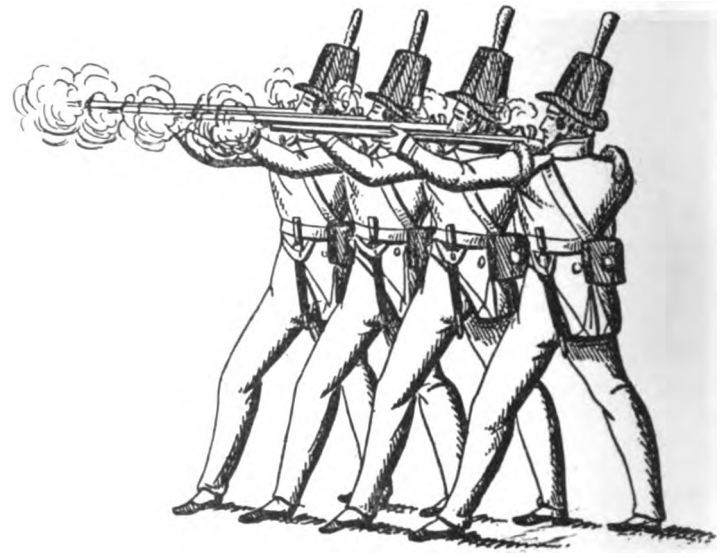
THE DRAMA IN NAVY BLUE AND OTHER COLOURS.

By F. Hamilton Knight.





MAGIC toys! Ah me! the magic toys of our childhood and of our youth, where are they all gone to now? The play-box is shut and locked, and the key is lost, never to be found again. Nothing remains to us but memories of the times that can never return; the magic days have departed with the magic toys. Some such thought as this must have passed through my mind when it occurred to me to have a chat on the subject of "The Juvenile Drama" with the cubs of the "Britannia." Yes, gentlemen, I said cubs, and may I be keel-hauled if I retract it. Lion's cubs, be it understood, and not the progeny of Leo Africanus, who skedaddles with his tail pendent at the charge of a globe-trotting lady and gentleman on their bicycles, as we read in the papers the other day, but true sons of Leo Britannicus, who, when once he sits down on a spot, takes an uncommon amount of shoving out.

But, alas! when I broached the subject I found that I might as well have been, indeed if not better, discussing Assyrian art or Egyptian hieroglyphics. The dear, delightful, impossibly fantastic drama of our boyhood days is as dead as the proverbial door-nail, and to the rising generation it is unknown. Oh! what they miss when to them even the name of "Skelt" is meaningless.

Therefore, when I addressed myself to those youthful peripatetic polytechnics—for what else may you call a young gentleman who, besides being a sailor man and a fighting man, is stuffed chock-full of mathematics, chemistry, electricity, fortifications, physics, statics, mechanics, and other "ics" too numerous to mention?—I was all abroad and crestfallen, and I realised that while I had gone forth as a boy to talk to boys I had forgotten that oceans of sand had slipped through the glass of Chronos and I had become a middle-aged man.

Mr. T. P. Cooke as Arthur Bryght,
In "The Press-gang."

Then I took counsel of myself and argued thus. The "Skelters"—I have no less an authority than Robert Louis Stevenson himself for coining that word—of five-and-twenty years ago are doubtless, in the backwash of their memories, as great and ardent Skelters as ever; therefore to them will I address myself and not to the generations that have arisen who know not Skelt, and so, although the gold braid on their cuffs has turned and twisted and crept from time to time higher up their arms, and the helter-skelter (this is not intentional) middy has greyed into the sedate commander, or captain, or e'en admiral, I submit these few pictures as being reminiscent of the time when the destruction of "The Red Rover" was the cause of as much anxiety as the manipulation and safety of H.M.S. "The Mastodon" is now.

Mrs R. Honner as Fanny Hazard.

It will doubtless surprise those who as boys were wont to hie to the nearest stationer's shop and for the expenditure of the lately tipped "bob" to come out with an armful of splendid infamy—pirates, buccaneers, brigands, highwaymen, and such-like delightful ruffians ever dear to the heart of boyhood—to learn that even to find the whereabouts of these worthies nowadays necessitates an uncommon long search, and, "when found," many of them make a note—a five-pound note—of themselves.

I was offered a little collection quite recently for the modest sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, but as I did not see my way to profitably utilise them for a few articles at that price, they are not reposing on my book-shelves. I succeeded, however, in running to earth in Old Street the successor of Skelt, and it was from Mr. Webb that I was able to get a parcel of old friends, although the operation was something like drawing teeth.

And here are a few of them. "Gaze and Tr-r-r-emble." Are they not able to make one feel young once again? I fancy I can see two senior officers gravely sitting down and colouring and cutting out the delightful boat and file of marines that head the page. Once interested, the whole cast must be obtained (by the by, the play is "The Floating Beacon"), and thus may come about the resuscitation of the Old Juvenile Drama, and when they are fighting their nursery battles o'er again I hope none of them will have to say, with dear Elia, "Here comes a fool, let's be serious."

As we have so fine and furious a picture of "The Red Rover" here depicted, I cannot refrain from quoting the peripetia of that tremendous tragedy. How could the Rover pour forth such burning words unless he struck the position in which he appears? The words would stick frozen in his throat if he were to indulge in "reserved force."

Mr. E. F. Saville as Paul Perilous,
In "False Colours."

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Mr. T. P. Cooke as Newton Foster.

Scene, the deck of "The Red Rover," as in picture.

Re-enter Hector Homespun from the ha chway with a match-stick.

HEC. (*aside to Fid*): I stuck my bodkin in the touch-hole and it won't go off.

SAM (*trying to fire cannon R.*): What the devil ails the gun? It won't go off.

[*The cannon L. is turned round against the Mutineers.*]

ROV.: But this will give me a light. (The Mutineers are overwhelmed with confusion) Villains! into the cabin with ye, or by the living power with my own hand I'll discharge the gun and strew the winds and waters with your limbs.

[*Fid and Wilder wheel the cannon facing the Mutineers, who retreat into the cabins in confusion, while the Rover wields the match-torch over touch-hole.*]

ROV.: Now, ladies, away, away to the jolly-boat. Hector, you go alongside.

[*Sam Cutreef, watching the opportunity, opens the cabin-door R. C., fires a pistol and shoots the Red Rover. Madame de Lacy, Gertrude, Lieutenant Wilder, and Hector Homespun exeunt R.*]

ROV.: Miscreants! They have slain me.

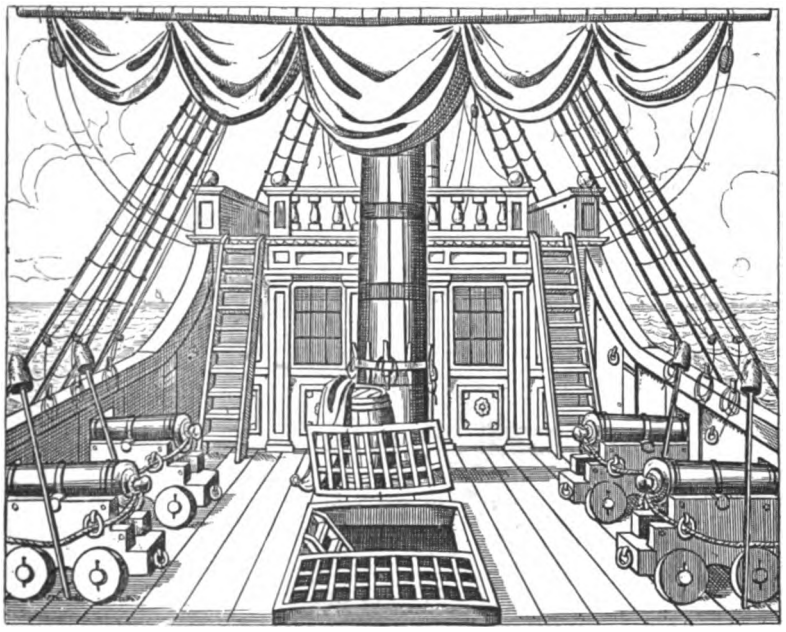
FID: And see, the rascally tailor has left a light burning in the hold—the ship is in flames!

[*Exit R. into the jolly-boat.*]

ROV. (laughing hysterically): Ha, ha, ha! so best, his ship shall be the Rover's funeral pile.

[*The flames issue from the hatchway. Re-enter the crew from both cabins. The ship is seen burning, she begins to sink with the crew—some fall, some ascend the rigging, others struggling as the ocean overwhelms them. Mast, rigging, and crew all sink with the vessel. The Red Rover is seen combating the waves, and at last meets his fate. "The Dart" is seen at the back with Lieutenant Wilder, Madame de Lacy, and Gertrude aboard, and Fid clinging outside the vessel as the curtain descends.*]

After such grandiose altiloquence the voice of criticism is dumb. We have only left us, awe and amazement.



The Deck of the Pirate Ship in "The Red Rover."

Mr. Johnson as Lieutenant Rivers, R.N.,
In "The Pilot."

It is a great grief that I cannot present these plates in their "tuppence" coloured style. To those familiar with them the colours can never be forgotten, to the uninitiated the slightest stretch of imagination will make them dazzling — red, blue, and gamboge applied to all and sundry and the thing is done; its simplicity, effectiveness, and artistic merit must commend itself to all.

Why they even coloured their dialogue with those colours in the good old days.

"May Yellow Jack seize me if I surrender to thee. Sooner would I turn this bright blue ocean into a crimson lake." Crimson lake is good. Shakespeare would have used the word "incarnadine;" but there, Shakespeare always would indulge in "tall talk."

But the inexorable conditions of space demand that I stay my pen. I regretfully do so, hoping to have a few words to say later on to Soldier "Skelters," and I'm sure their name must still be legion.

There are not a few gentlemen nowadays, very superior gents too, *bien entendu* who vigorously maintain that not only is the English drama decaying, but that it is non-existent. Well, if it "amooses them," it certainly doesn't hurt us, so we will leave them to dogmatise to their dear hearts' content whilst we deliberately wallow in our ignorance and infamy. Lord Byron is reported to have said that to see the great Kean play Shylock was "seeing Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." Suppose Mr. Arthur Collins was possessed of a magician's wand, greater than he wields at the present moment, and could reanimate the dust of Kean and his contemporaries and give us "The Merchant of Venice," with the little unknown, despised provincial mummer as Shylock, as on that memorable night at Old Drury when "the house rose at me," I wonder what our present very superior gents would say in their sixpenny weeklies? Ah! I wonder! Dramatic history would, without a doubt, have to be rewritten, for by hook or by crook the army of literary Lilliputians would pull the venerated statues off their pedestals and lay them in the dust, even as their ancestors pinned the great Lemuel to the ground.

Mr. Collins as the Red Rover.

Thank goodness we "Skelters" are immune, and can escape the acerbity of the flowing fountain pens; "our withers are unwrung," we are "such small deer" that we can escape the deadly hail of the quick-firing words and revel in our iniquity. We will be our own managers, we will enact all the parts ourselves, we will paint our scenery in the old legitimate manner, a manner that never was on land or sea, we will place our company in their slides, we will light up the little tin smoking foot-lights, we will pull up the little green curtain and enjoy ourselves, and we won't invite "the crickets." "George Eliot" and our first living dramatist have both expressed themselves in favour of praise as an incentive and encouragement to higher aims and accomplishments. Now this is exactly where we Skelters come in. We are fairly smothered with praise. We praise ourselves, we don't ask for outside opinions, we stroke one another's backs, we shake hands with ourselves (when we are not clapping our own efforts), and we are certain that Skelts plays are the best of all possible plays, and at the Theatre Royal of our childhood **we get the best of all possible drama.**

Mr. O. Smith as Black Ralph,
In "The Wrecker."

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The Story of the War.

THE triumph of Lord Roberts in the occupation of Bloemfontein was necessarily followed by an apparent pause in the operations. Time was mainly on our side, and it was essential, before making a further advance, to pacify and consolidate the country behind. The troops had gone through operations demanding great efforts of endurance, and time was required for recuperation, for serving out new clothing, and for providing fresh horses for the cavalry and artillery. A very striking feature of the operations, and one quite noteworthy from the military point of view, was the transfer of base which has been made from the Modder River Station on the west to the Orange River and the railway line from Cape Town to Bloemfontein. Such a change is a triumph in the art of war of critical character to which Napoleon attached great importance. At Bloemfontein immense stores of grain and forage were found, while an extensive wheat-growing country lies to the east, and Basutoland can be drawn upon for supplies. The capture of the railway and the rolling-stock left no chance to the Boers in the south of the Orange State, and regular railway communication has now been established between Cape Town and Bloemfontein. The effect of Lord Roberts's last proclamation has been excellent, and great numbers of burghers have expressed their desire to surrender. Ex-President Steyn has issued a counter proclamation denouncing all such as traitors subject to the direst penalties of martial law, and accordingly it has become necessary to offer protection to those who lay down arms, in some parts of the country the public feeling being still greatly perturbed.

Happily the pause in the direct advance does not imply a cessation of military activity. On the contrary, the columns despatched through the country are taking an important part in a general forward movement and in active steps to cut off the fugitives who fled from the Orange River, and to disintegrate the Boer forces in the south. Evidently large numbers of those who resisted General Clements at Colesberg have gone to the north-east, and on March 17 and 18 some 4,000 Transvaalers were reported to be trekking in that direction through the Weepener district, to the south of De Wet's Dorp, hugging the Basutoland border. The number was probably largely exaggerated, but this appears to be the direction taken by most of the forces which retired from Norval's Pont, Bethulie, and Aliwal North, and it was reported on March 23 that they were seen moving towards Ladybrand with a huge convoy of waggons. This report came from Maseru, and recorded observations made from the Basutoland mountains, which were brought into heliographic communication with Lord Roberts. The object of the fugitives was, if possible, to escape through the Caledon Valley to Ladybrand or Ficksburg, and northward by Senekal to Kroonstad, where the Boers are concentrated, but as we write their position is precarious.

An examination of a map will show that Lord Roberts's dispositions both to break up the parties of Boers and to settle the country are masterful in character. General French, with a brigade of cavalry and mounted infantry, arrived on March 22 at Thaba Nchu, forty miles east of Bloemfontein, which is in the path of any advance from the direction of De Wet's Dorp, directly through Winburg to Kroonstad, and is a position seriously menacing the flank of a retreat by way of Ladybrand.

Meanwhile the Scots Guards were stationed at Edenburg, halfway between Bloemfontein and Springfontein on the railway, and at Reddersburg, about fifteen miles away in the direction of De Wet's Dorp, thus further controlling the flight of the Boers. It is, therefore, highly probable that before these lines appear some action will have occurred, or that the fugitive Boers will be broken up and demoralised, if not actually defeated.

Meanwhile, the victorious columns from the south are marching forward in hot pursuit of the fugitives. After occupying Aliwal North, General Brabant pushed on to Rouxville, where Commandant Olivier had commandeered all available food before his flight. At that place Major Cumming accepted the surrender of the landdrost and of many leaders of the late rebellion. A further advance was made to Zastron, which was occupied on the 21st by the Kaffrarian Rifles, who captured a large amount of ammunition and many rifles, and learned that Olivier with his guns had retired from Dommerberg's Drift towards the Sand River on the previous day. In this way General Brabant was advancing northward along the Basutoland border. Further to the west were the forces of General Gatacre, which had swept onward with flying columns, driving the enemy before them in the direction of Springfontein, where the country is now clear of the enemy. Still further to the west, General Clements by our latest reports was marching on Bloemfontein in three columns through Philippolis and Fauresmith, sweeping the district on either hand of the principal advance. The main column proceeded by way of Peirmansfontein, while one mobile column under Major Dauncey marched through Faroahsfontein and Poorte, and another, under Major Slee, through Driekoppen. The operations in the western district are being attended by the best results.

It is, therefore, evident that Lord Roberts has planned a vast combined movement of advance and pacification which will ultimately bring the great body of his forces to Bloemfontein for the final movement against the Boers, in which all the forces in the field, except, of course, those on the lines of communication, will be employed. The Boers are concentrating in considerable force at Kroonstad, which is on the railway 120 miles north of Bloemfontein, and it is not likely that Lord Roberts's advance will be seriously contested very much south of that place, though sniping parties of Boers are in the country, as was discovered by the deplorable accident in which Lieutenant-Colonels Crabbe and Codrington of the Guards, with Captain Trotter, were wounded, and Lieutenant Lygon killed, nine miles north of the Modder River. The enemy in retreating destroyed the bridge over the Modder fourteen miles north of Bloemfontein. No serious difficulties, however, are likely to impede the movement for which Lord Roberts is preparing. In his happiest mood, when he entertained the foreign attachés at Bloemfontein he promised to repeat his hospitality when the forces reached Pretoria.

In this great advance the forces now with Sir Redvers Buller will undoubtedly play a large part. A considerable time must be involved in the recuperation of strength at Ladysmith, for the troops which had formed the garrison were worn out, while those which had effected the relief had suffered very heavily, and many squadrons and batteries were completely without horses. To illustrate the terrible losses of the Inniskillings, it may be noted that the death of Captain Gibton from dysentery completed a roll of twenty-five officers of this gallant regiment who had died or become incapacitated during the operations. Sir George White, the gallant defender of the place, instead of commanding the general advance from the Orange River, is unfortunately incapacitated by serious ill-health, and Major-General Woodgate, the brave officer who was wounded at Spion Kop, has died at Mooi River. The railway has been opened as far as Elandslaagte, but the Boers are in considerable strength—it is said 12,000 of them with sixteen guns—with double entrenchments in the Biggarsberg Range across the Newcastle Road, while they have strong posts on the other side in the passes of the Drakensberg. Their object is to forbid any advance upon the Travsvaal by way of Laing's Nek, if such should be attempted, and at the same time to threaten the flank of any force advancing from Ladysmith through Dundee to Utrecht and Wakkerstroom. An advance by the route last indicated would turn the Laing's Nek position, and if practicable would no doubt present many advantages to Sir Redvers Buller. That his troops are not to remain idle is sufficiently evident from the retention in his command of Sir Charles Warren's Division and the arrival of the 1st Cameron Highlanders and other reinforcements.

On the Western Frontier, Lord Methuen has a column advanced to the Vaal River at Warrenton, which is resisted by a strong force of Boers posted on the other side of the river at Fourteen Streams. There was brisk fighting to reconnoitre the position on March 21. The whole country south of the Vaal in this neighbourhood is now in our hands. The advance beyond the river would serve either for the direct relief of the devoted garrison of Mafeking, or for a movement through the valley of the Vaal on Klerksdorp, which is the terminus of the Johannesburg and Pretoria Railway.

Though in all these spheres of the war there is progress of an encouraging character to record, our satisfaction in achievement will be sadly darkened if gallant Mafeking should fall. The hope was expressed last week that the place might by that time have been relieved. But, as we write, the relief does not seem so near. On March 13, Colonel Bodle, of Colonel Plumer's Rhodesian Force, found Pitsani Potlugo occupied by the Boers, who had mounted a gun on the line in wait for the construction train. The enemy appeared to be in considerable strength, and on the 15th they gained an advantage over Colonel Plumer's advance party, capturing Lieutenant Chapman, whose horse fell with him, and several boxes of ammunition. On the same afternoon they pressed so hotly on Colonel Plumer's main camp at Lobatsi that he was obliged to retire, and intelligence concerning the situation will be anxiously awaited. The Boers have meanwhile been wrecking the railway to the south of Lobatsi. A vigorous move on the part of Lord Methuen might save the situation; but there is still no reason to fear that either Colonel Baden-Powell or his devoted and long-suffering garrison entertain any thought of surrender, and they have succeeded in making guns, shells, and powder for themselves.

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Yeomen for the Front.

Photos. Copyright.

A SECTION OF LORD LOVAT'S SCOUTS.

Highland Gillies Training for the Veldt.

Miss E. Brodie.

LOVAT'S SCOUTS AT EXERCISE.

On the Trek in Bonnie Scotland.

Photo. Copyright. *Fradelle & Young.*

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S HORSE.

The 49th and 51st Montgomeryshire Companies of the Imperial Yeomanry were Raised Largely at the Expense of the Popular Welsh Baronet.

Photo. Copyright. *Scott.*

MEN FROM DEVON.

A Squad of the 27th Company, Formed from the Devon Yeomanry Cavalry.

Photo. Copyright. *Stiles.*

AS GOOD AS THE BEST.

Officers of Mr. Paget's Selected Corps of the Imperial Yeomanry.

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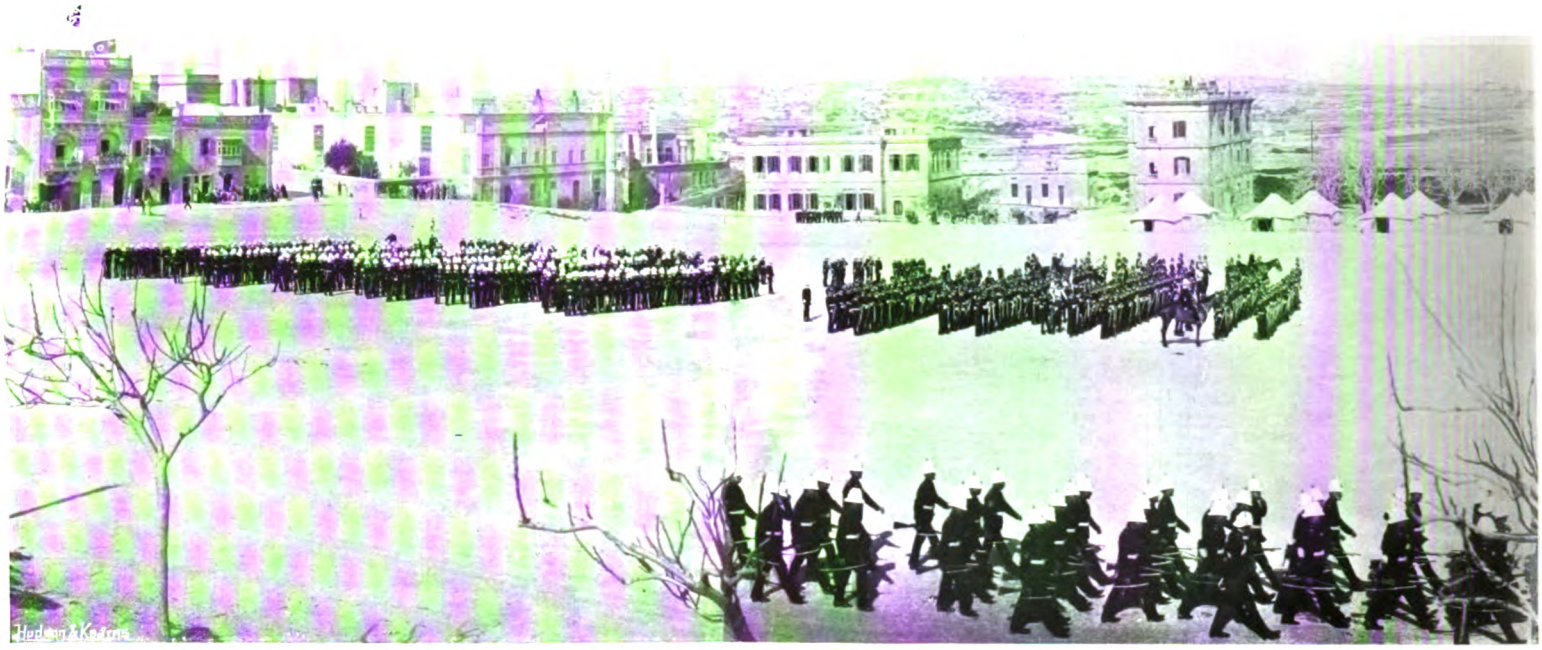
Celebrating South African



A STIRRING SCENE AT FLORIANA.

Sailors and Soldiers Mustering for the Ceremonial Parade.

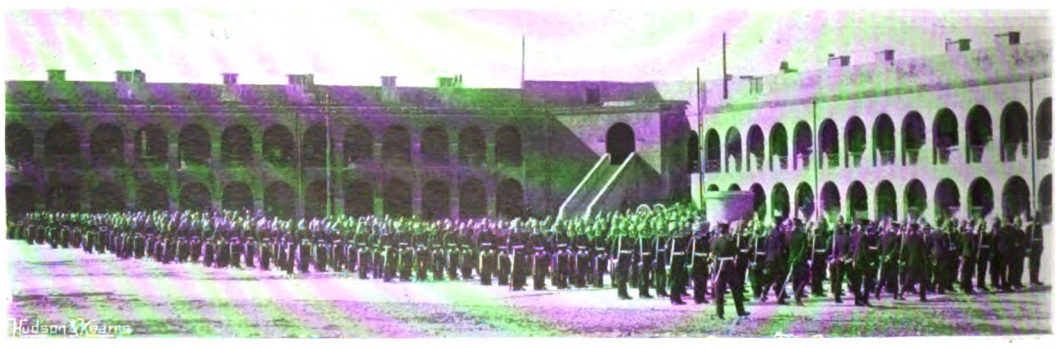
BLUEJACKETS AND GUNS.

Sailors Dragging Field Guns Along the Picturesque Strada Reale.

by the welcome news, it let its loyal enthusiasm have full vent. The methods of displaying such emotion are much the same everywhere, but Valetta is a city that easily lends itself to decoration, and the national flags, illuminations, and ornamental devices which made their appearance, as if by magic, when the news was received of Lord Dundonald's entry into Ladysmith lent but an added picturesqueness to that which was picturesque already. Among other decorations, the statue of Her Majesty in Queen's Square was beautifully draped with the Union Jack and handsomely decorated with flowers, a splendid wreath having been placed upon it by members of the Civil Service. The enthusiasm, however, was not confined to Valetta alone, but was general throughout the island.

The first two of our series of pictures illustrate very effectively incidents in what has been locally described as "the fitting response by the Imperial authorities to the enthusiastic spontaneous outburst of loyalty, patriotism, and thankfulness on the part of the people of Malta." As is the case in all places with an increasing population, the appearance of different portions of Malta changes with the progress of years as the inhabited area extends. But the natural characteristic features are immutable, and so from the wide parade ground at Floriana beyond the gates of Valetta—a parade ground which is so represented in our first illustration as to include the whole space almost to Floriana Gardens, which lie a little to the left—we can still catch a glimpse of the peaceful sea, still see land separated into fields by its walls of the city so close at hand, still view the cultivated unhewn stone, innocent of mortar or cement.

NOWHERE, perhaps, was the news first of the surrender of Cronje, and then of the relief of Ladysmith, received with more satisfaction, with more unbounded enthusiasm, than at Malta. It was not merely the crews of the Fleet and the soldiers of the garrison that felt the excitement; the Maltese population of the island fully participated in it. There may be a little friction occasionally about forms of legal procedure or the use of the English language, but the Maltese population is essentially loyal to British rule, and, inspired



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A MODERN SCENE IN AN OLD BARRACK.

The Militia Battalion of the "Fighting Fifth" (Northumberland Fusiliers) Undergoing Inspection.

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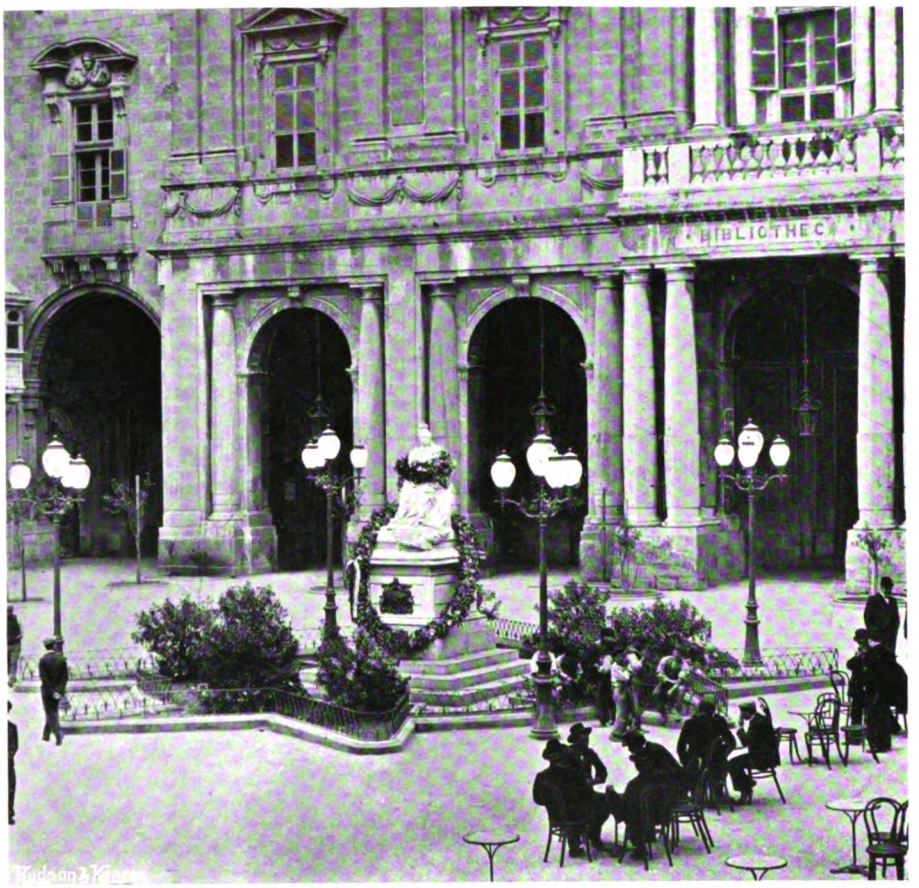
Victories at Malta.

JUST ON THE MOVE.

The Head of the Column Preparing to Start on its March through the Streets

Still, too, there are the same frowning fortifications, dating from the time of the Knights of St. John, useless now in many cases, but so solidly constructed that one wonders how the knights with the means at their disposal managed to build them. It was upon this parade ground that a strong Naval Brigade and a portion of the Malta garrison assembled on the morning of March 3, for a ceremonial parade ordered by General Sir Francis Grenfell, the governor of the island, and for a subsequent march through the principal thoroughfares of Valetta. The day was exceedingly bright and cheery, with a bit of a breeze, and the Bluejackets and troops were formed up with Service punctuality. The Navy was represented by three battalions of Bluejackets and a battalion of Royal Marines, light infantry, and artillery. But, in addition, the work which the Navy has done during the present war—and, more particularly the memorable part it played at Ladysmith, of the relief of which town the parade was a celebration—was emphasised by the presence of a battery of six 12-pounders, which it took some smartness to handle success- The whole were under the command of Captain fully in certain of the more narrow thoroughfares Fawkes, A.D.C., of the "Canopus." The troops present included a detachment of mounted infantry, who formed an escort for the governor, as well as Artillery, Royal Engineers, and infantry, but, large as was the number on parade, it was not as great as would have been the case if the outlying garrisons had been drawn upon. The display and the following march were, of course, a great success.

The battalion whose inspection by Sir Francis Grenfell and Major General Congleton forms the subject of another of our illustrations, is the Militia Battalion of the "Fighting Fifth," otherwise known as the Northumberland Fusiliers. Until recently it was the 3rd Battalion of the famous regiment, but it is now the 5th Battalion, two additional battalions having been formed in connection with the increase of the Army. It is the first time that a Militia Battalion has been quartered in Malta since the close of the Russian War, and the men have won golden opinions there for their behaviour, and were loudly cheered on March 3, for their smartness and soldierly appearance.



CELEBRATING LADYSMITH DAY.

The Queen's Statue at Valetta Decorated on the Receipt of the News.

RECOGNITION OF GOOD SERVICE WELL DONE.

Presentation of the Indian Medal to Sister Ryan by Sir Francis Grenfell.

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A Tribute to Empire.

OUR GALLANT SLAIN.

CAPT. B. ARCHDALL NEWBURY,
2nd Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

LIEUT. F. G. TAIT,
The Black Watch (Royal Highlanders).

CAPT. E. D. MARK WARDLAW,
2nd Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

LIEUT. B. HEPBURN HASTIE.
2nd Queen's Royal West Surrey Regt.

CAPT. H. SCHOLFIELD SYKES,
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers.

CAPT. C. H SAUNDERS-KNOX-GORE.
Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry.

LIEUT. R. C. B. HENRY,
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

LT.-COL. WM. ALDWORTH, D.S.O.,
Commanding 2nd Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

LIEUT. H. S. McCORQUODALE,
Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry

CAPT. RONALD J. VERNON,
1st King's Royal Rifles.

COLONEL O. C. HANNAY,
1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

LIEUTENANT F. M. RAPHAEL,
1st South Lancashire Regiment

CAPTAIN E. J. DEWAR,
4th King's Royal Rifles.

LIEUT. FREDERICK J. SIORDET,
1st Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regt.

CAPT. CHAS. G. F. G. BIRCH.
1st South Lancashire Regiment.

THE HEROES WE MOURN.

From Photos. by Pittuck, Wyrall, Robertson, Bassano, Knight, Debenham, Sherwood, Stearn, Hughes & Mullins, Winter, Milne, Elliott & Fry, and Crockett.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 166.] *SATURDAY, APRIL 7th, 1900.*

From a Painting *By Miss F. L. Ramsay.*

"FIGHTING MAC"—MAJOR-GENERAL HECTOR A. MACDONALD, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

Wounded in the Fighting on the Modder River, but since Returned to Duty.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE appearance in South Africa of that fine contingent of stalwart Canadians equipped by the generosity of Lord Strathcona to fight the Empire's battles is a striking and encouraging note of Imperial patriotism extremely significant Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glencoe, in the county of Argyll, and of Mount Royal, in the Province of Quebec and Dominion of Canada, is the full style and title of the nobleman who has done such a munificent service to his country. Lord Strathcona, who previous to his elevation to the peerage was Sir Donald Alexander Smith, C.M.G., is now eighty years of age, having been born in 1820. He is a Scotchman by birth, but left his native country for Canada, and at an early age entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In its service he rose to high distinction, and was the last Resident Governor of that body as a governing corporation. When the first Riel rebellion broke out in the Red River Settlements, he it was who was appointed Commissioner in the districts, and for his services in its suppression received the special thanks of the Governor-General in Council, and was appointed a member of the first Executive Council of the North-Western Territory. From 1870 to 1896 he sat almost continuously in the Dominion House of Commons. His business connections are most important, for he is a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a director of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, of the Northern Railway of Minnesota, and of the Canadian Pacific and also the president of the Bank of Montreal. Lord Strathcona, though now, of course, of an age to debar him from any active participation in active recreations, was a great sportsman, yachting and shooting being the forms of sport that most attracted him. He is the honorary commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, honorary president of the Winnipeg Rowing Club, patron of the Manitoba Rifle Association, and president of the Quebec Rifle Association. Lord Strathcona is a man of whom both Canada and Scotland may be proud, and the regiment that bears his name may be proud of its title, as is Lord Strathcona of the gallant fellows whose services he has made available for the Empire. It was a curious coincidence that Strathcona's Horse left in the "Monterey" on the St. Patrick's Day that has been celebrated throughout the whole Empire in a way that no St. Patrick's Day has ever been celebrated heretofore.

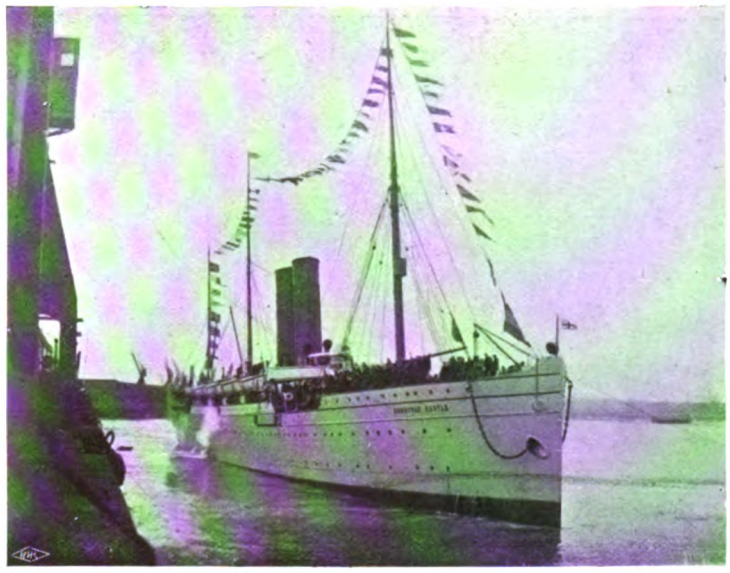

Photo. Copyright. *Lynch.*

THE CAPE MAIL STEAMER "DUNOTTAR CASTLE."

The Steamer that has taken Lady Roberts out to South Africa and which also Conveyed the Field-Marshal to the Cape.

Photo. Copyright. *R. Ellis*

LIEUT. POPHAM, 1st Sherwood Foresters.

The Officer who, under Shot and Shell, Cut the Wires and Saved the Bethulie Waggon Bridge.

TO Portsmouth falls the appropriate and acceptable honour of being the first town in the Empire to give a home welcome to the first contingent of the forces from South Africa returning

Photo. Copyright. *A. Ellis.*

MAJOR HUNTER-WESTON, R.E.

The Hero who Cut the Line north of Bloemfontein, thus Securing Possession of the Enemy's Rolling-stock.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT MALTA.

The Chorus in the Savoy Opera, "H.M.S. 'Pinafore,'" as Played at Malta by Service Amateurs.

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to this country as a fighting unit. And Portsmouth will rise to the occasion in a manner worthy of it. The men will be marched through the town to a dinner at the Town Hall, and the streets through which they march will be lined by Volunteers, and, what will be a pretty feature, the boys from the training-ship "St. Vincent" will be present in force to greet the men whose deeds they will some day emulate. After the banquet at the Town Hall a souvenir of the occasion will be presented to each man of the contingent, while afterwards a torch-light procession will be formed to escort the Bluejackets back to their big cruiser. In short, it will be a "powerful" day for Portsmouth. The detachment will, of course, be under the command of the captain of the "Powerful," the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who commissioned her at Portsmouth on June 8, 1897, to take her out to the China station. Her commission, therefore, has lasted nearly three years, and a very eventful one it has been. Captain Lambton has been one of the lucky ones, for he got his promotion to captain on June 30, 1889, when he was still a few days off his thirty-third birthday. He was promoted from the Royal yacht to captain, and his promotion from lieutenant to commander six years previously was also specially earned, for he gained it by service during the Egyptian War of 1882, he being, when the war broke out, flag-lieutenant to Lord Alcester, or rather Sir Beauchamp Seymour as he then was. He comes of a North Country race that has given many of its sons to its country's service. He is the brother of the present Earl of Durham, and of the eight brothers six are, or have been, in the Navy or Army. Three of the brothers, including the Earl, joined the Coldstream Guards, and one is now with the 1st Battalion in South Africa. Another is in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and has just been appointed to command the new 3rd Battalion now being raised at Portsmouth, and so will be present to greet his brother on his return. Besides Hedworth, a younger brother, D'Arcy, also was in the Navy. Captain Hedworth Lambton is, of course, the grandson of the first Earl of Durham, who was made a baron in 1828, received his viscountcy and earldom five years later for services rendered as our ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, and subsequently became Governor-General of British North America.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

TESTING A SERVICE GUN-MOUNTING.

Mountings are Tried in the Small Gun-boats Attached to the Gunnery School at Whale Island. The One here shown is for the New 12-in. Gun.

Photo. Copyright. *Ford.*

A CORPORAL OF MONTMORENCY'S SCOUTS.

The Badge Worn by the Corps was Designed by the late Victoria Cross Hero, who evidently Borrowed his Idea from the 17th Lancers' Emblem.

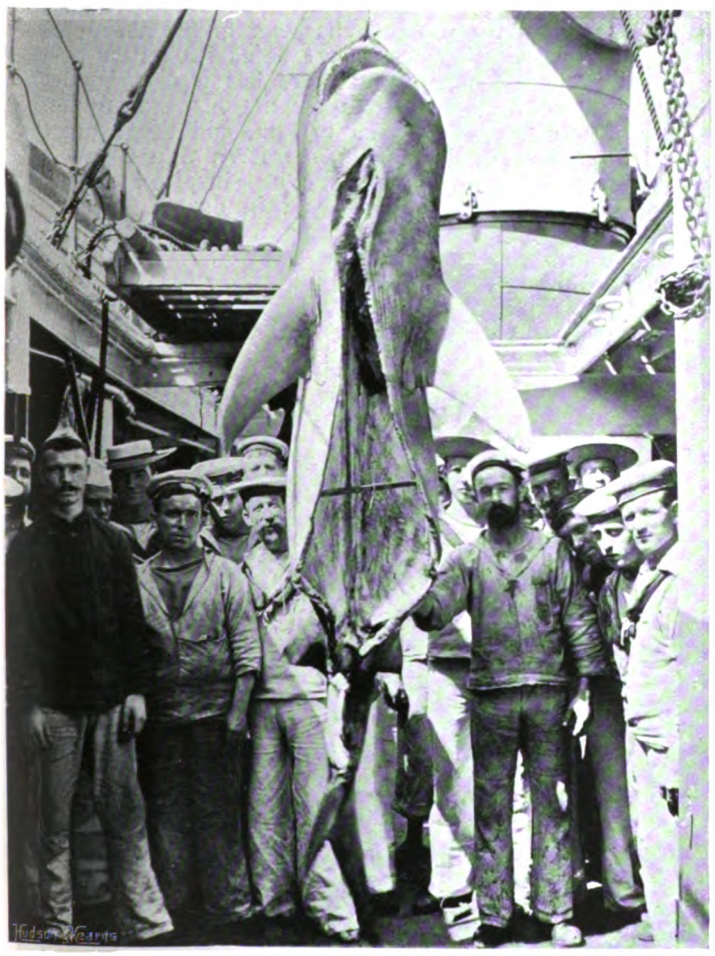

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

A Large Shark Caught by the "Terrible" at Durban. Jack always Opens a Shark, to See his Latest Swallowings.

A NOVEL but necessary duty is to be undertaken by two of those little gun-boats which look after British interests in the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang. They are by now, or will in a day or two be, attempting to make the passage of the Yang-tse-Kiang between Tchang and Chungking. This mighty river drains an area whose population is estimated at over 100,000,000, and something like 100 cities of the first importance are situated on its banks and those of its tributaries. This is quite sufficient to demonstrate the importance of the trade of this region, and, moreover, it would be no exaggeration to say that, on account both of its fertility and the great wealth of its mineral deposits, the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang is probably the richest in the world. As far as Hankow, 600 miles from its mouth, the river is open to navigation by sea-going vessels of considerable size, and though above Hankow the waters are shallow and navigation is only possible for vessels with a draught of about 7-ft., yet steam craft of this kind can navigate the river as far as Tchang, 366 miles above Hankow. Here steam navigation ceases, and the 400 miles that lie between Tchang and Chungking are only navigable by native junks of small size. These junks also have to be specially constructed to encounter the formidable rapids which the river forms as it rushes through the narrow gorges that abound above Tchang.

TO pass these rapids is the task that the little gun-boats manned by British Bluejackets are called upon to undertake. The most important of these rapids is the one which is known as the Tchang Gorge, and is some three miles above the town. At the town of Tchang itself the river is half a mile wide, but in the gorge, which is nine miles long, the river bed is narrowed to about 250-yds. Down this, between cliffs 300-ft. in height, rushes the almost irresistible torrent, in a current nowhere less than 90-ft. deep, and it is evident that its navigation calls to the full for the superb seamanship for which the officers and men of the British Navy are renowned. There are on the China station four of these river gun-boats. Two, the "Woodcock" and "Woodlark," were built by Messrs. Thornycroft of Chiswick in 1897, and are vessels of 150 tons displacement, 145-ft. in length, 24-ft. in beam, and draw 2-ft. of water. The other two, the "Sandpiper" and "Snipe," are smaller craft, built at the same time by Messrs. Yarrow of Poplar. They are of 85 tons displacement, 100-ft. in length, and draw only 20-in. of water. They are much less powerful at steaming, for they have only 240 indicated horse-power, as against the

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Photo. Copyright. *Cott.*

TWO SERVANTS OF THE QUEEN.

Midshipman Down of the "Terrible" is the Smallest Officer Landed in South Africa. Lieutenant Anderton commanded a Battery of Natal Naval Volunteers. Both "Relieved" Ladysmith.

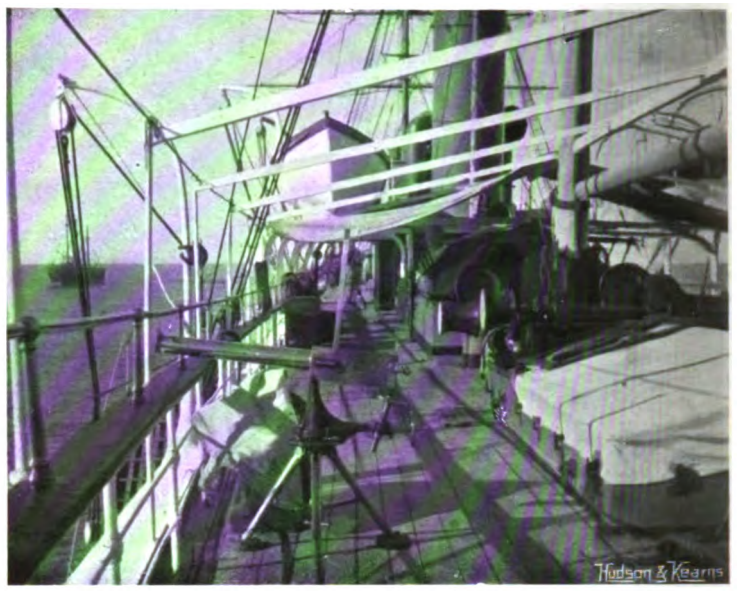

Photo. Copyright. *G. Rhodes.*

A CONVERTED MERCHANTMAN.

Now the Moroccan Gun-boat "Hassani." She has a Crew of Forty-two, Her Officers are German, and Her Captain is a Swede.

550 indicated horse-power of their larger sisters. These latter boats are probably very fit to undertake the task, for they must be handier for the work, since the gorges in the higher waters of the river, which contain many sunken rocks, are also very tortuous, and the smaller and more handy craft may perhaps be the best suited for the work, in spite of their lack in steaming power. At any rate, the experiment, when fully completed, will throw considerable light on the class of vessel most suitable for navigation on the upper waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, and so the Navy will, as it always does, be affording most valuable aid to commercial enterprise.

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NEXT week Hector MacDonald reaches the age of forty-eight, for he was born on April 13, 1852, and we may be quite certain that he will receive hearty congratulations from many quarters, more especially as it is coincident with his recovery from his wound. But no more heartfelt good wishes will he receive than are here offered by the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. He has of his span of life passed thirty years with the colours, for he was nine years and two hundred and eight days in the ranks before he obtained his second-lieutenancy in what was then the 92nd Foot on January 7, 1880. There is sometimes an impression that MacDonald severed his connection with the 92nd whilst still a young officer. This is a mistake, for though he was seconded for service with the Egyptian Army, he still belonged to the Gordon Highlanders until he was promoted to a majority in the Royal Fusiliers in 1891. MacDonald altogether did five years and a-half of regimental duty with the 92nd as an officer, eighteen months of which he was a second-lieutenant, for he was not promoted lieutenant until July 1, 1881. From June 19, 1885, to April 30, 1888, MacDonald was employed with the Egyptian Constabulary, and from May 1, 1888, until July 22, 1899, he was employed with the Egyptian Army. It is worth note that Hector MacDonald is next senior as a colonel in the Army—which is his substantive rank—to Colonel Kitchener, the Sirdar's brother, who is now commanding a brigade with Bulier; and, what is more, both officers received their brevets as lieutenant-colonels and their brevets as colonels on the same days, but MacDonald as a major is eight months senior to Kitchener. Another officer high in command in South Africa whose birthday also comes this month is Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who will attain the age of fifty-six on the 17th of the month.

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THAT veteran old actor and teacher of elocution, Hermann Vezin, celebrates the jubilee of his connection with the dramatic profession, for he first made his appearance on the English stage at York on the Easter Monday of 1850. His first appearance in London was made just two years later, when he played Pembroke in "King John" at the Princess's Theatre, also curiously enough on an Easter Monday. He had, however, played important Shakespearean and other parts in the provinces in 1851. He opened at the Surrey Theatre in the part of Macbeth on Whit Monday, 1859, and afterwards played most of his Shakespearean parts before London audiences at that theatre. Hermann Vezin is a thorough cosmopolitan, for he is of German descent, was born and educated in the United States, and is now a thorough Englishman. One of the most charming of actors and most genial of men, Hermann Vezin will receive hearty congratulations both from his profession and the public on his jubilee. The fire, vigour, and character of his acting have been his strength. Few men have acted Richelieu or the Hunchback so well as he, and there has always been the conviction of actuality in his impersonations. Many young actors and actresses owe much to him, and there are few play-goers who do not recall some fresh figure—a Lady Macbeth or a Juliet—in whom he has inspired the right expression of emotional force, and implanted the good traditions of the tragic drama. Hermann Vezin has generally been better in tragedy than in comedy. Has he ever devoted his talents to the naval or military drama? There seems to be no record of it, and, perhaps, his talents have drawn him mostly to the severe and classic work of the stage.

Photo. Copyright. *E. Barker.*

ARRIVAL OF THE 3rd SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS AT ALEXANDRIA.

For the First Time in their History Soldiers of the Militia Find Themselves doing Duty Outside of Europe.

Photo. Copyright. *Montegriffo.*

THE "QUEEN'S OWN" CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

Who Now Form Part of the Garrison of Gibraltar.

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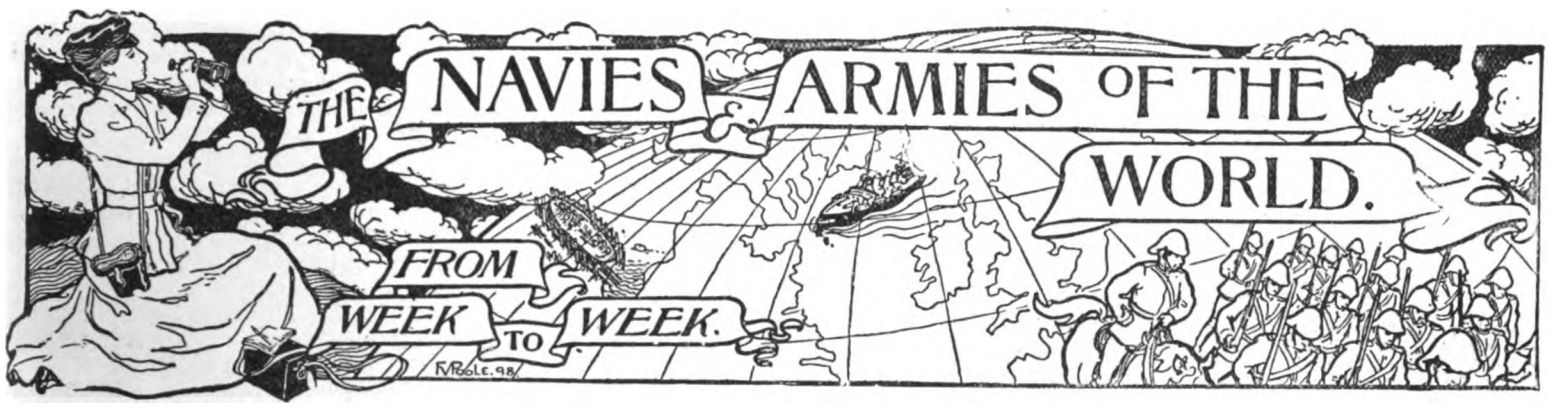

I TOUCHED last week on the great question of uniforms in connection with the expenses thrown on an officer. It is in reality a very great question, and concerns more than the private budget of the officer. It also happens that the French Chamber has lately had its attention called to the very same matter by M. Camille Pelletan, who had some odd stories to tell of the way in which the national money is, in his opinion, wasted, and the exiguous purses of officers squeezed empty, by the very evil of which we complain. There is a great subject awaiting the philosophical historian of manners and customs in this matter of military dress. Soldiers have always been fond of splendour. The old knights and their immediate successors, the soldiers of the sixteenth century, were in the habit of adorning weapons and suits of armour regardless of expense. The most bedizened of modern uniforms is a plain and cheap affair beside some of the masterpieces of metal-work, embossed, engraved, and inlaid with gold, which were made by the armourers of Milan. There are gorgeous examples of these superb things in royal and private armouries. At Madrid there is a whole stand of half suits of armour made for the boy princes of the Austrian dynasty, and they are charming things; of course they are mere toys, and ornamental dresses. But so were the still more magnificent suits made for their fathers and grandfathers. Nobody wore such a work of art in battle, not even an Emperor. The armour worn by Charles V. when he defeated the Smalkaldic League, and in which he was painted by Titian, is still in the armoury at Madrid. It is simple. The same collection contains the parade sword and the service sword of Gonsalvo de Cordoba, called the Great Captain. The first is splendid enough. The second might have been carried by any sergeant, being nothing more than a very workmanlike cut and thrust blade with a plain iron hilt covered with leather.

* * * *

It is not improbable that the practice of adorning military trappings arose, at least in part, less from a love of show than from a business motive. When a prudent soldier had made a welcome haul of booty, either in the form of money, or church plate, or jewels, it was a serious question for him how to keep the prize of his bow and spear. One obvious way was to go to the armourer and have the precious metals melted on to his armour, or the jewels roughly but firmly fixed into his helmet or sword hilt. When Cortes entered Mexico for the first time, the old and wary soldiers took this course; the young ones kept their booty loose. When the Noche Triste (the Sad Night) came, and the revolt of the Mexicans forced the Spaniards to cut their way out, the old soldiers made their booty pay a double debt. It protected them in the shape of armour, and was also valuable property for the solace of their declining years. The young ones lost all—and often their lives with it, because they could not make their minds up to part with their plunder. Military uniforms were not originally very splendid. It was first the Prussian Army and then Napoleon who set the example of adorning the soldier's dress all over with fur, gold lace, and so on. The Napoleonic armies suffered from a perfect mania for showy trappings, and much of the absurd abuse of gold lace, or at any rate yellow lace, dates from that period. Still, one cannot say that the love of these things was altogether new, nor would they have been so much liked if there were not a love of finery in martial men—due, perhaps, to the cause which the philosophic naturalist says has filled the crests and tails of male birds with gorgeous feathers, namely, the necessity of fascinating the hens.

* * * *

Be the origin of the thing what it may, certain it is that a species of mania for tailoring possesses the directing authorities of some armies—our own among them. The orders issued on that subject in the last fifty years, if put in a line, would stretch at least a great part of the way from Land's End to John o' Groat's. If all the various shapes of caps worn since 1815 were got together, there would certainly be one for every lamp-post in Pall Mall, each representing some cost to the nation for the men, and to the officer for himself. The case of the French is even worse, for with them it seems that each colonel, or general, can make changes on his own authority. M. Camille Pelletan gives some delightful examples. The officer commanding one brigade invented a peculiar button, and sent a model to each of the regiments under his orders. They each had to buy 26,000 buttons, at 24-fr. per 1,000—an expense of 600-fr. The colonel of an Hussar regiment took a dislike to the truncated cone form of shako, and ordered his corps to adopt a cylinder with a large peak. As a consequence, the bill of the regiment for alterations of shakos went up from 2,400-fr. to 7,325-fr. in a year. These are not individually large sums, but when this sort of thing goes on continually in an army of about 500,000 men, the waste amounts to something considerable. It goes a good way to account for the fact that the majority of French regiments cannot make both ends meet on the sums assigned for their support by the Government.

* * * *

The Chamber of Deputies paid no attention to M. Camille Pelletan, not feeling itself strong enough to overhaul the accounts of such a recalcitrant subject as the French Army. It has since been engaged in dealing with another, not perhaps more serious, but more attractive, military matter—namely, the Colonial Army. We grumble about the delays of our War Office and the inefficiencies of Parliament, but we may console ourselves when we see that the French have pottered for nearly thirty years over this question. From the day when France turned to colonial adventure as a consolation for the loss of her once commanding position on the Continent, the question how to garrison her new and extending possessions has been a very serious one. Originally the French colonies were attached to the Navy, and the troops appointed for their service were under the Admiralty; hence their name of Infanterie de la Marine, which makes so many among us mistake them for marines, which they are not. Now the two administrations have been separated, and there is a separate Ministry for the colonies, but the Infanterie de la Marine has remained attached to the Admiralty. It has become quite insufficient for the work needing to be done. When the other day it was thought necessary to reinforce the garrison of Madagascar, because French public opinion had become persuaded that Perfidious Albion was about to begin one of her usual brutal outrages, the Government had to commit an absolute illegality, by sending out men belonging to the regular Army, who are not bound to serve in the colonies. So the Chamber has been brought to see at last that it must take the work in hand, and it has set about the task with copious Parliamentary eloquence.

* * * *

It is highly characteristic of the French, and of their love of what they call logic, that there is a heated debate among them on the great question of principle as to who ought to have control of the Colonial Army. The French Naval School maintain that as the colonies must be protected by the fleet, and as the *points d'appui*, or Naval stations, are peculiarly for the service of the Navy, Naval officers ought to control them, and therefore the Colonial Army should remain as before under the Admiralty. We sometimes hear the same kind of argument among ourselves. To anyone who does not suffer from the misfortune of possessing what is called a logical mind in France, there seems to be no more force in this argument than there would be in the contention that, because the plates for armoured ships are rolled in this or the other town, the Navy ought to have control of its police. The Military Party answer that an army is an army, and military work is military work, and that the proper authority is the War Office. Between the two there has arisen a lively debate, seasoned with a good deal of sharp language. Some of the military advocates have no scruple in declaring that every admiral is more or less an ass, and therefore not to be trusted with the management of troops, or of fortifications on shore. Of course this kind of quip provokes the counter-check quarrelsome, and so patriots go by the ears in what is neither more nor less than a good angry professional wrangle. Meanwhile the Colonial Army has been kept waiting.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Subaltern's "Living Wage."

JUST as the employment of colonial troops in South Africa has raised the question of the private's pay, so does the offer of commissions to the colonies bring into prominence the subject of officers' expenses. There must be numbers of young men in the colonies who would make excellent officers, who by nature and by training are just the kind of men we want, but who are under the necessity of earning their living, and who do not care to enter a profession in which the lack of private means would make their position uncomfortable, to say the least of it. In this country the same reason has kept many men out of the Army who would have done credit to the Service. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University the other day, when he invited applications for commissions, gave notice that candidates would have to show that they possessed means enough to enable them to hold commissions. Add to this the letter from the head-master of Harrow declaring that "the Army is the profession of rich men," and the plain man feels that there is clearly something wrong.

Everyone who knows much about the conditions of the Services has seen for a long time past that it has gradually been becoming more and more difficult for the moderately well-off to put their sons either into the Navy or into the Army. Not only must the father who wishes his boy to serve the Queen be ready to pay very heavily for special education; he must also make up his mind to the necessity of giving the young man a substantial allowance for many years after he has received his commission. There have been men who have lived on their pay as subalterns, but in very few cases has such an experience done them any good. Here and there a strong, self-reliant character may find itself braced by it. Upon most men the ordeal—for it is an ordeal—has an embittering effect, and they go through life soured by the feeling that they have not had as fair a chance as their fellows. Parents know this, and they are naturally unwilling to send their sons into the Army unless they can afford to allow a hundred, two hundred, or three hundred a year, according to the branch of the Service they choose. What is the result? In very many cases the sons of soldiers, brought up in the best traditions of the Army, taught from their infancy to look forward to serving their country, have to give up their dearest hope. Perhaps they enter some colonial force—the Cape Mounted Rifles is full of retired officers' sons. Possibly they enlist. In the ranks of one regiment a little while ago there were no less than seven sons of general officers. So it is with the sons of country gentlemen. Country-bred, good riders, good shots, good fellows, they find the Army closed against them because their fathers are not rich men.

The plain man, just awakened to these facts with which some of us have been long familiar, proceeds to ask himself what is to be done. This is the usual procedure. The nation suddenly becomes aware of a grievance to which it has closed its eyes for many years. There is at once a cry for some immediate, some drastic reform. Then, having kept up this cry for a little while, and become rather tired of it, the nation feels that it has done its duty, and takes up some new question. But, even if the nation persevered, a drastic reform is hardly possible. The reforms that are really useful come about gradually. Acts of Parliament can do very little. Slow changes of opinion do a great deal. In fact, the only Acts of Parliament which have a lasting effect are those which set the seal upon some reform already approved by the public mind. To determine in a great hurry that officers should be paid twice as much as they are now would be energetic but unnecessary. To issue a code of sumptuary rules in order to keep down officers' expenditure, as some well-meaning but foolish people urge us to do, would be more ill-advised still.

What we must do is to face the situation steadily, and look at every side of it before anything is altered. It is clear that, unless the Army is to be a career for the rich only, subalterns must somehow or other be able to live on their pay. In the first place, their tailors' bills might be diminished. A serviceable uniform for ordinary wear, with one rather more striking for parade, should not cost a great deal. This rests largely with the War Office. Here is an instance in point. An Army Order just issued decrees that the officers of the Royal Reserve regiments shall provide themselves with expensive kits for their one year's service, just as if they were re-entering the Army for the rest of their lives. The necessity will weigh heavily upon many a man in the reserve of officers, and might easily have been avoided. Some simple serge uniform would quite well have met the needs of the case. Next, the expenses of mess need not be so large. In the Navy the mess subscription is limited by the Queen's Regulations, and the officers' wine bills by a very sensible custom of the Service. The sister Service might take the hint. As to the expensive amusements in which many regiments expect officers to indulge, these must be regulated by the discretion of commanding officers. Garrison life is monotonous, and there must be amusements. But there is no reason why they should be so costly as hunting and polo are, nor is it reasonable that men should be obliged to join in sports for which they have neither the means, nor, perhaps, the inclination.

Such suggestions are sure to be met in some quarters with scorn and dislike. But we have to consider the good of the Army as well as the inclinations of those who find life in it merely a pleasant way of passing their time. No sensible person can doubt that the head-master of Harrow is right when he says that "no harm but much good would be done by enforcing upon young officers habits of simplicity and thrift."

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 3, 1792.—Death of Admiral Sir George Pocock. 1813.—Boats of the British squadron captured four large American gun-boats in the Chesapeake. Naval medal. 1879.—Relief of the Naval Brigade at Eshowe.

April 4, 1581.—Drake knighted on board the "Golden Hind" by Queen Elizabeth. 1808.—Boats of the "Alceste," 38, and "Mercury," 28, defeated twenty Spanish gun-boats off Cadiz, destroying two and wrecking seven in the presence of a Spanish fleet of eleven sail of the line.

April 5, 1772.—Captain Cook, with the "Resolution" and the "Adventure," set out from Deptford on his second voyage.

April 6, 1609.—James I. granted "liverie coats of fine red cloth" for "his principal Masters of the Navy."

April 7, 1795.—Cornwallis defeated the French off Ushant. 1799.—Sir Sidney Smith's great sortie from Acre.

April 8, 1709.—The "Bristol" taken by the French "Achille" and the "Glorieux."

April 9, 1492.—Columbus sailed on his first voyage. 1709.—Lord Dursley, with part of the Channel Fleet, defeated Duguay-Trouin, capturing two vessels. 1782.—Action between Rodney and De Grasse preliminary to the decisive battle of April 12.

April 10, 1895.—The "Lightning," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

April 11, 1713.—Gibraltar ceded to England at the Peace of Utrecht. 1795.—The "Hannibal," 74, captured the French "Gentille," 36, in the Channel. 1809.—Lord Cochrane's fire-ship attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads.

———

APRIL 3, 1369.—Action near Najara. Edward, the Black Prince, fighting for the cause of the deposed King Pedro of Castile, defeated Enrique the usurper. 1780.—Mahratta Camp surprised by General Goddard, and the army of Scindia and Holkar routed almost without our sustaining any loss.

April 4, 1760.—Villaporam taken. This fortress, twenty miles west of Pondicherry, was captured by Captain Wood, of the 1st Madras European Regiment.

April 5, 1760.—Reduction of Carical. The garrison surrendered to Major Monson, who landed on March 28, and completed the investment on April 2. 1761.—Surrender of Gingee. This fortress, the last held by the French in the Carnatic, surrendered after a feeble resistance.

April 6, 1812.—Storming of Badajos. Three thousand eight hundred prisoners were taken, and 170 heavy guns and immense stores fell into our hands. Our losses were very severe, 5,000 being killed and wounded, of whom 3,500 fell in the assault.

April 7, 1759.—Capture of Masulipatam. After some heavy fighting General de Conflans, the French commandant, surrendered to Colonel Forde.

April 8, 1898.—Battle of the Atbara. The Sirdar with his Anglo-Egyptian army attacked the Khalifa's Emir Mahmoud, who was utterly defeated, he himself being taken prisoner.

April 9, 1755.—Surrender of the port and fortifications of Bancole, in the piratical State of Geriah, Malabar Coast. 1780.—Island of Bartholomew, Mosquito Coast, taken. 1819.—Surrender of Asseerghur to Major-General Doveton.

April 10, 1814.—Battle of Toulouse. After twelve hours' fighting Soult was driven behind his second line of defence. Next day, in order to save his retreat being cut off, he decamped, and on the 12th the allied forces entered the town.

April 11, 1794.—Landing at Guadaloupe. Defeat of the Caribs in Grenada. 1812.—Action near Llerena. Colonel Fred Ponsonby, with some cavalry, attacked a force of French cavalry and defeated them, taking 128 prisoners.

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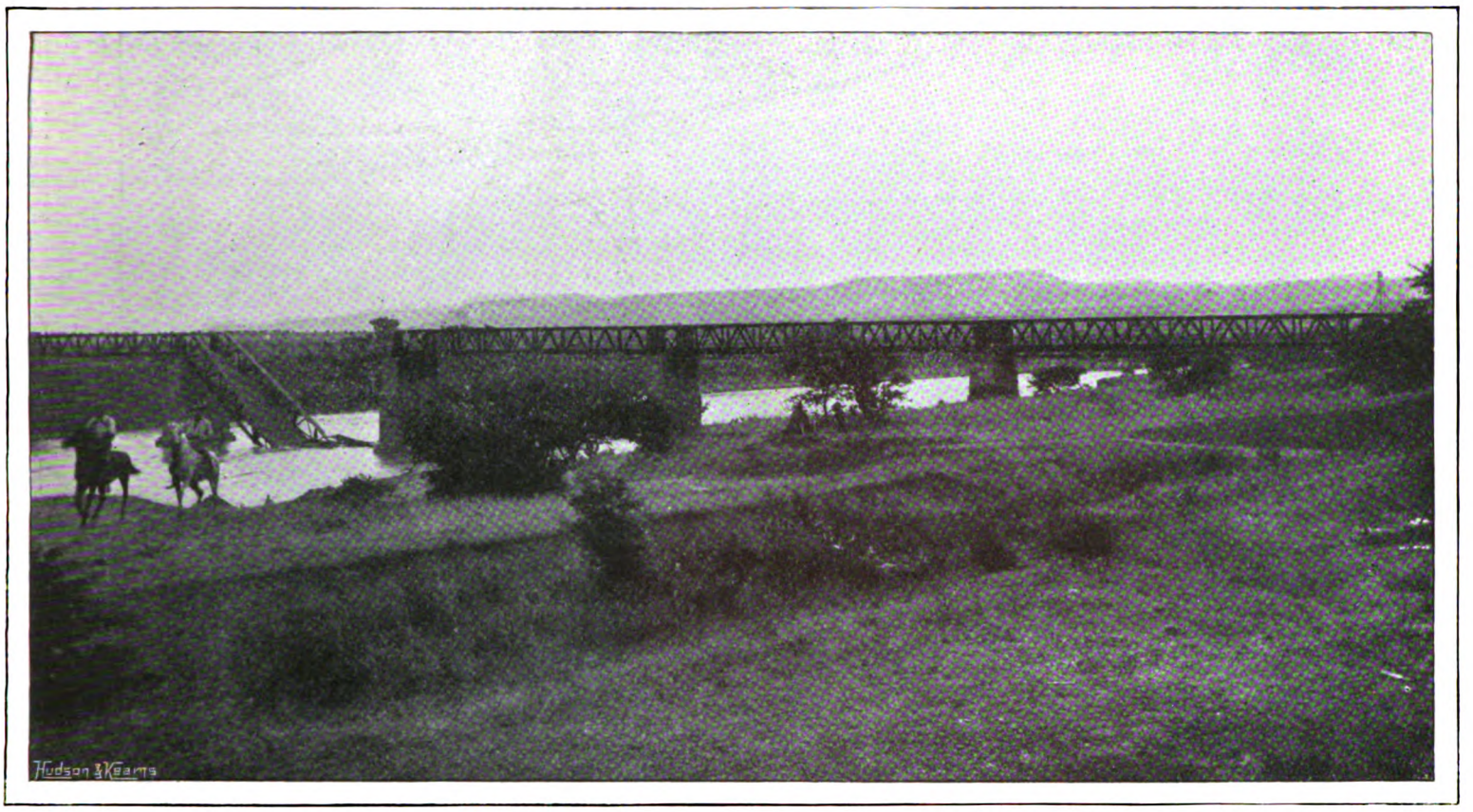
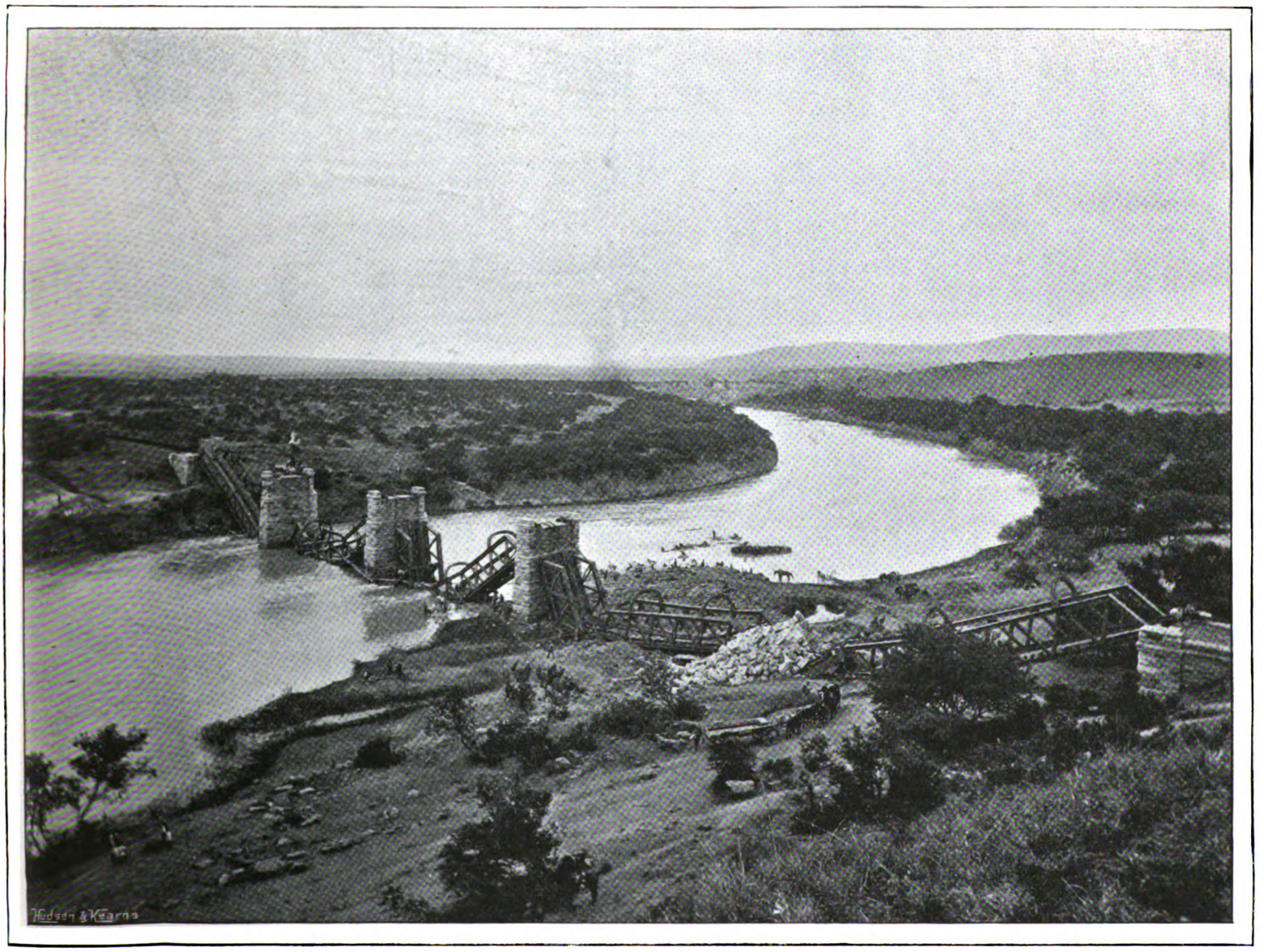
The Ravages of War.



THE ROAD BRIDGE OVER THE TUGELA AT COLENSO.

Destroyed by Our Naval Guns, at a Range of from Six to Seven Miles, to Prevent its Use by the Enemy.



Photos. Copyright. *S. S. Watkinson.*

THE COLENSO RAILWAY BRIDGE.

Showing the Ground on the Opposite Side through which Our Troops had to Approach the River.

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The Gallant Defenders of Ladysmith.

Major Altham, A.A.G. Capt Lyon. Col. Rhodes, Extra A.D.C. Lieut.-Col. Rawlinson, D.A.A.G. Col. Duff, Mil. Sec. Major de Courcy Hamilton, D.A.A.G. Major Henderson, D.A.A.G. Col. Exham, P.M.O. Major Murray, D.A.A.G. Major Bateson, Sec. P.M.O.

Photo. Copyright. SIR GEORGE WHITE AND HIS STAFF. *J. W. Bradley.*

Colonel Ian Hamilton, A.A.G., Commanding 7th Brigade. Major-Gen. Sir A. Hunter, K.C.B., Chief of Staff. General Sir George White. Col. Ward, A.A.G. Colonel Downing, Commanding R.A.
Captain Dixon, A.D.C. Major King, A.D.C. to Chief of Staff Captain Russell, Staff Officer, R.A. Major Ludlow, D.A.A.G.

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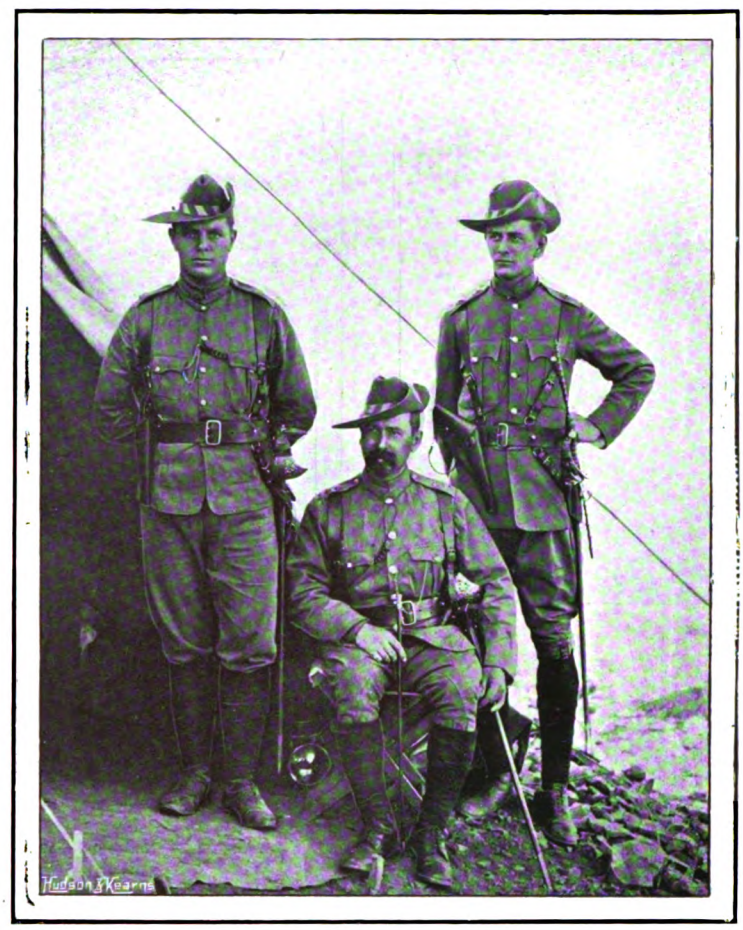
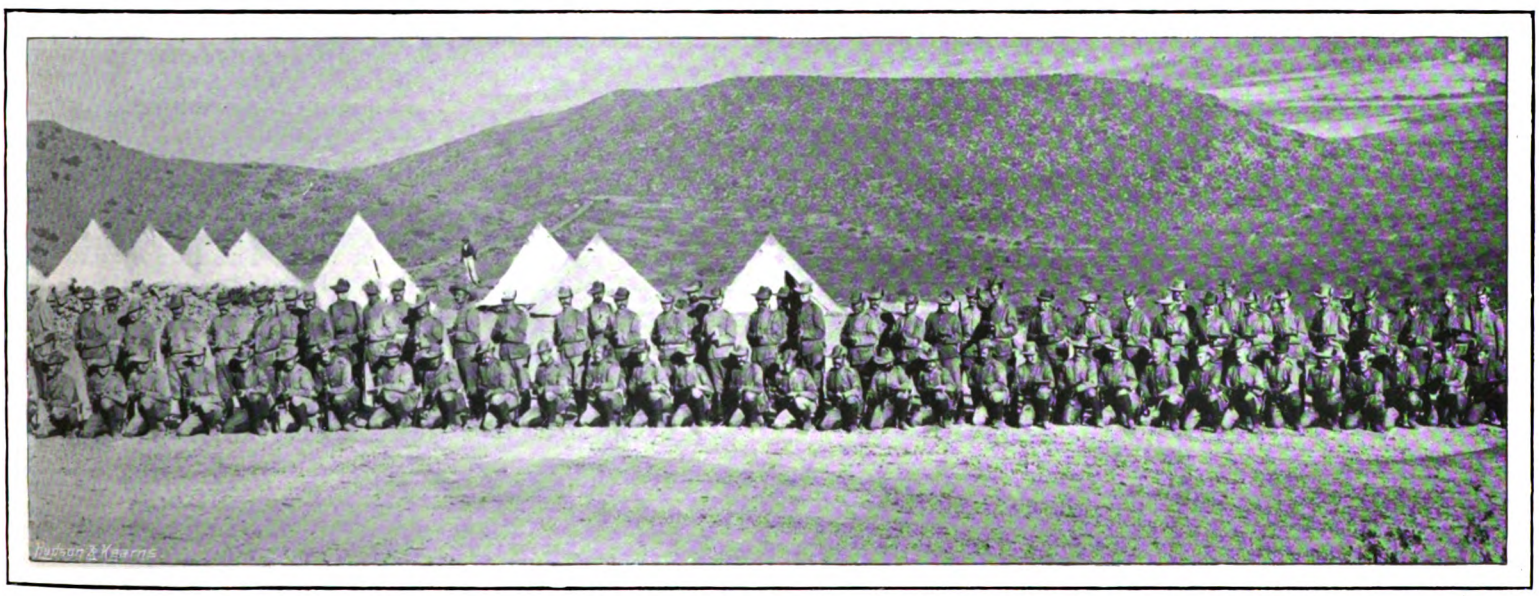
Cape Colony to the Fore.

COLONIAL WORKERS FOR BRITAIN.
Some Warrant Officers of the Diamond Fields Horse.



THE CAPE VOLUNTEERS.
Three Officers of a Corps which has Done Good Work



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A COMPANY OF VOLUNTEER RIFLES.
The Men of a Company of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteers, to which the Officers shown above belong.

Photos. Copyright.
ANOTHER FORM OF CAPE MILITARY ENERGY.
The Garrison Artillery to Defend the South African Forts.

Fyne.
THE PIPERS OF A REGIMENT EAGER TO GET TO THE FRONT.
The Cape Town Highlanders have Done Useful Work on the Lines of Communication.

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With the Siege Train.

MARCHING OUT OF CAMP.
Is Every Strap and Buckle Right?

A RELIEF FROM ANXIETY.
Howitzers Arrived at the Front.

TEA ON AN AMBULANCE TRAIN.
A Very Welcome Interlude.

From Photos. by a Military Corresponaent.

HERE are three more scenes of the life of the army on the veldt—guns on the march, guns in position, and below these the ambulance, with its party of doctors and nurses, not at work, but taking their "five o'clock tea." For even in war, and with the possibility of death and wounds ever at hand, life must go on. It was a sensible rule of the Knights of the Temple that piety was not to mislead any of them into ascetic practices, for he who will fight must keep his strength up, and that he cannot do unless he eats. It is not necessary in our less pious times—or at any rate in our times, which have a different idea of what constitutes piety—to impress upon the soldier the need of eating his victuals. He is already persuaded of their great importance, and when instructions have to be issued concerning them it is generally in the form of exhortations to economy. Our friends by the railway ambulance waggon on the veldt have, one hopes, no occasion to measure their eating with an anxious care. They have enough, and enough also of what an ambulance ought to carry for the service in case of need of our friends who are riding out with the guns, or standing about them in the picture above. They are coming up, or have come up, from De Aar to Lord Roberts. De Aar is the junction on the line from Cape Town to Kimberley and Buluwayo, and the place where the connection is made with other lines from Port Elizabeth and East London to Bloemfontein. It was a very vital point, and might conceivably have proved more important than it has turned out to be, had our friend the enemy been more enterprising or General French less alert. As things have turned out, it is being left by the tide of war. The line of advance will no longer be by De Aar and Kimberley, but by Norval's Pont and Bethulie to Bloemfontein, further to the east, and also shorter. There is a general move over to the right, in which these guns, under the command of Captain Webb, are taking part. The howitzers in the middle picture may find work to do at Pretoria, or may not, according as things turn out. There has been work for howitzers earlier, for it is the established method of the Boers to fight in trenches, which must be shelled, and it is the function of the howitzer to "lob" the explosives among them. We have heard a good deal of the process, and part of the information is to the effect that the result is not so terrible as one would imagine, and, indeed, the amount of battering which each side seems to be able to endure from the other's cannon is immense. Dr. Johnson once remarked that big debts were like great guns, which made a terrible noise but did not do much harm, whereas little debts were like volleys of musketry, not so imposing but much more destructive. The advance of science has not apparently altered things much since the Doctor's day. The big gun is more tremendous than it was, but then everybody is much more clever in taking cover, and it wastes an immense proportion of its power on earthworks and empty spaces.

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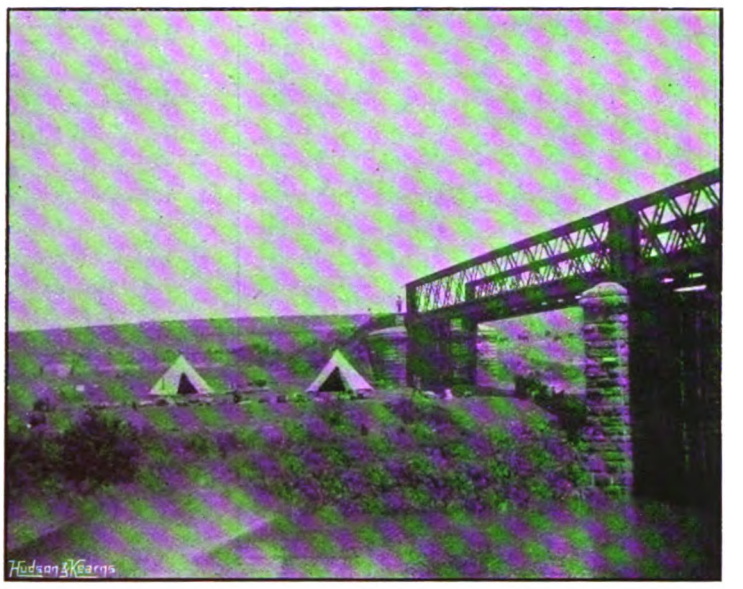
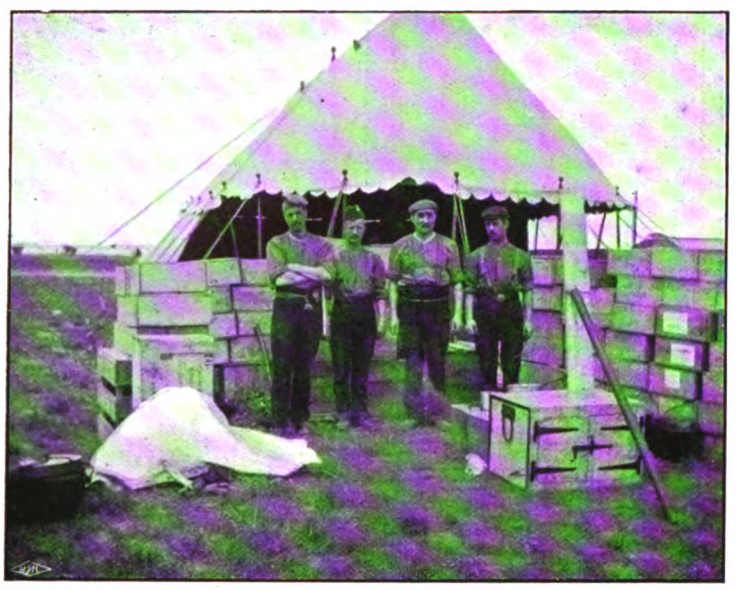
Red Coats in South Africa.

A VERY SCRATCH MESS.
A Hasty Meal on the East London Recreation Ground.



GUARDING A BRIDGE.
The Camp of a Detachment of Durham Light Infantry Militia

QUITE A NOVELTY IN SOUTH AFRICA.
The Durham Militia Landing in Their Red Coats.



IN CAMP AT EAST LONDON.
Mess Servants and Camp Store of the Durham Militia.

NO VOICE IN THE MATTER.
A Sick Horse being Slung Ashore at Port Elizabeth.

DISEMBARKING HORSES
The 4th Derbyshire Regiment at Port Elizabeth.

This bright little series of pictures illustrates an exceptional incident in the history of the war, the landing, namely, of Militia in the red coats and blue trousers of the home parade ground, instead of the khaki now in well-nigh universal use on the war-path. There was no time to provide the latter before embarkation, and it is immensely to the credit of these sturdy representatives of the Old Constitutional Force that they should have worked so cheerfully and well under such trying sartorial conditions.

From Photos. by a Military Correspondent.

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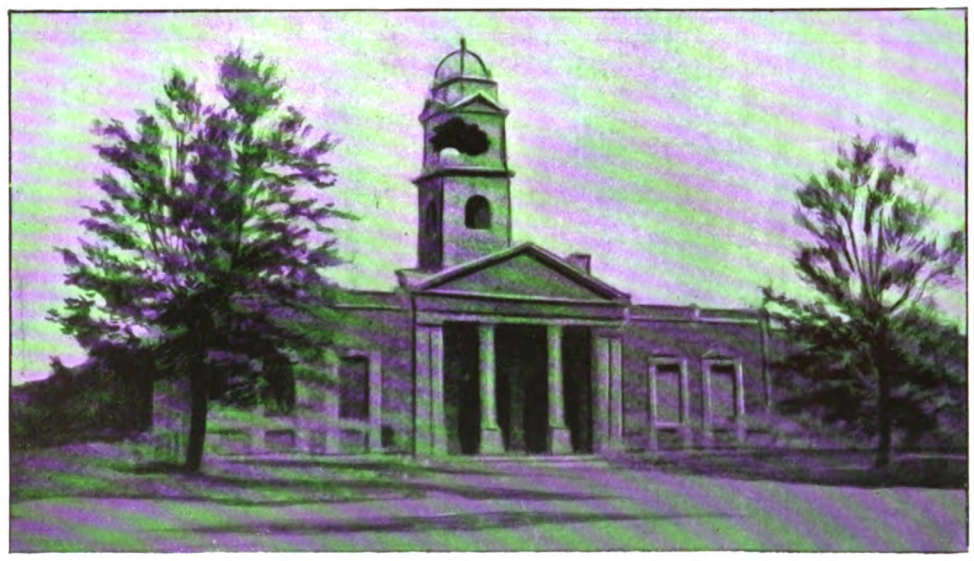
A USEFUL IMPROVISED FORT.
Only a Few Stones but—Thirty Men of the Gordons.

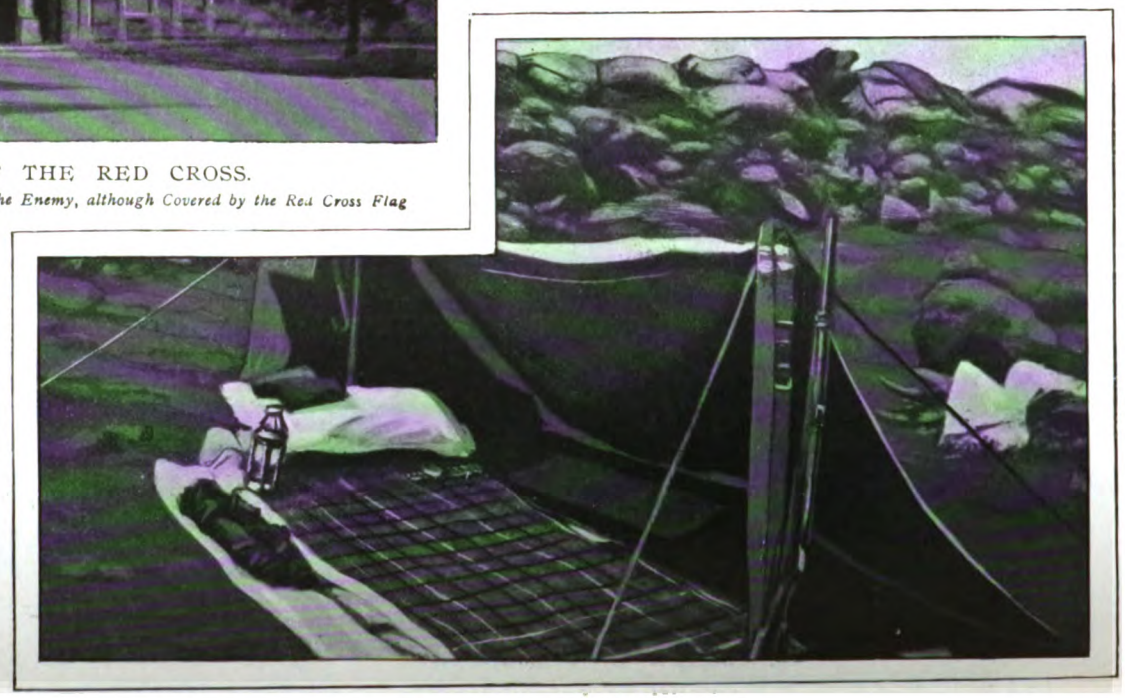
THE "LADY ANNE" HITS HARD.
This Naval Gun did Good Work with Lyddite Shells.

Life in Ladysmith During the Siege.



SMASHED IN SPITE OF THE RED CROSS.
The Hospital at the Town Hall was a Favourite Target of the Enemy, although Covered by the Red Cross Flag

SMASHED WITH SHELL.
The Abode of the Headquarters Staff until They were Shelled Out of It



A BIVOUAC IN THE OPEN.
And very Lucky to be Able to Arrange such Comfortable Quarters

From Photos by a Military Correspondent.

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The Fighting on the Tugela.

THANKS to the indefatigable industry and rare skill of our special correspondent in Natal, we are beginning to receive consignments of photographs of the operations preceding the relief of Ladysmith, which it would be difficult to surpass for effectiveness and general excellence. Together with these our correspondent has sent us several most interesting letters, the arrival of which, however, owing to postal exigencies, has been somewhat eccentric. Instead, therefore, of printing these letters, as we should like to have done, *verbatim et literatim*, we are constrained to deal with them somewhat in piecemeal fashion, in order to do justice to the remarkable pictures to which they are accompanied, and which alone should go far to satisfy the most exacting of our readers.

The present instalment deals mainly with the operations round Potgieter's Drift, which preceded the final crossing of the Tugela, and in the course of which some highly interesting fighting was carried on. It may be useful to recall the fact that two distinct and very costly attempts were made to relieve Ladysmith in this quarter, both of which terminated in a successful occupation, followed almost immediately by evacuation and withdrawal across the river. The first has already been dealt with fully in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and need only be alluded to here in passing. It was that ill-fated effort which, after days of stubborn fighting, brought Warren's Division to Spion Kop. The latter, when occupied by General Woodgate—who has since died of the wound he received on that disastrous January 24—proved an utterly untenable position, and had to be abandoned within twenty-four hours. Spion Kop is shown in the distance in the picture of the Dorsets bivouacking under Zwart Kop. It will long remain a sad memory of wasted lives and a painful reminder of the futility of occupying a position in such circumstances without a full previous knowledge of the topography and water supply.

After the affair of Spion Kop, Warren's Division, it will be remembered, recrossed the Tugela, and Buller's forces were once more concentrated in the neighbourhood of Mount Alice and Zwart Kop, which overlook the ford of the Tugela known as Potgieter's Drift. The recrossing of Warren's Division was by means of the pontoon bridge of which we give a picture, and which, of course, was constructed by the Royal Engineers. The scientific corps have built a score of these bridges during the present campaign, several of them under heavy fire, and it is earnestly to be hoped that when the campaign is concluded their splendid achievements in this direction will meet with really substantial recognition.

On February 5 a third attempt was made to relieve Ladysmith from the camp behind Mount Alice and Zwart Kop, of which we give several pictures. Simultaneously with a feint attack on Brakfontein,

DORSETS BIVOUACKING UNDER ZWART KOP.
The Hump and Long Slope on the Left Centre are Spion Kop.

SEEKING SHELTER FROM SHELL FIRE.
Red Cross Mules Hiding in the Thick Bush under Mount Alice.

ZWART KOP, COMMANDING THE PASSAGE.
Our Troops Awaiting Final Orders to Cross the River.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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BETHUNE'S HORSE UNDER MOUNT ALICE.

A PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE TUGELA.

THORNEYCROFT'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.

A ROCKY DONGA ON ZWART KOP.

Lyttelton's Brigade crossed the Tugela, and delivered an attack against the Boer position on Vaal Krantz, which it succeeded in occupying. But here, again, it became impossible to hold what we had won, owing to the numbers of Boers present in the vicinity and the weight and range of their guns of position. On February 7 the British force once more withdrew across the Tugela, and almost immediately afterwards Buller retired to Chieveley, there to make preparations for his crowning effort, which terminated so gloriously in the release of Sir George White and his hard-pressed garrison from their long and terribly exhausting investment.

Our special correspondent's pictures show very vividly some of the more prominent aspects of the fighting which led up to the capture of Vaal Krantz. The pictures showing the Red Cross mules and Bethune's Horse seeking shelter from the shell fire which raged during the action are highly suggestive. The photographs of No. 4 Mountain Battery and of the 5-in. gun on Mount Alice were also taken during the actual progress of the action.

In advising us of the despatch of these photographs, our special correspondent adds a personal note, which we are sure will be of interest to our readers. After the battle of Pieter's Hill, which paved the way for the relief of Ladysmith, it was not realised in the British camp that the work of the advance was accomplished, and that it would be possible for the cavalry to get into Ladysmith on the following night. At daylight on the 29th our correspondent learnt that the entry had been effected, and with characteristic energy started off with two brother knights of the pen to see if he could get through. "We did," he adds, "and I was the first correspondent to get in, with the exception of Winston Churchill, who, of course, got in with the South African Light Horse, to whom he is attached, which hardly counts."

The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is accustomed to giving other papers a lead in the piping times of peace, and it is very gratifying that its representative on the battlefield should have asserted its priority in such a spirited manner on this memorable occasion.

No. 4 MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION.

A 5-in. GUN ON MOUNT ALICE.

SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE ON THE LITTLE TUGELA.

A BALLOON ABOUT TO ASCEND.—WOUNDED PASSING.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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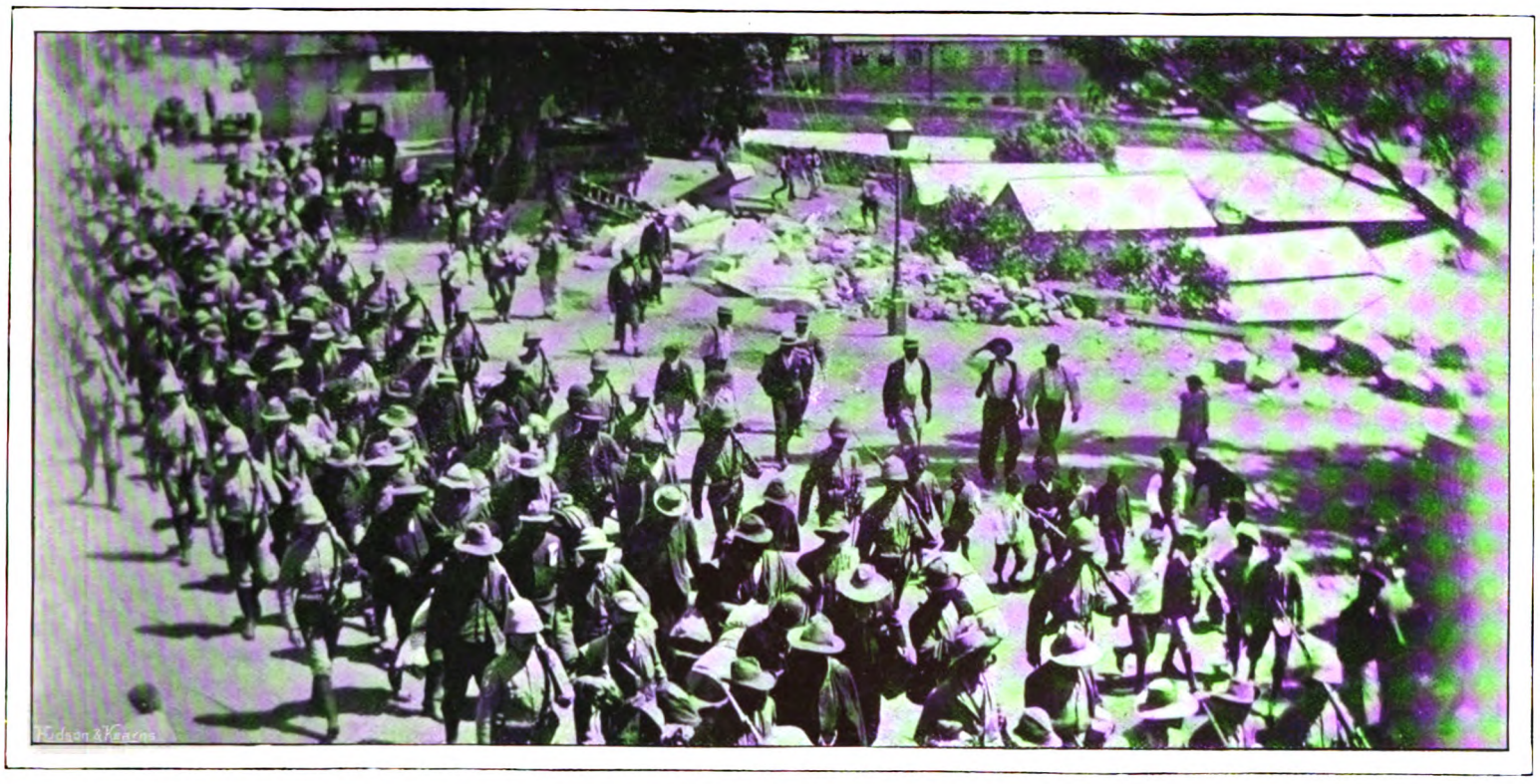
Commandant Cronje, Prisoner.



CRONJE TRAPPED AT LAST.

The Prisoners of His Army being Escorted to the Rear.

Photos. Copyright. *Gillard.*

ARRIVAL OF CRONJE AT CAPE TOWN.

The Man with His Hat on, whose Face is Hidden, is Cronje; behind him are Mrs. Cronje and His Suite.

The capture of Cronje was the first reversal of a series of reverses to this country, and the expression which it evoked showed the depth of the feeling which had been suppressed. Whether Cronje did right or wrong in defending his ditch on the Modder, his past record is bad. No one can forget the story of Potchefstroom in 1881, and Cronje above all must not be allowed to forget his treachery. There is a feeling in South Africa that Lord Roberts has treated him too considerately.

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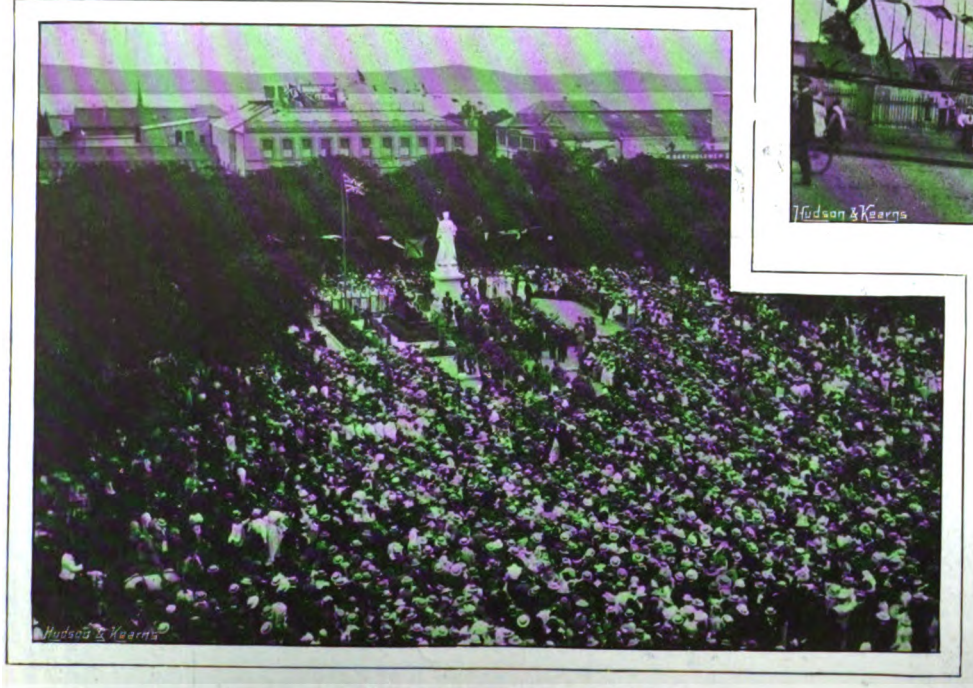
Ladysmith Relieved At Last.

CAPE TOWN ELATED WITH JOY.
Singing the National Anthem Outside the Town Hall, Cape Town.

ENTHUSIASM AT MARITZBURG.
A Procession Down Church Street—Where are the Pro-Boers?

MARITZBURG WILL NOT BE LEFT OUT.
Decorations at the Parliament House, which is being Temporarily Used as a Military Hospital.



DURBAN DEMONSTRATES.
The Crowd at the Seaport Rejoicing on the Relief of Ladysmith.

Celebrations IN South Africa.

TELEGRAMS AT A PREMIUM.
The Scramble for Telegrams as Seen from an Upper Window.

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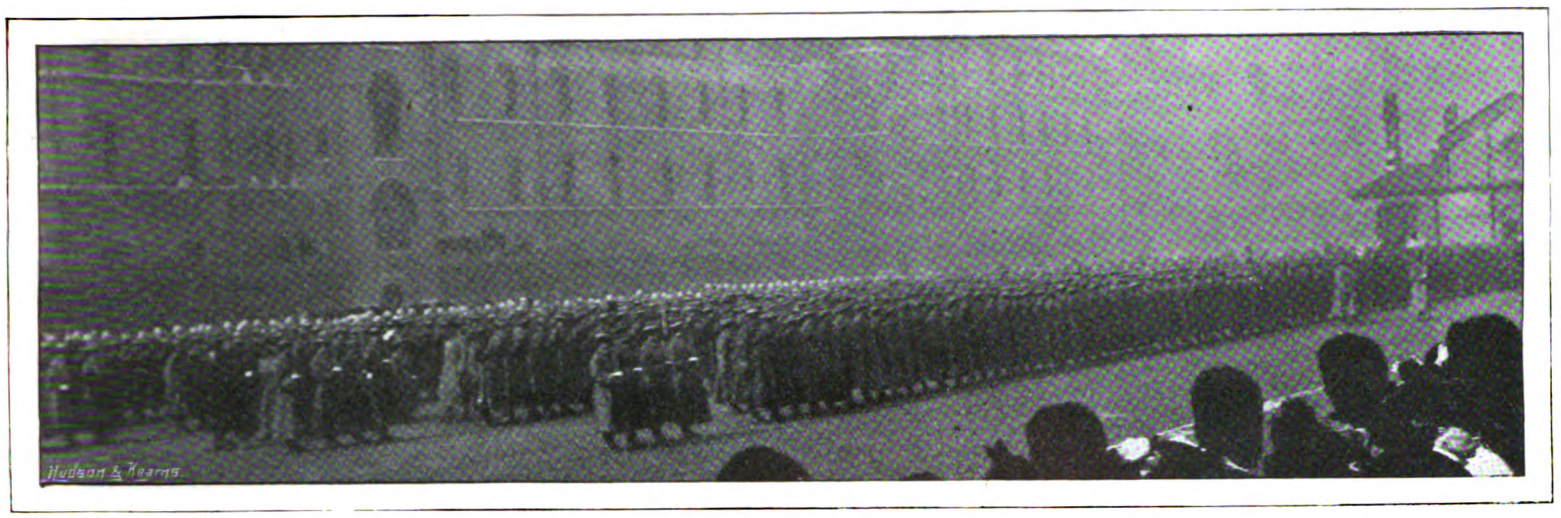
Sharpshooters and Foxhunters.



THE INSPECTION OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY LAST WEEK.

The Prince of Wales at Chelsea Barracks.

Photos. Copyright. *Navy & Army."*

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BATTALION OF SHARPSHOOTERS.

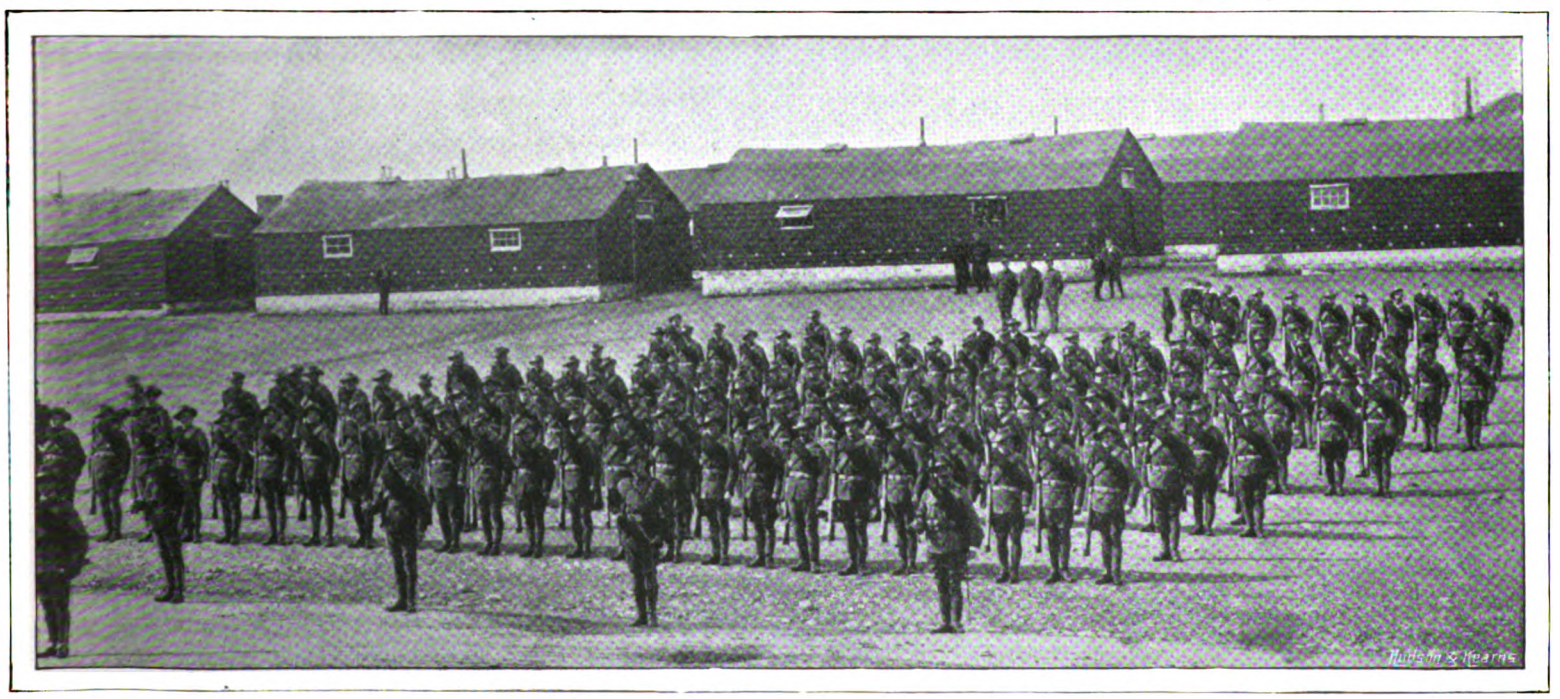


Photo. Copyright. *Charleton.*

THE 61st COMPANY OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Commanded by Colonel Moore, Late Master of the Kildare Hounds.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of Orange River and in Orange Free State, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen, Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)

Broadwood's Brigade.
Household Cavalry.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.

Porter's Brigade.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons (squadron).
2nd Dragoons.

Gordon's Brigade.
9th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, O, R Batteries.
Field—18th, 62nd, 75th, 38th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 43rd (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8th, 44th, 39th, 68th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
7th (Field), 8th (Railway), 11th (Field), 29th (Fortress), 31st (Fortress), 9th (Field), and 38th (Field) Cos.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY

Pole-Carew's Brigade.
3rd Grenadiers.
1st and 2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

MacDonald's Brigade.
1st Argyll and Sutheriand.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.

Douglas's Brigade.
1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Knox's Brigade.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucest r.

Wavell's Brigade.
2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Chermside's Brigade.
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Smith-Dorrien's Brigade.
1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

Stephenson's Brigade.
1st Essex and 2nd Warwick.
1st Yorkshire and 1st Welsh.

City Imperial Volunteers.
Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Hor-e.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Kitchener's Horse.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.
Diamond Fields Artillery.
Diamond Fields Horse.
Kimberley Rifles.
Cape Mounted Police (Det.).

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

CAVALRY
7th Dragoon Guards.
8th Hussars.
17th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A and M Batteries.
Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) and 20th (Fd.) Cos.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Bat.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
1st Suffolk.
1st Sussex.
1st Cameron Highlanders.

Militia Battalions.
6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
3rd South Lancashire.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd South Wales Borderers.
3rd Durham Light Infantry.
3rd Welsh.
3rd Royal Lancaster.
3rd East Lancashire.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th East Surrey.
4th Scottish Rifles.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
4th Somerset.
3rd Leinster.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
4th North Staffordshire.
4th West Yorkshire.
6th Middlesex.

Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Cape Garrison Artillery.
Lumsden's Horse.

III.—Southern Orange Free State, operating under Clements.

CAVALRY
6th Dragoons (part).

ARTILLERY
Horse—J Battery.
Field—4th, 20th, 37th (Howitzer) Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway), 26th (Field), 37th (Fd.), and 42nd (Fortress) Cos.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Clements's Brigade.
2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

4th Royal Lancaster.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
Imperial Yeomanry (some)

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Orange Free State, operating under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.
Montmorency's Scouts.

V.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY

Brocklehurst's Brigade.
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th and 19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Howard's Brigade.
2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.

Brigadier unknown.
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†

Not Brigaded.
1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

NOTE.—The above troops formed the late Garrison of Ladysmith.

CAVALRY

Dundonald's Brigade.
1st Dragoons.
13th and 14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A Battery.
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Hildyard's Brigade.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Barton's Brigade.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Norcott's Brigade.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Hart's Brigade.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Coke's Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Wynne's Brigade.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VI.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

ARTILLERY
Field—89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) and 47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY

Campbell's Brigade.
2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
2nd Leicester.

Boyes's Brigade.
2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.
1st Leinster (from Halifax).

Militia Battalions.
3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.
3rd West Surrey.
Antrim Artillery Militia.*
Donegal Artillery Militia.*
Durham Artillery Militia.*
Edinburgh Artillery Militia.*
Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.

* This regiment supplies one company for South Africa.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (det.), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles.

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

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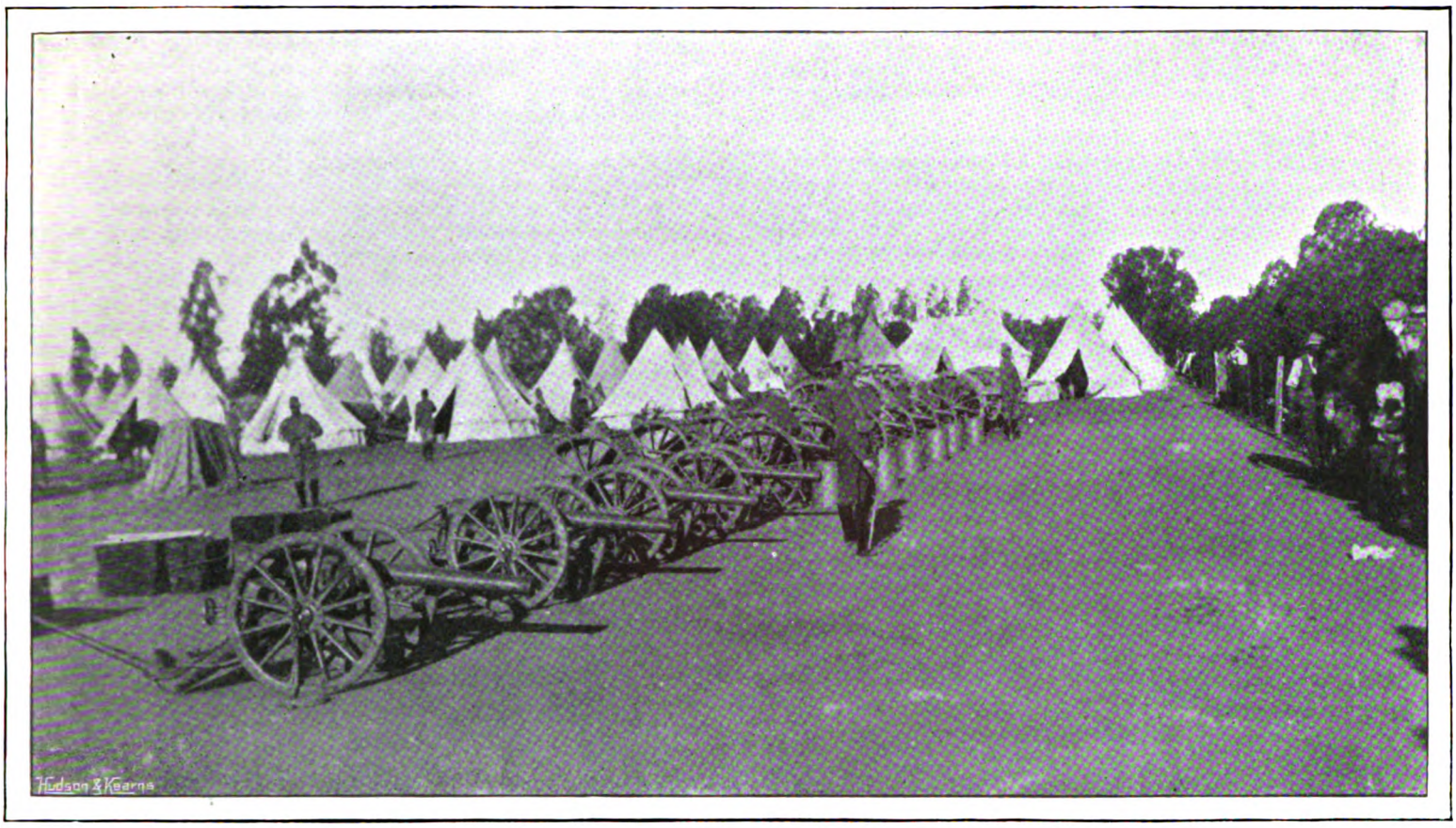
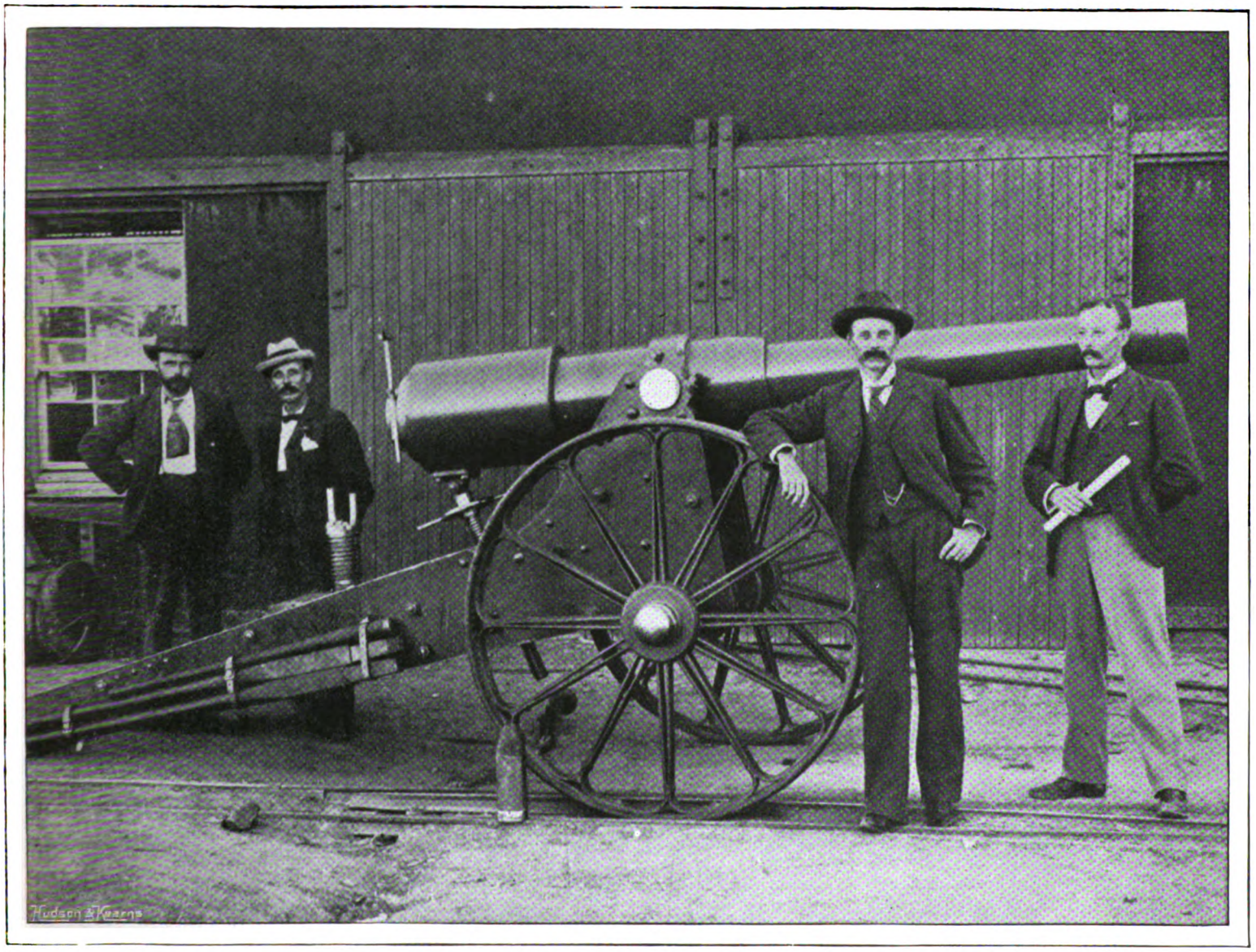
The Guns that Defended Kimberley.



THE ACTUAL GUNS THAT DEFENDED KIMBERLEY.

They Belong to the Diamond Fields Artillery, and Played a Leading Part in Keeping the Boers Out of the Town.



A RIVAL TO THE BOER "LONG TOM."

"Long Cecil," the 4·1-in. Gun Constructed by the Late Mr. Labram (Killed by a Boer Shell) in the De Beers Company's Workshops.

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The Story of the War.

IT was evidently impossible for Lord Roberts to cut off the fugitive commandos of Boers which escaped from the Orange River and took a northerly course by the Basutoland border. The great march from Bloemfontein had thrown an immense strain upon the horses of the cavalry and artillery and upon all the transport animals. When it is considered how colossal is the business of feeding an army in the field, and carrying all the equipment and ammunition necessary for great operations in a hostile country, no surprise can be felt. The advantage of inflicting a serious blow upon the enemy would have been very considerable, a fact that escaped neither Lord Roberts nor the Boer commandants at Kroonstad. But it has ever been a maxim of war that means must be adapted to ends, and manifestly General French's force at Thaba Nchu was not able to impede the movement of Olivier, Lemmer, and Grobler, who appear to be in command of the retreating Boers. The activity of the enemy in Lord Roberts's immediate front, which led to the fight near Karree Siding, was no doubt intended to cover the retirement of the forces from the southern part of the Orange State, by keeping us well occupied.

The strength of the fugitive bodies of the enemy has been variously estimated. Before General French returned to Bloemfontein his heliographic communication with Basutoland enabled him to locate large numbers of them with their families and waggons trekking northward through the district of Ladybrand. They had come from Wepener by forced marches, but had been compelled to pause for forty-eight hours at Clocolan to recover from their fatigue and to refresh their tired oxen and horses. It certainly was a most plucky act of Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher to enter Ladybrand on March 26, and to capture Landdrost van Gorkum and a field-cornet under the very noses of the Boers, whose column may number from 4,000 to 6,000 men. For some reason not explained the Boers returned to Ladybrand and occupied the Platberg Mountains between that place and Maseru, but it was probably to cover the retirement of the forces, which were expected to arrive at Winburg at the end of last week. From that place a branch line of the railway joins the main Bloemfontein-Pretoria line at Smaldeel, and would enable the fugitives to join the body with its headquarters at Kroonstad.

Many reasons have imposed delay upon Lord Roberts. A new phase of the operations is now beginning, and it was imperative that all military precautions should be taken. The South African winter is commencing, and preparations had to be made to face the effect of the early frosts upon the animals, already seriously afflicted by horse-sickness. The troops also had to be supplied with warm clothing, new boots, and many necessaries that had worn out or had not been needed in the summer. A complete change of base had also been effected, and it was impossible to move until the temper of the inhabitants had been tested, since the security of the communications must be absolute, and dispositions had to be made to give adequate protection. The settlement and pacification of the southern country was being made by the advancing columns of Generals Gatacre and Clements, and it was further desirable to await until these reached Bloemfontein or some appointed position for the general advance. Lord Roberts was, indeed, driven to action earlier than he had intended in order to check the hostility of the Transvaalers to the burghers who had surrendered under the terms of the proclamation. If the testimony of many veracious writers had not been given, it would have been impossible to credit the reports of the mendacious stories which are circulated by President Kruger concerning British reverses and Boer victories and reinforcements in order to stimulate the courage of the burghers. Rarely has there been such a demoralising illustration of the methods of warfare.

Some account was given last week of the advance of the three columns from the south, and as we write the movement has further developed. General Clements was marching through the western part of the Orange State by way of Philippolis and Fauresmith. At the former place he was received with gratification, and the burghers freely surrendered their arms, while the people turned out to welcome the troops, Mr. Steyn's daughter being among the spectators. The housewives of the town did a thriving trade by baking bread, which was eagerly bought. Heavy rains fell at the time, and the advance was delayed until March 25, when a further movement began. The column marched thirteen miles to a dry and pleasant camp, and covered twelve miles on the next day in showery weather, followed by a wet and uncomfortable night. On the 27th Jagersfontein was reached, where the general read the proclamation and addressed the townspeople in the market-place, and was enthusiastically received, the Union Jack being displayed in several places. There the Berkshire Regiment was left, and the rest of the troops then pushed on six miles further, the weather still continuing to be rainy, to Fauresmith. This is an important centre in the midst of a triangle at which Bloemfontein, Jacobsdal, and Norval's Pont are at the points. Arms were brought in, and a 9-pounder and a Martini-Maxim were discovered in the prospecting shaft of a mine, as well as a large quantity of buried ammunition. It was reported that a Boer commando under Commandant Lubbe was in the neighbourhood, but the cautious enemy had fled, and seems to have crossed our lines in the neighbourhood of Jacobsdal to Bultfontein. General Clements accordingly despatched a flying column of dragoons and Australians, with some Artillery, to Koffyfontein, in the direction of Jacobsdal, on the Riet River. This force made a splendid march of about thirty-five miles on the 28th, and at Koffyfontein received the surrender of many arms.

These operations of General Clements, which have since been further pursued, are extremely valuable for the settlement of the subjected country, which is being traversed by our troops in every part. Less has been heard of the advance of General Gatacre, whose line of progress is by the railway to Bloemfontein, and he can therefore move at any time. Meanwhile, a great work is being done in pacifying the central region. General Brabant has also been active in the same work. After sending out flying parties to hang on the heels of the retreating Boers, he returned with his staff to Aliwal North from Rouxville, and has sent detachments through the districts occupied. His main advance will probably be to Wepener, on the road to Thaba Nchu. Sir Alfred Milner, who visited Aliwal North on his journey to Bloemfontein to confer with Lord Roberts, greatly complimented General Brabant on the appearance of his colonial forces, whose achievements, he rightly said, had attracted world-wide attention.

The movements in the neighbourhood of Kimberley are somewhat obscure. They have relation to the quelling of disaffection, and no doubt to the direct or indirect relief of Mafeking. The rebellion in the Prieska district has collapsed, under the pressure of Lord Kitchener's operations, though the fugitive rebels may not have been altogether broken up, and there has been disaffection in the Barkly district, whither Lord Methuen proceeded with a column. He returned to Kimberley by Lord Roberts's orders on March 28, though the activity among the rebels continued. The force under Colonel Money at Warrenton, opposite to Fourteen Streams, on the Vaal, has made no progress as we write. The Boers shelled the camp on March 28, and there was further bombardment on both sides on the next day.

A question was asked in the House of Commons as to whether Lord Roberts had taken any steps for the relief of the gallant garrison of Mafeking. Of course it could not be answered, though no one doubts that Colonel Baden-Powell and his gallant garrison are much in Lord Roberts's mind. After Colonel Plumer's enforced retirement to Crocodile Pools there was some anxiety, but it was subsequently announced that the pressure on the garrison was reduced, and it by no means follows that the direct relief of the place will be necessary.

Everything, in fact, hinges upon Lord Roberts's own advance, which is beginning. On March 25 and 26 troops were moved up from Bloemfontein towards the Modder River, rather as a measure of precaution than as specific indications of an advance. But the Boers, probably, as has been suggested, to cover the retirement of their forces from the south, had developed an aggressive spirit in the immediate front, occupying certain kopjes near Karree Siding Station, a few miles south of Brandfort. Therefore, on March 29, the Seventh Division (General Tucker), with the 1st and 3rd Cavalry Brigades under General French and Colonel Le Gallais' mounted infantry, successfully attacked and captured the kopjes in gallant style, the mounted forces turning the position, and the enemy retreating to Brandfort, which appears to be their advanced post for covering their operations on the railway at Winburg, and north to their headquarters at Kroonstad. It was a brilliant action, and our casualties were nearly 200 killed and wounded.

Concerning events in Natal there is little to report. General Joubert, recently opposed to us there, is dead, and probably there are few who will not echo the words of Sir George White, at Cape Town, that he was a gentleman and a brave and honourable adversary. General Louis Botha has succeeded him in chief command of the burghers and their rebel allies. In Natal they are still, as we write, in force in the Biggarsberg, though there are rumours that they are preparing to trek. General Buller's movement, whatever may be its nature, and it is extremely unlikely to be a direct attack on Laing's Nek, will doubtless be synchronised with Lord Roberts's great advance. As we have explained, in the Biggarsberg the enemy are in the path of a direct advance, while at the same time they threaten the flank of any movement intended to turn the position by a march upon Utrecht and Wakkerstroon.

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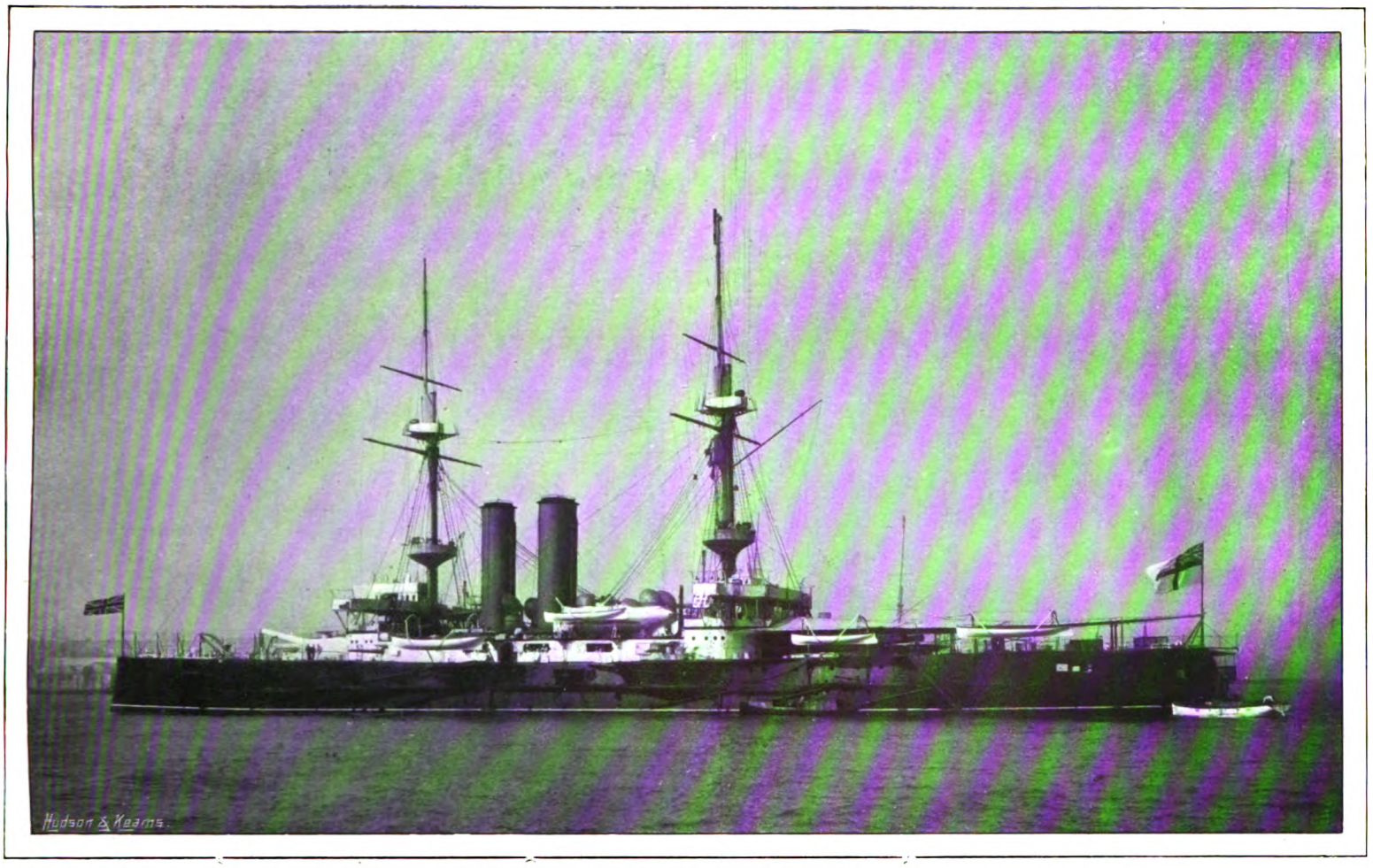
For Service Up the Straits.



ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

A New Type but a Good Old Name.

The battle-ship "Ocean," which the above picture represents on the eve of her departure for the Mediterranean to relieve the "Hood," belongs to a class in which power is combined with comparatively moderate dimensions. She is fast, well armed, and protected with modern armour.

Photos. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE "OCEAN."

A Remarkable Man, and the Men who will Help Him.

Captain the Hon. Assheton G. Curzon-Howe, who forms the central figure of this picture, goes from the difficult post of commanding the cadet training-ship "Britannia" to take the command of a sea-going battle-ship. His officers are grouped around him, and are proud to serve under a descendant of the famous Lord Howe.

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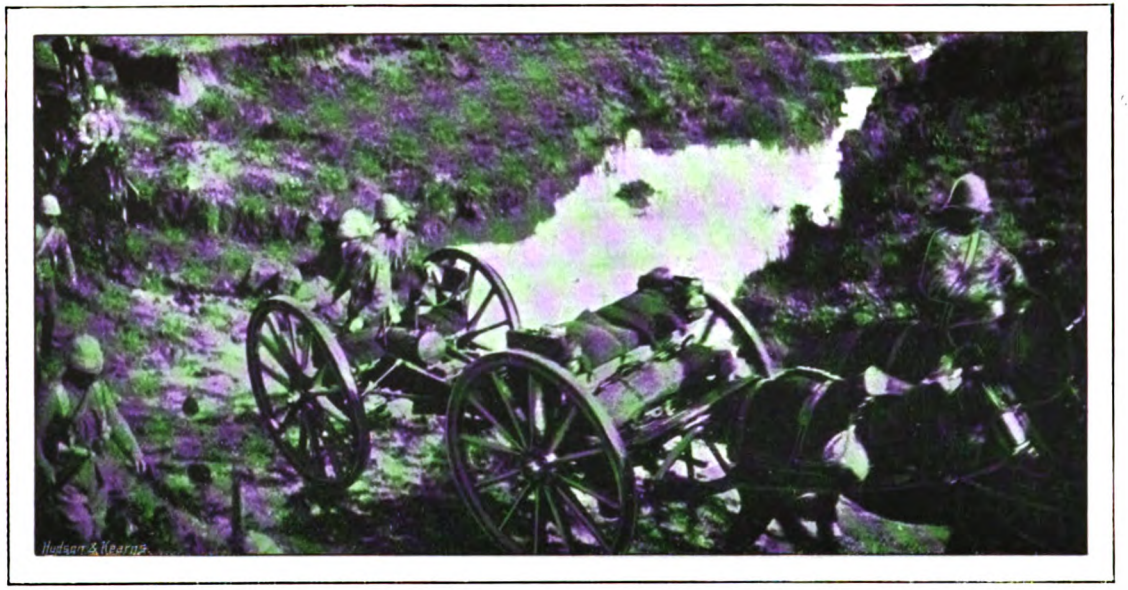
Guns and Gunners in Natal.

WATER-BOTTLES TO THE FORE.
A Halt on the Veldt for Rest and Refreshment.

PUSHING ON TO JOIN BULLER.
Comparatively Good Going for the Guns.

LONG AND WEARY IS THE WAY.
Howitzers and Escort Crossing a Donga.



A TOILSOME PIECE OF WORK.
Artillery Moving over Rough Ground.

Hard Work in a Rough Country.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

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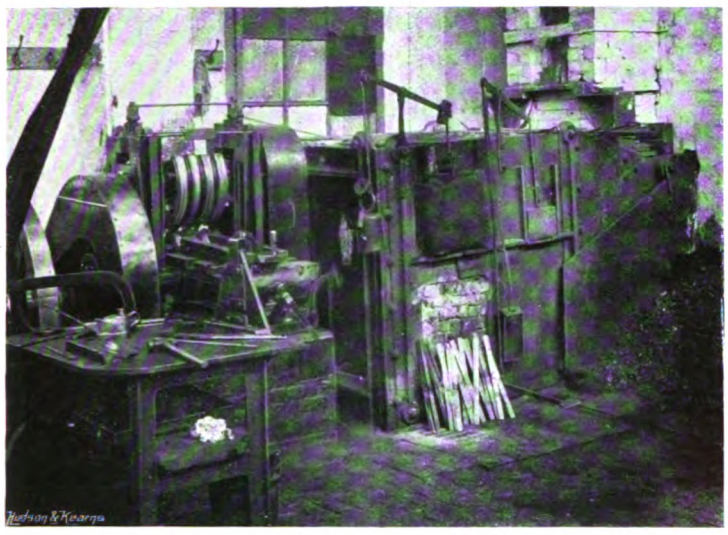
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

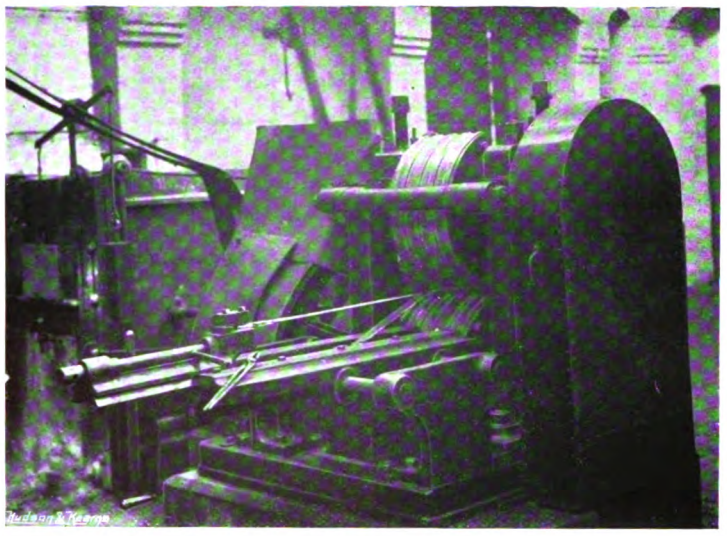
By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

ENFIELD LOCK.—IV.



A BAYONET ROLLER.

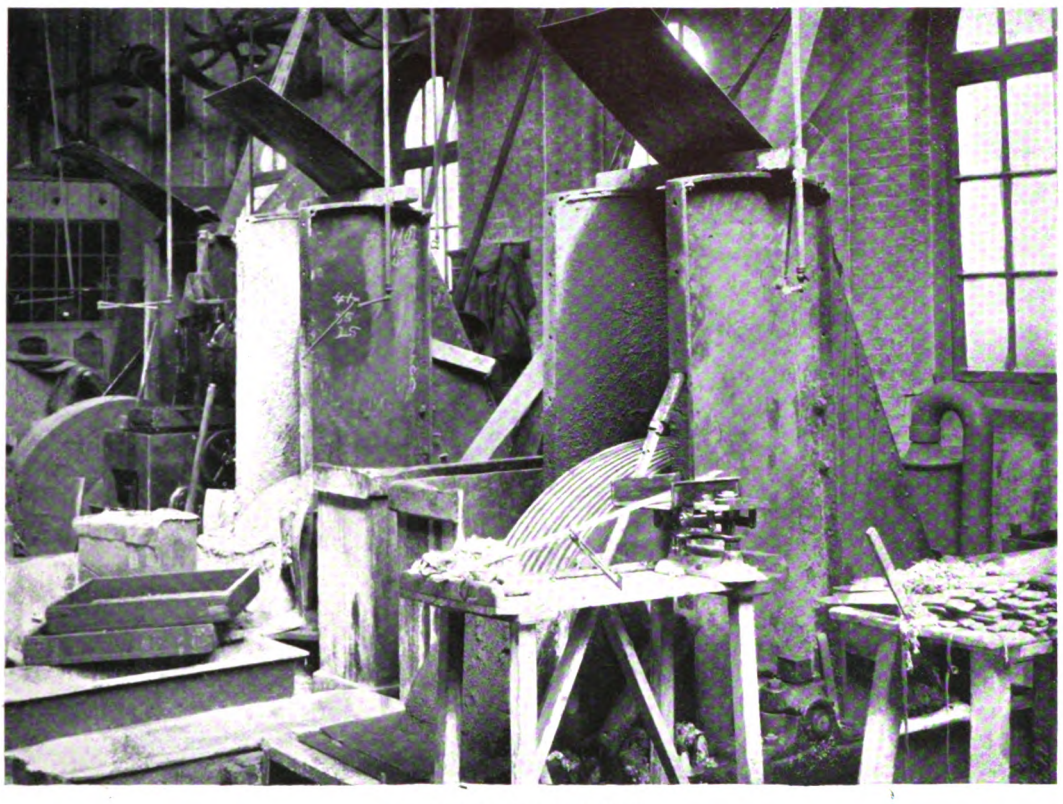
A Group of Crude Bayonets just from the Machine will be seen on the Right of the Roller.



A RIBBON OF STEEL.

A Sword Ingot Leaving the Machine.

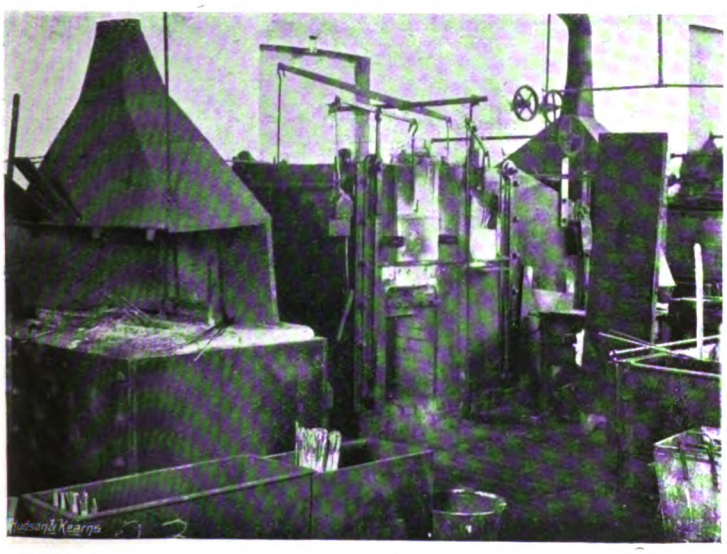
THE history of l'Arme Blanche is fascinating in the extreme, but, to the writer's infinite regret, cannot be dealt with here. Instead, the manufacture of swords, bayonets, and lances must be watched, but throughout the various processes the same interest grips the onlooker. From the first view of the steel ingots, weighing 2-lb. 15½-oz. and 15½-oz., to the glittering and complete weapons the attention of those privileged to witness the processes is irrevocably fixed. The processes are in most cases similar for the sword and bayonet, and hence, save for difference of size, etc., the description given applies equally to both. The bars are placed in a furnace, and are brought to a bright red heat and then scraped free of scale. Close beside the furnace stands a ponderous roller, consisting of two massive wheels almost touching each other. Both are so grooved that, when the hot metal is thrust between them, they mould it into a rough resemblance to the fluted bayonet. Under the same roof stands the sword roller, which is constructed in the same manner, and which does its work in a quiet methodical manner, very impressive to behold.



A WARLIKE GRINDSTONE

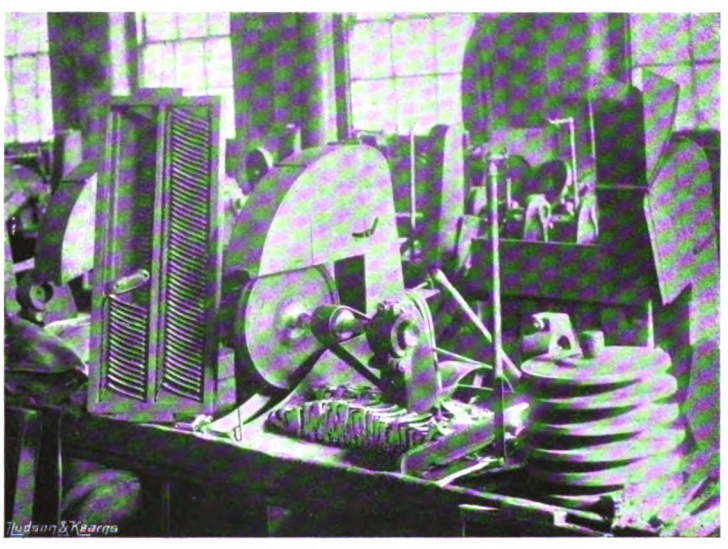
Stones having different Shapes are Required for the Different Parts of Swords and Bayonets. A Gauge is Shown on the Bench, also the Spectacles Used by the Men.

The weapons are, however, pointless, and are carried off in heaps to the stamping shop, where the hard steel is



Photos. Copyright. A FIERY ORDEAL. *"Navy & Army."*

Bayonets Tempering in a Bath of Molten Lead.



AN EMERY PERSUADER.

Emery Wheels Used for Polishing the Steel and Brass Work.

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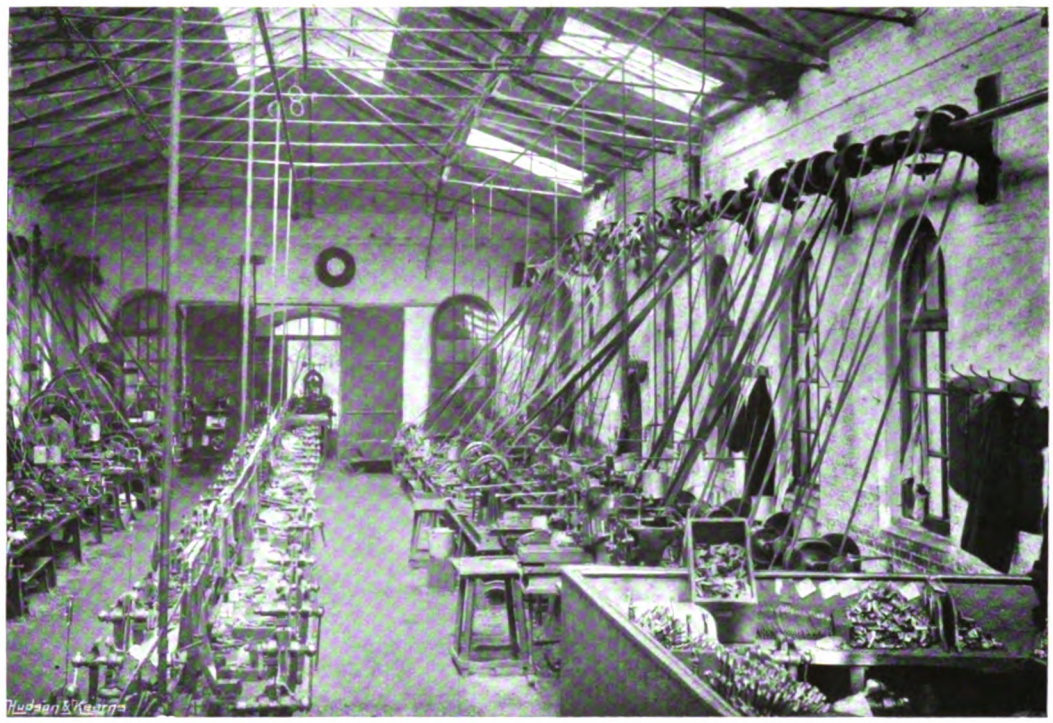
trimmed into shape, both as regards the point and tang. The process through which the blades go are many, and a description of some of the thirty-three different stages has had to be left out in this place.

All unnecessary metal must be removed, and the sword and bayonet visit the grinding shop. All around are grindstones of every variety, necessary for scouring out the different portions of the blades. On this side the fluting on the mischievous head of a lance can be worked out, whilst on the other the flat portions can be ground. Altogether, a shop full of interest. Gauges capable of showing the least variation of thickness stand close beside each stone, for the viewers of the Inspection Department are keen, and *their* gauges exact, and it behoves the manufacturer to be on his guard.

The metal, in spite of grinding, stamping, and rolling, is far too soft for the rough work of war, and the blade must be hardened and tempered before being issued. No branch of the sword-maker's art has been the subject of such care as these two processes. On the one hand, whilst hardness is required, brittleness has to be avoided, and between this Scylla and Charybdis it is hard to steer an even course. The blades are heated for from seven to ten minutes in furnaces, and are then withdrawn and plunged into an oil bath. This gives them a brittle hardness, and in this condition they may be readily broken. When wiped dry, they are dipped for fifteen seconds into a bath of molten lead, and when taken out are found to have acquired the bluish tint characteristic of highly tempered unpolished steel. When cool, each blade is placed in carefully-cut gauges in order to detect the least variation from the fixed length, width, and thickness. When this is done nothing remains but the test proof before the final polishing and setting up of the weapon.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?
Good Steel or Bad. The Bending Test being Applied to Sword and Bayonet.

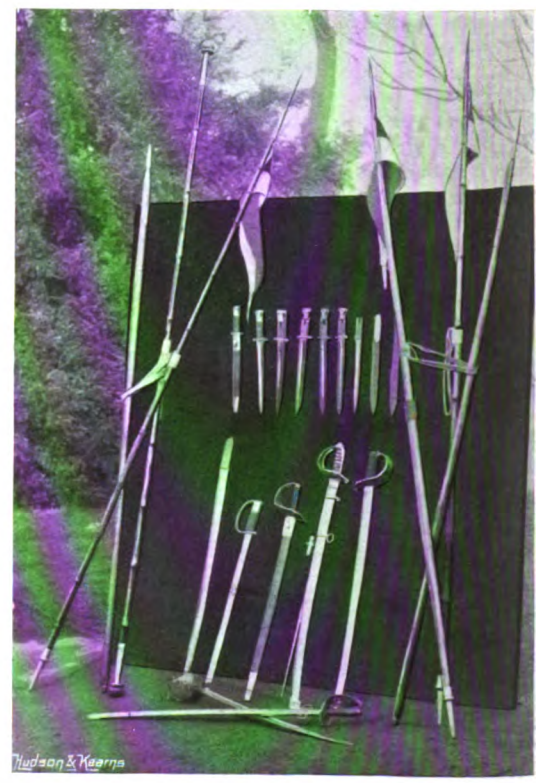


THE BAYONET ASSEMBLING SHOP.
During the Dinner Hour. Here Bayonets are Put Together Complete.

For bayonets, a very severe shortening test is applied. A small wire cage is used for this purpose, and in this the bayonet is fixed and forcibly bent so as to touch the side of the machine. This requires a force of 180-lb., and the steel, measuring only 12-in., is shortened by $\frac{5}{8}$-in. If, on being released, it recovers perfectly straight, it is passed.

The cavalry sword is tested in a different manner, and, if it passes, no subsequent reproach of a bad swordsman can ruffle the manager's equanimity. The blade is fixed for the direct and sidelong blows in a machine which can be set to strike with any force required. By touching a lever the sword is made to strike on its edge with a force of 120-lb. upon a block of oak inside the machine. It is then reversed, and the same strain exerted on the heel of the blade. The oak block is removed, and the blade, having been fixed sideways, strikes an iron bar with a force of 60-lb. So much for the direct test; now for the shortening one—if possible more severe than the other. The sword is placed in a zinc box (removed in the picture for photographic purposes), and is fixed in a species of weighing machine, so that by extending a lever it can be bent to any extent required. It must, when shortened by bending 5-in., be able to recover its straightness with a weight of 39-lb. upon the lever. These tests successfully passed, it is polished and passed to the assembling room.

Photos. Copyright. *SWORD TESTING.*
A Direct Blow, the Edge Leading.



A WARLIKE TROPHY. "*Navy & Army.*"
A Group of Swords, Lances, Boarding-pikes, Bayonets and Practice Lances.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and March 3).

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 167.] SATURDAY, APRIL 14th, 1900.

OUR NEW POSTER.

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ROUND THE WORLD

NEARLY a month ago England, indeed the Empire, was engaged in celebrating the festival day of the patron saint of Ireland. Scotchmen never allow St. Andrew's Day to pass unrecognised, and with Welshmen it is the same as regards St. David. And yet little more than a week hence it is probable that five of the first seven men you meet in the street will be ignorant, or have forgotten, that it is the feast day of the patron saint of their country. Scarcely anywhere will it be observed with any celebration, though there are exceptions. The men of the "Fighting Fifth," which has both its battalions in South Africa, will, as the regiment has been wont to do on St. George's Day since time immemorial, decorate their caps with roses. At Stratford-on-Avon also it is the day very suitably chosen for the opening of the Shakespearean Festival, for it is not only St. George's Day, but also Shakespeare's birthday. The festival will be this year, as usual, under the direction of Mr. F. R. Benson, and the play of the great dramatist that has been selected for special production on this occasion is "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Eleanor Calhoun are the gifted artists who have been specially engaged for the work.

Photo. Copyright. NEWS FROM THE FRONT. *Miss E. R. Faint.*

THE Duke of Norfolk is just about to arrive in South Africa to take his share in the campaign. The Duke has never been at any period of his life in the regular Army, and his connection with the Service is confined to the Volunteers. His actual regimental rank is that of senior major of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, whose headquarters are at Worthing. He has, however, by length of service earned the Volunteer decoration and the rank of honorary lieutenant-colonel. Moreover, he is also the honorary colonel of the 4th West Riding of Yorkshire Volunteer Artillery, one of the corps attached to the Western Division of the Royal Garrison Artillery. The headquarters of this corps are at Sheffield, a town with which His Grace is very closely connected, and of which he was Mayor for the years 1895 and 1896. The Duke has gone out as an officer in the Sussex contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, and his younger brother, Lord Edmond Talbot, who is the senior major of the 11th Hussars, is now in South Africa on the staff of General French, who commands the Cavalry Division. By the Duke's departure Her Majesty's Government loses the services of its Postmaster General, for that is the position His Grace held in the present Administration. The Duke, who was born in 1847, was fifty-two years of age last December.

AS great a work for the Empire is being performed at this moment in India by those there battling with the famine as is being done in South Africa by those who are fighting their country's battles in the land of veldt and kopje. And from all reports to hand the methods by which relief is being administered and the huge organisation of relief works managed command universal praise. The young Viceroy of India has added fresh laurels to his splendid reputation by the measures he has adopted for dealing with the distress.

THE reorganisation of the local troops in West Africa which the colonial authorities are under-

Photo. Copyright. *Werner.*
COLONEL W. G. KNOX, C.B.
Who Commanded White's Artillery during the Siege of Ladysmith.

Photo. Copyright. *Gillman & Co.*
COLONEL LORD VALENTIA.
Lieutenant-Colonel of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, and A.A.G. for the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa

Photo. Copyright. *Vandyk.*
COLONEL W. LESLIE DAVIDSON.
Who Commands the Horse Artillery Attached to French's Cavalry Division.

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taking will undoubtedly tend to increased efficiency. By it all the local constabulary and military forces that belong to the various colonies will be amalgamated into one complete West African Frontier Force, alike throughout in title, uniform, and equipment. Each colony, however, will have a quota of this force identified with it; thus the Gold Coast Constabulary will in the future be known as the Gold Coast Battalion of the West African Frontier Force. The battalions will then be available for service in any of the British colonies or protectorates in West Africa, and will in each draw the same pay and the officers have local military rank. The forces that will be thus united will comprise the Gold Coast Constabulary, the Lagos Constabulary, the Niger Coast Protectorate Constabulary, the West African Frontier Force, and the Sierra Leone Frontier Police. Of these the West African Frontier Force is considerably the largest, for over fifty officers are seconded for duty with this contingent. These are nearly all officers from the regulars, but some are from the Militia. The remaining forces in West Africa are almost entirely officered by the Militia. The Gold Coast Constabulary has thirty-one officers, the Lagos Constabulary sixteen, the Niger Coast Protectorate Constabulary thirteen, and the Sierra Leone Frontier Police thirteen.

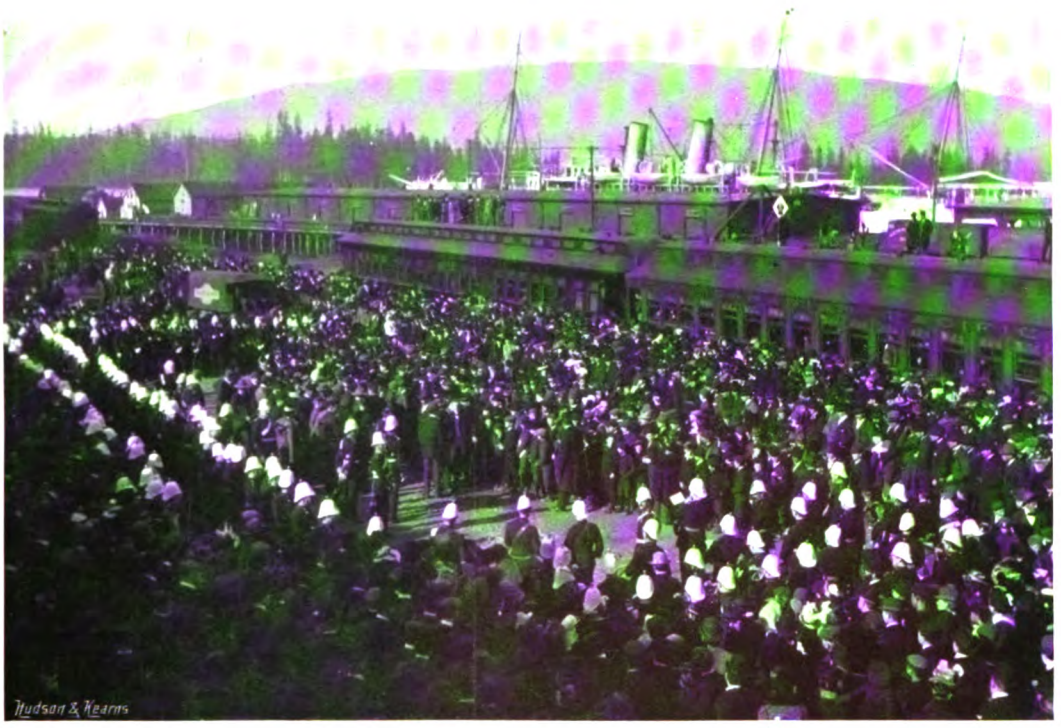

Photo. Copyright. *Hacking.*

STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

The Departure for South Africa of the Vancouver Detachment of this Crack Corps of the Canadian Contingent

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IT is fairly certain that both the design of the medal and the ribbon that will be given for the South African War are under consideration, if not already determined upon. The ribbon will, in all probability, assume the orange and blue colours that have always been associated with South African medals. The first South African medal was given in 1853, for the operations against the Kaffirs in the years 1834-35, 1846-47, and 1850-53. The design on the reverse was a lion crouching behind a protea bush, with above "South Africa," and in the exergue the date 1853. The same medal was issued for all the operations during the period 1877-79, with the sole difference that in lieu of the date the exergue was filled with a trophy of assegais and a Kaffir shield.

The ribbon was also the same as that ordered for the first medal, viz., orange watered, with two broad and two narrow blue stripes. The medal issued by the Chartered Company in 1896 to the forces that were engaged in Matabeleland in 1893 was somewhat similar. On the obverse the lion is charging after having been wounded by an assegai, while he tramples beneath him a native shield and arms. The ribbon is orange watered, with three stripes of blue.

Photo. Copyright *Bruton.*

A COLONIAL HERO.

Lieutenant-General Brabant, who Commands the Colonial Division.

WHAT will probably in the future be highly prized by collectors of literary curiosities are now coming to hand in the shape of copies of the little sheet by which the garrison of Ladysmith had its *ennui* relieved.

The bulk of the force shut up in Ladysmith was composed of Indian troops, and one has only to glance at the *Ladysmith Lyre* to recognise that its prototype was the *Candahar News*, published by Primrose's garrison during the occupation of Candahar by our troops in the Afghan War of 1878-80. Candahar also sustained a siege of some weeks' duration, though in no sense equal to that from which Ladysmith came out triumphant.

Whatever the garrison lacked, it certainly did not lack humourists, and the paper was evidently written by humourists for a public whose one wish was to be made to laugh. News used to come through, and the *Ladysmith Lyre* had always something to joke about. Here, for example, is the leading article on "the situation" in one of the issues: "Unless we are more cautious there will be a sudden change in the situation. General Buller is getting restive. Will no one stop him before it is too late?" The writer who added to Kipling's maxims of Hafiz had a most delightful vein of sarcasm running through his composition. Kipling himself could not beat the following: "Keep salt for the horses, meat for the broth, But in sieges leave women, my son, to 'the cloth.'" Or this: "My child, do not bring a brigade under fire, If one intelligent scout can glean the news you require." The news that defective transports had been utilised to take out the arm of the Service most urgently needed

Photo. Copyright. *A. W. Cook.*

CANDIDATES FOR THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Recruits for the Imperial Yeomanry Passing the Shooting Test on the Rifle Ranges at Neasden.

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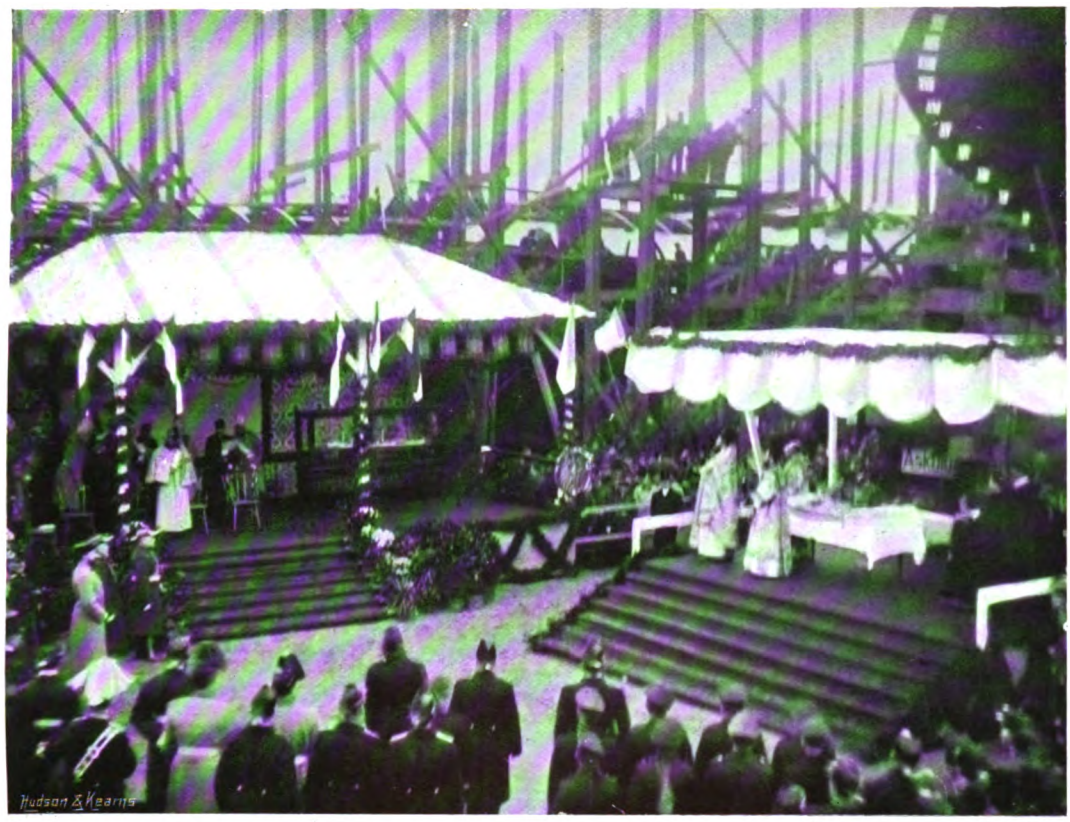
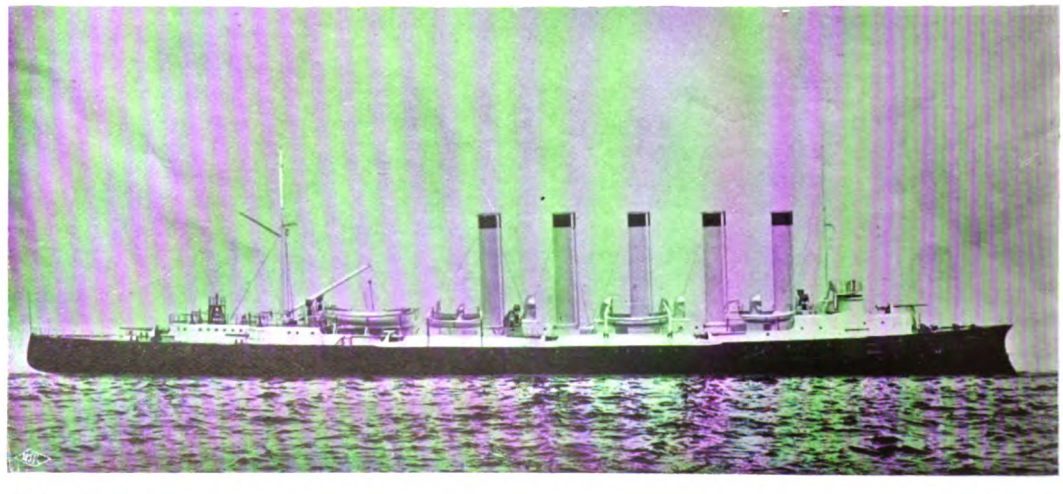


THE LAUNCH OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN CRUISER "ASKOLD."
The Religious Ceremony according to the Rites of the Greek Church.

THE portaits of two officers who have made a very distinguished mark, though their names are but little known to the public at large, appear in this week's issue. One is Colonel W. Leslie Davidson, who commands the Horse Artillery attached to General French's Cavalry Division. A man in his prime, for he is only just past fifty, Leslie Davidson joined the Royal Artillery at nineteen, and has seen much service in South Africa and Egypt. He was for eleven years a lieutenant, and only got his captaincy in 1880. His majority, however, came to him five years after his promotion to captain, and he remained another eleven years as a major, only getting his lieutenant-colonelcy in 1896, and becoming a colonel last January. Davidson's first war service was in South Africa, for he served throughout the Zulu War of 1879, was wounded at Ulundi, and earned mention in despatches. He served also in the Afghan War of 1880. For a short time in 1875-76 Colonel Davidson was A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, and after the Afghan War he filled the same position on the staff of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar. The other portrait is that of Colonel W. G. Knox, who was commanding the Royal Artillery during the siege of Ladysmith, and whose manipulation of the defences aided so largely to the successful stand of the garrison. Like Davidson, Knox also saw his first war service in Africa, for the earliest medal he gained was that for the Abyssinian War. He served also throughout the Ashanti Campaign, being present at the battles of Amoaful and Ordahsu and the capture of Coomassie. He was in the Afghan War, and present at the capture of Ali Musjid. His South African experiences previous to the present include the Zulu Campaign and the capture of Sekukuni's stronghold.

THE "ASKOLD" TAKING THE WATER
She was Built for the Russian Government by Krupp at the Germania Yard, Kiel



Photos. Copyright. *Krupp & Co.*

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE RUSSIAN NAVY.
The "Askold" as she will Appear when Completed and Ready for Sea.

in South Africa, viz., Artillery, is thus caustically commented on: "The Second Army Corps is taking swimming lessons off the Nore. The Government have decided to send no more Artillery to South Africa until they have discovered means of keeping them afloat. A howitzer battery with 1,000,000 lyddite shells was lost this morning in a hired transport, which sank in a violent calm." The witty little paper was scarcely a financial success, in spite of its price, sixpence, for here is an editorial notice, published as early as the second number: "The management has observed with regret that the *Ladysmith Lyre* is seldom, if ever, paid for. It begs respectfully to point out that this habit, if persisted in, may have a prejudicial effect on the success of the newspaper." Here is an answer to "Cora, Surprise Hill" in the "Answers to Correspondents": "It would look very nice trimmed with pompoms, but the worst of all these fal-lals is that they are so easily destroyed. Better to leave it as it is. It is the best taste always to try to escape Observation." In short, humour, and clever humour, was the distinctive characteristic of the *Ladysmith Lyre*. A complete file of that journal will form a most interesting relic of the siege, and the management announced that they had made arrangements to reprint each issue of the paper upon the termination of the investment, "unless by that time incapacitated through senile decay."

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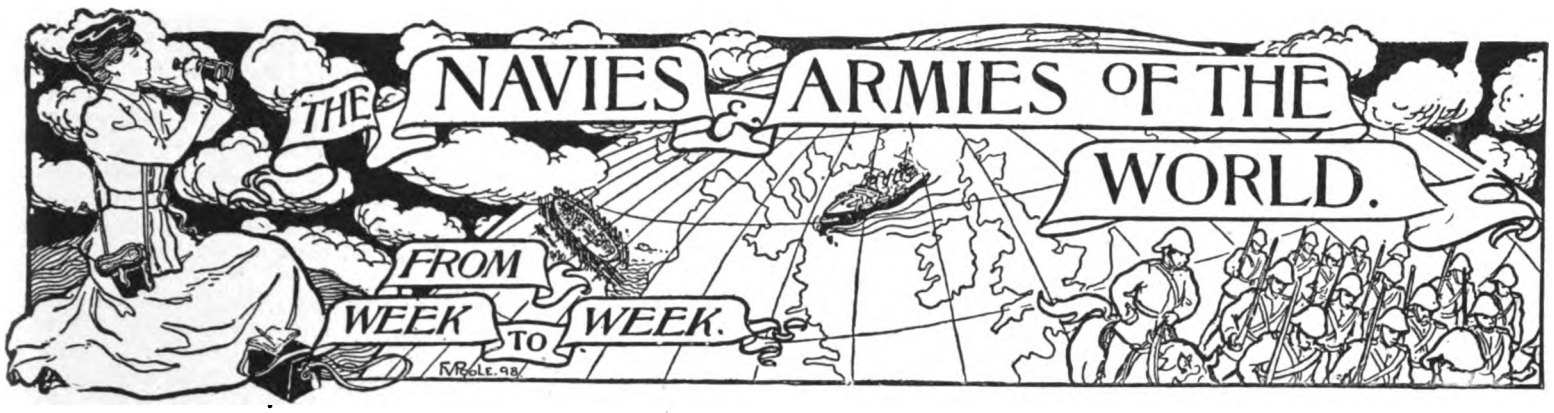

WHAT some among us are accustomed to speak of as "the extreme Naval school" is under an obligation to General de Galliffet. It may seem a little surprising that a French general, who is Minister of War, should be of all living Frenchmen the one who has made the best statement of the value of a fleet, and of the proper use of one, but this is the case. In reality there is nothing strange in his appearance in the character of defender of the "Sea Power" and its working. M. de Galliffet is, to begin with, a very clever man, and therefore quite able to understand good reasoning. Then he has had experience both in the Crimea and in Mexico, which was calculated to enlighten him as to the proper way of using a fleet, and as to the relative powers of ships and troops. Finally, he had to deal with the question whether the French Colonial Army ought to be under the control of the War Office or of the Admiralty, and so was called upon to turn the matter over in his mind. A strong effort has been made to attach both it and the control of the coast defences to the Navy, on the so-called logical ground that as the three must act together they ought to be under the same command. So he had good cause to argue the complicated question out; as he had also to make things clear to the Chamber, he had to strip the debate of all pompous and puzzling technical terms, and to set forth the essentials in language which could be understood by the "plain man." Having then to administer spoon meat to babes, General de Galliffet wrapped his doctrine up in a simple fable, such as told its tale to all hearers.

* * * *

Let us, said the Minister of War, suppose hostilities have broken out between two imaginary countries. They are naturally countries divided by the sea, and therefore one can only invade the other over-sea. Let us give the aggressor all possible chances. We will take it for granted that he has hurried on the war; that he has mobilised earlier than his opponent; that he has embarked his 10,000, 20,000, or 40,000 soldiers, and has a greatly superior fleet. The fleet of the Power assailed is beaten, driven into port, and thrown out of action. What, says General de Galliffet, must now ensue? The aggressor will begin to land his men and materials, subject to the difficulties which the sea puts in his way. His war-ships, in the meantime, lie off under steam awaiting the course of events, which, in the Minister's opinion, means the re-embarkation, sooner or later, of the men landed. As for the defender's fleet, it is thrown out, and will appear no more. And now, M. de Galliffet went on, what conclusion do I draw? "It is this, that the country with the most powerful fleet can defend its coast without the help of its army, and that the country which has the weaker fleet must needs rely on its troops for the defence of its coasts."

* * * *

This is all the law and all the prophets on the subject. Nobody can dispute the proposition that when a nation is beaten on the sea it can no longer prevent an enemy from landing somewhere, and that then it must fall back on its power to defeat him when he is landed. It does not at all follow that because A has invaded B he will ultimately win. Harold Hardrada landed on the North-East Coast of England in 1066, only to be defeated and slain. William the Conqueror landed and won a victory. The beginnings of the Norse King and the Norman Duke were identical, but their ends were different. Those who object to the so called extreme Naval school are wont to argue that the coast of Great Britain may be left without Naval defence while a great part of the fleet is in distant waters. Then, say they, an invasion is possible, and an army is needed to hold off the invader while our scattered squadrons are called home. But when our foreign stations have to be stripped because the heart of the Empire is in danger, our position in the world at large is ruined. When Rome recalled the legions from Britain it was because her empire was falling to pieces. The moral for us is, that we must look upon the four seas of Britain as the basis and foundation of the whole edifice, and must take care that we have a margin of strength at home which will secure us against being fairly beaten in the home seas by one defeat. When we have lost a succession of battles at sea, it will be because the navies of our enemies are better than our own, and then no calling home of distant squadrons will save us. Our Empire will have come to an end, and the enemy may spare himself the trouble of invasion. He will have another and a less hazardous way of bringing us to submission.

* * * *

M. de Galliffet also took occasion to draw other deductions, which have less immediate interest for us, and yet are not without application to our case also. When, he said, the invasion has taken place, what follows? The country so assailed from the sea must now make use of its troops to drive the invaders back. If it is wise, if it has been taught by experience, it will not scatter its men in a long thin line on its coast, but will concentrate substantial forces in echelon, and at places from which they can be rapidly brought forward, and thrown on the invader in a solid mass. Then within a very short time he will be driven to his ships again. But this can best be done when the whole of the defending force is under one control. Now those who wish, in the much-abused name of logic, to put the coast defences under Naval control, and to maintain the connection between the Colonial Army, which will always when at home be in coast towns, are for taking measures to establish confusion. Answering M. Leyque, who is an advocate of the connection between the Navy, the Colonial Army, and the coast defences, M. de Galliffet said very truly that he wanted to put the first echelon of the land defences under one authority, and the others under another. And so he would do if his ideas were carried out.

* * * *

Put the case, for instance, that a British force had landed on a repetition of one of the expeditions to the coast of France which were common in King William's time, and were renewed in the Seven Years' War. Let us say that it had landed near Cherbourg or Rochefort with intent to capture one or other of those places. Let it further be supposed that the town, because it is a coast defence, is under the authority of the Minister of Marine. What ensues? Obviously there must arise a want of unity in the command on the French side. Unless the place threatened is relieved sooner or later by the Army it must fall. It cannot be relieved by sea, because the French fleet is *ex hypothesi*, beaten into port, and a great part of it may have taken refuge in the very places attacked. But the Army which is to raise the siege is under the Minister of War, while the garrison holding the town is under the Minister of Marine. In fact, those who are for combining coast defence, Colonial Army, and Navy under one head in the blessed names of unity and logic, would introduce the very confusion which they profess to wish to avoid, and that in the most critical circumstances. Of course, if all parties concerned were loyal to their country and "the Service," no harm need ensue; but then neither need the Navy fear want of support if the Army is put in command of the coast defences, supposing everybody to be virtuous. If everybody is not—if the jealousy of corps against corps, the vanity and the self-assertion which are the vices of the French character, go on as before—then the division of authority described by General de Galliffet would have disastrous consequences. So the Chamber thought, for it ended by voting the attachment of the Colonial Army to the Ministry of War. The arguments of General de Galliffet are applicable mainly to a condition of things which one trusts will never arise for us; but there is a universal truth in his contention that coast defences on shore ought to be under the authority which commands the land forces, while nothing can be sounder than his maxim that each defender of his country should stick to his own last—the soldier to the land and the sailor to the sea.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The "Handy Man's" Return.

THE Navy grumbled when the war began. The fleet would have no share in it. It was the Army alone which would have the chance of distinguishing itself. So we all thought—when the war began. But, like many other assumptions in war-time, this one has been falsified by the event. In spite of the fact that the fighting has all taken place a good deal more than 100 miles from the sea, the Navy has been very much in it. We had not been fighting a month before the Army had to turn to the senior Service for sorely-needed assistance. Ladysmith was in desperate straits. Its guns were outranged. The garrison were subjected to a fierce bombardment and could make no reply. The telegraph clicked out the grave news at Durban, and hearts sank. But there were ships in Durban Harbour. There were guns in those ships. There were officers and men longing to take them to their comrades' aid. What good, though, would the guns be on shore without carriages? This was a "poser," but a "poser" that the Navy very soon settled. In a wonderfully short time Captain Percy Scott's gun-carriage had been invented and tested and put into use, and the Naval Brigade had started—

"Tugging away at their load
Through the ruts in the road which the rain had cut, and where there was never a road.
Nobody heard it or saw it, and there wasn't a band to play,
But they landed them up at Ladysmith from the cruiser down in the Bay;
And just when the guns were needed, and looking quite spick and span,
With a nod to the gent of the absent mind, up doubled the 'Handy Man.'"

Letter after letter that has come through from Ladysmith during the past few weeks has told the same story—"The Naval guns saved the town." "What we should have done without them no one has dared to think." "They came just in the nick of time." At first there were doubts expressed as to whether a ship ought to be denuded, as the "Powerful" was, of guns and officers and men, and as a general rule it is certainly not desirable to send a Naval brigade so far away from its natural base—the sea. But criticism has been silenced now that we know the facts of the case. One is reminded of the Scottish minister who prayed for "our brave soldiers who are fighting in the Soudan." "Oh, Lord!" he said, "give them victory and bring them safe home from yon far country; though," he added, as an after-thought, "there may vara weel be twa opeenions as to the advisabeelity of sending them there."

There may be "twa opeenions" in this case. We may think that the Army ought to be properly provided with guns of its own, equal to any that can be brought against it. We may hold that the "gents of absent mind" at the War Office ought not to be obliged to ask the Navy to get them out of tight places. We know that "Her Majesty's jollies" are "soldiers and sailors too," but is it reasonable, however much they like such work, to expect Her Majesty's Bluejackets to be sailors and soldiers too? However, as soon as we knew that the "Powerful's" guns had been sent, we were all united in hoping that they would do what was required of them, and we shall all be united in giving the brave gunners who did such splendid work the heartiest welcome we can when the "Powerful" arrives at Portsmouth. Nor must we forget the gallant and useful work which has been done by the Naval Brigades with Methuen's force and with Buller's at the battle of Colenso. The despatches published the other day were full of heroic deeds and records of cool courage and resource. We cannot forget that many brave men have been left behind, buried under the veldt, but they died facing the foe in a good cause, and how can man find a better end than this?

There is a point about despatches, by the way, in which, if Mr. Wyndham is rightly informed, the Army might well copy Naval procedure. Mr. Wyndham said in Parliament the other day that military officers commanding in the field never transmit individual reports by their subordinates, but incorporate such reports in their own despatches, using their own words instead of the words of the original report. Naval despatches are made up on a more business-like plan. Reports are sent exactly as the officer in command receives them, and the public is thus able to form for itself at first hand a clear impression of what happened.

We are exceedingly glad to notice that, in spite of attempts to create a panic, the nation quietly declines to believe that it is being betrayed by Her Majesty's Naval advisers. We are glad, too, to see that in the best of the Imperial Defence schemes which are being put forward it is assumed that the Navy will remain the concern of this country. The most sensible proposal we have read suggests that, while every colony raises a local military force, to be used wherever it may be needed, the Navy shall continue to be supported by the Head of the Firm. If we at home are relieved of the necessity of greatly increasing our military expenditure, we can well afford to spend as much as we have done, and more, whenever more is required, upon the Fleet. Of course the Navy will not on this account be any less an Imperial Service, open to recruits from every part of the Empire. We shall welcome equally colonial Naval officers and colonial A.B.'s. But it would be difficult as yet to arrange any plan for a regular colonial contribution to Naval expenses, and, seeing that the present system works well, and is not unduly burdensome, there is no need to disturb it. There are many ways, though, in which the colonies will feel that both the Services are as much bound up with their national life as with ours. For instance, it might be possible to employ senior officers of Marines as instructors in the new colonial forces. At present these officers, who are admitted to be thoroughly good men, and who keep the Marines up to a very high state of efficiency, cannot rise beyond a certain rank. That is to say, when they reach the rank of lieutenant-colonel there is little further chance of employment for them; the superior posts on shore are so few in number. If they could look forward to employment in the colonies the advantage would be two-edged—the colonial forces would get excellent leading, and the lot of the Marine officer would be made more attractive at the same time.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 12, 1794.—Reduction of Guadaloupe. The fort of Fleur d'Epée was carried by storm, several other posts were carried, and the whole of Grande Terre fell into our hands.

April 13, 1895.—Surprise attack on the Corps of Guides by the River Panjkora, Chitral Expedition. Lieutenant-Colonel Battye killed and Captain Peebles mortally wounded. Nisa Gol, Chitral, stormed and carried by Colonel Kelly.

April 14, 1814.—Sortie from Bayonne. The French at first successful, but in the end driven back. 1896.—Dervishes defeated by the Suakin Garrison at Taroi and Khor Wintoi on the 14th and 15th.

April 15, 1752.—Attack upon Samiaveram repulsed by Clive (then a captain). 1759.—Capture of a battery at Guadaloupe by Brigadier Crumpe. 1811.—Surrender of Olivena. The garrison, after resisting for six days, surrendered to Marshal Beresford.

April 16, 1746.—Battle of Culloden. The English under the Duke of Cumberland defeated the Young Pretender's forces. 1810.—Surrender of Santa Maura by the French to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore. 1811.—Action at Usagre. French cavalry routed by Major-General Lowry Cole.

April 17, 1794.—Battle of Landrecy. Attempted relief of this place, which was besieged by the Allies, frustrated, several redoubts captured, and the village of Vaux carried by assault. 1895.—Defeat of Chitralis near Miankalai. Munda Fort occupied, and Umra Khan put to flight.

April 18, 1783.—New Providence taken by Sir Guy Carleton from the Spaniards. 1794.—Battery of D'Anet stormed and carried by Lieutenant-Colonel Coote. 1895.—Siege of Chitral raised. Flight of the enemy.

April 19, 1775.—Battle of Lexington. The first action between British and Americans. British retreat. 1801.—Surrender of Fort St. Julien, near Rosetta, to the British, after three days' fighting. 1880.—Battle of Ahmed Kheyl. Sir Donald Stewart defeated the Afghans.

APRIL 12, 1782.—Rodney's victory over De Grasse off Dominica. Action between Hughes and Suffren off Trincomalee.

April 13, 1670.—Hudson's Bay Company founded. 1748.—First Order establishing Naval uniform. 1758.—The "Prince George," 90, burned in the Bay of Biscay, 485 lives lost.

April 14, 1793.—Rear-Admiral Gell's squadron, on the way to the Mediterranean, took the French privateer "Dumourier" and a Spanish galleon with £200,000 on board.

April 15, 1759.—The "Favorite," 14, off Cadiz, captured the French "Valeur," 24. 1795.—Sir J. B. Warren's squadron captured the "Jean Bart."

April 16, 1703.—Benbow's insubordinate captains, Wade and Kirkby, executed in Plymouth Sound. 1781.—Repulse of the Bailli de Suffren's attack on a British squadron in Porto Praya Bay, St. Jago.

April 17, 1780.—Rodney's action with De Guichen off Martinique. 1806.—Defeat of a French flotilla in Naples Bay, and capture of the "Bergère," 18, by the "Sirius," 36.

April 18, 1740.—Capture of the Spanish "Princeza," 74, off Cape Finisterre, by the "Lenox," 70, and "Orford," 70. 1774.—Royal Humane Society instituted.

April 19, 1587.—Attack on Cadiz by Sir Francis Drake, and destruction of over a hundred store and ammunition ships for the Armada. ("Singing the King of Spain's beard.") 1757.—Admiral Lord Exmouth born. 1775.—Outbreak of the war with the American colonists.

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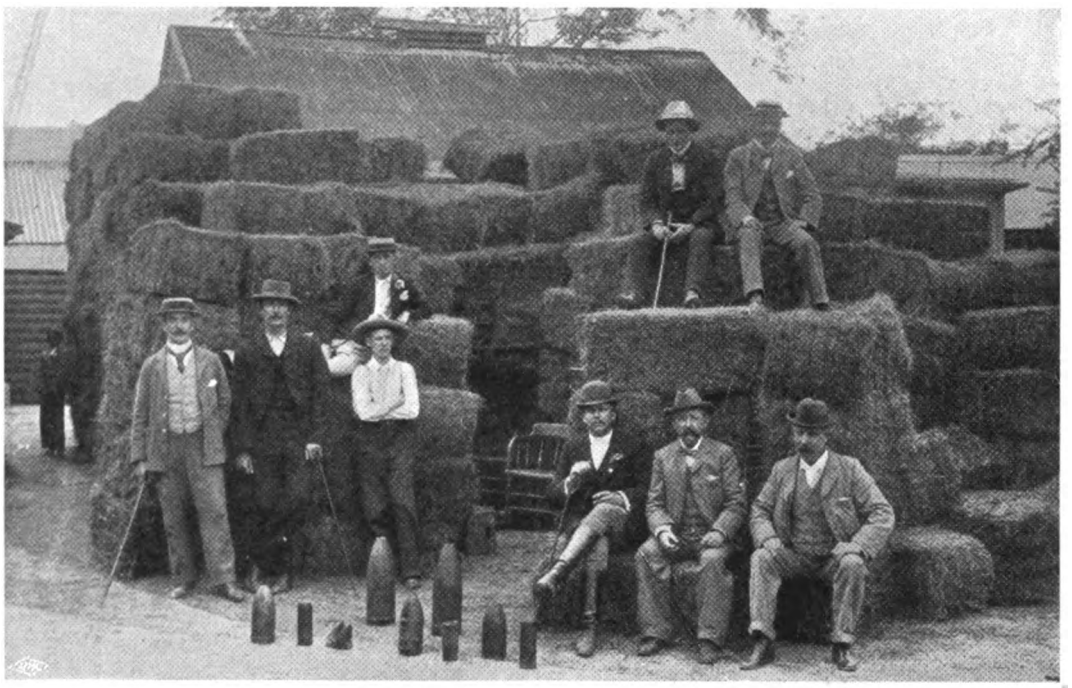
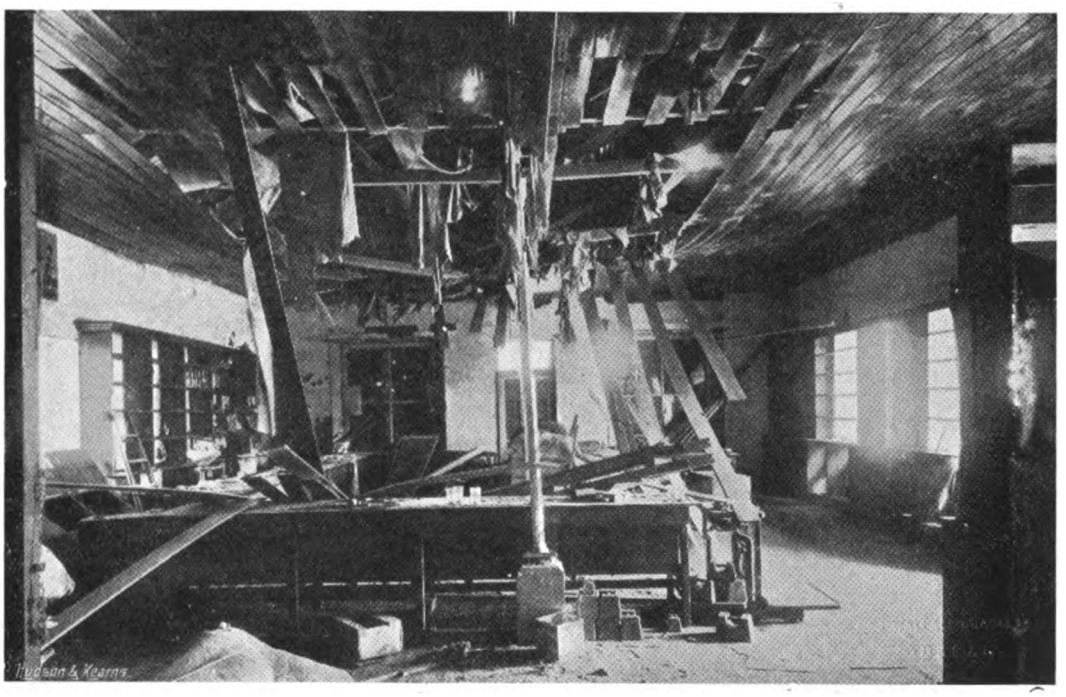
Life in Ladysmith During the Siege.

IT needs no oracle to explain that life in Ladysmith, during the time that town, invested by the Boers, was subjected to the rebel bombardment, and waiting long, with hope deferred, for that help which was eventually to reach it by means of Lord Dundonald and his gallant handful of troops, was something which can hardly be described by the word "pleasant." Short commons, with the interlude of a Boer shell, whose fragments are of course no respecters of persons, do not and cannot constitute an ideal of existence. They cannot even make life commonly endurable. The residents in Ladysmith, civilian and military alike, had to resort to innumerable dodges to protect, we will not say their property, but their lives. It is easy to understand that such pictures as those which constitute our illustrations to this article are not readily obtainable. They were taken on the spot, and they show things as they actually existed when the retention of Ladysmith was a very important point in the British programme, and when the Boer hordes were still encircling the town. The importance of the relief of Ladysmith, as viewed in this country, is evidenced by one fact. During the period of our reverses, men met at their clubs or elsewhere. "Any news?" "No," and the pain was borne and no one complained. But the outburst on the occasion of the relief of Ladysmith was the measure of the feeling which had been restrained. It showed one of the most stolid races in the world moved from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, from Esquimalt across three continents to New Zealand, and it was both an evidence and a promise of the might of the British race. The first of our pictures depicts just such a shelter as our troops had to find or make. It is a home, partially dug out, on the slope of a hill, with bags filled with sand or earth to protect it from hostile fire. This method of protection has been in use so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," but it may be doubted whether it has ever been used so thoroughly or so efficaciously as in the present war. The Boers have tried it over and over again, and if we have been slow to learn from them in respect of taking cover—and, be it remembered, we have always had to be the attacking party—our beleaguered towns have learned at least how to protect their inhabitants. Hay, as is evident, is useful as a protector, and the illustration which we give of the desolation caused by the bursting of a shell indicates the effects of Boer fire. When, indeed, the Boers were able to bring up their heavier guns, life in Ladysmith must have been intolerable. A bursting shell is no pleasant accompaniment to a breakfast table—even assuming that there is something to eat—and the stories of the siege indicate how great were both the privation and the danger endured during the concluding period, and how heroically they were undergone. The more honour to the men, women, and children who withstood the bitterness to the end.

VERY NECESSARY PRECAUTION.
A Bomb-proof Shelter Built by the Liverpool Regiment.



ANOTHER FORM OF SHELTER.
Bales of Hay have Other Uses than the Feeding of Horses.



Photos. Copyright. *J. W. Bradley.*

THE SHELLS SOMETIMES GOT HOME.
The Interior of a Store Entered and Wrecked by a Big Boer Shell.

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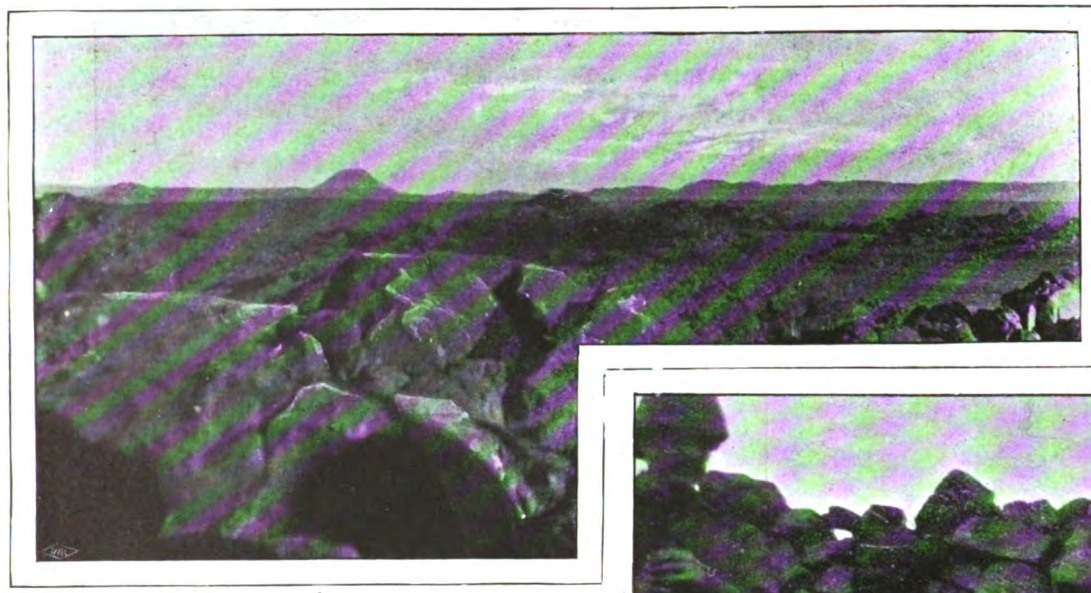
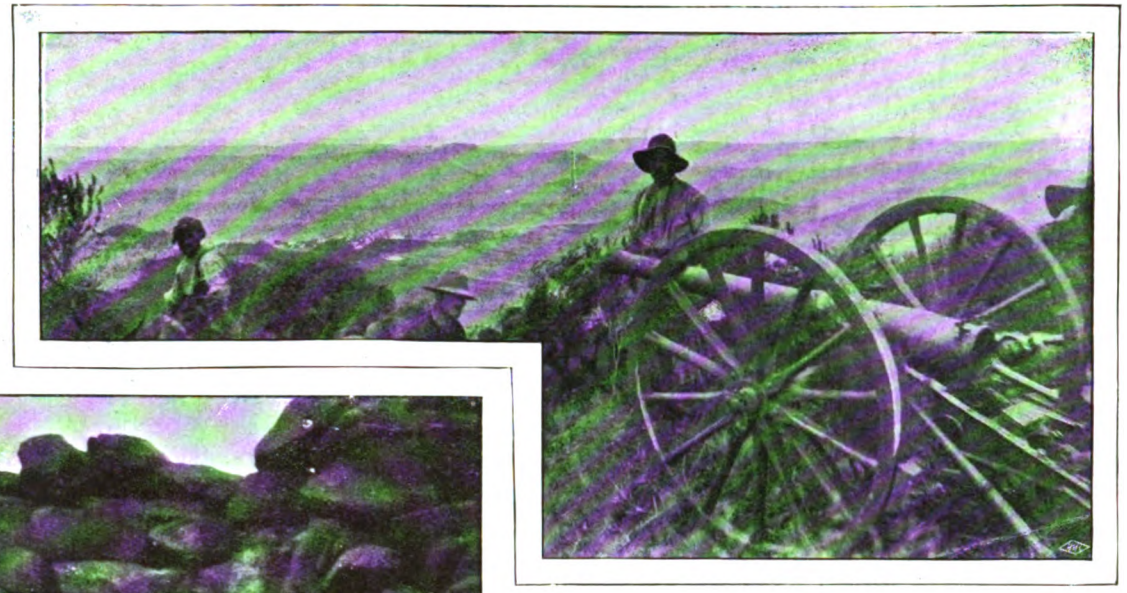
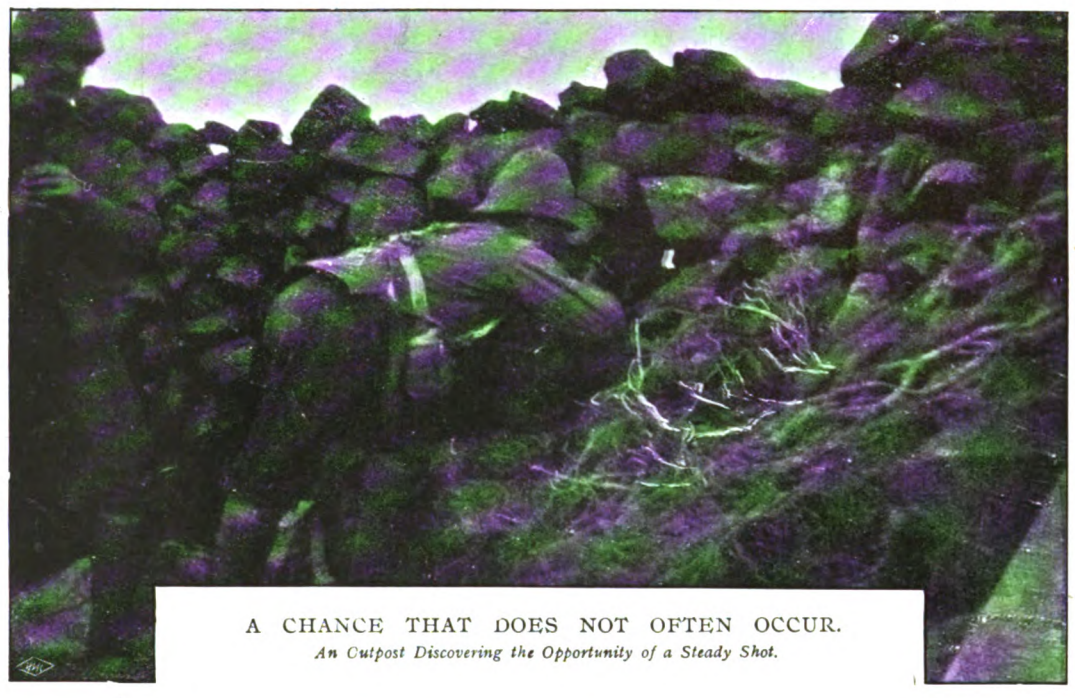


PAARDEBERG IN THE DISTANCE.
Waiting for the Enemy to Show Himself.

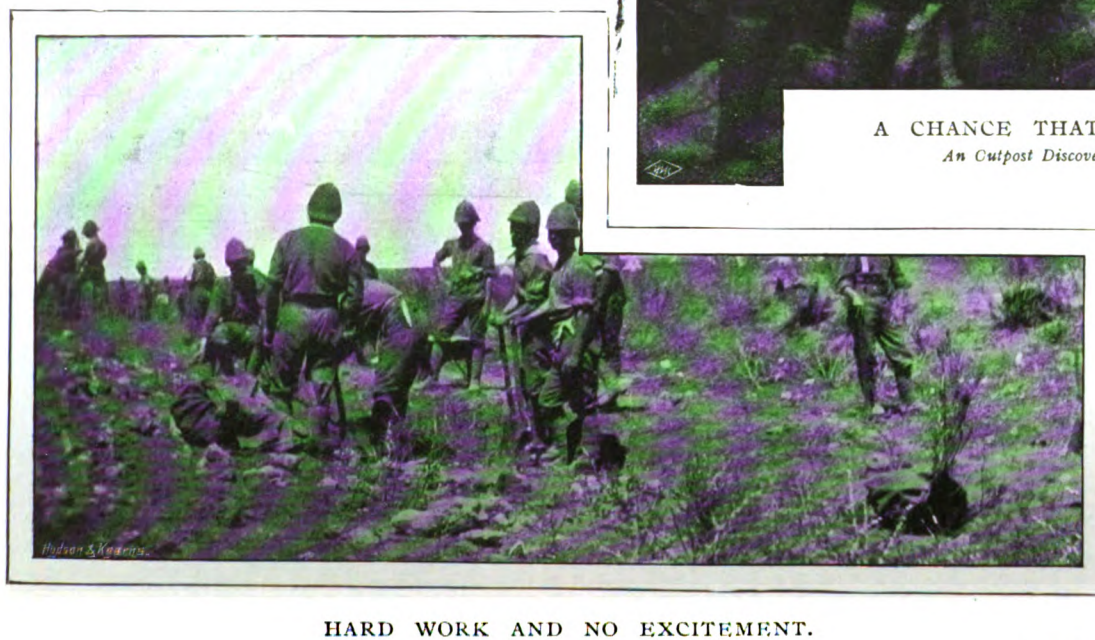


AN UNCOMMONLY USEFUL WEAPON.
A Gun that Commanded the Enemy.

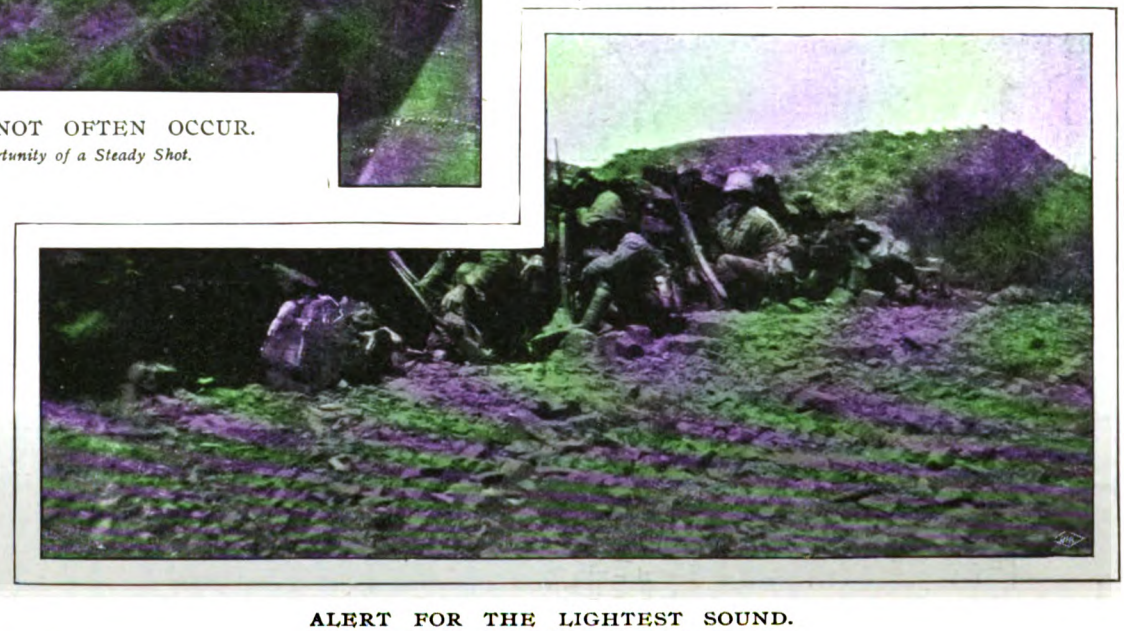
Watching the Enemy At Paardeberg.



A CHANCE THAT DOES NOT OFTEN OCCUR.
An Outpost Discovering the Opportunity of a Steady Shot.



HARD WORK AND NO EXCITEMENT.
The Weariness of Fatigue Duty is Proverbial.



ALERT FOR THE LIGHTEST SOUND.
A Detached Post on Outpost Duty, Under Cover.

From Photos. by a Military Officer

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Yeomanry and Volunteers Eager for the Front.

Photo. Copyright. D'Arcy

A VERY TYPICAL DRESSER.

He belongs to the Irish Hospital Corps, which has done such Good Work.

THE OFFICERS OF LORD DUNRAVEN'S SHARPSHOOTERS.

Smart Men Capable of very Smart Work.

Photos. Copyright. *Russell & Sons.*

GIVING OF OUR BEST TO THE NATION'S NEEDS.

The Duke of Norfolk, Major Sir Walter Barttelot, and some of Their Colleagues.

Photo. Copyright. *Maull*

A MEMBER OF A GREAT FIGHTING FAMILY.

And a Fire Brigade Officer. Lieutenant du Cros has Organised the Best Private Fire Brigade in the Kingdom.

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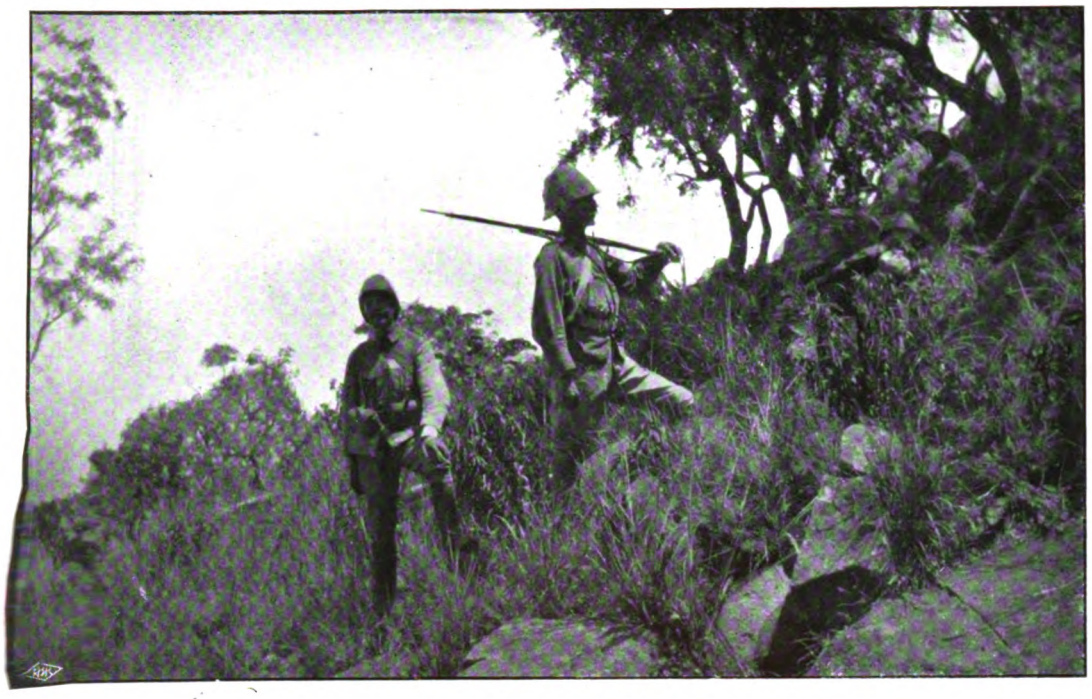
Buller's Advance in Natal.



THE CAPTURE OF MONTE CRISTO HILL
An Advance in Good Order.

SOME BOER SANGARS ON MONTE CRISTO HILL.
Obstacles Our Men had to Surmount.

From Photos. *by a Military Officer.*

THAT AWFUL COVER.
The Stuff Our Men had to Clear in Order to Gain the Summit. The 2nd Brigade did it.

THE Tugela country, by which we may venture to describe the whole triangle of hilly ground formed by the river and the two ranges of hills which meet near Laing's Nek, is no longer so interesting to us as it was. The tide of war has rolled elsewhere, and to-day the names most familiar in our mouths are those of Bloemfontein and of places thereabouts, including the waterworks. Yet the rugged land round Ladysmith is too full of the labours, and we may add of the blood, of Her Majesty's subjects, English, Scotch, and Irish (more especially Irish), to be soon forgotten by us. There have been many fights there, and they have left many graves. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has, in a rather more chastened mood than has been common with him of late, just drawn a poetic picture of a coming time when the descendants of British and Boers will talk over the battles of these times without animosity, and even with a common pride in the bravery of both sides. Let us hope so, and that this idyllic time will come quickly. For the present things are less harmonious, and the scenes reproduced in our illustrations are those of the victory of British over Boers or of Boers over British. When the tale comes to be told in full, the name of Monte Cristo will occupy a foremost place. It will rank with those of the hills on the frontier of France, which gave Wellington's army so much trouble in the campaign of the Pyrenees in 1814. To storm such a height as this of Monte Cristo is a fine feat. As far as the mere danger of being shot goes, it is not always more perilous to assail a foe on the top of a hill than to assault him on plain ground. Rather the contrary, in fact, for there are obstacles in the way of firing down a steep slope. The trial to the assailant comes mainly from what in sporting phrase is called "the bellows to mend," that is, the strain on the lungs. It is not everybody who can race up a hillside like a Cumberland Guide, even when he is not hampered by a rifle, cartridges, and other traps. To arrive at the top pumped and shaky, as a man does unless he is in wonderfully good training, and with the certainty that an enemy is waiting for you there, rifle in hand, quite cool and steady, is a trial for most sons of Adam. That our men did it so often and so successfully speaks nobly of their quality. Had the enemy been one who closes with the bayonet as the assailant scrambles over the crest, the work would have been more difficult. But it was quite hard enough. We ought to look respectfully at these steep slopes and the trees or the sangars from behind which the Boers fired at their ease Whether such places could have been taken in direct attack alone is a question, but this at least is certain—that our men did their best, and that it was very good. There will be a time, no doubt, when globe-trotters will foregather on this ground, and they will then find a difficulty in realising that hereabouts were fought some of the most strenuously contested battles connected with the relief of Ladysmith.

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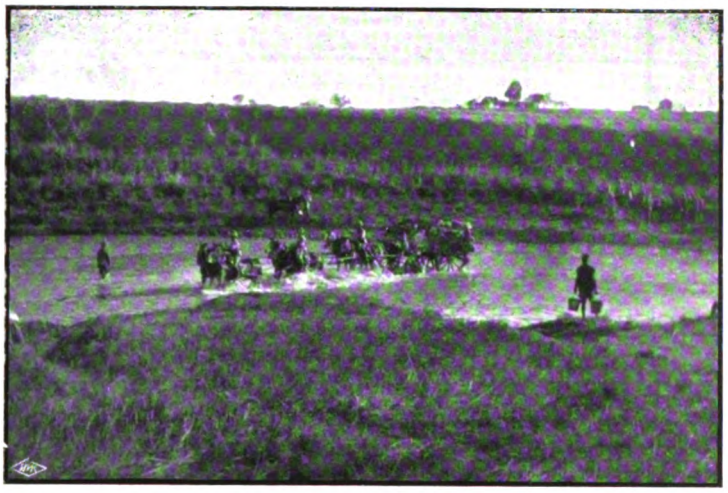
A MODERATELY PEACEFUL OPERATION.
Heliographing with Ladysmith.

A BIT OF OPEN COUNTRY.
The Boers Hold the Hills.

A DRIFT OVER A RIVER.
Relief at Last

REFRESHING AT A WELL.
Are not the Tired Men Glad of a Drink?

A NASTY PASSAGE.
Making the Best of a Bad Job.



CROSSING A DRIFT.
Our Artillery can do it, but it is a Troublesome Job.

WORK BY THE R.E.
A Passage Across a Temporary Bridge.

A SANDY BOTTOM.
The Ground in Front is Already Occupied.

From Photos. by W. D. M. Cotts.

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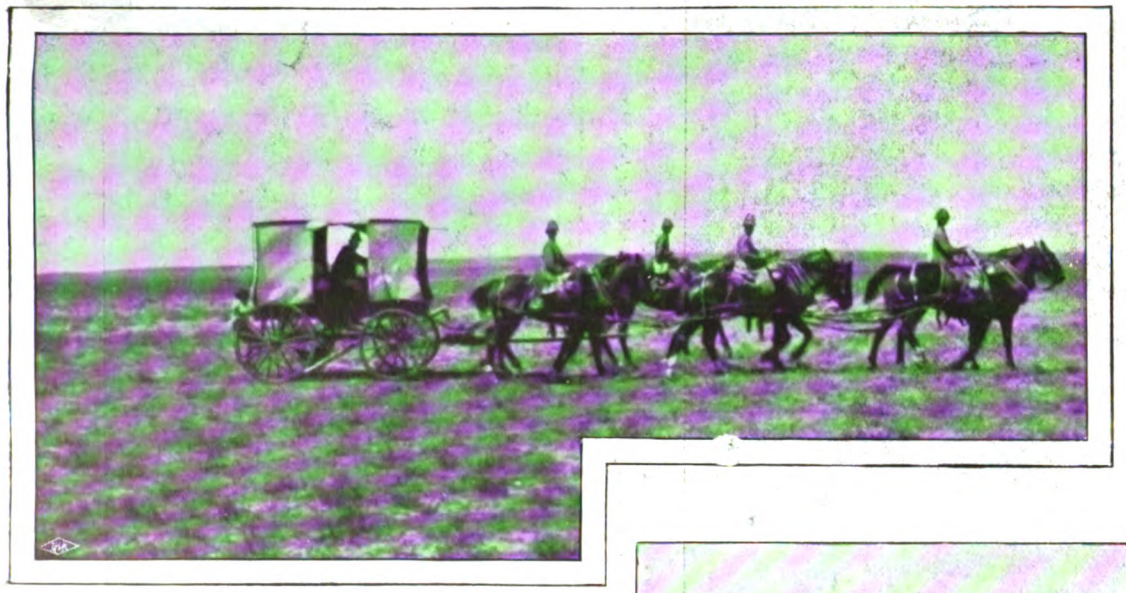


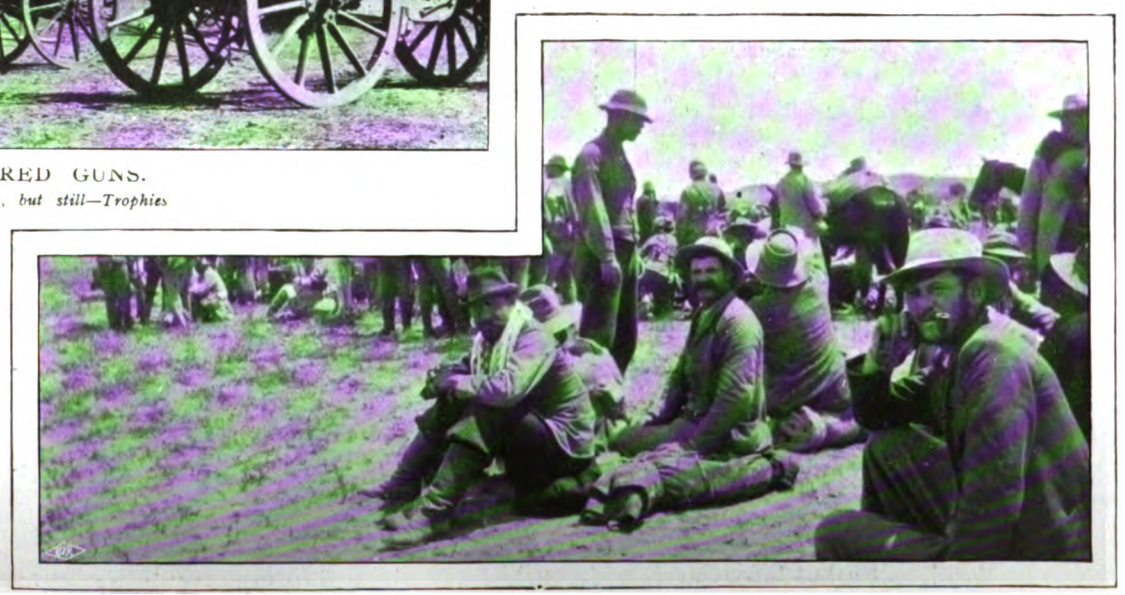
ACROSS THE BOUNDLESS VELDT.
Cronje's Carriage, in which He and His Secretary and Interpreter Travelled.

AN UNDOUBTED FOE.
A Free State Commandant Leading His Troops.

Cronje's Surrender.

CRONJE'S CAPTURED GUNS.
Knocked About and Useless, but still—Trophies

THE RANK AND FILE OF CRONJE'S ARMY.
Not Up to Aldershot Ideas.



GLAD TO BE OUT OF THE FIGHTING.
Boer Prisoners under British Control.

Photos. Copyright "Navy & Army.

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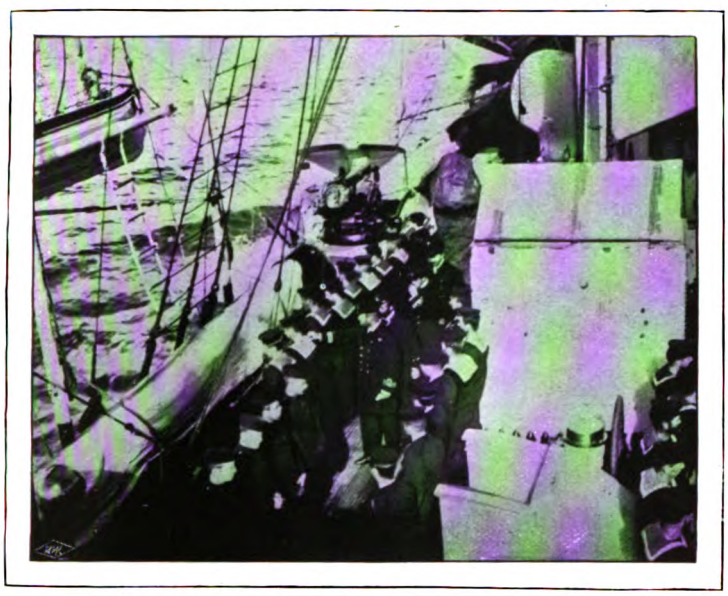
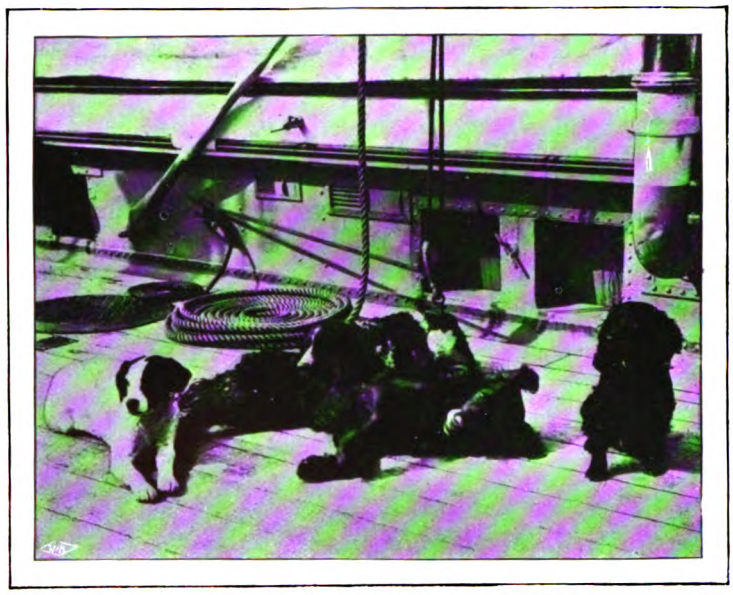
In a Gun-boat in the Wide Pacific.



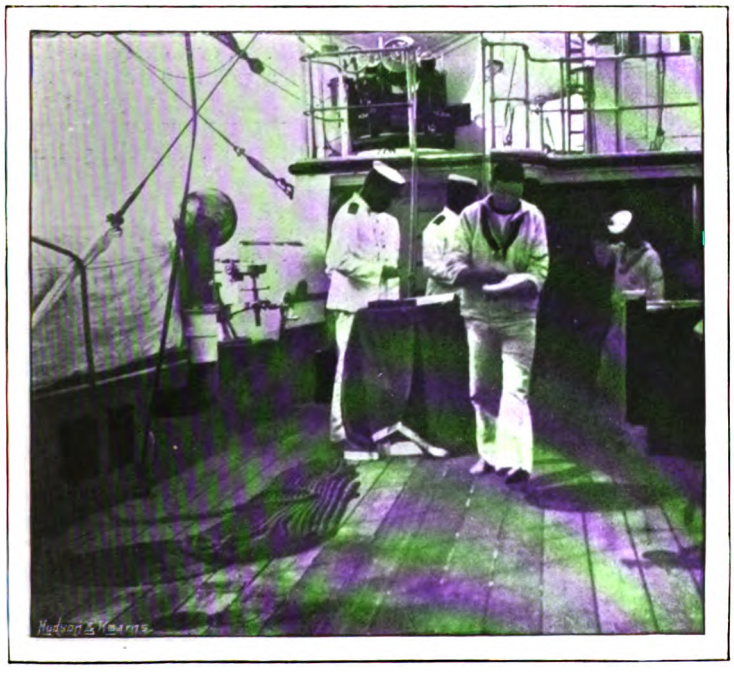
SUNDAY DIVISIONS.
The Commanding Officer's Inspection.



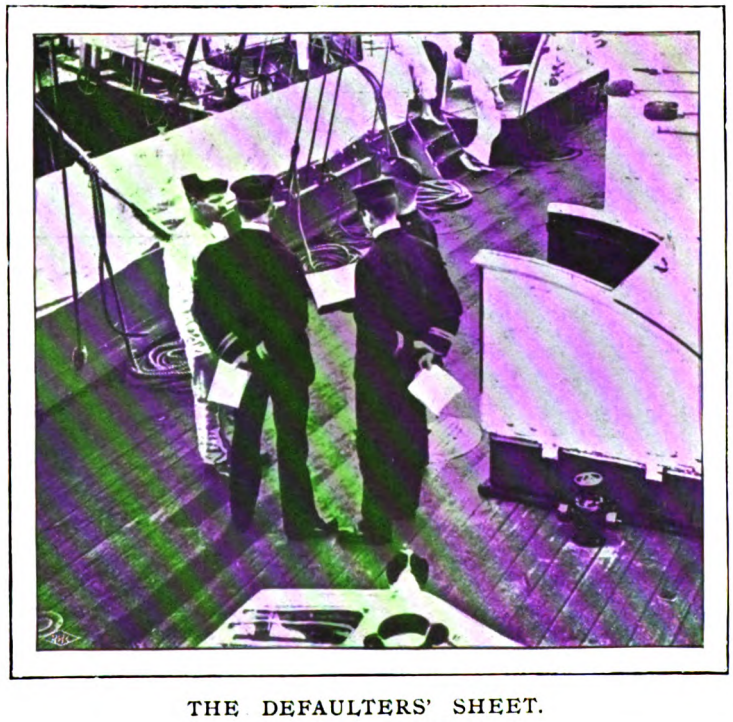
NAVAL PETS.
Dogs are Generally Welcome Afloat.

FACING THE WEATHER.
A Heavy Roll has Brought a Sea on Board in Earnest

A MOVING GUN AND A MOBILE TARGET.
Laying a Gun Under Difficulties.



THE REGULAR PAY DAY.
Being Paid in British Coin



THE DEFAULTERS' SHEET.
Matutinal Naval Discipline.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

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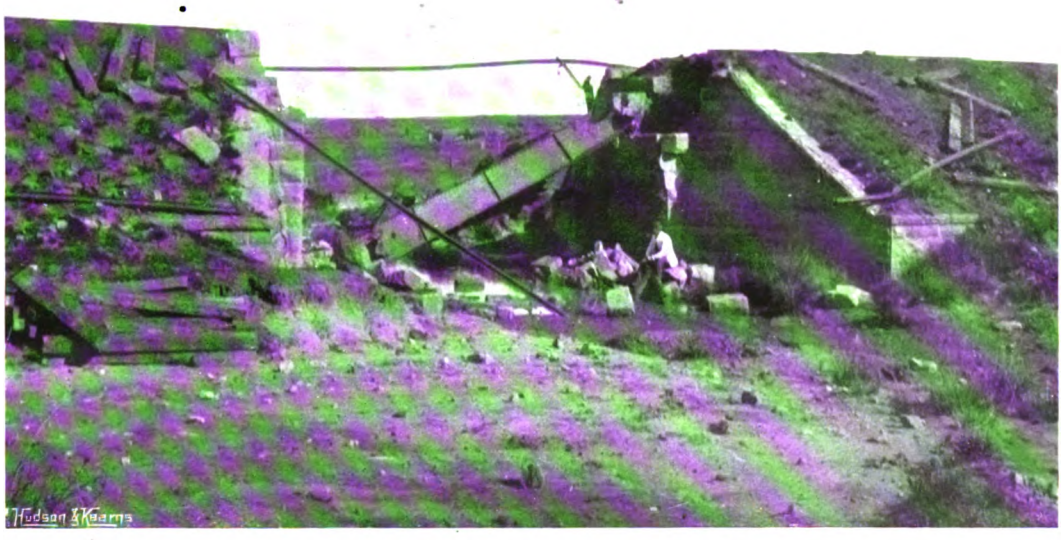
With Gatacre.

A CHANGE OF TENANTS.

A Laager at Stormberg formerly Occupied by the Free Staters.

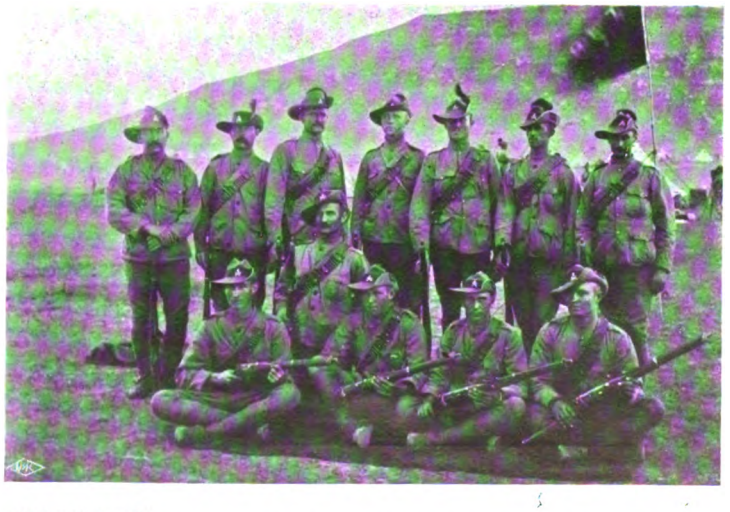
DISTINCTION in war must necessarily depend to a considerable extent upon luck, although all the luck in the world will never give a really incompetent fighting man any genuine or lasting advantage over the thorough soldier. What luck, however, *does* seem continually to do is to deprive good and capable men of the opportunities in war which they might be expected to seize and improve, and the lack of which must be peculiarly galling to those in whom ability and energy are so happily combined as they are in the commander of the Third Division in South Africa. Among those who have studied the war from the outset there is considerable sympathy with General Gatacre, who has all along been greatly hampered by want of a sufficient force wherewith to undertake big offensive movements, and whose early advance was most unfortunately checked by the failure of his first attempt on Stormberg. That failure might never have occurred had he been permitted to take with him his whole division to East London, instead of having both his brigades carried round to Natal, while he himself was left with a mere skeleton of a force to fight his way to the Free State Frontier.

Latterly, however, the luck of General "Backacher" has improved, and it is some little time since he actually crossed the border which for so many weeks seemed to lie beyond an impenetrable barrier of Boer defensive posts. His first disastrous attempt on Stormberg was made, it will be remembered, on December 10, and was followed by a considerable period of forced inaction. But the success of Lord Roberts and the relief of Ladysmith in the latter part of February sensibly relieved the situation in Cape Colony, as well as in Natal and on the Western Border. In the last week of February Gatacre was engaged in actively reconnoitring the enemy's position at Stormberg, incidentally losing two valuable officers, Captain Montmorency, V.C., and Colonel Hoskier, Middlesex Volunteer Artillery, in the process. Very early in March he was in a position to report that the Boers were gradually withdrawing from Stormberg in increasing numbers, and on March 5 he was



THE TRAIL OF THE BOER

Wanton Destruction at Stormberg.



Photos. Copyright.

LOYALISTS FROM BARKLY EAST.

Driven by the Boers into Basutoland, and Since Enlisted as British Scouts

Withers.

COLONIAL FIGHTERS.

Captain Turner, in the Centre, has been Recommended for the D.S.O.

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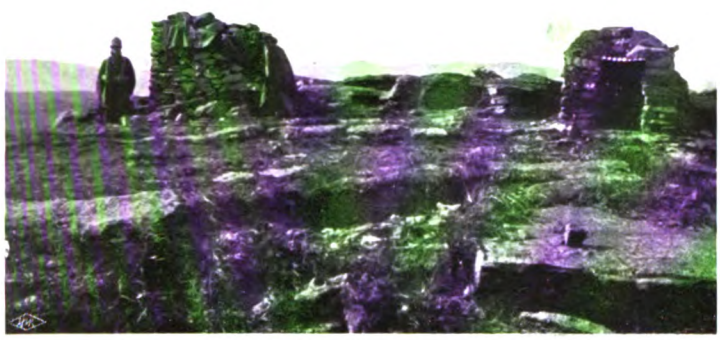
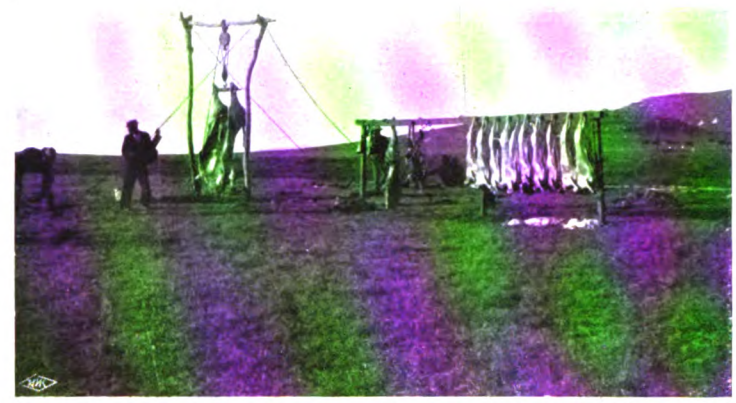


AT CYPHERGAT.
A Sentry on Guard at the Wallsend Collieries.



By a Military Officer.
PRIMITIVE SHAMBLES.
The Commissariat Department at Cyphergat.

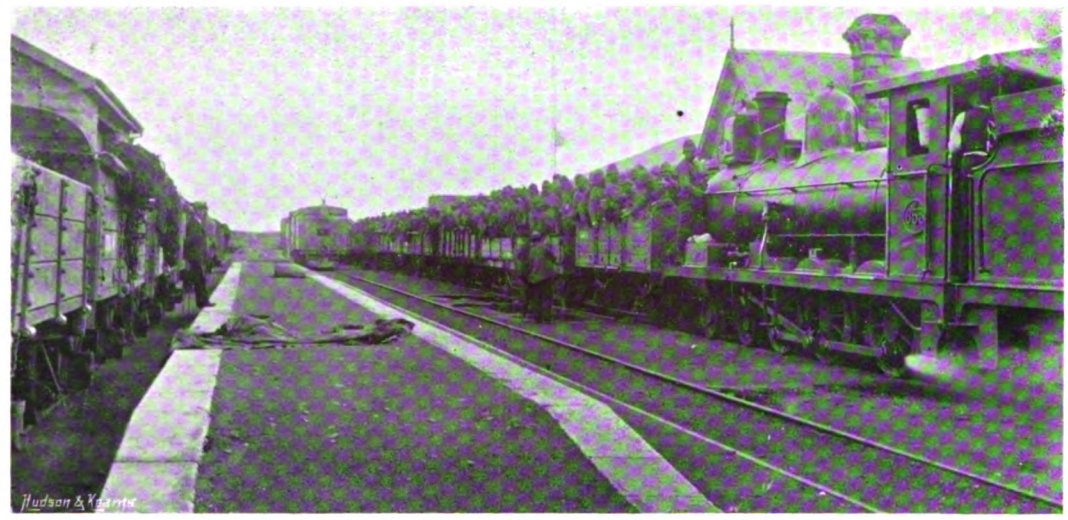
enabled to occupy the town without opposition.

Since that date he has pushed his advance much further in the direction of Bloemfontein, having first occupied Burghersdorp, then seized the road bridge over the Orange River at Bethulie, and finally crossed over and come into touch with Lord Roberts's force at Springfontein. But it is with the occupation of Stormberg that this series of pictures is more particularly connected, and certainly the event was one of sufficient importance to justify a separate record.

The picture of the Boer laager at Stormberg is a graphic one, but, as the correspondent who sent it to us remarks, it gives no idea of the disgusting condition in which the laager was left by its former occupants. During their occupation of Stormberg the Boers indulged in a perfect orgie of destruction, some of it of the most wanton character; yet within thirty-six hours of their evacuation of the place trains were running to it, thanks to the magnificent efficiency of our Royal Engineers and the efforts of the Cape Railway Maintenance Department.

Stormberg is quite an important place, in the centre of a very progressive and prosperous part of the Cape Colony. It is, by the way, one of the places much resorted to by patients suffering from consumption and other pulmonary complaints. Near to it is Sterkstroom, where is the beginning of the railway to the coal mines at Indwe, a place which has often been mentioned in connection with General Gatacre's movements. Other coal mines are situated at Molteno and Cyphergat, towns which have also come into prominence during the war, and which have been illustrated in the NAVY AND ARMY.

The group of loyalists from Barkly East is a very interesting one. The British residents in this district were outnumbered by the Dutch by fifteen to one, and had a hard time of it. Driven across the border into Basutoland, they have since almost to a man taken service in one or another of the colonial corps, and as they average 6-ft. in height and are of corresponding build, they are recruits worth having. Captain Turner, who is shown in another picture, was the only officer who escaped from the engagement of February 23, in which Captain Montmorency and Colonel Hoskier were killed. He displayed distinguished gallantry in riding back through a perfect storm of bullets and rescuing a horseless trooper who had been left on the kopje. Wallsend Camp, near Cyphergat, was situated some four miles north of Bushman's Hoek, and five miles south of Molteno. It was pitched at the foot of the Loperberg, which had previously been used by the Boers as their main position in their attack upon Bushman's Hoek.



EN ROUTE FOR STORMBERG.
The Derbyshires Starting from Molteno Station

Photos. Copyright. *Withers.*
GENERAL GATACRE AND HIS STAFF.
The Occupation of Stormberg March 5, 1900.

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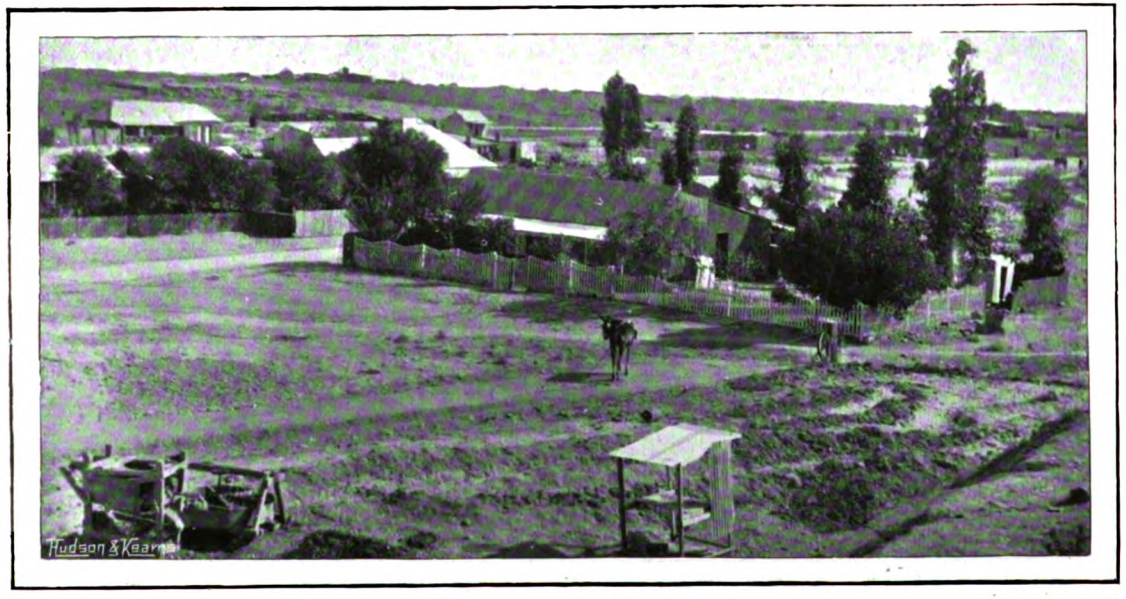
Details of Historic Kimberley.

A GROUP OF KIMBERLEY'S DEFENDERS.
Hard Workers in an Arduous Fight.

JUST A FEW OF THE CAVE DWELLERS.
Women and Children who had to Bear the Bombardment.

Photos. Copyright.

OTTO'S KOPJE—A BIG BATTLEFIELD.
With the Lines of the Defenders in the Foreground.



"Navy & Army."

CARTER'S RIDGE—ANOTHER FIGHTING SPOT.
As Seen from the West End of Kimberley.

Its Battles, Its Beleaguerment, and Its Rescue.

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Photo Copyright. *A. Renard.*

A BRITISH ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET ON BOARD ONE OF HIS OWN SHIPS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR, PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND," JUST RETURNED FROM CHINA.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of Orange River and in Orange Free State, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen, Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)

Broadwood's Brigade.
Household Cavalry.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.

Porter's Brigade.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons (squadron).
2nd Dragoons.

Gordon's Brigade.
9th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, O, R Batteries.
Field—18th, 62nd, 75th, 38th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 43rd (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8th, 44th, 39th, 68th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
7th (Field), 8th (Railway), 11th (Field), 29th (Fortress), 31st (Fortress), 9th (Field), and 38th (Field) Cos.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY

Pole-Carew's 1st Brigade.
3rd Grenadiers.
1st and 2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

MacDonald's 3rd Brigade.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.

Douglas's 9th Brigade.
1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Knox's 13th Brigade.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Wavell's 15th Brigade.
2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Chermside's 14th Brigade.
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Smith-Dorrien's 19th Brigade.
1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

Stephenson's 18th Brigade.
1st Essex and 2nd Warwick.
1st Yorkshire and 1st Welsh.

City Imperial Volunteers.
Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Queensland Mounted Infantry
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Horse.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Kitchener's Horse.
New South Wales Lancers (part)
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.
Diamond Fields Artillery.
Diamond Fields Horse.
Kimberley Rifles.
Cape Mounted Police (Det.).

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

CAVALRY
7th Dragoon Guards.
8th Hussars.
17th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A and M Batteries.
Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) and 20th (Fd.) Cos.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Bat.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY

Campbell's 16th Brigade.
2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.

Boyes's 17th Brigade.
2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

1st Suffolk.
1st Sussex.
1st Cameron Highlanders.

Militia Battalions.
6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
3rd South Lancashire.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd South Wales Borderers.
3rd Welsh.
3rd Royal Lancaster.
3rd East Lancashire.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th East Surrey.
4th Scottish Rifles.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
4th Somerset L.I.
3rd Leinster.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
4th North Staffordshire.
4th West Yorkshire.
6th Middlesex.
3rd East Kent.
3rd Royal Scots Fusiliers.
3rd West Surrey.

Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Cape Garrison Artillery.
Lumsden's Horse.

III.—Southern Orange Free State, operating under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.
Montmorency's Scouts.

IV.—Southern Orange Free State, operating under Clements.

CAVALRY
6th Dragoons (part).

ARTILLERY
Horse—J Battery.
Field—4th, 20th, 37th (Howitzer) Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway), 26th (Field), 37th (Fd.), and 42nd (Fortress) Cos.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Clements's Brigade.
2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

4th Royal Lancaster.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

V.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY

Brocklehurst's Brigade.
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th and 19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Howard's 7th Brigade.
2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.

Brigadier unknown (8th).
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†

Not Brigaded.
1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

NOTE.—The above troops formed the late Garrison of Ladysmith.

CAVALRY

Dundonald's Brigade.
1st Dragoons.
13th and 14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A Battery.
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Hildyard's 2nd Brigade.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Barton's 6th Brigade.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Norcott's 4th Brigade.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Hart's 5th Brigade.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Coke's 10th Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Wynne's 11th Brigade.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VI.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

ARTILLERY
Field—89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) and 47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
1st Leinster (from Halifax).

Militia Battalions.
Antrim Artillery Militia.*
Donegal Artillery Militia.*
Durham Artillery Militia.*
Edinburgh Artillery Militia.*

Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.

* This regiment supplies one company for South Africa.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (det.), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles.

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

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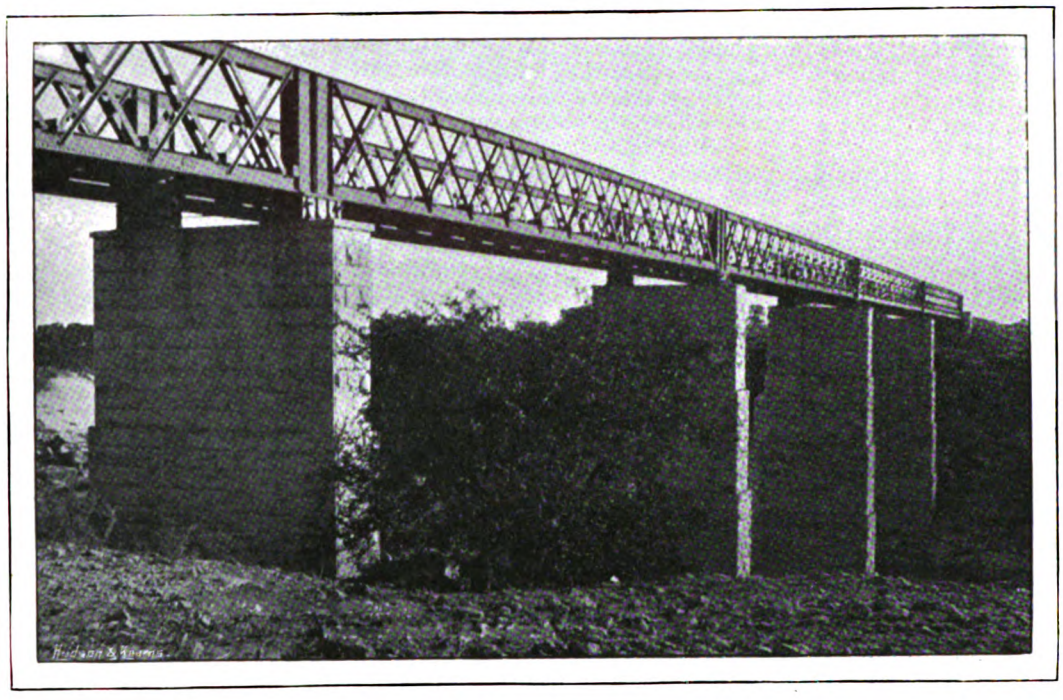
The Boer Stronghold at Kroonstad.

THERE are few places which convey a greater idea of peacefulness and repose than Kroonstad. The country immediately around the town is flat and fertile, the Valsch River wanders in meandering fashion, and should yield, one fancies—or at least one would fancy if it were a British river—some few duck and widgeon from the reeds on its shore, and not a few fish from its waters. Nor has such complaint of lacking sport been heard from residents in South Africa as to suggest that the Valsch River falls in any way short of its British prototypes. On the contrary, it probably yields far more, if not to the rod at least to the gun. Kroonstad should therefore seem an ideal abode for the sportsman under ordinary conditions. Unhappily, there are certain kopjes in the neighbourhood, and the defensible nature of these hills has attracted Boer attention. Our illustrations are conceived in a spirit of peace. That of Kroonstad from the river could not well be excelled for the idea that it conveys of peacefulness and repose. The trees in the foreground, the ambient river wandering between its low banks, the flat country stretching to the distant roofs of the neighbouring town, seem to speak not only of peace but of an assured tenure of the conditions of life. They indicate no disturbance, no break in a monotony which might almost be humdrum. The picture of the drift, again, near to the town with the waggon peacefully traversing it, is a scene of everyday life which connotes continuity.

Our other picture, however, tells a different story. The bridge shows by its very construction that it is intended to resist a flood, and reminds us of the terrible power of some of these South African rivers during the period that they are pouring their waters onward to the sea at the most rapid rate that they can flow. One fancies that, at these times, Kroonstad itself cannot escape altogether scot-free, but this is rather beside our present object. For Britons in all parts of the globe Kroonstad has at the moment another meaning. It represents a Boer stronghold, a place which the enemy selected in order to resist the advance of Lord Roberts and as a base for much anticipatory activity. It was, of course, not the town itself, but the hills around, which furnished the Boers with their means of entrenchment, but this only shows how wide is the front which a defending army holds in these days of magazine rifles, and how great is the advantage given to the defence, if only its flank cannot be turned by a superior or more mobile force. The task of turning a flank, too, has been rendered doubly difficult. The front is more extended, and the distance at which the flanking force must move is greater. Although the principles of strategy are immutable, the whole conditions of tactics have been changed by modern weapons, and this country is unfortunately the Power whom fate has chosen to enable other Powers to acquire vicarious experience.

A DRIFT NEAR THE KOPJES.
The Valsch River near Kroonstad in its Ordinary State



PREPARED FOR EVENTUALITIES.
A Bridge Across the Valsch Built for the Time of Flood.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

KROONSTAD FROM THE RIVER.
A Healthful and Pleasant Resort in Ordinary Times.

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The Story of the War.

THE activity of the Boers in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein came as something of a surprise. It had, perhaps, been rather hastily assumed that we should encounter no serious opposition far south of Kroonstad, but there is no doubt that the Boer commandants are ready to accept the responsibility of undertaking serious operations with comparatively small forces when circumstances seem to call for such action, and they depend upon their mobility to extricate themselves in case of difficulty. Several reasons doubtless made it expedient for them to strike a blow in the neighbourhood of Bloemfontein. Primarily it was necessary to impress those Boers who were disposed to surrender with the idea that we had secured no real command of the district. It was also extremely important to stretch out a hand to Commandant Olivier, who, as we explained last week, was marching northward from the direction of the Basuto border, having escaped with about 6,000 men, a number of guns, and a large convoy of stores from the positions lately held along the Orange River. The march of Olivier was threatened by the movement which Lord Roberts had directed upon Thaba Nchu. Hence it was desirable for the Boers to exert force in that neighbourhood, and in order to do so more effectively they occupied our attention on the north of Bloemfontein by taking up a position of strength in front of our advanced posts at Glen. There was also the hope in the Boer camp, partly realised, that they might succeed in interfering with the water supply of Bloemfontein. The town is furnished by pipes from a spring known as the Fountain, held in reserve by means of a large dam, but the main source of supply is at Sannah's Post on the Modder River, close to Koorn Spruit, where the Boers captured our guns, and from this place the water is brought by pipes.

The action near Karree Siding on March 29, to which we alluded last week, was of a more serious character than at first appeared, and we lost rather heavily. The mounted forces under General French and Colonel Le Gallais were to turn the flank of the Boer position respectively on the right and left, while General Tucker's division attacked in front. The movement was well conceived, but for some reason the cavalry appear to have been long in taking up positions in the enemy's rear and the infantry were considerably exposed. The action of the cavalry was effective, but in the end the Boers extricated themselves and got away with their guns to Brandfort.

While these operations were in progress, the Boers were evidently marching in great force to the east of Bloemfontein, for in the action of March 31 Lord Roberts estimated them at from 8,000 to 10,000. When General French was withdrawn from Thaba Nchu, which is thirty-eight miles east of Bloemfontein, Colonel Broadwood was left there with the Household Cavalry, the 10th Hussars, the Q and U Batteries Royal Horse Artillery, and Colonel Pilcher's Mounted Infantry. On March 30 information reached Colonel Broadwood that the enemy were approaching in two bodies from the north and east, and it seems clear that Commandant Olivier's force, which had unfortunately eluded our pursuit, was engaged. Lord Roberts ordered the Ninth Division, under General Colvile, and Colonel Martyr's Mounted Infantry to move to Colonel Broadwood's assistance at daylight on the next day. Meanwhile, the position at Thaba Nchu had proved untenable, and, having received Lord Roberts's permission, Colonel Broadwood evacuated it on the night of the 30th, and marched to the Bloemfontein Waterworks at Sannah's Post, encamping there at four o'clock the next morning.

The enemy were evidently in great strength in the vicinity, and at dawn they brought up guns and opened fire upon his camp. Colonel Broadwood thereupon despatched his horse batteries and baggage towards Bloemfontein, and took measures to cover the retirement with his cavalry, leaving the Boers in possession of the waterworks. The road from Sannah's Post to Bloemfontein soon crosses the hollow of Koorn Spruit, and it was here that the Boers prepared a trap for our forces. Their plan of operations seems to have been excellent, for they saw that Colonel Broadwood would have no course but to retire, and they were well acquainted with the locality. At the point where the road crosses the spruit the ground rises immediately towards a grassy knoll, on the slope of which, facing the drift, was a stone enclosure commanding the approach. On the north the spruit makes a circular bend, and on the south is the embankment of a line of railway in course of construction. The Boers were thus able to fire from three sides, and so well were they hidden that our leading scouts passed without discovering them, and it was not until the waggons and guns were entering the drift that the Boers showed themselves. It is stated that they expected to capture the whole detachment without firing a shot, but if that was their intention they were soon undeceived by the action of our men. They then opened a murderous fire, and a scene of great confusion followed, for the mules stampeded and many of the waggons were overturned. The guns were also under fire, and the greatest gallantry was shown in the effort to get away, but the convoy was absolutely helpless, and many of the drivers and artillery horses were shot down at short range.

The Boers then descended upon them, and U Battery was suddenly surrounded in the drift, and the officers and men were taken prisoners by a sudden swoop, without a shot being fired, though Major Taylor and the sergeant-major managed to escape. Five guns of the battery were captured at the same time. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Chester Master of Rimington's Scouts had found another passage across the spruit, and the remainder of Broadwood's force crossed and reformed with great steadiness. There were many acts of conspicuous gallantry during the struggle, and Q Battery was brought into action and continued its fire for some hours under a cross fusillade, the officers serving the guns as the men fell. Gallant attempts were made to bring in two guns of that battery, the teams of which had been killed, but at each attempt the horses were shot. Major A. W. C. Booth of the Northumberland Fusiliers, Lieutenant Crowle of Roberts's Horse, and Lieutenant Irvine of the Army Medical Service were killed on the spot, and Lieutenant Grover of the Shropshire Light Infantry died soon after. Sixteen other officers were reported wounded and missing, in addition to those of the lost battery, and the total casualties were about 350, including over 200 missing. The result of the action was to leave the Boers in possession of the waterworks, while General Colvile, with the Ninth Division, advanced to support the forces which had suffered so severely. Seven guns and practically the whole of the transport had fallen to the enemy. After the battle, General Colvile's position was at Bushman's Kop, protecting Bloemfontein, while the enemy was still occupying the waterworks and had destroyed the pumping machinery, but on April 2 General Colvile returned to Bloemfontein, as did also General French's cavalry. The Boers were reported to be about 20,000 in number, and to be threatening Lord Roberts's communication with the south, where General Gatacre has the duty of protection at Springfontein.

Before these lines appear the situation will no doubt have developed greatly, but there is every reason to believe that the Boers have succeeded in concentrating their forces, and that the hopes which were entertained as to the capture of the commandos from the south will not be realised. Lord Roberts, however, has a very great force, for General Clements has passed Bloemfontein on his way northward, and the Eighth Division is disembarking at Cape Town and will immediately go to the front. Roughly, therefore, the Commander-in-Chief will have six divisions at his disposal—the Third, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and the Guards' and Highland Brigades, with four cavalry brigades, and a considerable colonial force. Horses are greatly needed.

The situation upon the Western Frontier is still very obscure, and nothing decisive has resulted, as these lines go to press, from the operations of Colonel Money at Warrenton on the Vaal. The firing there seems to have been inconclusive on both sides, and, if any direct movement is being made for the relief of Mafeking, the particulars have not been disclosed. Colonel Baden-Powell and Colonel Plumer were both fighting on March 31. Disaffection still exists in the districts west of the line from De Aar to Kimberley. Lord Kitchener quashed the opposition at Prieska, and General Settle and Sir Charles Parsons have been moving through the country with mobile columns, though greatly impeded by the heavy rains.

In Natal the position remains unchanged, though developments seem imminent, for the Boers retain their positions in the Biggarsberg, while Sir Redvers Buller has now made all preparations, and has with him a sufficient body of water-carriers and stretcher-bearers. His plans have been carefully concealed.

An extremely important item of information is that concerning Sir Frederick Carrington's forces. It is now definitely known that these are to land, and some of them have probably already landed, at Beira, in Portuguese territory. The arrangement has been made with the Portuguese Government under an existing treaty, and no difficulty can now arise. The forces will proceed from Beira by the railway to Umtali, a distance of 200 miles in Portuguese territory, where the line connects with the Mashonaland railway to Salisbury. The mobility of Sir Frederick Carrington's column will be quite equal to that of the Boers, and his experience of the Matabele country will prove extremely valuable. His 6,000 horsemen will be a serious menace in Rhodesia on the northern side of the Transvaal, and they will assuredly exercise a most important effect in the subsequent operations of the campaign. The appearance of a large force on that border of the Transvaal will certainly cause much anxiety among the Boer leaders at Pretoria.

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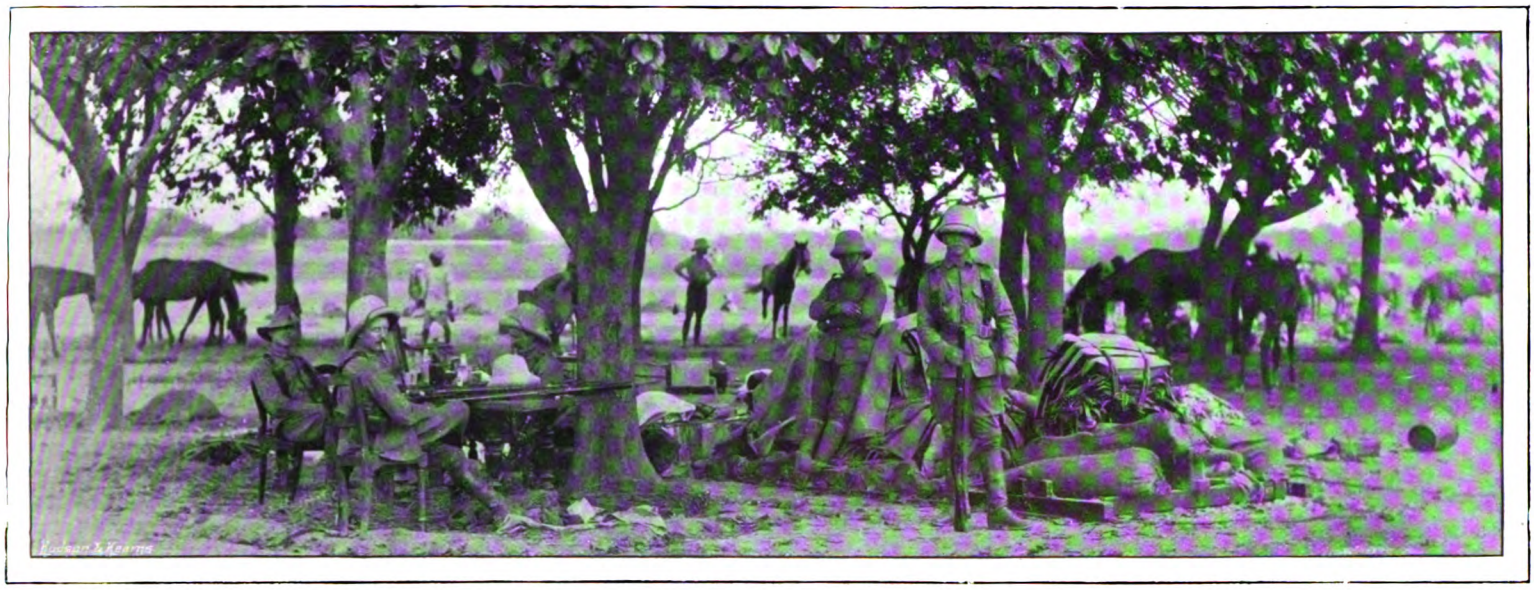
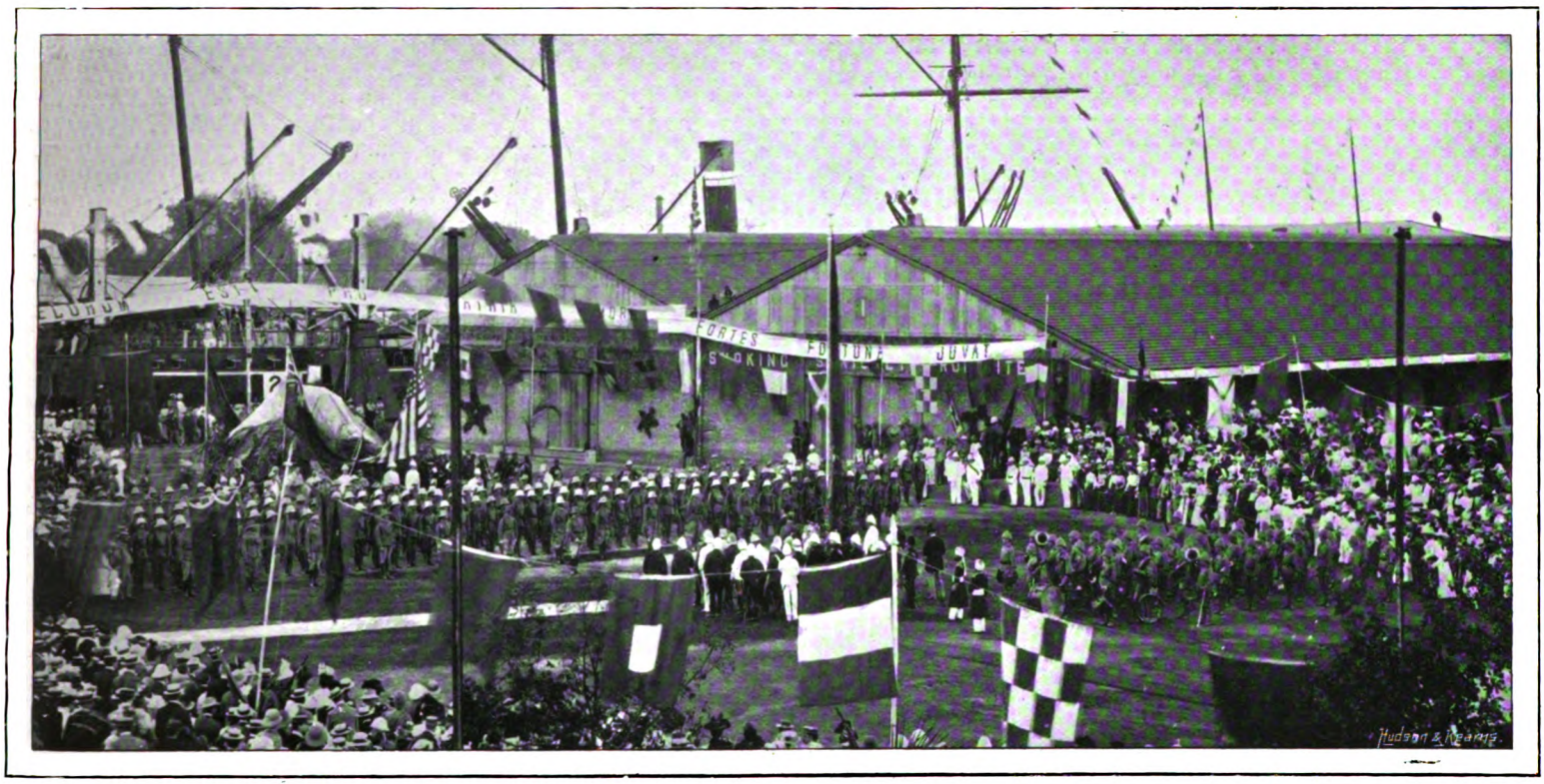
India's Contribution to Imperial Needs.



COLONEL LUMSDEN'S HORSE AT HOME.
A Typical Scene of Camp Life.



FAREWELL TO THE MEN FOR THE FRONT.
Calcutta Turns Out to Say "Good-bye."

Photos. Copyright. *Kapp*

LORD CURZON'S FAREWELL TO THE FIGHTERS.
The Governor-General Addresses the Corps.

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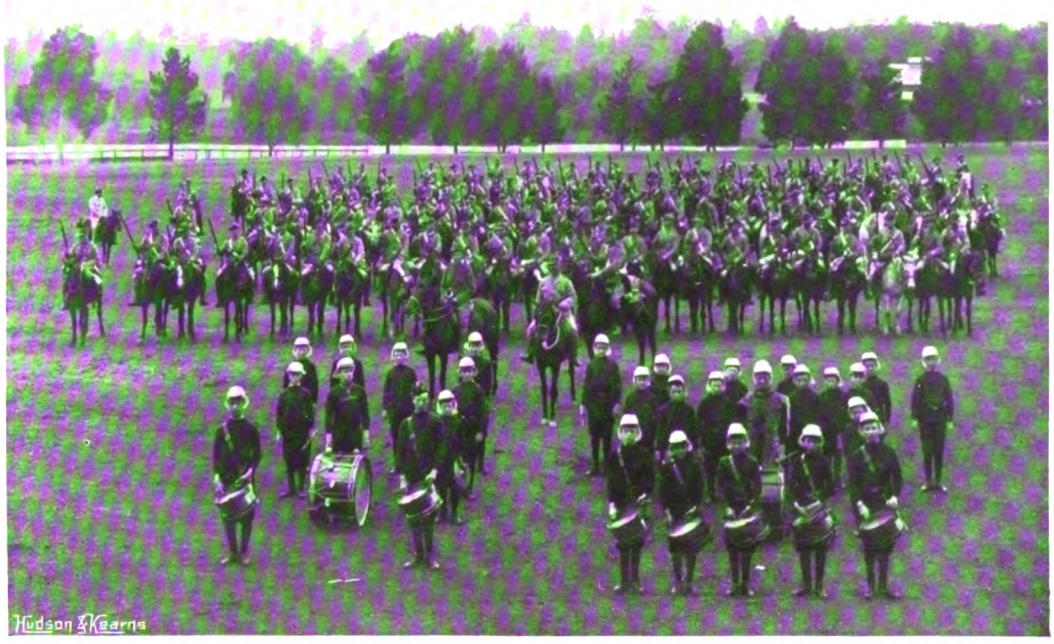
Scouting in Zululand.

NATAL TO THE FORE.
A Group of the Natal Mounted Police.



EAGER FOR THE FRAY.
The Last Squadron of Colonial Scouts Raised at Maritzburg.

VERY little has been heard in this country of late of the possibilities of trouble in Zululand. The relief of Ladysmith, the pushing back of the Boer hordes towards the Drakensberg—perhaps also the precautions taken—have freed Northern Natal from peril, and have put a stop to any idea of Boer raids by way of the southern portion of Zululand. At one time, however—now some weeks ago—the danger was a very obvious one. Writing at so great a distance from the scene of operations, one is inclined to think that the risk was never so great as it was supposed to be, but there is no doubt that marauding parties of Transvaal Boers made their presence disagreeably known in Zululand, and it was necessary to take stringent precautions to guard against the effects of their sporadic raids. The South African forces, which have throughout done such good service, were again called upon. Once again it was Natal which supplied the bulk of the expeditionary corps, and the colonial troops were strengthened by the addition of two Naval field guns with their crews, under the command of Lieutenant Dooner, belonging to the "Forte," but temporarily attached to the "Terrible." With him were Midshipman Kirby and fifty men. In the account which has been sent to us the guns are described as 12-pounder field guns, landed from the "Terrible," but our impression is that all the 12-pounders landed in South Africa have been of the heavier and more powerful type, and not field guns. The point, however, is of no great importance. What is much more worthy of note is that when the Tugela had been safely crossed on the road from Lower Tugela railway station to Eshowe, and the march had fairly commenced, the Naval guns' crews, dragging their guns with them, speedily outdistanced the oxen which were drawing the ox-waggons, and had to wait for them again and again. On the second day's march the hard work of the sailors was lessened by the action of Captain Williamson, of the Natal Royal Rifles—which corps furnished the escort—who very considerately allotted eight men to help in the dragging of each gun, and so rendered Jack's duties less laborious.

Photos. Copyright.
A PRIMITIVE POSTMAN.
The Post-cart which Runs between the Tugela and Eshowe.

"*Navy & Army*."
A MUSTER AT ESHOWE.
Natal Police on the Parade Ground.

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When, however, this additional assistance was given the difference between the speed at which the guns could be dragged and at which the oxen could travel became more marked than ever. The country is singularly picturesque, but thick dark sand makes the going heavy, and increases the difficulties of marching and of traction, which, moreover, are accentuated by the hills around Eshowe.

It was near the Amatikulu River that the little column met the post-cart of which we give an illustration, and which by the mouths of its occupants conveyed the idea that the troops were sorely needed. All haste was made, and the King's Royal Rifles in camp at Fort Curtis, two miles from Eshowe, turned out to meet the new comers. It was a brilliant bit of marching, twenty-eight miles, with ox-waggons and hand-dragged guns, having been covered in thirty-seven hours. Throughout the campaign, however, the colonial troops have established a brilliant record, and their mounted forces—such as are shown in some of our pictures—have proved that they are far better adapted to the peculiar work of the present war than are regular cavalry, who have been trained in a different school and have had placed before them an ideal of a different type.

The recognised object of cavalry is to charge, and rightly so. Unfortunately, the opportunity does not always occur, and one is induced to ask whether the chance will inevitably happen in a European war, and whether the training of our cavalry is the best that could be given. Even now our Army is, to say the least, not stupendous, though its development has probably been an object-lesson to the majority of European Powers. If, however, its strength is not numerically as great as should be consistent with the responsibilities of Empire, we have the right to ask that it shall be as efficient as possible. What cavalry may be worth in a European war remains to be seen. At present every nation is gaining experience at our expense. We are the Power in the forefront, earning our knowledge by artillery and rifle fire, and other nations are gaining it vicariously.

The circumstances of the war are peculiar. So far the country has needed mounted men as opposed to cavalry, and this may even indicate a gap in our armour for the future.

"SHOOTING THE SUN" IN A NEW FORM.
Heliographing Thirty-six Miles into Zululand.

READY AND WILLING.
Officers and Sergeants of the Natal Police Force.

Photos. Copyright.
CAPITAL TROOPS, BUT BADLY ARMED.
Guns and Men of the Natal Field Artillery.

"Navy & Army."
DRILLING AT FORT CURTIS.
Major Prendergast, in Command, and His Men.

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A Battery's Animal Accessories.

MAKING PROVISION FOR FUTURE COMFORT.

An Elephant Taking Home Fodder, and Holding in His Mouth the Rope which is to Steady It.

Photos. Copyright. *Chuter.*

BRANDING A BULLOCK.

A Process which is Necessary in Order to Show to which Battery He Belongs.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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A LOCUST STORM ON THE VELDT.

Many are the difficulties that attend soldiering in South Africa. Quite apart from the kopjes, which are such formidable obstacles to our advance, the water supply is a difficulty, and the "sand-devils" are uncomfortable. Malaria springs up in some places from trenches newly dug, and "pink-eye" is a pest among horses. Locust storms, like that we depict, are more rare, but they come too often, as our troops with General Gatacre discovered. Our picture was taken near the camp at Stormberg.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE Emperor of Japan will towards the close of this month review his Navy at Kobé, when Japan's Fleet, to the extent of some forty vessels, will be assembled. A quarter of a century ago Japan had practically no Navy; to-day she ranks amongst the first-class Naval Powers of the world, and is in a position to hold her own in the Pacific against any Naval force that could be brought against her by perhaps any Sea Power, except that of this country. As a matter of fact, when the "Victorious," which is to-day by far the most powerful ship in Chinese waters, returns from the China to the Mediterranean station, Japan will possess the most powerful ships, individually, to be found on her side of the Pacific. For though the "Goliath" has just been commissioned to relieve the "Centurion," the present flag-ship, the new Japanese battle-ships, which are practically on a par with our finest vessels, will be distinctly superior in power to anything in our squadron, or to the "Petropavlosk," the most powerful Russian ship in those waters. In fact, this go-ahead little nation will find herself, for the first time in her history, in the position of having under her flag ships of superior power to any in Eastern waters. Our squadron, however, in regard to cruisers, will be very materially strengthened in a few weeks' time, for one of the finest cruisers in our Navy is about to join the squadron on the China station.

Photo. Copyright. *Montegriffo.*

KEEPING WATCH AND WARD.

Cameron Highlanders Relieving the Berkshires on the Main Guard at Gibraltar.

Photo. *Heath.*

MAJOR-GENERAL C. E. KNOX.

Who Commands a Brigade of the Sixth Division, and was Wounded at Paardeberg.

IT is not very generally known that an integral portion of the Persian Army is composed of Russian troops in the shape of what is called the Persian Cossack Brigade. Though nominally Persian, it is in truth Russian, for its organisation is quite independent of the Persian Army, and it is officered by Russians, its brigadier being a colonel of the Russian General Staff, who in the Persian Army holds the rank of field-marshal. Moreover, it is remarkable that the whole corps is practically under the control of the Russian Legation at Teheran. It originally consisted of a cavalry contingent of some 500 men, and had a battery of field guns presented to the Shah by the late Czar, but it is now trebled in strength, and is said to comprise 200 officers and 1,500 men, including all arms of the service, cavalry, artillery, and infantry. The huge proportion of officers to men is very striking, and shows that the contingent could, if necessary, spare a considerable number of the former for the licking into shape of the rough levies of which the Persian Army is composed. When the late Shah was assassinated in 1896, the Cossack Brigade kept order in Teheran, and aided in no small measure to secure the peaceful accession of the monarch who now rules in Persia, who, it will be remembered, was the second and not the eldest son of Nasr-ed-din. Muzaffer-ed-din is not likely to forget this service. The corps also has a peculiarity not common in the Persian Army; that is to say, it receives its pay, which is issued monthly, regularly, whereas the normal condition of Persian troops is to have their pay several months in arrears. The upkeep of the Cossack Brigade costs the Persian Treasury a little over 40,000 roubles a month—not a heavy amount to spend on a force which, apart from its own intrinsic worth, is useful as supplying a staff for the instruction of the whole Army.

Photo. *Newman.*

MAJOR-GEN. H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN.

Who Commands a Brigade of the Ninth Division with Lord Roberts.

From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO "TORPEDO."

The Ships Composing the Torpedo Training Squadron which Admiral Fisher has Formed on the Mediterranean Station.

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Photo. *Ball.*
THE KING OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.
The Late Archibald Forbes, Soldier, Author, and War Correspondent.

THE Dublin Horse Show is always one of the most successful functions of its kind and the big event of the Dublin season, and coming this year in conjunction with the Queen's visit to Ireland its success should be such as to make it ever memorable. Ireland does excellent service to the Empire in supplying it with a class of horse which is celebrated the world over, and to the Dublin Horse Show is due no small share of the success of that most flourishing of Irish agricultural industries, horse-breeding. Irish-bred horses figure prominently in the annals of the Turf, and form the pick of the mounts that are to be seen at the meets of any of the first-class packs of hounds. Considering the popularity of the show, and the influx of visitors that it always brings to the capital of the Emerald Isle, it is a matter of distinct congratulation that its date this year coincides with the period of Her Majesty's visit.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd.*

THE MEHTAR OF CHITRAL AND HIS SUITE.

A Native Prince who as the Guest of the Indian Government is on a Tour in India.

WHATEVER may be the extent to which dislike of this country prevails in France, nothing could exceed the honour that our neighbours on the other side of the Channel paid to the memory of the gallant field-marshal whose death the British Army now mourns, and who died on French soil, for in every sense, except geographically, Algeria is part of France. The Governor-General of Algeria, Monsieur Laferrière, was absent at the time, but his deputy, the General Secretary to the Government, hastened at once to express his condolences with the bereaved family. The body of the late field-marshal, till preparations were complete for its conveyance to England, lay in the English church at Mustapha Supérieure, a suburb of Algiers, largely inhabited by English winter residents. The cruiser "Juno" was detached from the Training Squadron to convey the body from Algiers to Gibraltar, and the French officials made the occasion of the transfer of the remains from the church to the ship a most striking and impressive military ceremonial. The streets through which the *cortège* passed were crowded, and the funeral car, drawn by six horses, was almost hidden under the flags of the two countries and the mass of wreaths. A regiment of that finest of French cavalry, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, headed the *cortège*, and was followed by the band of a Zouave regiment playing funeral marches. An Argentine training-ship, the "Sarmiento," happened to be lying in Algiers Harbour at the time, and her crew sent ashore a landing party, which figured in the procession to do honour to the dead field-marshal. One very striking feature was the fact that the guard of honour around the funeral car was composed both of French and British soldiers. On the right of the car was a detachment of British Marines, while on the left was a detachment of French Zouaves. Amongst the mourners was a French officer representing the absent Governor-General, General Grisot, who commands the 19th Army Corps, which is that stationed in Algeria, the admiral on the station, and representative officers of every corps in the garrison. At intervals salutes were fired by French artillery on shore, as well as from the guns in the "Juno." On arrival at the Admiralty Wharf, the body was conveyed to the "Juno" in the admiral's launch, the troops presenting arms and the Zouave band playing "God Save the Queen." A large number of boats escorted the launch conveying the body to the ship, and on arrival the remains were placed in one of the main cabins of the ship, which had been transformed into a mortuary chamber.

BY Sir Donald Stewart's death, Lord Roberts is the only representative of the Indian Army now on the list of field-marshals. For he, like Sir Donald Stewart, entered on his military career in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Roberts was a gunner, and as such came into the Royal Artillery when the administration was taken over by British Government, but Stewart was an infantryman, and as such passed into the Bengal Staff Corps. Of the other field-marshals, apart from the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge's first commission in the Service was as lieutenant-colonel of the 8th Light Dragoons in 1842, when he was twenty-three. Sir Lintorn Simmons is an old Royal Engineer. Sir Frederick Haines began his life as a soldier in the 4th Foot, now the King's Own Royal Lancaster. Lord Wolseley, who became a captain within three years of his joining the Service, was commissioned in that time to no less than four regiments, the 12th, 80th, 84th, and 90th, but it was mainly in the 90th that his regimental service was passed. The third of the Royal field-marshals, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, was first gazetted to an ensigncy in the 67th, now the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, but in exactly a week was pro-

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*
PRIVATE J. PARRY,
Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry.
A Well-known South African Athlete who was Killed at the Battle of Spion Kop.

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From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

A VICTIM OF THE WAR.

Landing the Body of a Seaman from the "Terrible." The Coffin is being Lowered into the Steam Launch.

ONE of the best-known figures in the South African sporting world fell at Spion Kop in the ranks of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. "Jack" Parry, who was a Natalian born, was, prior to the war, in the employment of the Robinson Gold Mining Company at Johannesburg. He was one of the best-known footballers in the South African Republic, kept goal for the Transvaal in three Currie Cup Tournaments, captained the Johannesburg team, and on two occasions took a team on tour through Natal. He was also a first-class cricketer, wicket-keeping being his *forte*, and was for many years secretary of the Northern Cricket Club at Maritzburg, and, until he went to Johannesburg, was as prominent a figure in Natal sport as he afterwards was in the Transvaal. He only joined Thorneycroft's corps at the beginning of the year, and was shot through the head in his first engagement. He was esteemed both in Natal and the Transvaal as a thorough sportsman, and one of the cheeriest and most trusty of comrades, and his early death—he was only thirty-six—is very sincerely mourned.

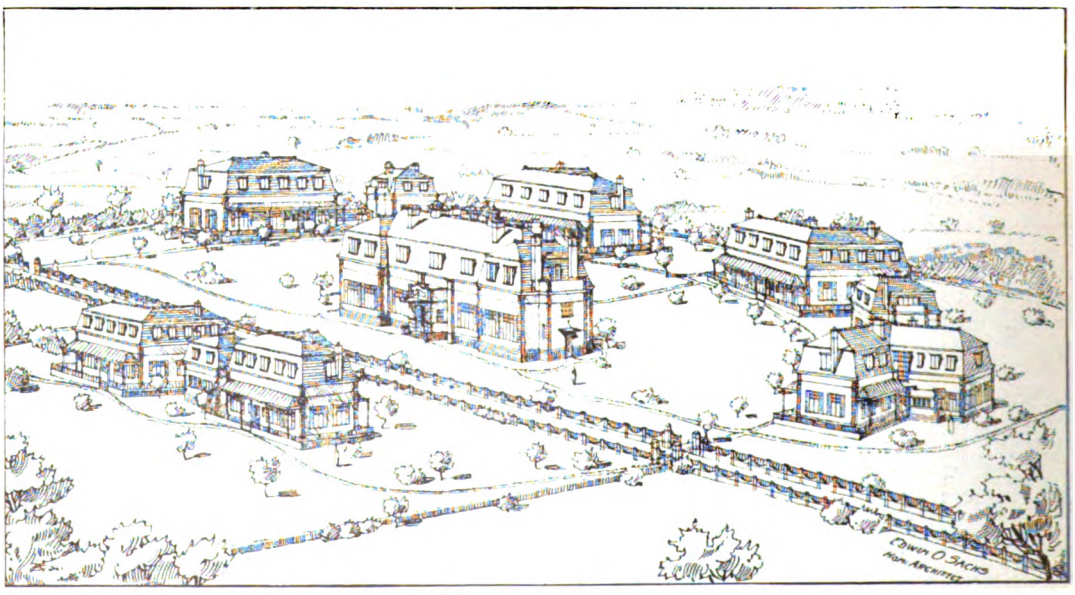
moted to a lieutenantcy in the Grenadier Guards, in which corps the whole of his regimental career was passed. Of the present field-marshals, the Duke of Cambridge was given the rank in 1862. The Prince of Wales is second in seniority, dating from 1875. Sir Lintorn Simmons and Sir Frederick Haines both became field-marshals in 1891. These four were senior to the late Sir Donald Stewart, who had the rank conferred on him in 1894, on the same day as Lord Wolseley. Lord Roberts became field-marshal a year later than the present Commander-in-Chief, while the junior of the rank is Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who received the rank on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

NOT the least praiseworthy effort to alleviate the suffering necessarily caused by the war is that made by the building trades of Great Britain. To meet the case of the discharged and very often permanently invalided soldier has been their aim, and their gift takes the form of six homes for disabled soldiers and a recreation house, which are now in process of construction at Bisley. When the homes are completed the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society will make arrangements for their upkeep, and for this purpose a very strong special Homes Sub-Committee has been appointed. Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Connaught are all members of this sub-committee, and the former has recently attended a successful concert at Reading in aid of the funds. The ground on which the homes are being erected is a freehold very generously presented by Lord Pirbright. The contributions of the various firms in the building trades are, of course, in kind, though a large amount has also been subscribed in cash. Gifts in kind to the value of £19,000 and £6,000 in cash will be required, and of the former the amount of £12,500 and £1,000 in cash were received in the first six weeks.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE YOUNGEST DETACHMENT AT THE FRONT.

The Lads of the 1st Cadet Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles Serving with the City Imperial Volunteers.



THE BUILDING TRADES' GIFT TO THE NATION.

Homes for Our Disabled Soldiers now Being Erected and Fitted for Their Use.

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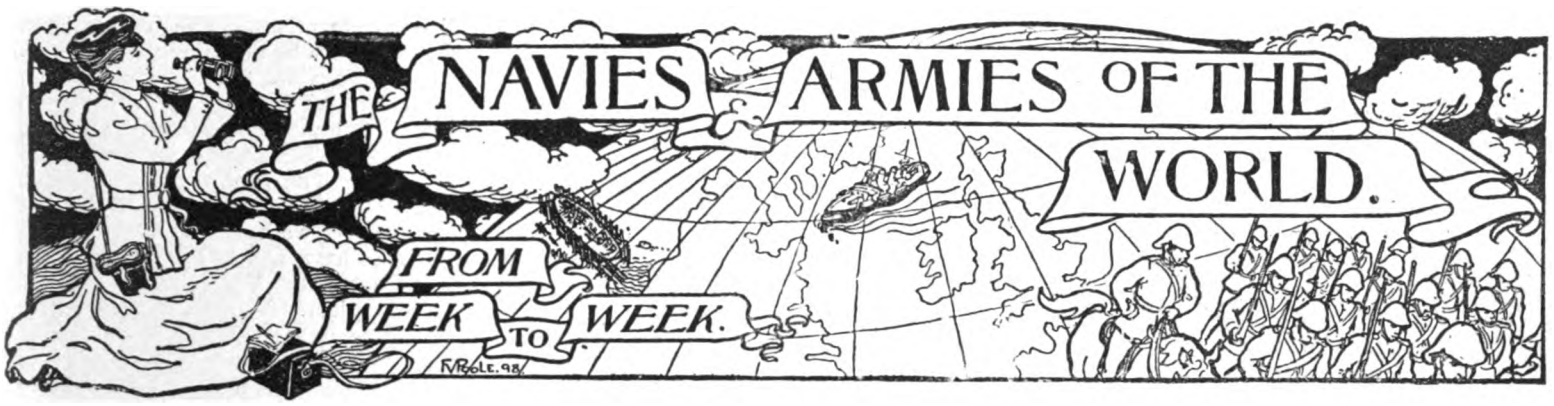

EVENTS in South Africa—mostly disagreeable—have led to some tolerably severe comment in various quarters on the British Army, and more especially on its officers. A correspondent of the *Times* has gone so far as to remark that, though as brave as brave can be, they are mostly "stupid." The epithet has provoked some protest, and it is certainly not gentle. Neither does one readily allow that it can be just. At any rate, and on the face of it, there does not seem to be any reason why the young Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman who goes into the Army should be naturally more stupid than his brothers and cousins who go into the Navy, the Home and Indian Civil Service, the Church, the Bar, or Medicine. All the professions are recruited from the same class, and the men belonging to them start with the same schooling. It would certainly be odd if by some mysterious process of selection all the dull ones took to wearing a red coat. And yet the *Times* correspondent only repeated an old judgment. In a moment of vexation the Duke of Wellington once expressed his agreement with an opinion of one of his brothers—namely, that there was nothing so stupid as a "gallant officer." Everyone has heard of the tremendous wigging he gave his army, and more especially its officers, in the general orders issued after the retreat from Burgos. He said they did not know their business. In fact, he always said that however good they were to fight, they were good for little else. Mauvillon, in his account of the British soldiers who served with Ferdinand of Brunswick in the Seven Years' War, says the same, and so did Ompteda, who saw much of our men in the Revolutionary War and in the Peninsula.

* * * *

Now, nobody ever said that of the Navy. It has been brutal, and at times corrupt; its spirit has not always been equally high, and there would be no difficulty in filling pages with stories of gross bad behaviour of a ruffianly kind from the Naval history of the first half of the last century. Ferocity, greed, want of scruple, occasionally downright misconduct before the enemy, and a prevalence of Wappineer Tar manners, may be charged against the Navy of Benbow's captains, of that Wilmot whose sins are recorded by Lillingstone, of Griffin, of Mathews, Lestock, Peyton, and Cornelius Mitchell. Yet even in its worst days nobody could fairly say that it did not know its business, though it might here and there fail in its duty. How came these different estimates to be formed? And, what is more, how came they to be just? For it is a fact that our Army has not been such an efficient service as our Navy. It has been almost as victorious, and therefore there may seem to be some absurdity in this judgment. But it has generally fought against savages or barbarians, and when opposed to civilised enemies it has either been represented by small corps which were hardly used except on the field of battle—as by Ferdinand of Brunswick—or it has had, as in the case of Wellington, a general who could make good all deficiencies.

* * * *

To look for an explanation, as some have done, in a supposed difference of social position between the two classes of officers is absurd. The common statement that the Army was aristocratic and the Navy was not is contrary to the facts, if this phrase means that the Army officers belonged to families with titles and pedigrees and that the Naval officers did not. Six of Hawke's captains at Quiberon were sons of peers, of the same class, that is to say, as the Marquess of Granby or Wellington. Those of the Naval officers who were not so "well connected" were at least as well born as the mass of Army officers. Rodney had a longer pedigree than four peers out of five. Hawke, Anson, the Hoods, Pocock, and twenty others who could be easily named, were every whit as much "aristocrats" (or as little) as Wolfe, Lake, Baird, Crawfurd, or Picton. The explanation must be elsewhere, and it is easily found.

* * * *

There have been two reasons why the level of efficiency has been higher in the Navy than in the Army. The first is drawn from natural causes. Unless the ships of a Navy are to remain for ever at anchor the officers and men must continually do a great deal of genuine work. The business of seamanship—the entering and leaving of ports, navigation, the handling of ships in storm and on dangerous coasts, the avoiding of collision—is the same in peace as it is in war. You cannot do it in a slovenly way without incurring the constant risk of wreck, which means drowning for yourself as well as for others. When an Army officer is careless or stupid in handling his men he rarely kills anybody. It is otherwise with a Naval officer. If he is careless or stupid he will in all probability not only come to dismal grief himself, but will bring it on others. Therefore, there is a perpetual stimulus to efficiency in the case of a Naval officer, and his superiors have a powerful motive to be sharp with him. An easy-going colonel or general may tolerate shams in field days and manœuvres, but the admiral or captain who wants to sleep with some confidence that he will not be waked by a collision or a stranding cannot make light of neglect on the part of the officer of the watch. In former times, it is true that whenever a war ended the Navy was cut down to the quick, and officers were turned adrift by the hundred and men by the thousand; but those of the men who were real sailors went on gaining their livelihood in the long sea voyages of the merchant service. Many of the officers did the same. Lord Keith, for example, who found himself unemployed and without a pension—for he was still only a midshipman at the end of the Seven Years' War—went on two voyages to China in the East India Company's service. Thus officers and men alike remained seamen. At the beginning of a war it was often found that officers had grown a little rusty in fleet manœuvres after ten or fifteen years' want of practice. But they had not lost the essentials, and they soon got their hands in.

* * * *

There is, however, another and a more effective reason still, which is that the country has been ten times more businesslike with its Navy than with its Army. It began by being hostile to the second, and then it became indifferent. In various ways these attitudes of mind on the part of the nation worked for evil. They prevented the early establishment of a code of discipline, and then they permitted the Army to become a plaything in times when tailoring and mere show were the chief concerns of the governing authorities. The Army was, in fact, not looked upon as a business at all. It was, for the officers, a gentlemanly occupation, which many of them never meant to follow except for a few years in their youth, and in which promotion depended mainly on a man's power to buy his steps. Colonel Tomlinson, who served through the Peninsula, describes the surprise of his brother officers when Somers Cocks, a rich man, who was killed at Burgos, actually took to working as if he were a mere "officer of fortune," that is to say, a professional man who had to rely on his merits and not on his money. Where a spirit of this kind prevailed, it is easy to understand that Army officers as a rule did not know much about their business. They were brave, and they were particular about what made a show—cleanliness, exact manœuvres on parade, and pipeclay generally—but they had, as a class, little or no interest beyond these things, and, moreover, one sees how it was possible that a tradition should set up that an officer was a gentleman, and entitled to be treated in a gentlemanly fashion. So long as his pipeclay was well looked after it was contrary to reason to expect him to work at his trade. The Army was not, in fact, a trade at all. Of course all that was much altered by the Russian War, and perhaps we have since gone pretty far in the way of encouraging bookish study. All the same, something of the old leaven seems to linger, and even now from all one hears it is not the case that the Army man is expected to do everything with the precision looked for in the Naval officer. Nor is he equally liable to be called to account for mistakes.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Taking Thought for the Morrow.

ONE of the hardest and truest things said of that well-abused race, the Bourbons, was that they forgot nothing and remembered nothing. Reading the history of England, do we not feel that part of the reproach might with only too much justice be applied to us? That we forget nothing cannot be said. Our magnanimity, our readiness to let bygones be bygones, has often been our bane. An American philosopher remarked long ago that after a fight John Bull was usually so much engaged in shaking hands with his adversary that he forgot what he had been fighting for, and so let others reap what he had painfully sown. But does it not seem as if we remember nothing? Let us go no further back than the Russian War. Read the history of that. With what light hearts did we send off our troops. How long would the campaign last—six weeks, two months? See what happened. Before long the public mood of cheerful expectancy had changed to a temper of bitter censure and indignation. "It soon became apparent to everyone that the whole campaign had been planned on the assumption of our military authorities at home that Sebastopol was to fall, like another Jericho, at the sound of the war-trumpet's blast."

How many people remembered this when the Boers declared war upon the Empire in October last? The shouting crowds did not; one could hardly expect it of them. But did the Government remember? Did the leaders of public opinion? Did those who were responsible for our plans of warfare? We were to have merely a triumphal march. We were to be in Pretoria by Christmas. How could the undisciplined levies of the Dutch stand against our trained thousands, led by officers learned in all the latest theories of strategy and war? Before the battle of Agincourt,

> "Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
> The confident and over-lusty French
> Did the low-rated English play at dice."

Last October we the low-rated Boers did play at dice, and it was not until the black week of mid-December that we really awakened to the folly of our over-sanguine expectations. Then we told ourselves what a mistake it was to under-estimate our difficulties. We pulled ourselves together and made a fresh start. We made up our minds that caution must be our watch-word, and that false hopes should no more delude us.

Alas! for our firm resolves. They can only have gone to fill up gaps in that pavement which is compact of "good intentions." It was only a bare four months ago, and yet we have made exactly the same mistake again. As soon as Lord Roberts had occupied Bloemfontein, we jumped to the conclusion that, so far as the Free State was concerned, the war was over. There might be some fighting on the road to Pretoria, but the first half of our task was accomplished. The Free State rebellion was quelled. What a mocking sound there is in these words now. Once more we have had to read the bad news of reverses, of traps laid only too successfully, of surrender and defeat. Again we have had to endure the gibes and flouts of our dear friends on the Continent. Again we have had to admit that we under-estimated the obstacles in our way, and prepared for disheartening disillusionment by over-sanguine disbelief in our enemies' power to resist.

Never was there more need than there is to-day for careful counting of the cost in all our enterprises. The limits of the Empire are wide, and there are risks to be taken on many hands. "What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with 10,000 to meet him that cometh against him with 20,000? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage and desireth conditions of peace." The problem is an old one, much older than this statement of it, for it goes back to the first king and the first tribal warfare. Yet we have our lesson still to learn. Or rather, let us hope, we have at last learnt it, and we must now put our learning to account. We have time to do this, but it is not a business to neglect. While those who wish us ill are yet a great way off, we will send no ambassage to desire conditions of peace, but we will look to the loose joints of our armour, see that we have legions enough to answer back to any enemy, and, above all, rid ourselves of the fatal habit of thinking meanly of an adversary's power. The British race is always ready to give an enemy credit for his good qualities, but we have always been too little willing to allow that any foe can make a stand against British prowess. In the end we have invariably proved that we were right; but in the beginning we have often suffered, and suffered heavily, for this carelessness of others' fighting qualities. One thing which we do not sufficiently keep in mind is that the art of war is constantly changing. The Crimean campaign, the historian tells us, "was opened under conditions differing from those of most campaigns that went before it. Science had added many new discoveries to the art of war." The same can be said, with even more point, of the present war. But the time to realise such a change of conditions is before a war begins, not when it is over.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 20, 1759.—Capture of Ste. Marie, Guadaloupe. 1794.—Capture of the enemy's position at Palmiste, Guadaloupe, by Sir Charles Grey. 1797.—Attack on Fort Irois, St. Domingo, repulsed. 1817.—Captain Evan Davis defeated insurgents, under Godajee Row, near the Goolalla Ghauts. 1841.—Outworks of Chingong, Bundelcund, carried by Captain Beatson.

April 21, 1794.—Reduction of Guadaloupe by Major-General Dundas's expedition. 1801.—Reduction of St. Eustatia. This Dutch island in the West Indies capitulated without opposition.

April 22, 1761.—Expedition to Belleisle. Successful attack on the heights above the Bay of Locmaria, under General Lambert. 1895.—Defeat of Kabarega, near Mruli, East Africa. 1896.—Defeat of the Matabele by the settlers near Buluwayo.

April 23, 1780.—Maranders under Gunnesh Punt, a Mahratta officer, defeated near Surat by Lieutenant Welsh. 1811.—Attack on the pickets of the allies on the Alzara River repulsed by Captain Dobbs. 1880.—Defeat of the Ghilzis, at Ghazni, by Sir Donald Stewart.

April 24, 1780.—Surrender of the Castle of San Juan, Mexico, to Lieutenant-Colonel Polson. 1794.—Action at Villiers-en-Couche, near Cambray. The 15th Hussars, belonging to the Duke of York's army, inflicted heavy loss on the French. 1812.—Surrender of the Fort of Barang, Sumatra, to Colonel Gillespie.

April 25, 1781.—Battle of Hobkirk's Hill. Lord Rawdon defeated the Americans under General Green. 1812.—Occupation of Palembang, Sumatra, by force under Colonel Gillespie. 1818.—Surrender of Fort Trimbuck, in the valley of the Godavery, to Colonel M'Douall. 1880.—Battle of Charasiah. Four thousand Logaris defeated by General Macpherson and Colonel Jenkins. 1891.—Defeat of the Manipuris. General Graham attacked the entrenchments at Manipur and defeated the enemy.

April 26, 1794.—Action on the Heights of Cateau. The French, under General Chapuy, defeated by the allies under the Duke of York. General Chapuy and 350 officers and men taken prisoners. 1891.—Manipur occupied. 1898.—Defeat of Kabarega, near Mruli, by Major Martyr.

April 27, 1296.—Battle of Dunbar. The Scots, under John Baliol, routed by the Earl of Warreane. 1560.—Siege of Leith. An outwork of the French captured by Lord Grey de Wilton. 1777.—Action at Dunbury. General Tryon defeated the Americans. 1811.—British pickets on the River Arsova repulsed an attack by the French under Massena.

April 28, 1703.—Assault of Bonn. Fortress carried by storm by the Duke of Marlborough. 1775.—Action of the Suburmattee. Defeat of the Mahrattas.

APRIL 20, 1657.—Blake destroyed the Spanish galleons at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. 1781.—The "Resource," 28, recaptured from the French the formerly British "Unicor," 24, in the West Indies.

April 21, 1798.—Capture of the French "Hercule," 74, by the "Mars," 74, off Brest, after one of the fiercest man-of-war duels on record.

April 22, 1854.—Bombardment of Odessa by a frigate squadron of the allied Anglo-French fleet in the Black Sea.

April 23, 1344.—St. George's Day. Order of the Garter established. 1697.—Lord Anson born. 1795.—Sir J. B. Warren's frigate squadron in the Channel captured a French frigate squadron off Guernsey after two hours' fighting. 1883.—The Royal Red Cross Order instituted.

April 24, 1546.—Navy Board established.

April 25, 1513.—Lord Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral, killed in action with the French off Brest. 1796.—Commodore Nelson's squadron in Vado Bay. 1895.—The "Talbot" launched.

April 26, 1767.—The "Nautical Almanac" founded. 1797.—Capture of the Spanish 34-gun frigates "Sta. Elena" and "Ninfa," by the "Irresistible," 74, and the "Emerald," 36. 1865.—The "Bellerophon" launched. 1881.—Destruction of the "Doterel" by explosion.

April 27, 1858.—Captain Sir William Peel died. 1876.—The "Inflexible" launched. 1892.—The "Gibraltar" launched.

April 28, 1770.—Cook anchored in Botany Bay. 1789.—Mutiny of the "Bounty." 1851.—Admiral Sir Edward Codrington died. 1885.—The "Howe" launched. 1896.—The "Hannibal" launched.

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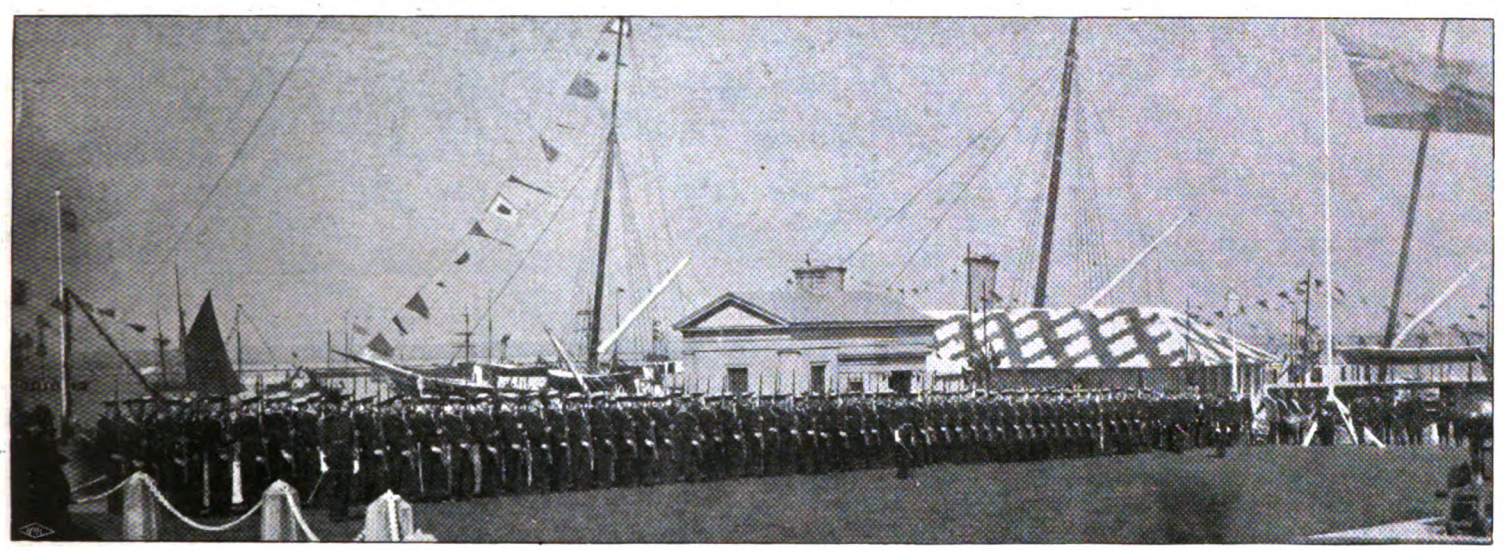
The Queen in Ireland.

Photo. Copyright. *G. M. Roche.*

COMING UP THE LIFFEY.

Passing the Beautifully Decked Premises of Messrs. Guinness.



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THE GUARD OF HONOUR.

Paraded and Awaiting Her Majesty's Disembarkation.

Photo. Copyright. *G. M. Roche.*

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM AT THE GATE OF DUBLIN.

The City Gate is Closed on the Queen's Arrival, and Opened with Ceremony when She Appears.

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Heroes from Natal.

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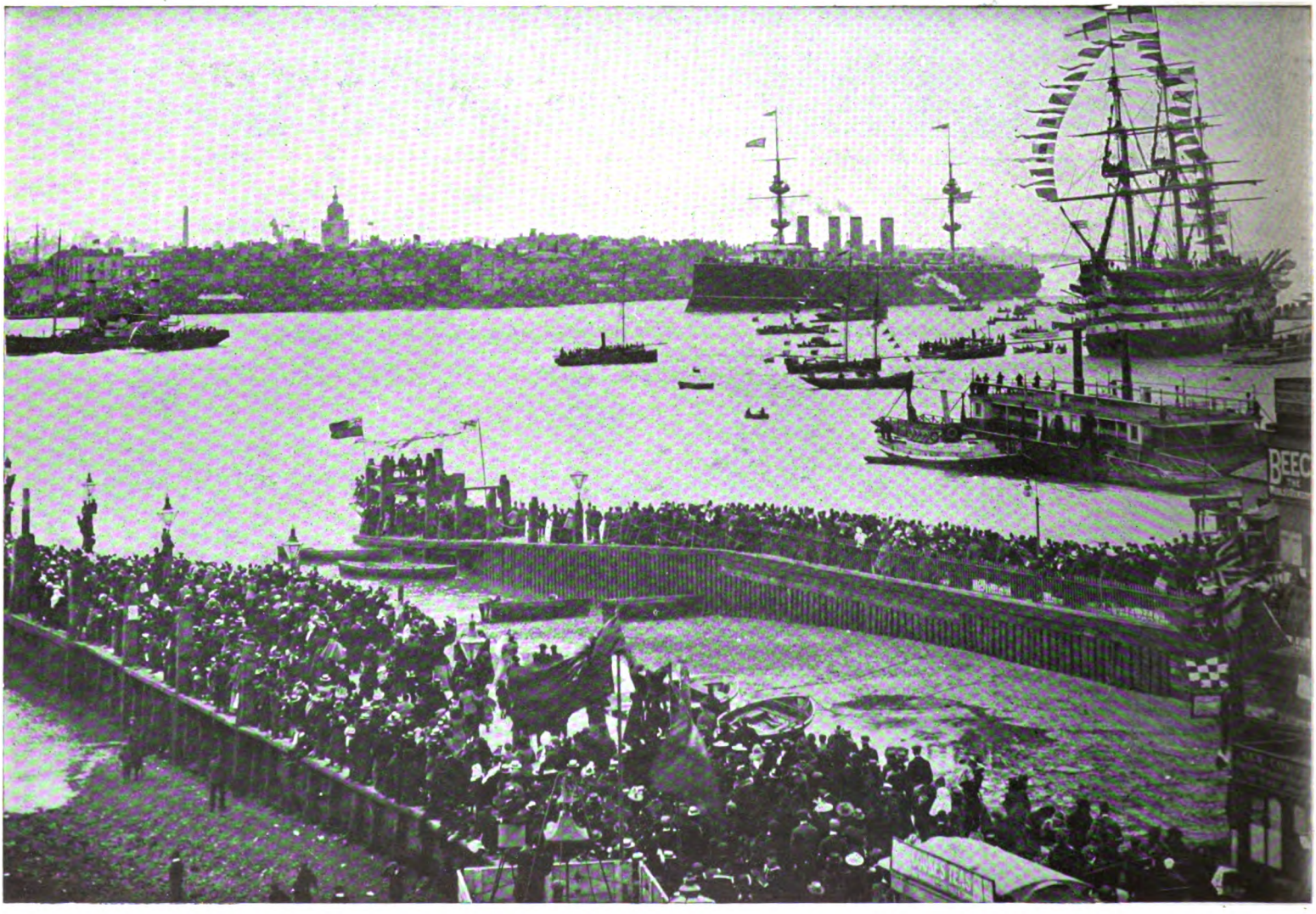
THE ARRIVAL OF SIR GEORGE WHITE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Colonel Stachole Leading the Way, the Mayor and Recorder of Southampton following the General.



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THE ARRIVAL OF THE "POWERFUL" AT PORTSMOUTH.

Soldiers, Sailors, and Civilians Giving the Officers and Men a Hearty Welcome

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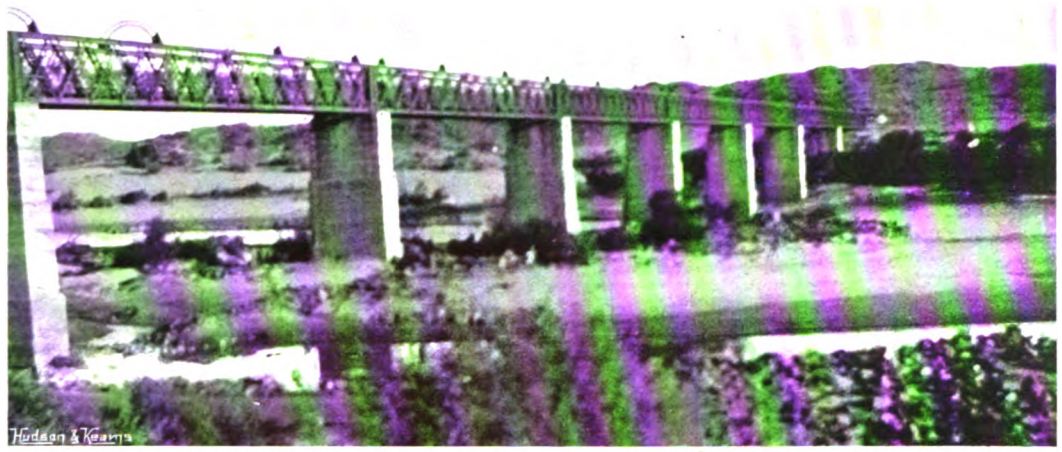
The Burden of Transport.

IT is hardly necessary to hark back to the records of the few great generals whom the world has seen in order to recognise the restriction placed upon the movements of troops by the necessities of transport. Hannibal, certainly Marlborough, and assuredly Napoleon, felt it in turn, and now, in our present war, Lord Roberts has had to halt at Bloemfontein in order to garner up supplies. Nowadays, moreover, the question of transport is both more easy and more difficult. It seems paradoxical to say so, but it is true. It is more easy if the front is secure and the communications can be guarded—if, in fact, railways can be used with any degree of certainty. It is far more difficult if the country lends itself to sudden irruptions, and if the loyalty of a portion of the population is more than doubtful. A charge of dynamite does its work so quickly and so thoroughly, and, moreover, it is so easily placed in position. The pictures which we give show two of the principal bridges on the British lines of communication in South Africa. The bridge over the Orange River is just on the borders of what has hitherto been the Free State. There are other bridges over the river at Norval's Pont and at Bethulie. At the latter place the railway bridge has been destroyed by the Boers, but there is a waggon bridge, which was gallantly saved by Lieutenant Popham, who crossed the bridge and cut the electric wires laid by the Boers to their dynamite charges. The Molteno Bridge has been guarded day and night by Cape Police. It is well within the borders of Cape Colony, but it is in the midst of a rebellious district, a very hotbed of sedition, and nothing but the most careful guarding has saved it from destruction. Modern explosives lend themselves so readily to mischief of this sort that one can understand an additional haunting fear as to the safety of his communications being always present in the mind of a general, particularly in a country where the loyalty of the inhabitants is not above suspicion. Even the destruction of a small bridge across a spruit, such as is shown in another picture, would be of importance if time were an object, and particularly if the river were in flood; and one may be quite certain that under such circumstances no men of the Cape Highlanders, gallant soldiers as they have proved to be, would expose themselves against the skyline in the manner in which, for artistic purposes, they are represented in our picture. The uneven nature of the country in South Africa, however, rendering necessary as it does a constant succession of bridges along all recognised tracks—whether railway or otherwise—causes the lines of communication to be peculiarly open to attack, and makes it easy to understand that an advance can be successfully made only with the greatest circumspection. Especially is this the case when the enemy is exceptionally mobile, and is, moreover, exceedingly well served by spies whom it is almost impossible to detect.



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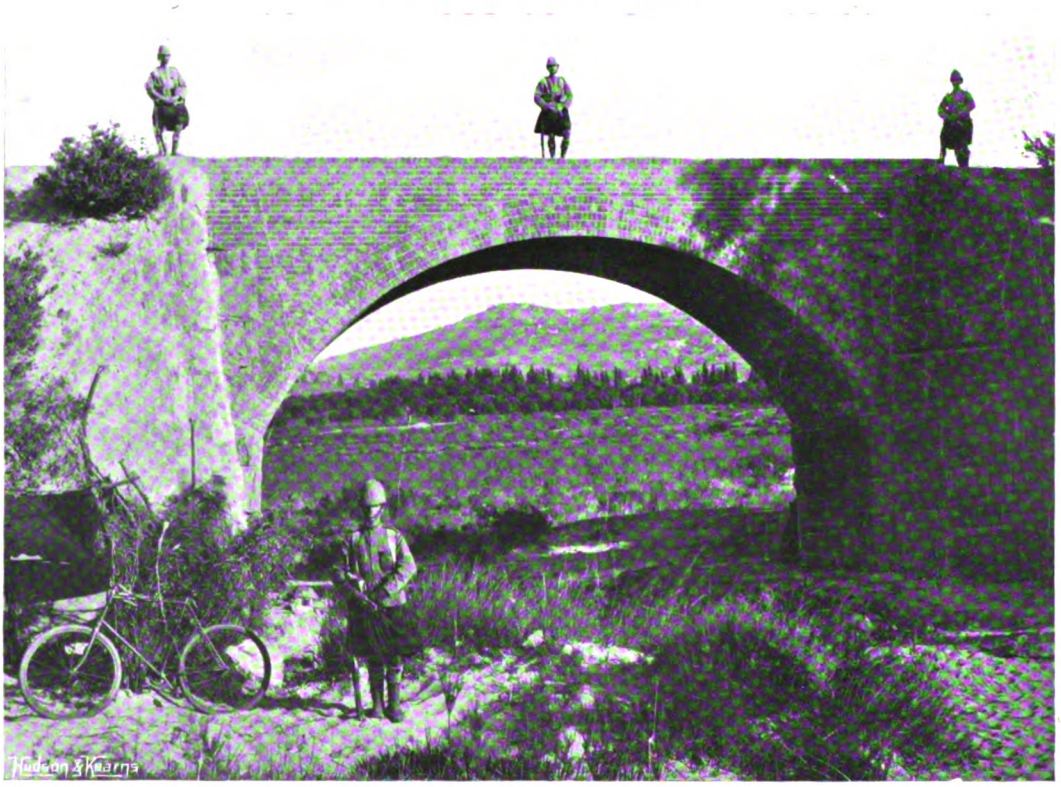
AN IMPORTANT HIGHWAY.
The Long Railway Bridge Over the Orange River.

Photo. Copyright. *Withers.*

A WELL-GUARDED POINT.
Molteno Bridge Watched by the Cape Police.



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ON THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.
Cape Highlanders Guarding a Bridge Spanning a Stream.

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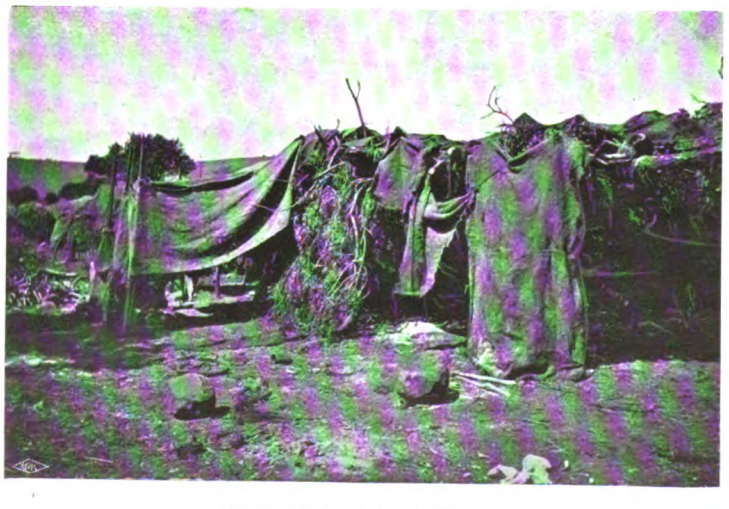
From Pieter's Hill to Ladysmith.

OCCUPYING A BOER POSITION.
The British Troops Taking Possession after the Battle.

NO one who was in any part of the United Kingdom when one morning the simple telegram came, "Ladysmith relieved," is ever likely to forget the outburst of patriotic feeling. At the head-quarters of the British Empire, we had put up with our reverses without understanding them. Men had met day by day, and had asked for news, and, getting none, had chewed the cud and their own bitter thoughts. Quiet they might be, despondent they were not; and what each man thought in his inmost soul was a matter between himself and his conscience. When, however, the news of the relief of Ladysmith came, the pent-up feeling found relief, and the exuberance of the national joy was the measure of the national anxiety and humiliation. The majority of people in this country have, probably, scarcely recognised, even now, the hard fighting that was imposed upon Buller's force in the days immediately antecedent to the time when Lord Dundonald and his scouting party were able to ride unopposed into Ladysmith. We all know of the loss of the guns at Colenso, of the seizure of Spion Kop and the withdrawal from it, and so on; but scant justice has been done to the stern fighting—the eternal pushing onward, winning positions and holding them, and pushing forward again—which marked the last few days before the garrison of Ladysmith was relieved. Such fighting was worthy of such a stern, determined general as Sir Redvers Buller had shown himself to be in the past; it was worthy of the indomitable spirit of the troops under his command. There may have been mistakes in the present war; there have been mistakes in every war; but if the fighting did nothing else, it has shown this—that under the additionally trying conditions of modern warfare British troops can be trusted to show an example of constancy and courage which has rarely been equalled.

Our pictures throw an interesting and instructive light upon the hard-fought journey from Pieter's Hill to Ladysmith. In the main they explain themselves. It is easy to understand the delight of taking possession of the enemy's positions,

MR. THOMAS ATKINS IS HAPPY.
***He is** Escorting Boer Prisoners after the Battle of Pieter's Hill.*



HOW THE ENEMY LIVED.
A Fair Specimen of a Group of Boer Huts.

BRUSHWOOD AND SACKING
A View of Habitations on the Umbulwana.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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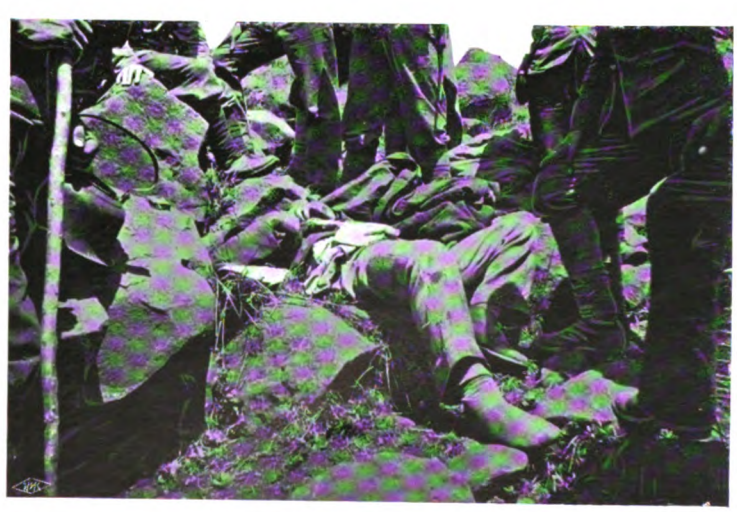
and the wearisome task-work of having to act as escort to prisoners. Two other pictures show the method by which the Boers sought to create for themselves some shelter from the weather. Brushwood and sacking do not sound like the making of a very secure or a very windproof domicile, but after all they are better than nothing, and they afford far more shelter than our men were able to secure for themselves during the period of their advance. The Boer, indeed, has shown himself to be a singularly handy man, and has known how to make the best of shelter either against weather or against British shells. It is quite clear that the whole science of entrenching will have to be reconsidered, though two of our pictures are grim reminders of the searching effects of lyddite. In the one case the upper part of the body is covered with a sack, which the correspondent who sent us the photograph considerately threw over it for reasons which can be readily understood. Unhappily, too, lyddite-charged shells, like other projectiles, are no respecters of persons. They fail to discriminate between the sexes, and the result is that the burial service which is shown in one of our pictures, and which was held with all becoming solemnity and reverence, meant the interment not only of a number of Boer men, but of several Boer women. Of course, one's regret in such a matter is tempered with the reflection that the women had no business in the trenches, and that a bullet from a rifle fired by a woman—and some of them, it is said, are expert shots—is just as deadly as a bullet from a rifle wielded by a man. Unfortunately, too, there is no room for doubt that the Boers have used and are using a large number of expanding bullets. The talk about bullets with a few grains of powder in them and other so-called explosive bullets is all rubbish. But the expanding bullet—the bullet which "sets up" on impact and, which makes such a ghastly wound at its point of emergence—is a melancholy fact. Wounds prove it, and such a scattering of Boer ammunition as is shown in one of our pictures has a nasty knack of bringing bullets of this type to light. Such a practice is abominable, but the Boer is more used to killing antelopes and Kaffirs than to the rules of civilised warfare.

EXPANDING BULLETS AND OTHER AMMUNITION.
Boer Ammunition Cases Found at the Bottom of Pieter's Hill.

THE LAST HONOURS TO FALLEN ADVERSARIES.
Army Chaplain Gedge Reading the Burial Service Over Dead Boer.

STRONG COVER WAS NO PROTECTION.
Lyddite Strangely Disfigures the Enemy's Wounded.



A SCENE AFTER THE BATTLE.
The Crushing Effect of the Bursting of a Lyddite Shell.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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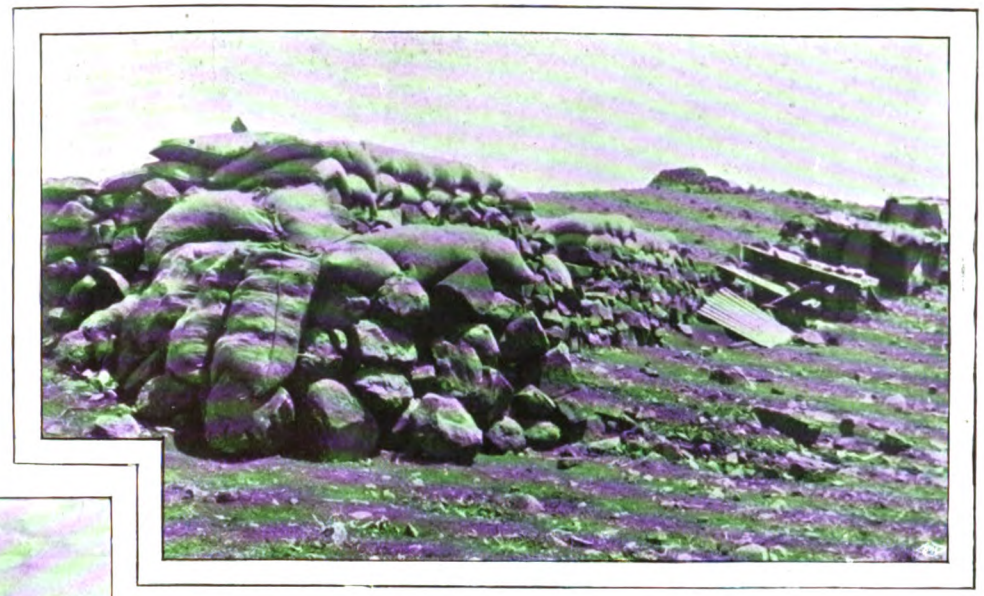
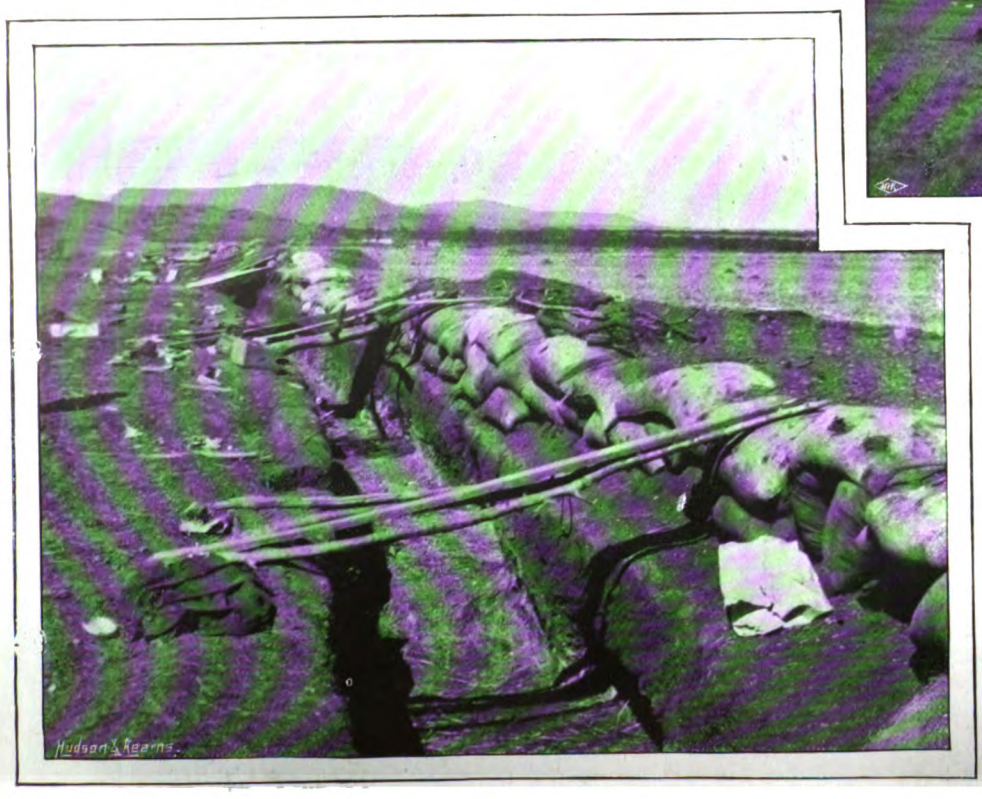
How Our Foes Entrench Themselves.

CAREFULLY HIDDEN AWAY.
How a Few Stones Make a Rampart on Convenient Ground.



A WELL-CONSTRUCTED DEFENCE.
Sandbags are Used to Prevent Ricochets and Splinters.

A HARMLESS-LOOKING STRETCH OF VELDT.
But a Boer Trap Nevertheless.



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A FORMIDABLE ENTRENCHMENT FOR RIFLEMEN.
Boer Trenches, with Sandbags Increasing the Height of the Parapet.

"Navy & Army."

INNOCENT-LOOKING, BUT DECEPTIVE.
The Enemy's Trenches and Shelters as Seen from the Rear.

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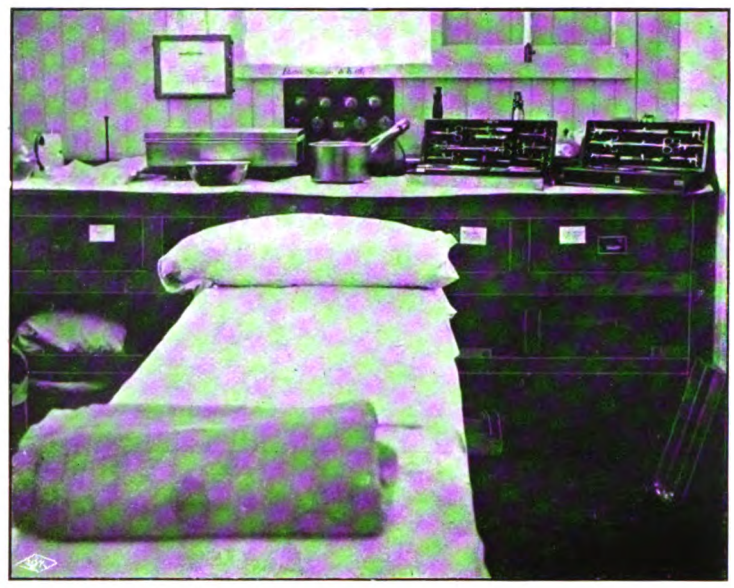
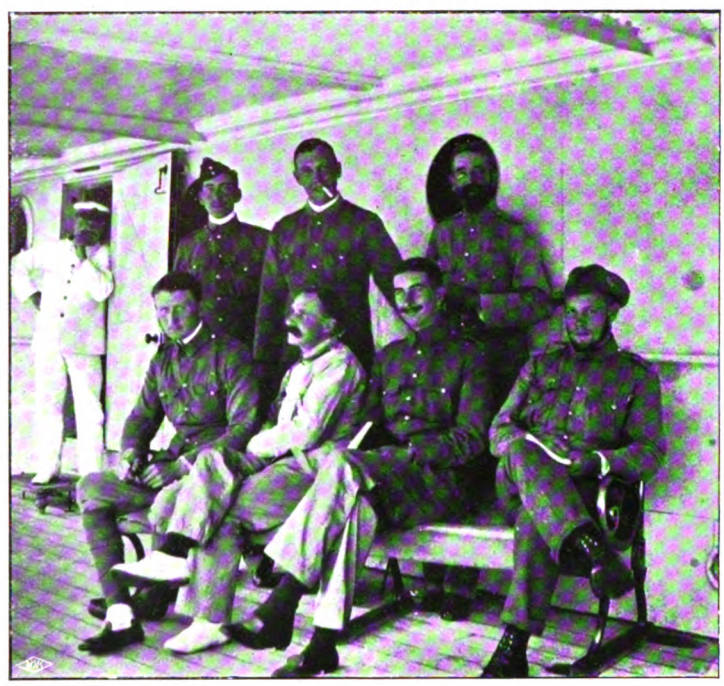
A Hospital Ship Tells Its Story.

AN AMBULANCE TRAIN AT DURBAN.
Removing Wounded Soldiers to the Hospital Ship.

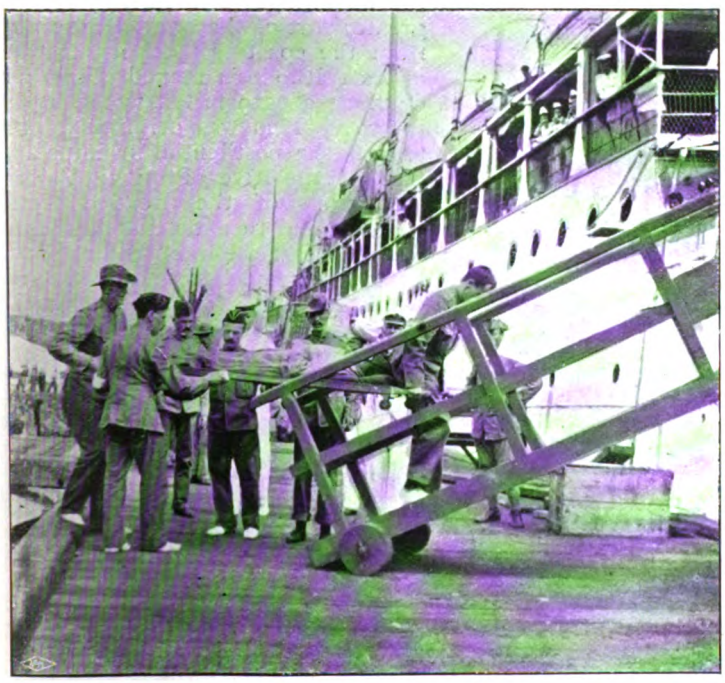


A GRIM BUT NECESSARY PREPARATION.
An Operating-room Ready for the Reception of a Case.

ONE OF THE MANY WOES OF WAR.
Transferring a Bad Case from the Train to the Stretcher.



SOME OF OUR INCAPACITATED HEROES.
A Group of Wounded Officers on the Hurricane Deck of the "Nubia."



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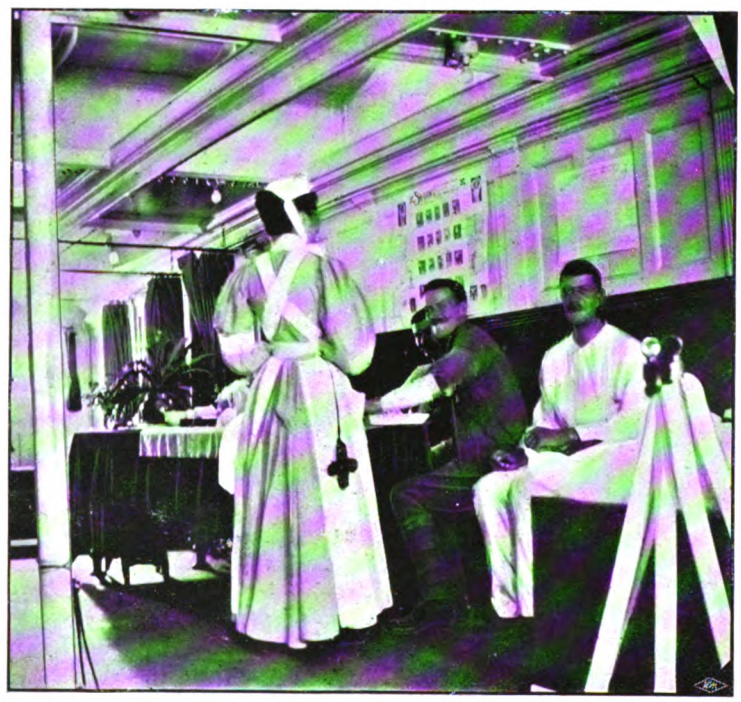
GETTING ON BOARD A HOSPITAL SHIP.
Too Bad to Walk, so Carried Up the Gangway.



"Navy & Army."
GENTLE MINISTRATIONS TO THE WOUNDED.
A Nurse on Board Dressing an Injured Officer's Arm.

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With Carrington from Beira to Mafeking.

THE WANDERER'S BEACON ON A SCARCE-LIT SHORE.
The Lighthouse which Marks the Entrance to the Port of Beira.

A USEFUL WAY ACROSS THE PUNGWE RIVER.
The Bridge Connecting the Railway with the Town of Beira.

AN ABODE OF LONELINESS, AND NOT MUCH CIVILISATION
Pamboo Creek Station, on the Beira Railway Line.

A STATION THAT WILL GROW IN IMPORTANCE.
Chimoio, at Present little more than an Abode of Half-breeds.

From Photos. by Our Own Special Correspondent.

NEWS that the Portuguese Government has given consent to the passage of British troops through its territory on the East Coast of Africa is eminently satisfactory. It reveals the friendliness of the Government at Lisbon towards our own, and should effectually clear them from the suspicion that of having been unduly pro-Boer with regard to the transit of war munitions for the Transvaal through Delagoa Bay.

The fine body of picked men whom General Sir F. Carrington takes with him to form the Rhodesian Force will disembark at Beira; indeed, some of them have done so already. Beira is a sleepy little town, characteristically Portuguese, built upon a sand-bank, and for the nonce invested with special interest. The development of Rhodesia has been the making of the town, for it is the nearest seaport, and as such possesses some importance. If only the lazy official gang who represent Portugal were replaced by energetic Britons, this importance and value would be tremendously increased.

It was a wise step to send the Rhodesian Force *viâ* Beira, for by this route it will be able to utilise the advantages of a railway for the greater part of the way. Stretching from the coast to the frontier town of East Rhodesia named Umtali, a distance of 219 miles, is the Beira railway. This was originally built to span the pestilential swamps and flats of the River Pungwe Valley, the home of the dreaded tsetse fly, so fatal to oxen and domestic animals; but the line was gradually lengthened, and the original 2-ft. 6-in. gauge is being replaced by the broad gauge, making it uniform with the Cape Railway system. The Beira line runs for the most part through dead-level, uninteresting country. Moreover, especially at this time of the year, the fag end of the rainy season, malignant black-water and malaria microbes have their happy hunting grounds therein. There is this compensation, however: For about sixty miles the railway traverses the celebrated Pungwe Flats, a region justly renowned as the finest big game preserve in the world. All the larger fauna may be bagged here in abundance. The days have probably gone by when a herd of buffalo or a rabid bull rhinoceros

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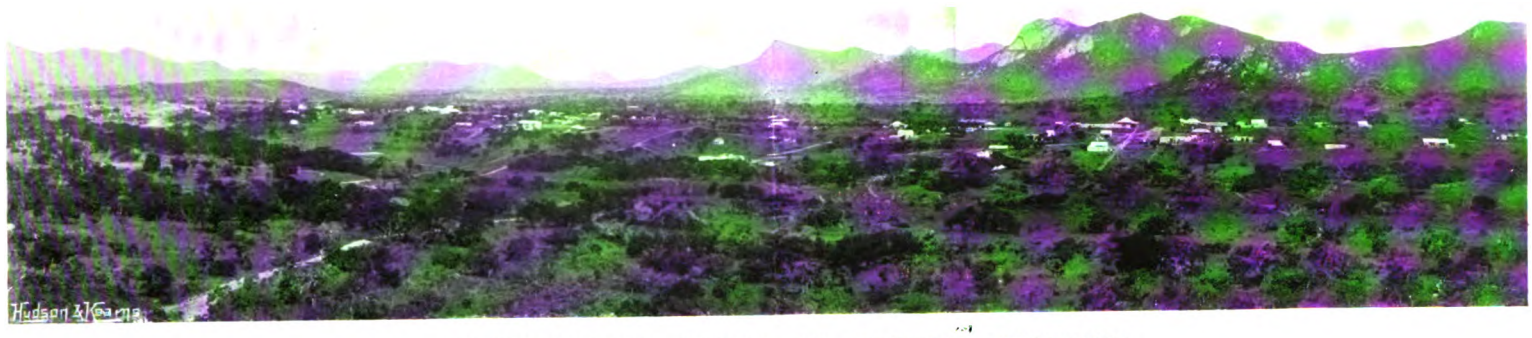


A FLOURISHING TOWN IN RISING RHODESIA.

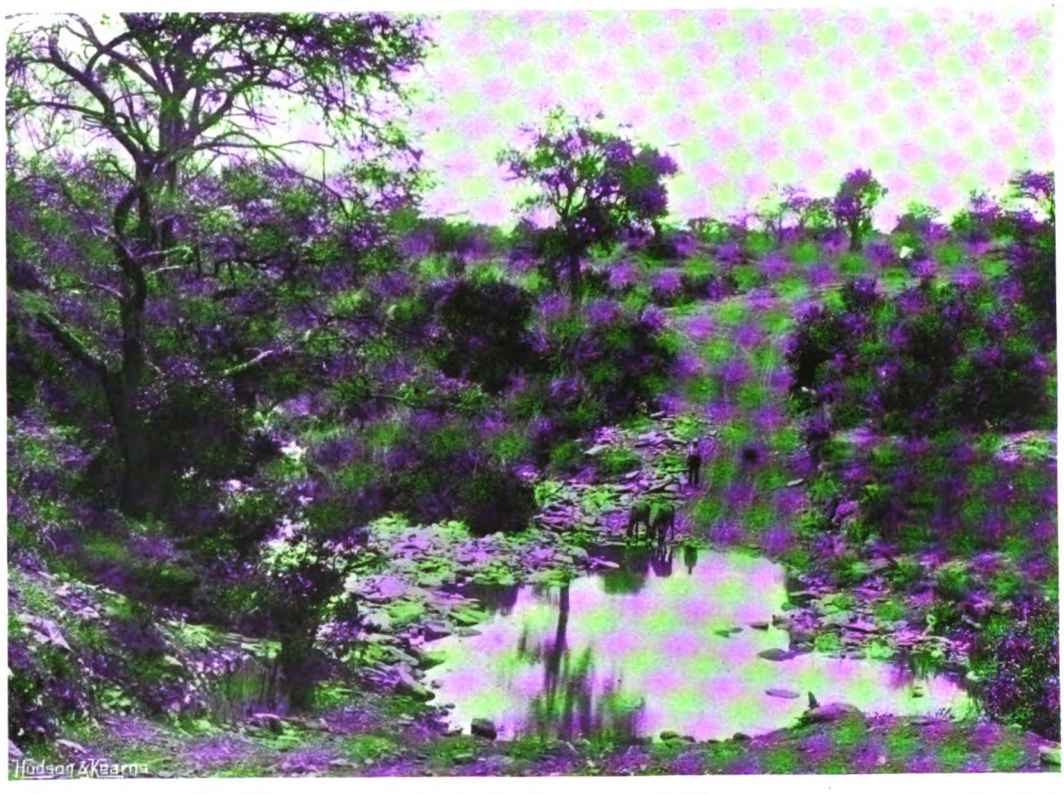
Umtali, of which we are likely to Hear a Good Deal in the Near Future.

would dare to "hold up" the mail train—this has happened more than once—but we may be sure that some of the sporting spirits amongst Carrington's men will seize the opportunity of bagging a sable or an eland as a trophy of an interesting trip, and as an excuse to get their hand or eye in for bigger Boer game by-and-bye.

Placed amidst delightful scenery, Umtali must be one of the prettiest little towns in South Africa. It is situated right upon the border of Portuguese territory, and the site has been twice shifted, perhaps so as to embrace certain gold areas which have been practically "jumped" from the slow-moving descendants of Vasco da Gama. The town has one association which it cherishes, for near it the battle of Macequece was fought in the early nineties, when the Portuguese, who resented British expansion, were defeated by the Mashonaland Pioneers. From Umtali the railway runs to Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia, a distance of some 150 miles. Here the line becomes a branch of the great Cape to Cairo route. Once at Salisbury, "Freddy" Carrington, as he is familiarly known to all up-country settlers in Africa, will be getting towards country with which he is acquainted, for he was up in Matabeleland quelling the rebellion of 1896. From Salisbury two routes are open to him. He may either march due south through Forts Charter and Victoria to Tuli, on the northern border of the Transvaal—if so, he will have to depend upon ox-waggon for some 350 miles for his transport; or he may go on to Buluwayo. The latter is much the better plan. The distance of the latter town from Salisbury is 290 miles, and although the projected railway is not yet completed, he will be able to use it for some little distance, thus minimising transport difficulties. The less trekking he has to do by road the better, for, as our illustration shows, up-country roads are none too favourable for the passage of heavy baggage. But once in Buluwayo he will be on the direct Mafeking railway, used by Plumer, and his difficulties will be over. And if it is intended that he shall make Tuli a jumping-off place upon Pretoria, he can use the railway line, which will take him a considerable part of the way. In either case he will certainly be in a favourable position for reinforcement or attack.

MASHONALAND'S CAPITAL.

Salisbury is Now Quite a Thriving and Important Town.



THE ROAD TO MAFEKING.

A Quiet Drift where Fighting may Occur.

From Photos. by Our Own Special Correspondent.

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Coldstreamers Campaigning IN South Africa.

Photos. Copyright.

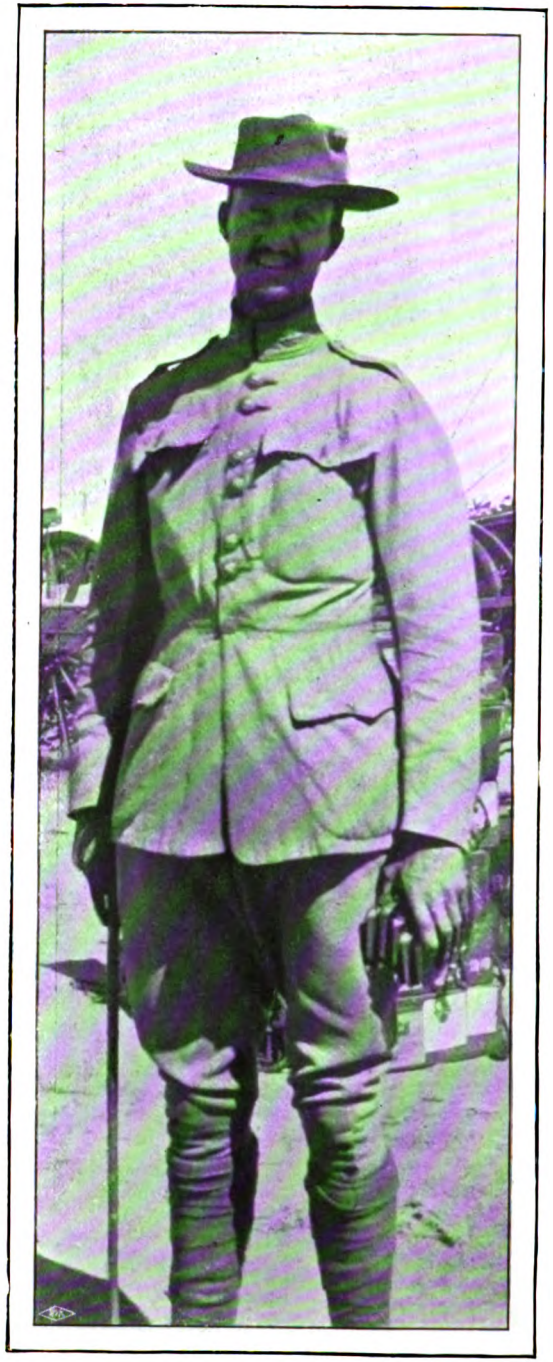
MUCH ON THE ALERT.

Lieutenant and Adjutant T. G. Matheson, 1st Coldstream Guards

THE OFFICERS OF TWO BATTALIONS.

A Group of the Officers of the 1st and 2nd Battalions Coldstream Guards.

Guardsmen with Lord Roberts. The Khaki Kit in the Field.



"Navy & Army."

FOOD AND MATERIAL.

Mr. Bryce, Transport Officer, 1st Coldstream Guards.

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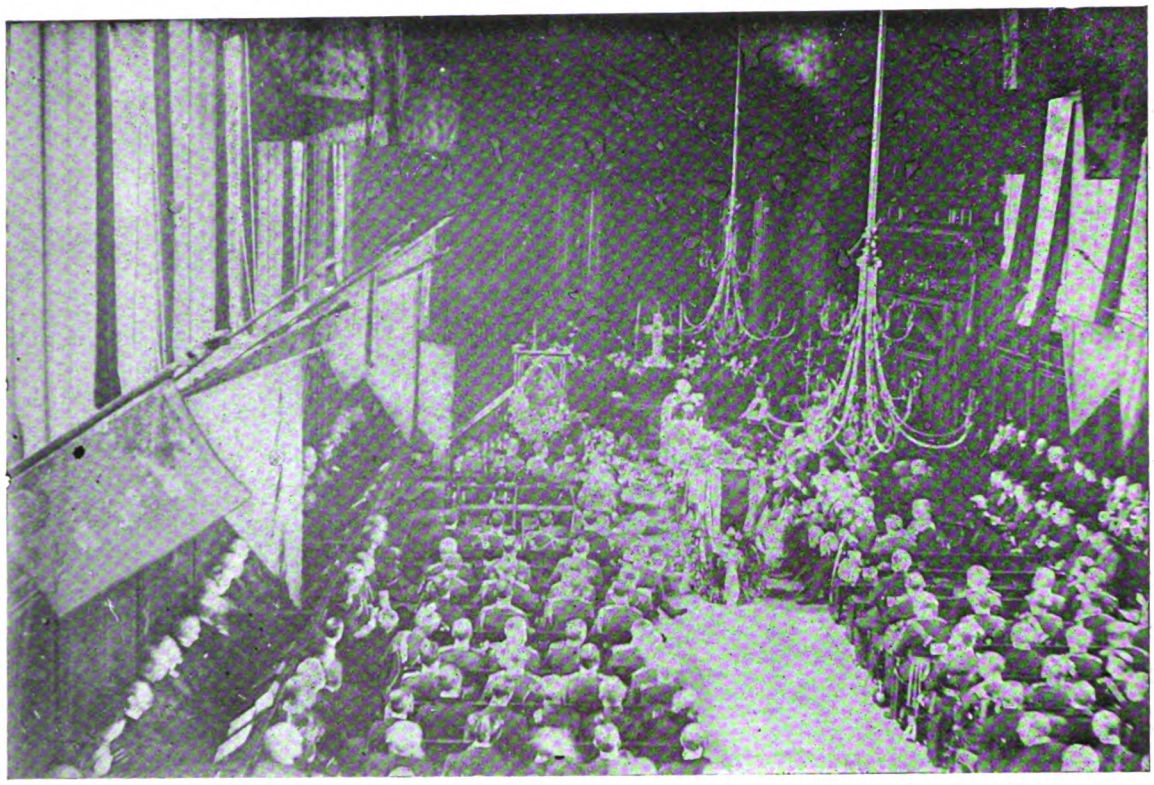
The Military Funeral at Chelsea.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "NAVY AND ARMY.")

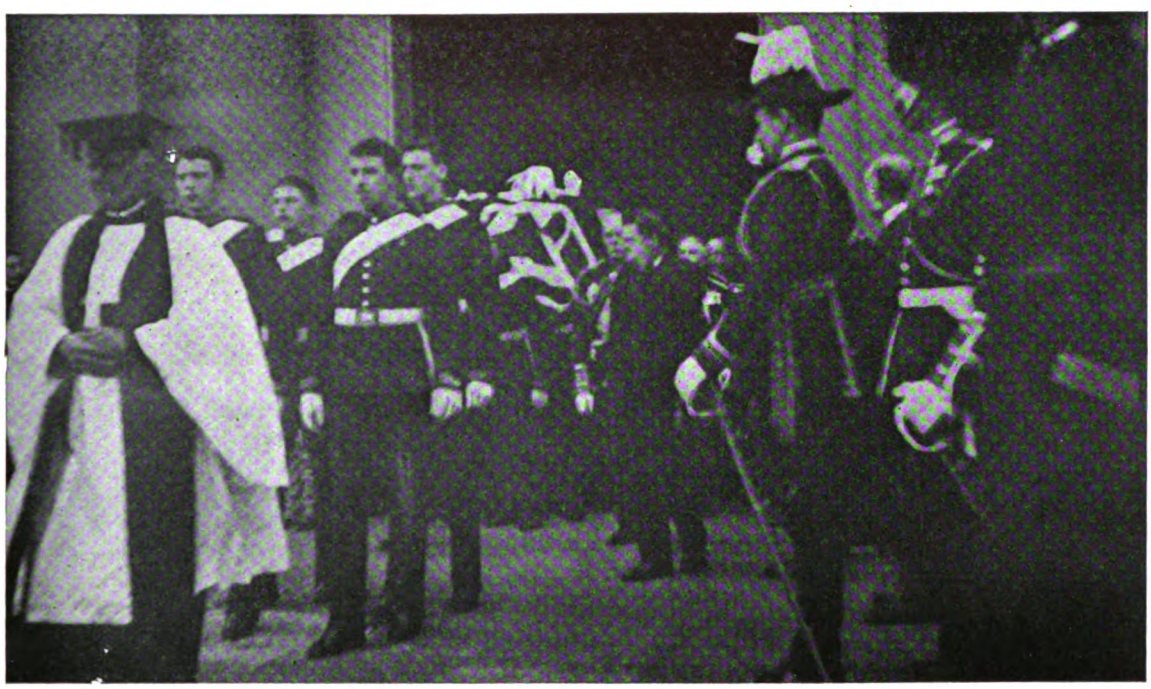
THE FUNERAL SERVICE INSIDE THE CHAPEL.

The Chaplain Reading the Lesson. The Queen's Laurel Wreath Lies at the Foot of the Coffin.



OUT OF THE CHAPEL.

The Coffin Borne by Life Guards from the Chapel to the Gun Carriage.



EN ROUTE FOR BROMPTON CEMETERY.

The Funeral Cortege Passing through the Streets.

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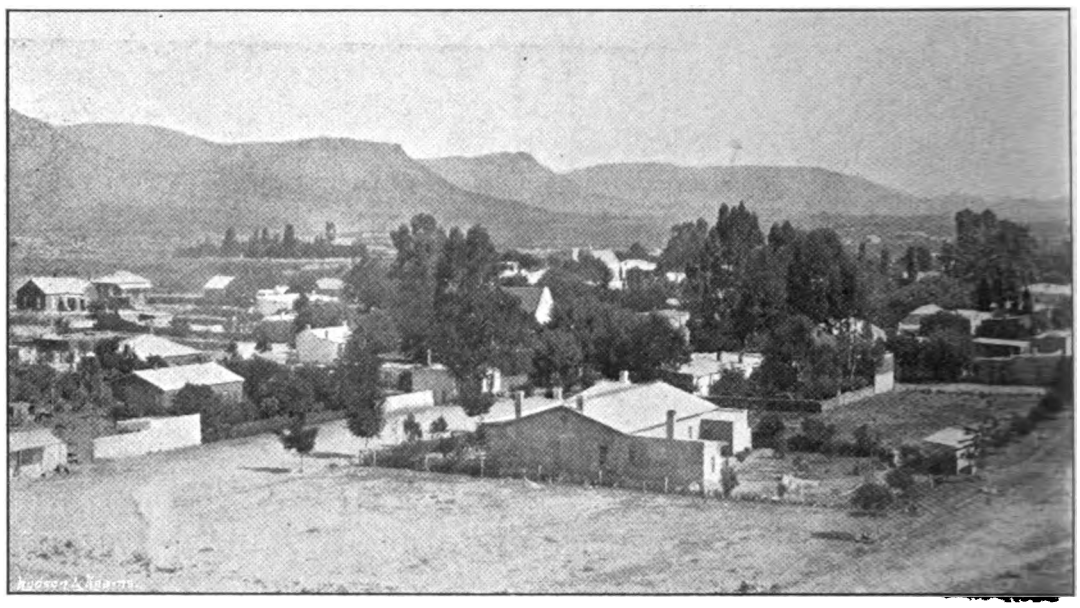
Places of Interest in Cape Colony.

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

TO our long series of scenes and places which have grouped largely in the story of events in South Africa three more are added to-day. Burghersdorp is that place between Stormberg and Bethulie Bridge which was a centre of disaffection, and continued long in the hands of the Boers. They crossed the Orange at Bethulie on November 2, and by the middle of the month had occupied the whole region of Burghersdorp. There they remained until compelled to retire hastily before the combined advance of Generals Gatacre and Brabant, with General Clements on the left. Burghersdorp, in ordinary times, is a sleepy place, lying sheltered near the Stormberg Spruit, hot in the summer, but otherwise delightful, and quite a health resort. The inhabitants number 1,300, and that there is a spirit of Dutch patriotism among them is evidenced by a statue in the public gardens representing the "Taal," or Dutch language as used in South Africa. The inscription is classic: "Erkend is nu de Moedertaal, In Raad, Kantoor en Schoollokaal."

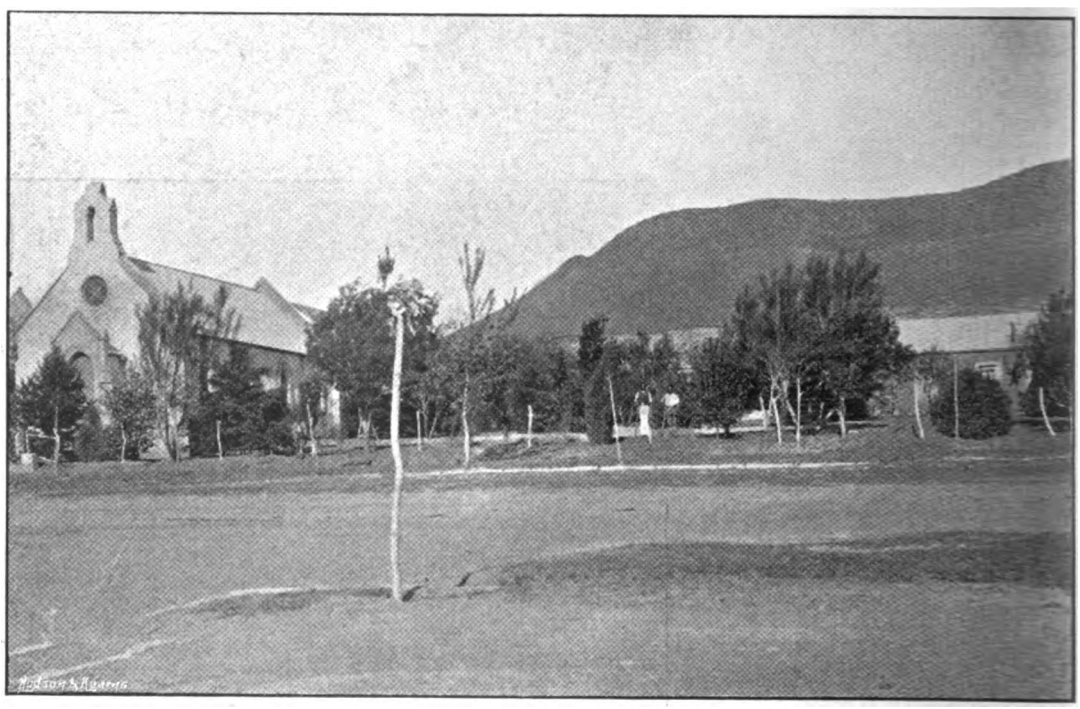
Dordrecht is upon the branch line from Sterkstroom to Indwe, and is one of the most elevated towns in Cape Colony (5,500-ft.), with a superb climate, and all manner of recreations, including boating, fishing, and wildfowl shooting. In its neighbourhood some desperate fighting has taken place. The Boers entered Dordrecht on December 2, but it was reoccupied, and on December 30 the late Captain de Montmorency made a notable reconnaissance to the north with some of Brabant's Horse. The Boers were in great force, and all the party could not get back, Lieutenant Milford Turner, with a mere handful, gallantly defending himself all night against 800 Boers, until Captain Goldsworthy relieved him in the morning. Once more the Boers possessed themselves of Dordrecht, but on February 16 Brabant and his gallant colonials, after a long march through the heart of the rebels' country, drove them out from successive positions at the point of the bayonet. The capture of the last line of defence was one of the most brilliant episodes in the campaign, and finally gave Dordrecht into our hands, after which the Boers were swept beyond the Orange by General Brabant's splendid march to Aliwal North.

Our last picture takes us to Wynberg railway station, very English-looking in character, where many wounded from the Modder battles have reached comfort at last. Wynberg is eight miles south-east of Cape Town, and is a salubrious and delightful situation for our principal hospital, 146-ft. above the sea, and with Mr. Rhodes's famous seat of Groote Schuur at Rondebosch as its neighbour. Special ambulance trains have brought the wounded down to these places, both of which possess hospitals. The climate is of the best, and here, under the highest professional skill, great numbers of our gallant wounded have been nursed to recovery.



BURGHERSDORP.

A Place of Importance in Gatacre's Advance.



DORDRECHT.

Where Brabant's Colonials have Fought so Well.

Photos: Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

WYNBERG.

The Station to which many Wounded are Brought.

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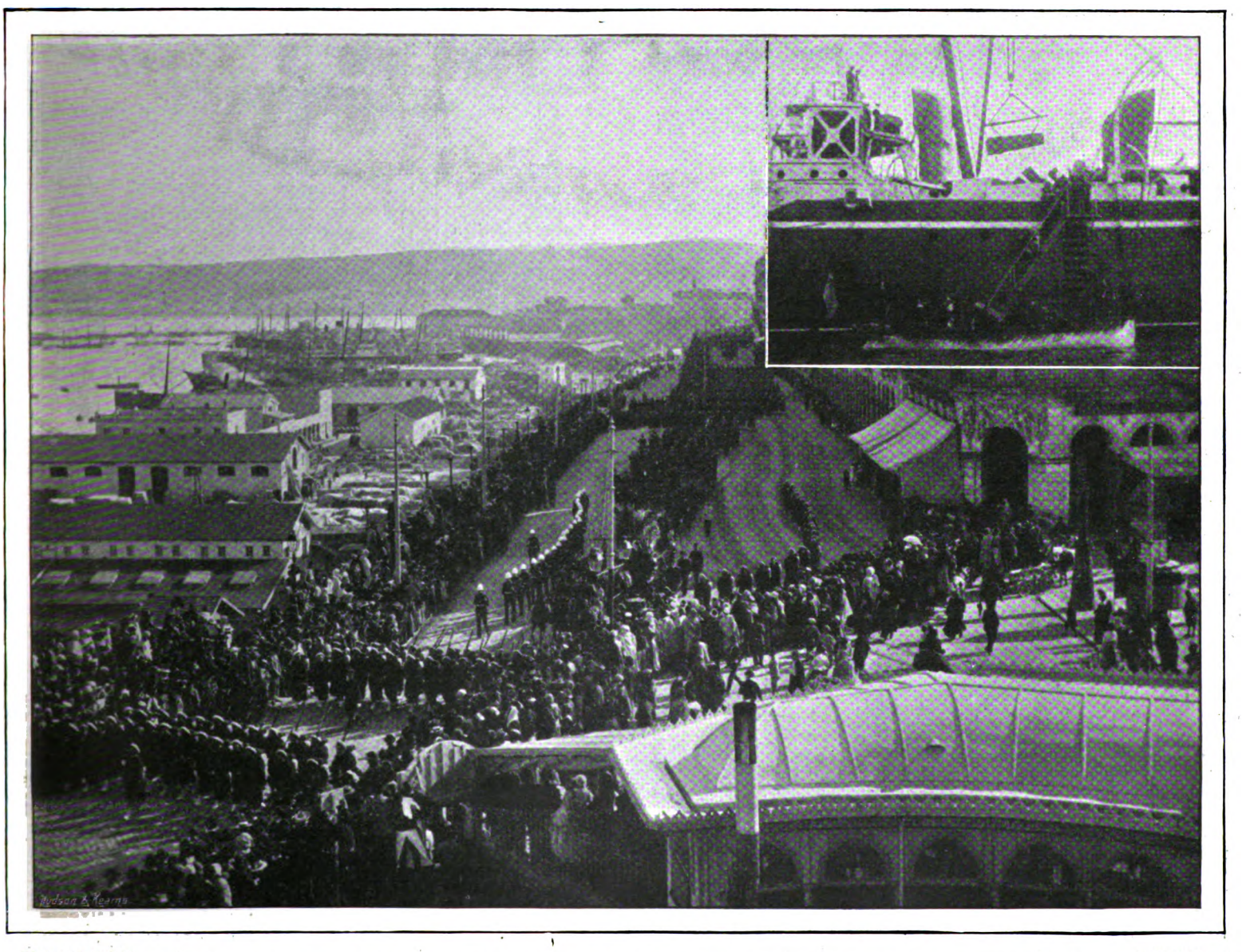
The Obsequies of Sir Donald Stewart.

THE COFFIN BORNE BY ZOUAVES FROM THE ENGLISH CHURCH.



Photos. Copyright. THE FUNERAL CORTEGE PROCEEDING TO THE POINT OF EMBARKATION. *J. K Strick.*

Taking the Field-Marshal's Body on Board the "Juno."

The death of Sir Donald Stewart at Algiers brought to an end a long and honourable life. After the service in the English church the coffin was borne by Zouaves, and placed on a gun-carriage, covered with British and French flags. Marines and French soldiers formed the funeral *cortege*, and a French boat took the coffin alongside the "Juno," which brought the remains to Gibraltar.

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The Story of the War.

WE have latterly been witnessing another illustration of the extreme boldness, and what may, perhaps, prove to be the hasty rashness, of the Boers. While Lord Roberts has been taking every military precaution that was possible to protect his communications, the enemy entered upon a raid to the south with very little care for what took place behind them. They depended upon our want of horses to give them immunity, and upon their own mobility to enable them to extricate themselves from difficulty. The adventurous policy which they pursued reminds us somewhat of the raid which the late General Joubert conducted in Natal after the investment of Ladysmith, but it has been developed with greater force and determination.

A body of the enemy, estimated at 10,000 men, massed at Ladybrand, combined with the approach of General Olivier from the south, compelled Colonel Broadwood to retire upon the waterworks, where his convoy and guns fell into the ambush at Koorn Spruit. After that success the Boers seem to have broken up into several strong divisions, and, with little transport, these raided the southern part of the Orange State and reoccupied some of the small towns we had evacuated, making their greatest effort at Wepener. One great objec. was, of course, to defeat the purpose of Lord Roberts's proclamation, and there is reason to fear that in this the Boers have been largely successful, for though General Clements in his great march through Philippolis, Fauresmith, and Petrusburg received the surrender of many hundreds of Free Staters, Steyn's agents have since been busy there, and it is known that in the Moroka and Wepener districts many farmers who had given in their adhesion returned to the Boer standard.

There is still much to wonder at in the surprise at Koorn Spruit and the surrender at Reddersburg. The latter "unfortunate occurrence," which involved the capture by the enemy of three companies of Royal Irish Rifles and two companies of mounted infantry a little to the east of Bethanie Railway Station, within a few miles of Bloemfontein, was an astonishing and disquieting episode. The troops in question had been in occupation of De Wet's Dorp, and, owing to the rapid developments of events, had been ordered to retire to Reddersburg, but at Mester's Hoek, four miles east of that place, they found the enemy in great force. They had no guns with them, but presumably made the best defence that was possible, and did not surrender until they had been without food or water for twenty-four hours and had expended their ammunition. The events of the campaign have strongly enforced the advantage that lies with the defence, and, therefore, some particular account of the affair will be awaited with a great deal of interest. General Gatacre was instructed to proceed from Springfontein to relieve the force threatened, but an hour and a-half before he came the surrender had taken place, and the whole party had been conveyed to the eastward. Two officers were killed and two wounded, and the killed and wounded among the rank and file were thirty-three, while about 600 fell into the enemy's hands.

It would appear that the Boers who effected the capture at Mester's Hoek numbered about 5,000, including many citizens of Ladybrand who had submitted, and the success attained completed the flanking movement of the enemy on the east and south of Bloemfontein. They moved with great rapidity, and seemed to have no fear for their safety.

Mr. Burnham, the American scout who attempted to warn our troops of the ambush that had been prepared near the Bloemfontein waterworks, describes the pace at which the Boers cover the ground as most remarkable. He saw two big Creusot guns being drawn across the veldt by teams of eight ponies each. It is this extreme mobility that enables the enemy to move so far south, and to attempt operations with inadequate forces which seem almost adventurous.

The commandos of De Wet, Olivier, and other Boer generals moved southward, mostly in scattered bodies, to the Wepener and Smithfield districts, and appeared and disappeared with great celerity. They made a determined attack at Wepener. There, on April 4, the Boer commander had the effrontery to demand a surrender, on the ground that defence was impossible against his superior forces. No answer was, of course, returned to his insolent request. There had been a good deal of scattered fighting round the place, and the Boers who had surrendered their arms became very nervous and demanded protection. Colonel Dalgety, who is in command, struck a blow of some importance on April 6, when he captured 400 rifles and a few prisoners. Fighting began on the 9th, when the Boers attacked in three columns, using a Vickers-Maxim with effect. They were beaten off, but the fighting was renewed the next day.

Colonel Dalgety's forces consisted of the 1st and 2nd Kaffrarian Rifles, a squadron of Brabant's Horse, the Cape Mounted Rifles, a company of the Royal Scots Mounted Infantry, and two 15-pounder guns, two Naval 12-pounders, one Hotchkiss, and two 7-pounders, while the rest of General Brabant's force was with the headquarters at Aliwal North. The cannonade began afresh on the 11th, our forces carefully husbanding their ammunition, and was continued on the following days. The gallant garrison did extremely well, and in a vigorous sortie inflicted serious losses on the enemy and disabled one or more of their guns. Colonel Dalgety's position was strong and well chosen, but he was completely surrounded by the enemy, who had their backs to the Basutoland border, where Sir Godfrey Lagden, with the paramount Chief Lerothodi, organised a guard to prevent encroachment. The Boers were reported to be growing disheartened, and to recognise that their operation had failed, and General Brabant, with all his forces, left Aliwal North to march on Rouxville and Wepener on April 14. Lord Roberts also despatched the Third Division to Reddersburg, so that collapse of the enemy's movement was inevitable.

The effect of their surprising raid, however, has been to disturb the new allegiance of the Boers who had surrendered under Lord Roberts's proclamation, and in the Rouxville district numbers of them have risen again and have formed a strong commando. Before these lines appear the situation will certainly have developed, but it assuredly seems that the Boer offensive is too weak for any real success. Large numbers of troops have joined Lord Roberts, and he has now received many horses. A glance at a map will show that it should not be a difficult matter, if we possess any mobility, to cut off the Boers from the south.

A considerable delay was imposed upon Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein, but as we write he appears to have practically completed his preparations for a movement, and the greatest activity reigns among his forces. Now the whole country is more or less under his observation, and it should not be long before some important step ensues. Colonel Ian Hamilton, the defender of Wagon Hill at Ladysmith, has been appointed to the command of a brigade of mounted infantry, consisting largely of colonial forces, which should be extremely useful, and the arrival of Sir Leslie Rundle with the Eighth Division should give Lord Roberts a sufficiency of troops at Bloemfontein. Movements may now be contemplated on the western frontier—an advance by the Kimberley and Vryburg line to turn the passages of the Vaal, and to relieve any apprehension in regard to Mafeking.

Lord Methuen displayed considerable activity in his operations at Boshof, which is fifteen miles north-east of Kimberley, within the Orange State border, where the Imperial Yeomanry greatly distinguished themselves on April 5, and a very smart action took place. The enemy were discovered holding a kopje, and Lord Scarborough's squadron and the Kimberley mounted corps were sent round on either flank, while the remainder of the Yeomanry operated in front. The attack occupied three hours and a-half, and was of a well-ordered and determined character, the Yeomanry finally charging with the bayonet and carrying the position. It was then discovered that the enemy's force had been under command of the gallant French adventurer Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, who was killed in the action, and has since been buried with full military honours. That officer had thrown in his lot with the Boers, apparently moved by his enthusiasm to fight, as the Duke of Orleans says, against "the hereditary enemy." He was killed by shrapnel from the 4th Field Battery. Lord Methuen commanded in person, and Lord Chesham handled the Yeomanry with great ability, and they fought with the steadiness of seasoned troops.

There has been a renewal of Boer activity in Northern Natal. They attacked Sir Redvers Buller's right flank near Elandslaagte on April 10, unmasking their guns by surprise, and appeared to be attempting to envelop the force there, but the attack died away at night, and appears to have been merely a demonstration of force.

The accession of strength at Bloemfontein, and the development of activity from Kimberley, with the arrival of forces in that part of the theatre of war, combined with the landing of General Carrington's colonial division at Beira, can scarcely fail soon to change the aspect of events. We may expect to see the Boers falling back upon every side, and the relief of Mafeking, long wished for, will probably be but one incident in a general success. The garrison of that place, under the able command of Colonel Baden-Powell, has never lost a point. The enemy have been forced to evacuate one or other of their works by means of rifle and artillery fire, but not one trench of the defenders of Mafeking has yet fallen into their hands, nor has Colonel Baden-Powell retired a single yard since the very beginning of the siege. On March 26 the garrison were buoyed up with the report that a relief column was advancing from the south, and on the next day the place was subjected to the heaviest bombardment of the siege, though it appears to have been ineffective.

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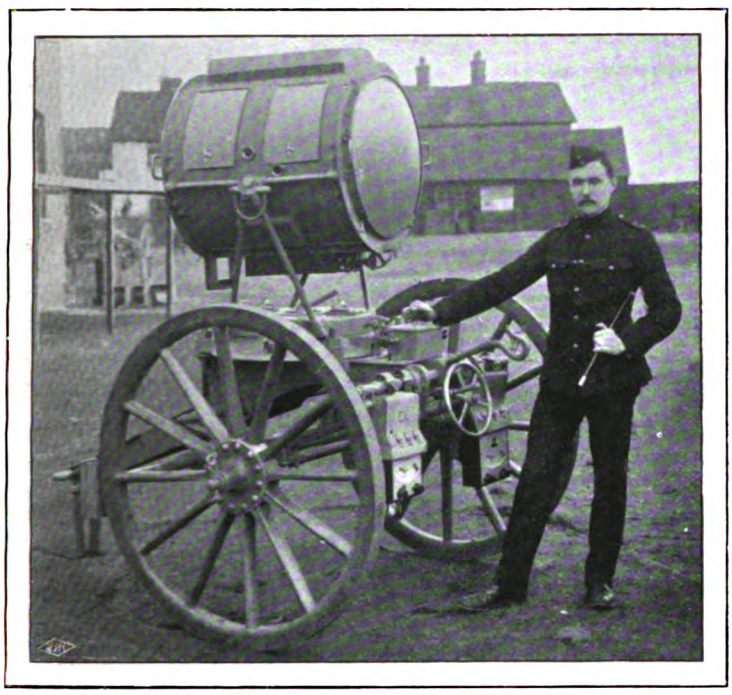
Electrical Engineering and the Army.

AN ENGINE FOR ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING WORK.
One of the Latest Developments of Army Effort.



A SEARCH-LIGHT APPARATUS FOR FIELD USE.
Equally Useful to Discover or to Signal.

A CYCLIST OF THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING CORPS.
Communicating through the Unrove Wire.

Photos. Copyright. *Spalding.*

A GROUP OF HIGHLY-SKILLED WORKERS.
Officers and Men of the Electrical Engineers.

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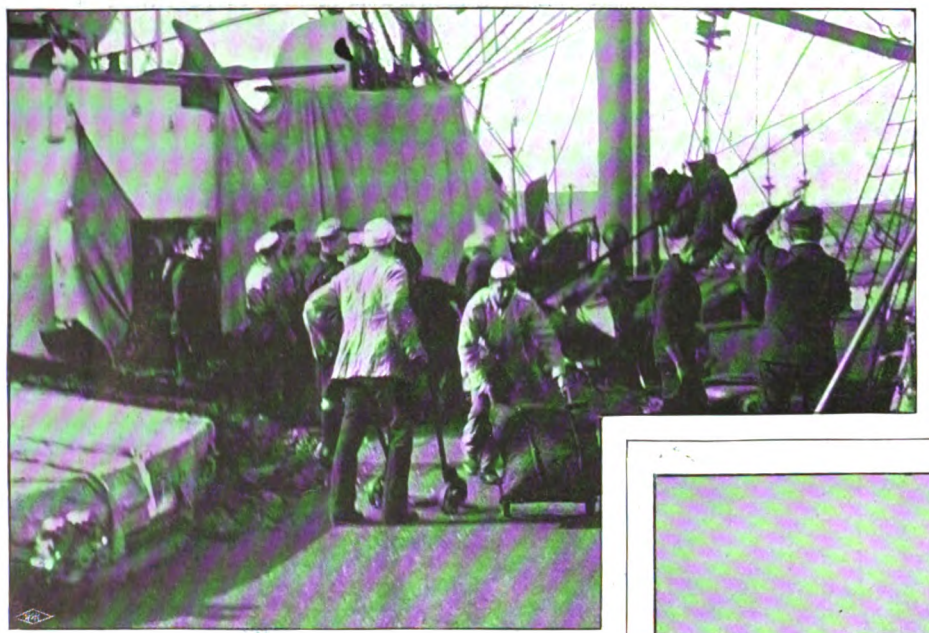
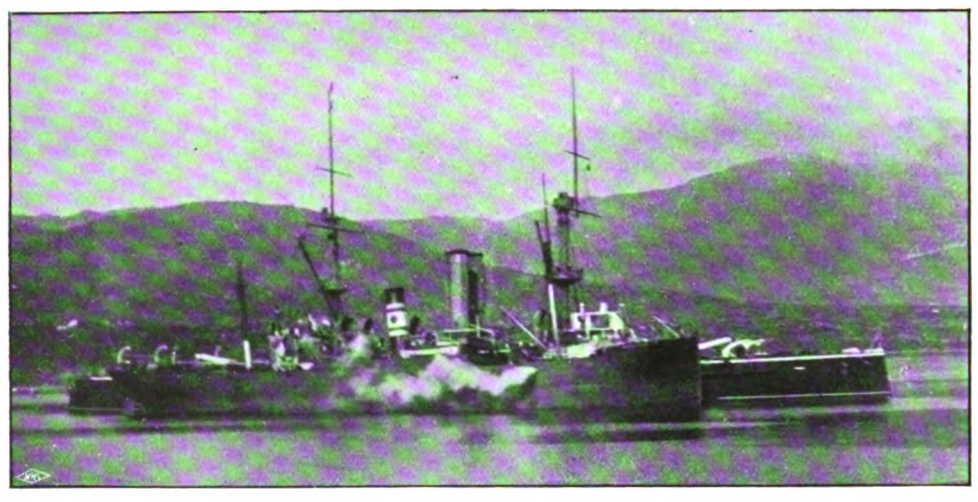
With the Channel Squadron.

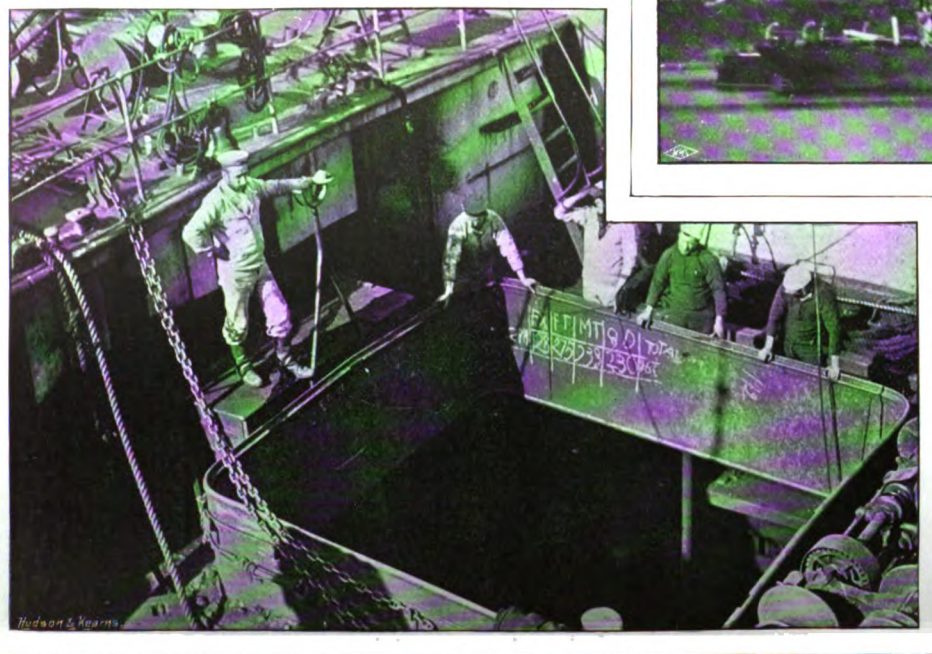


THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "REPULSE."
Coals Coming on Board and Marines Handling Them.



AS IT APPEARS TO AN OUTSIDER.
The "Repulse" with the Collier Alongside

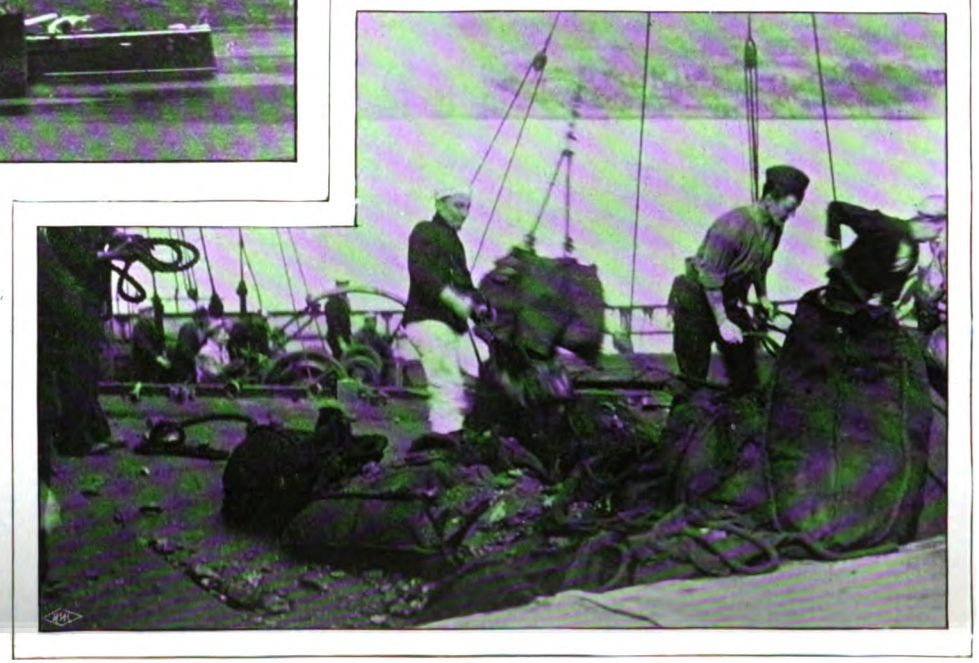
ALONGSIDE THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP.
Derricks Rigged and Fore-hold Ready.



READY FOR THE OPERATION.
Waiting Anxiously for Supplies for the Fore-hold.

Coaling Ship: A Dirty Job.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.



EAGER TO MAKE GOOD TIME.
An Officer Making Ready for the Next Hoist.

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

By FREDERICK G. ENGELBACH.

ENFIELD LOCK.—V.

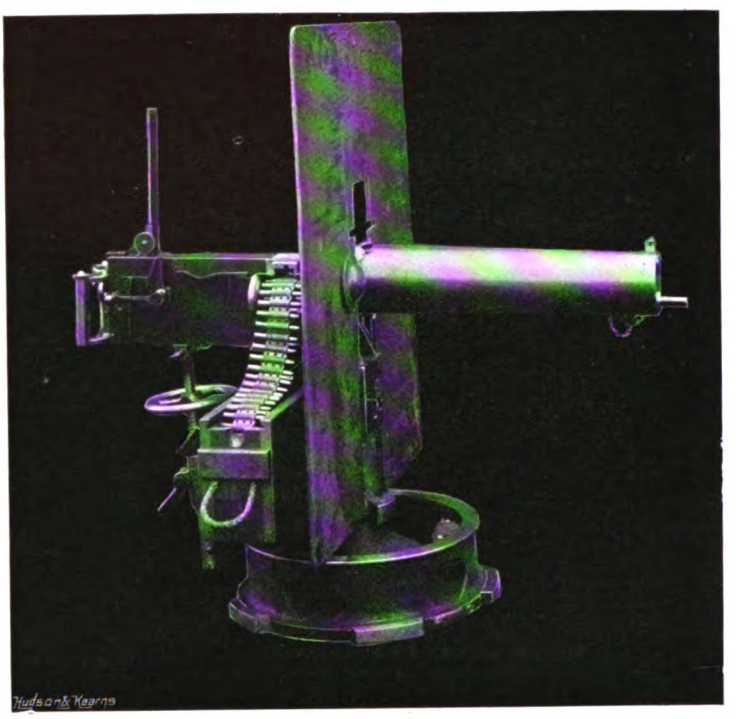
AT Enfield machine guns of every description are repaired and proved, and Maxim guns are manufactured. Until a year or two ago the factory turned out Gatlings, Nordenfelts, and Gardners, but now these latter are no longer made. There still remain, guarding the outposts of our Empire, many of these obsolete weapons, but gradually they are being replaced. "One machine gun, one rifle, and one ammunition" is the cry of the practical general of to-day, and the demand is being complied with. The work of the Inspection Department, as might be imagined, is very onerous as regards machine guns. Their parts are so complicated that only the most skilled men can be employed. Captain Wallace, whose portrait was given in Part I., is responsible for this branch of the factory. All his men have been at one time or another engaged on the manufacturing side, as highly

A SILENT HIVE.

The Machine Gun Assembling Shop during the Dinner Hour.

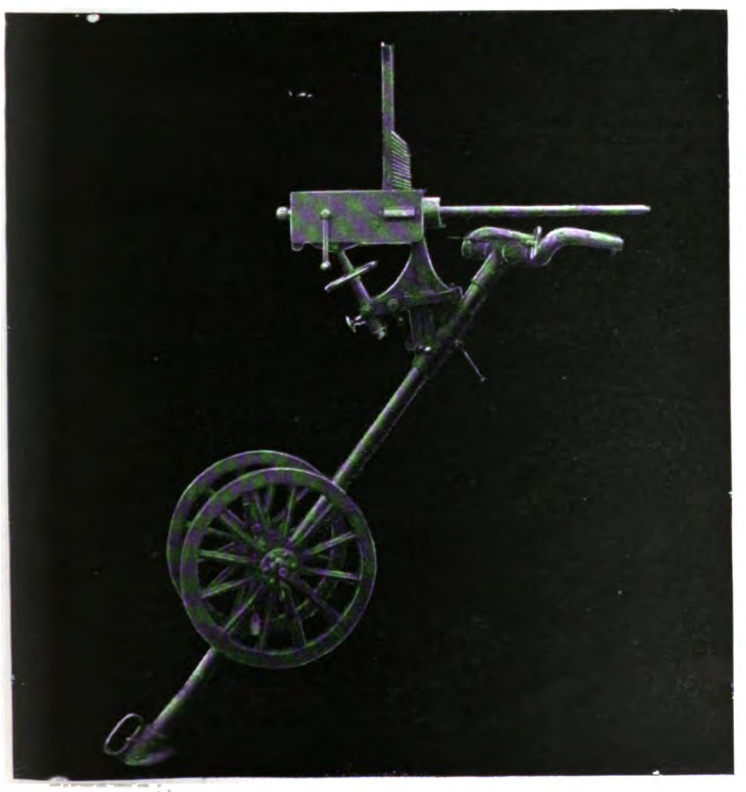
THE OLD ORDER GIVING PLACE TO THE NEW.

Mr. J. Marks, Principal Manufacturing Foreman, Manipulating a Nordenfelt Machine Gun, Bore 1-in., Ejecting Steel Bullets Weighing 7½-oz.



THE ARBITER OF DESTINIES.

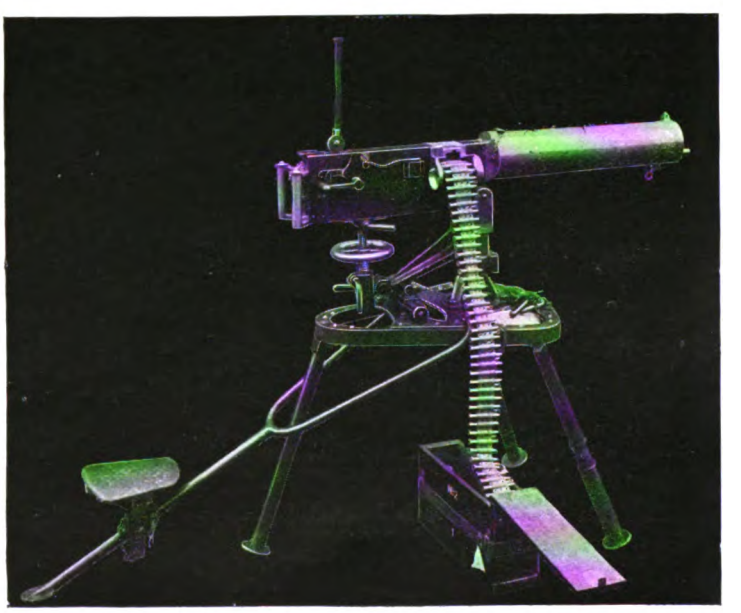
A Maxim Gun on a Cone Mounting with Protecting Shield, showing the Ammunition Box Placed for Firing.



Photos. Copyright.

THE MODERN SENTINEL.

A Maxim Gun on a Parapet Mounting, used for Guarding Exposed Walls, etc. Fed by means of a Metal Holder instead of a Bandolier.



"Navy & Army."

A MAXIM GUN FOR WAR SERVICE ON LAND.

Captain Peebles' Tripod Mounting for Mule Carriage.

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From Photos. 1895.

A Maxim Gun at the Proof Butts Firing Cartridges Loaded with Powder.

1899. *By Colonel Lockyer, R.A.*

A Maxim Gun at the Proof Butts Firing Cordite.

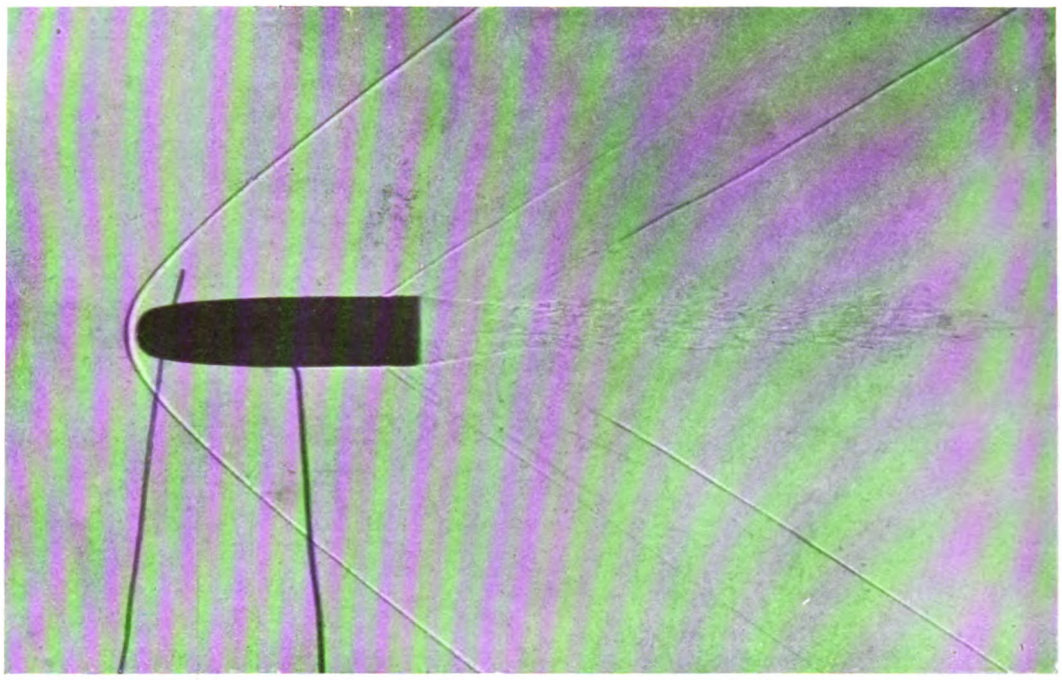
specialised knowledge is required. Often the touch of a file will make all the difference between a gun jamming and working sweetly; but to apply that touch requires the hand directing it to be a very skilled one. Every machine gun in use throughout the Empire comes sooner or later to Enfield Lock, and it is in these cases that the brains of the viewer come into play. He discovers first what is wrong, and then determines whether the peccant part is capable of repair or must be renewed.

The work, consisting as it does of barrel testing, proving, etc., has been covered in other sections, and it is impossible here to follow out the manufacture of the small parts of the guns. When finished the various locks and feed-blocks are put into one Service gun in turn, in order to test their working. Then a complete gun is built up of the proved parts, and is taken to the range and tested for accuracy at the 500-yds. distance. It is curious to notice the difference between the smoke of cordite and of powder. From the fine photographs by Col. Lockyer, R.A., of a Maxim firing, an idea can be formed of the difficulty of identifying a battery firing with smokeless cordite. The reader might discredit the picture, but the gun was actually firing at the rate of 500 shots per minute when the snap-shot was taken!

The parapet Maxim mounting is especially designed for fortifications, and can be readily brought to bear over a wall. In lieu of the usual band of cartridges it has a holder, which will accommodate twenty-four cartridges. In all respects it is similar in its action to the other patterns, excepting in the fact that it has no jacket, continuous rapid firing not being required.

The cone mounting is generally used for shipboard, and all the details are well shown in the illustration. The jacket seems absurdly large for the tiny barrel, yet still the water in it boils when rapid firing is kept up for a short time. The cartridges are placed in a belt 25-ft. long, and the gun, being quite automatic, extracts the cartridge, fires it, ejects the case, drags the next one into position, fires it, etc., until the belt is exhausted. Then it stops!

The Peebles tripod mounting was contrived by Captain Peebles of the Devonshire Regiment, who was one of the first men killed in the battle on the banks of the Swat River during the Chitral Campaign. It is heavy, and will no doubt be improved upon when the war has shown its weak points. It is devised for carriage on mule-back, so as to enable the troops to be accompanied in the roughest and most mountainous districts by their machine guns, and can be unloaded and brought into action in four minutes.



A WINGED MESSENGER OF DEATH.

A Lee-Enfield Bullet Taking its Own Photograph by Spark. Note the Bold Air Waves in Front and Behind it, also the Blurred Vacuum Mark in Rear.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

AWAITING THE CALL TO DUTY.

Machine Guns Ready for Issue in the Finished Gun Store.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and April 7).

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 169. | SATURDAY, APRIL 28th, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. *Gillard*

"BOBS" AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

A snap-shot has brought together four distinguished officers. Lord Roberts was at the railway station, discussing questions of transport with members of his staff—Lord Kitchener, Colonel Rochfort-Boyd, R.E., and Major Bailey. Our artist has caught them just at the moment, and has succeeded in making a happy group.

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ROUND THE WORLD

PERHAPS never before have we had an heir to the throne so completely in touch with national sentiment as the Prince of Wales. The outburst of public indignation at the dastardly attempt made upon his life at Brussels, the whole-hearted detestation of the insidious propaganda that led to the outrage, the contempt for such obscene rags as the German *Kladderadatsch*, which—in the land of *lèse majesté*—revels in its scurrilous attacks upon the Prince, and the outburst of national joy at his escape from the assassin's bullet, are all testimony to the esteem in which His Royal Highness is held. His close sympathy with the Imperial impulse that moves us is manifested in his promise to be present at the dinner of the British Empire League at the Hotel Cecil next Monday. That League is a young and vigorous body, which sprang out of the Imperial Federation League self-dissolved in 1893 after laying down the broad principles it advocated. The object which it has set before itself is to bring about a closer association of the various parts of the Empire, to promote inter-imperial trade, and, perhaps more than all, to develop the principles on which the colonies should share in national defence. The League never gathered in more interesting conditions than those which now prevail, when we see the sons of Empire gathered together, all fighting in the Mother's cause. Well might the speakers at the Royal Colonial Institute dinner at the Whitehall Rooms this week discourse upon the vast change that has come over public sentiment since that useful body, of which the Prince of Wales is president, was founded more than thirty years ago.

Photo. Bourne & Shepherd.
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART, G.C.B., K.C.S.I.
The Late Commander-in-Chief in India.

Photo. Gregory.
THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN AND MOUNT-EARL, K.P.
Who Goes to South Africa with the Sharpshooters.

———

THEN colonial questions were wholly neglected, and no body of public opinion upon Imperial questions existed. Now there is a marvellous change in Downing Street, where these questions are in the very forefront. Mr. Gilbert Parker maintains that it was Canadamen like Sir John A. Macdonald, the father of federation, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the incarnation of national spirit and imperial imagination — men who dreamed big dreams and realised them—that set the pace and struck the note of Empire. Certainly, as Lord Salisbury has said, the impulse came from the colonies, and we do not forget the somewhat critical surprise with which we heard in this country of the splendid Imperial courage of Mr. Bede Dalley, acting Premier of New South Wales, in sending the contingent to the Soudan in 1882. Even at the beginning of the present war there was reluctance to accept more than a modicum of colonial aid; but the colonists have come forward so splendidly and have done such magnificent service that a veil has fallen from our eyes. They have not simply been beating the Jingo drum; there was something deeper behind it than that. England has succeeded in giving equal rights wherever the flag has flown, and the colonists are resolved that South Africa shall possess the same. As to their military spirit, it is beyond all praise, and there is a feeling abroad, to which Mr. Gilbert Parker has given voice, that before many years have gone by a War Minister in Pall Mall will be able to put his finger on Toronto, Vancouver, Halifax, and Kingston, on Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Hobart, and Wellington, with a full knowledge of their military capabilities, strength, and readiness to serve.

Photo. Freeman
THE HON. WM. JOHN LYNE.
The Premier and Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales.

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IN Newfoundland—our oldest self-governing colony—a strong patriotic feeling prevails, that is finding expression in providing comforts for the troops in South Africa. Sir Henry McCallum, the new Governor, is a strong and capable representative of the Crown, and both he and Lady McCallum are very popular. Last summer, when he made a tour through the colony, he proposed the formation of a Naval Reserve from among the seamen, and his plans were very popular among them. He takes very great interest in the vexed questions that concern the Newfoundland fisheries, and is greatly liked by the fishermen. Lady McCallum's fund for assisting the troops at the seat of war has been largely supported by the fishery population, and the women have devoted all their spare time to making flannel shirts and knitting warm woollen socks. In addition to many other comforts, at least 3,000 of the former and 6,000 pairs of the latter have been sent out, and the money subscriptions among the people now amount to considerably over £1,000. The Imperial sentiment therefore exists very

Photo. Copyright. Crib.
AN ANIMATED FAN.
Showing the Physique the Whale Island Gymnasium Produces.

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strongly in this remote outpost, and the feeling of kinship is very strong. The Newfoundland fishermen arean extremely fine race, and it is much to be hoped that their services may yet be secured in some degree for the fleet. The colony is trying that curious experiment arising from the Reid Contract, whereby many public works are given over for a consideration to private individuals or a corporation. Although the system has met with great opposition, and the manner by which it was brought about has been harshly criticised, it seems on the whole to have done well, for many public works are in hand, an electric railway has been constructed at St. John's, and several large steamers have been built for regular service on the coast and for communication with Labrador.

Photo. Copyright. *Benabu.*

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES'S REGIMENT.

The Governor of Gibraltar Welcoming the Officers on Their Arrival.

THE Royal Academy and other exhibitions will soon open their doors. Will they reflect the active conditions of the time? Has the warlike fervour yet invaded the studio? It has certainly sent "Artists" to the front in the ranks of the Volunteers. The Royal Academy has not for a long time been rich in camp and battle subjects, and has never produced a Detaille, and works like Lady Butler's "Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras" are few and far between, though one recalls from time to time pictures of much Naval and Military interest. Now changes are coming over the artistic dream, and soon, if not this year, we are likely to find a new spirit even in the Royal Academy, which is manifesting itself in the other galleries. It will bring us nearer to life and actuality than was possible under the influence of Burne-Jones and Rossetti, or even of Lord Leighton. A younger school of artists like Frank Brangwyn is coming to the front, and the fresher men are alert to seize the vivid impressions of the time. Thus we may expect to find the war reflected in the galleries, and the works of regular war artists like Caton Woodville, Melton Prior, and W. B. Wollen will claim a prominent place in the exhibitions.

Photo. Copyright. *Charleton.*

HONOURS FOR THE HEROES OF KHARTOUM.

General Prior presenting the Queen's Soudan Medal to the 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers at Newbridge. This is the Regiment which made the Celebrated Charge, and in all 346 Heroes who Shared in it were Decorated.

From a Photo. *By a Military Officer.*

INDIA'S AID TO THE EMPIRE.

Debarred from Using Arms against the Boers, India has sent a Fully-equipped Hospital. The Officers and Men here shown Served throughout the Siege of Ladysmith.

THE interest in M. Coquelin's

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new venture at the Porte St. Martin Theatre is altogether Naval, and crowded houses have been delighted to see the English get the worst of it. "Jean Bart" is a strong and virile three-act drama—one might say melodrama—woven out of the deeds of the famous sea-rover of Dunkirk, and it is magnificently staged. So much said, it must be confessed that the play is not another "Cyrano de Bergerac," and it is hard to see how it could find favour in England unless the sentiments were transposed. M. Haraucourt, the author, has given the local colour of his period well, but has crowded his stage with episodes which succeed one another so rapidly as almost to take the breath of the beholder. The Jean Bart of real life, who lived from 1651 to 1702, was a famous privateer who made himself a terror to English and Dutch merchantmen; and the bold, blunt, shrewd sailorman went to court as a *chef d'escadre* in the days of Louis Quatorze. Coquelin *aîné* reproduces the character to a marvel, and is as popular with the Parisians as his original was with the Dunkerquois. In 1697 Jean Bart broke through our blockade of Dunkirk, and successfully cruised in the Channel.

This is the period chosen by M. Haraucourt, and the action begins in the house of a seaman in the town during the blockade. Claude de Torbin, having endeavoured to abduct a young girl, and having killed her father in a duel, takes refuge with his brother Henri. The two are so much alike that the latter's *fiancée*, a good character, mistakes Claude for his brother, and an ingenious plot is developed. Claude takes service with Jean Bart, and an astounding series of adventures begins, in which the English are a good deal outwitted. Young Coquelin plays the part of the corsair's English friend. The crowning scene of the piece is where Jean Bart attempts to force the blockade in the "Railleuse," his ship being captured, but, in a very dramatic scene, he threatens to blow up the vessel, whereupon the English all jump off to escape with their lives, and the corsair gets away triumphantly. Then we find him at Versailles, where his unconventional character and sailorlike ways, combined with a good deal of shrewdness, entitle him almost to be described as a masculine Madame Sans-Gêne. He procures the pardon of Claude, and the play ends with a couple of weddings, those of Claude and Jean. The acting is good throughout, and the scenery and mechanical devices are a triumph.

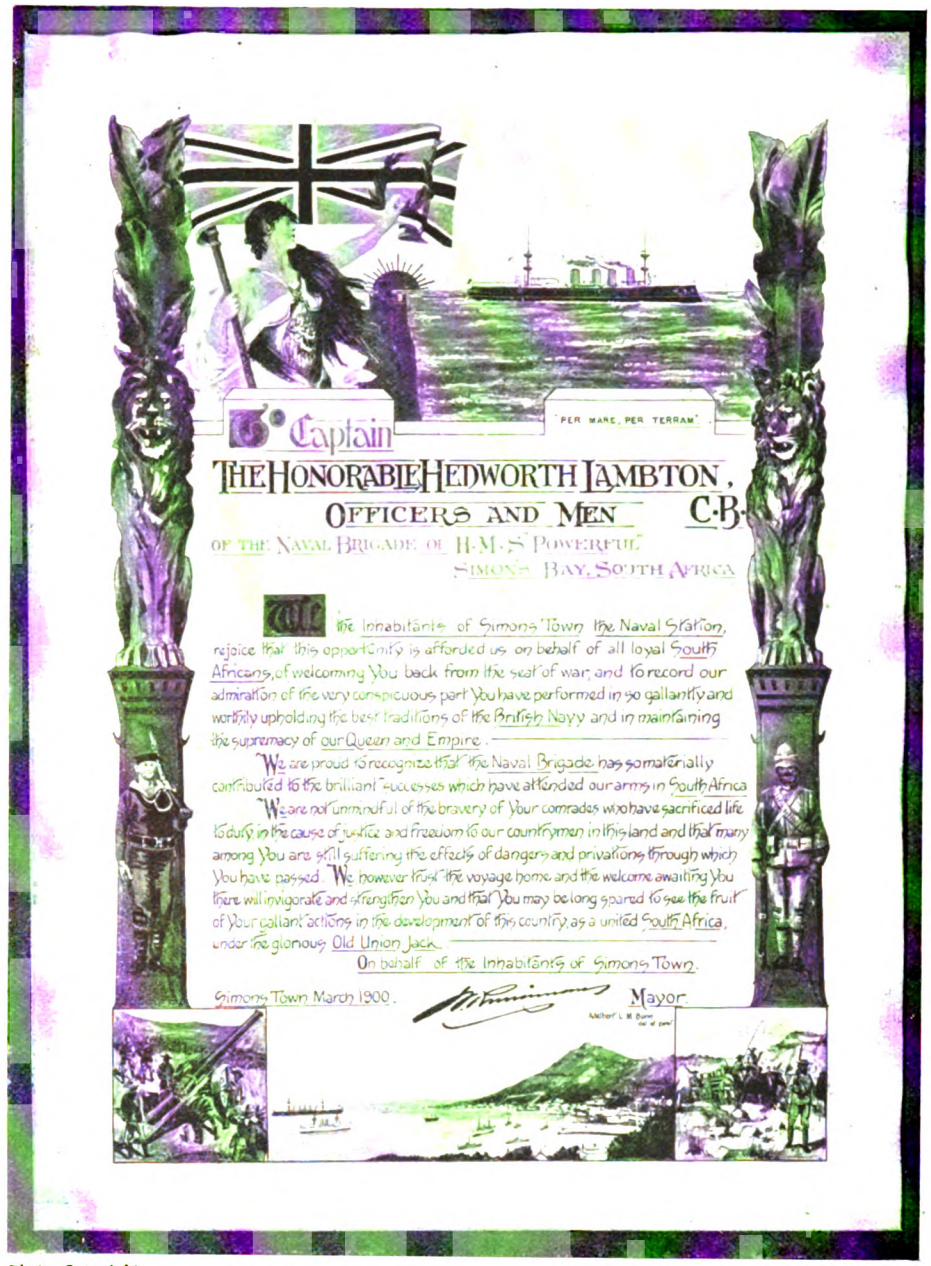

Photo. Copyright. *L. Jenks.*

A COLONIAL TRIBUTE TO THE NAVY'S WORTH.

The Address Presented to Captain Hedworth Lambton, the Officers and Men of the Ladysmith Naval Brigade, by the Inhabitants of Simon's Town.

His "Table Talk" and his "Task," Cowper wrote the well-known ode to Boadicea, the warrior Queen, and that with a touch of prescient imperialism he truly said:

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway."

He saw England, too, "the trident-bearing queen of the wide seas," and addressed her, long before Uitlanders were heard of, as "Thou that hast set the persecuted free," and so he is a man of note in our survey of things to-day.

THE opening of the Cowper Museum at Cowper's House, Olney, which has taken place this week, is likely to pass unobserved in these stirring times, and the melancholy man can claim no great place in these pages. But it is worth while to remember that, besides

Photo. Copyright.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The Sad Death of Sir William Lockhart has Deprived India of its Commander-in Chief, and the Army of One of its Best Soldiers. Scene at Calcutta, at the Moment when the Gun-carriage Carrying the Body

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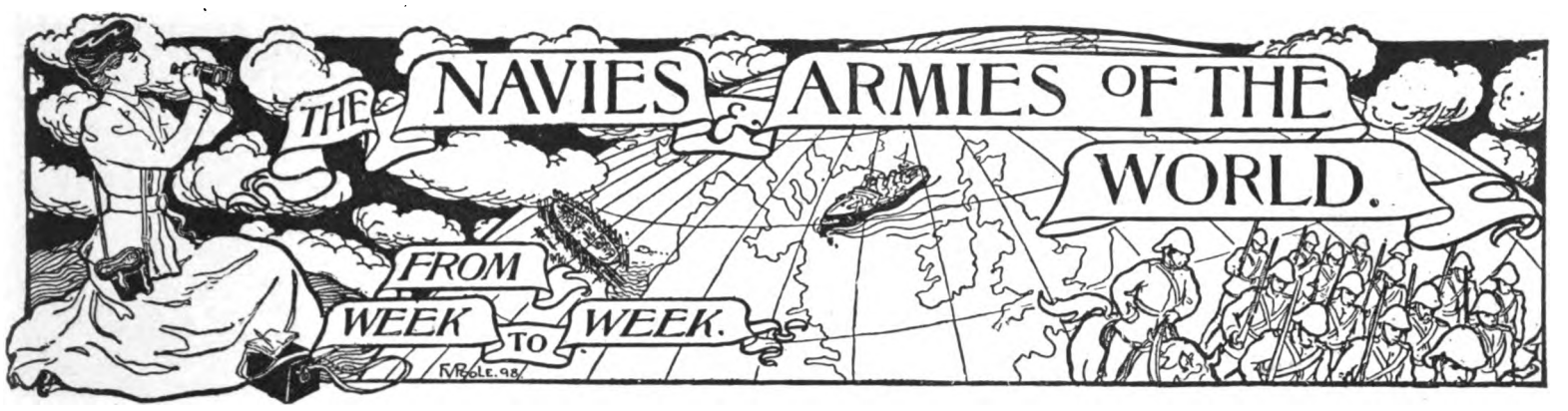

THE publication of the Spion Kop despatches, with Lord Roberts's very pointed comments, has naturally caused no small amount of discussion and some surprise. For obvious reasons nothing will be said about the story they contain here. Qualified critics who have authority to give effect to their judgments have to deal with that matter. But there is a question as to the wisdom or unwisdom, the fairness or unfairness, of the publication. Very diverse views may be held, and, as usual, there is something to be said on all sides. One man will hold that confidential opinions ought never to be published, because no commander will care to speak candidly if he knows that what he has to say will be revealed to all the world; also it may be maintained that the revelation is not fair to the subordinate. In a general way this is true, but, as the casuists say, we must distinguish. Let us suppose that A., being a Naval or Military commander, notes that his subordinate, B., is a zealous officer, but self-sufficient and rather flighty, liable to become excited, and when excited rash. A. may add that in his opinion B. is not to be trusted in independent command, though capable of doing good service under the superior control of a strong chief. Now it is quite right that this should be kept as a secret, and acted upon quietly if the supreme authority trusts the judgment of A. B is not accused of specific misconduct, but is only described. Nothing is said which is dishonourable to him, for he is not to blame for his nature. Yet it would give him pain if the estimate formed of him by his chief were made public, and discredit him with others. The right course is clearly to say nothing, and take care not to employ B. where the weakness of his character will be shown.

* * * *

The case, however, may be different. B. may have committed an error on which his chief has commented. Ought this to be published? Some will say no, not in any circumstances. B. ought to be removed, and nothing said. But removal amounts to publication, and in the worst possible conditions for B., since the world, which is not too charitable, is pretty sure to put the worst construction on what has happened, and to make, perhaps, gross misconduct out of what was only weakness. It may be said, again, that the papers ought not to appear, because their publication is a device by which politicians shelter themselves behind the commander-in-chief in the field. But are not politicians sometimes bound to do this? When Steinmetz was removed from his command in the war of 1870 for wasting the lives of his men in the fighting round Metz, the King of Prussia was in the camp—that is to say, the sovereign authority of the State was on the spot. That cannot be the case with us. Neither can the general commanding-in-chief at the seat of war be left to remove subordinate generals himself. That is an exercise of sovereign authority which, by our practice, has not been allowed. The discipline of the Navy has at all times been more stern than that of the Army, yet Lord St. Vincent, in the very height of his glory, was sharply rebuked by the Admiralty for sending Sir John Orde home. In the case of commands of this importance only the sovereign authority can act. It will be guided, if it is wise, by its commander-in-chief, but it must none the less reserve its right to appoint and remove. Whether it will publish the opinion on which it acts must depend upon its own nature and the circumstances. The Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Germany need say nothing; but the Ministers of a constitutionally-governed country, who exercise the sovereign rights of the State with delegated authority, are not in that position. They must justify themselves to the wo[illegible] can only do it by explaining the reasons on which t[illegible] Thus we have seen lately that General de Galli[illegible]d why he put General de Nègrier o[illegible]y.

*

It is contended [illegible] papers as these unl[illegible] But that again is [illegible] granted that bec[illegible] qualif[illegible]

Collingwood and Dundonald were reprimanded in their early years for want of respect to their superiors. Yet both lived to hold high commands with glory, each in his degree. The question is just whether the offence blamed is one of those which may be committed by error or excess of some quality of character capable of correction by experience, or whether it is one which indicates an incurable incapacity for the execution of the work an officer has to do. In the second case there is, of course, only one thing which ought to be done. Whether the Government is right in explaining its reasons must depend on circumstances. In the first case there is much to be said for publicity.

* * * *

To go to the root of the matter, what is the position of those who follow the honourable profession of arms by sea or land? A great French writer, translated by Sir Charles Napier, wrote a book of studies of the Military life, and called it "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires." Alfred de Vigny was right in putting the word servitude first. The Military life is a servitude. It is a glorious one, because he who adopts it has assumed the obligation to face death, even inevitable death, at the word of command. It is more glorious in a volunteer army than in a conscript, for the first has assumed the obligation freely, but the second mostly by force. Yet the greater includes the less, and he who has undertaken to die in the discharge of his duty has undertaken to bear rebuke. He is not free, as the civilian is, to retire when he pleases, but, like the monk or friar, has taken an oath from which he can only be relieved by his superiors. It may even be maintained that he is bound to submit to unjust rebuke. Yet it is not wise that he should be made to endure wrong. When once men begin to feel that they are not fairly treated, discipline is tainted at its very heart. There must be some guarantee that authority will be exercised with an even hand. The question is where that guarantee is to be found. There is the court-martial, of course, but discipline would be at an end if there were to be a trial over every exercise of authority. I like to quote the Navy, which has understood and enforced discipline with a thoroughness never quite reached by the Army. Nelson exerted himself to prevent Lieutenant Schomberg from applying for a court-martial when he held himself to have been unfairly treated by his captain, the Duke of Clarence. Schomberg was right, and his captain was afflicted by "corporal's mania," and Nelson knew it, but he stopped the court-martial on the ground that authority could never be maintained if there was to be a trial over every incident. There must be a limit to the use of courts-martial.

* * * *

Beyond that limit what is there? The honour and conscience of the chief comes first, and then the check imposed on him by the knowledge that his condemnation of his subordinate will be published. In the Navy (once more) the punishments inflicted in our ships are said to have diminished by one half when the Admiralty ordered that they should be regularly recorded. Captains put a check on themselves when they knew that they had to record and justify every exercise of power. It was found that the discipline of the Navy was not any the worse. Human nature is not virtuous enough to stand the temptation offered by the power to be unjust in secrecy. It is well that it should have to say to itself, "How will this look to others?" But the chief may be unwilling to speak firmly if he knows that his words will be published. Perhaps, and in the case of some men certainly. But then they are not fit to command armies in the field. The obligation to die when ordered carries with it the other, and to a just man awful, obligation to order others to death. He who cannot fulfil the first is unfit for a soldier. He who shrinks from the second is unfit to be a general; and here also the less is included in the greater. The duty to blame is a duty like another. That it should be made public may be both a support and a check to a chief—a support because it enables him to show that he has done fairly, and a check because it will serve to keep him from having two weights and two measures.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Setting Our House in Order.

THESE are cheerless days for the sanguine persons who believed that the Peace Conference really signified anything more than the gratification of an amiable fad. By this time, according to their prophecies, we ought to have finished beating our swords into plough-shares, and to have arrived at their visionary state of universal disarmament. "Instead of which," as the legendary judge said, we ourselves are engaged in the largest military operation we have ever undertaken, our talk is all of fresh defensive arrangements, and the world at large is taking a hint from us and making further efforts to prepare itself for anything that may happen. Not long ago the idea of war seemed a chimera. On the one hand, we had the sentimentalist, who is always ready to cry peace where there is no peace, assuring us that the world's moral standard had got too high for nations to think of using brute force as an argument. On the other stood M. Jean de Bloch, proving to us, by a train of irrefutable logic, that the wonderful development of fighting machinery must make war impossible. M. de Bloch was more believed in, perhaps, than the moral standard argument. Now each keeps the other company in the limbo of exploded follies. The very title of the Russian idealist's book provokes a smile, "Is War Now Impossible?" His question was answered sooner than he can have expected. As for the other sentimentalists' plan of settling disputes by international arbitration, it works well so long as there is nothing in dispute which nations really care about. It is like the anarchists' plan of abolishing the police, which they advocate furiously until they have to call in the nearest constable to prevent their debate from ending in bloodshed. The people who believe in disarmament and arbitration are the same people who think you can make drunkards sober by closing public-houses; reform the ruffians who assault women and children by treating them kindly instead of letting them feel the "cat"; persuade the world that we are a virtuous nation by refusing to look at vice even when it flaunts itself under our very noses. The same fallacy runs through their whole attitude. They persist in arguing as if human nature were what they would like it to be instead of what it is.

For the present these monomaniacs are reduced to silence. But they are never silent for long together. Therefore it behoves us who take a saner view to make the most of our opportunity. We must firmly impress upon the public mind—so firmly that the monomaniacs will be unable to dislodge it—the necessity of setting our house in order. It is not at all a simple problem. It is, in fact, full of complications and difficulties. But it must be faced and a solution must be found. The more it is discussed the better, especially if it be discussed in the eminently sensible and broad-minded manner of Sir John Colomb's recent address at the Royal Colonial Institute. Sir John Colomb is no head-in-air theorist. He has no panacea warranted to settle everything in less than no time. He does not expend his energy in arranging selected facts and chipping awkward little bits off so as to make them dovetail in with some preconceived idea of his own. He sets forth the situation as it appears to him, and then he sets to work to find out what measures it calls for. At present our Naval and Military system is clearly not adequate to the needs of the Empire. We talk with vague pride of our drum-tap following the sun. But in every corner of the globe where the Union Jack floats we must be prepared to face foes who will not be scared away by drum-taps. We must have a solid force in front of our drummers. We must be able to feel that every part of the Empire can rely in case of attack upon receiving prompt aid from other parts. Of this at present we cannot feel anything like so sure as we ought. We cannot alter the Empire to suit our system. Therefore, we must alter our system to suit the Empire. How can it be made to supply just what is wanted—a coherent and yet elastic system of Imperial Defence?

Sir John Colomb's suggestions of the work that an Imperial Council of Defence could do are moderate and sensible. It might form depôts of war material all over the Empire, and not only depôts, but manufactories, "so that a world-state shall not be so wholly dependent, as it is now, on a single island, for the production and supply of all things necessary for Imperial security in war." It would decide how reserves of men and supplies should be maintained and distributed. Sir John Colomb adds "ships." Of this we are not quite so sure. As we suggested a few weeks ago, the Navy can very well remain the concern of the Head of the Firm. For the present, to invite the Partners to contribute ships would only lead to unnecessary complications. Putting it briefly, the Imperial Defence Council would take steps to call out, organise, and combine the dormant resources of the Empire. As the "Jingo" song put it—

> "We've got the ships,
> We've got the men,
> We've got the money too."

What we have not got is a system. We have a number of scattered local defences, but in a modern war the best defence is a rapid offensive movement. You must "do unto your enemy as you know he would like to do unto you—and do it first!" The Empire must be convinced that its Naval and Military systems ought to look after its defence as a whole. Purely local measures are waste of energy; just now people realise this more clearly than usual. After the war there will be a tendency to slip back into the old lethargy. Against this we must struggle with all our might.

> "It is most meet we arm as 'gainst the foe,
> For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
> But that defences, musters, preparations,
> Should be maintained, assembled, and collected
> As were a war in expectation."

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

APRIL 29, 1758.—Action between Pocock and D'Aché, in the East Indies. 1781.—Action between Hood and De Grasse, off Martinique.

April 30, 1814.—Treaty of Paris signed ending the Napoleonic war. 1815.—Capture of the French "Melpomène," 40, by the "Rivoli," 74. 1840.—Vice-Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour born. 1865.—Vice-Admiral R. Fitzroy, meteorologist, died. 1889.—The "Skipjack," torpedo gun-boat, launched.

May 1, 1689.—Battle of Bantry Bay.

May 2, 1497.—Cabot sailed from Bristol. 1778.—George III.'s first review of the Fleet at Spithead. 1782.—Capture of the Spanish "Sta. Leocadia," 34, by the "Canada," 74. 1827.—Duke of Clarence appointed Lord High Admiral. 1891.—Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea opened by the Prince of Wales.

May 3, 1747.—Anson's victory off Finisterre. 1810.—Action of the "Spartan," "Ceres," and consorts with a French squadron in Naples Bay. 1897.—The "Violet," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

May 4, 1806.—Dashing cutting out exploit by the boats of the "Renommée," 36, resulting in the capture of the Spanish "Giganta," 10.

May 5, 1634.—Charles I.'s proclamation appointing flags. 1794.—Capture of the French "Duguay Trouin," 34, by the "Orpheus," 32. 1804.—Reduction of Surinam by Sir Samuel Hood's squadron. 1821.—Napoleon Bonaparte died at St. Helena.

———

APRIL 29, 1710.—Sortie by the French from Fort Scarpe during the siege of Douay. French routed by Scots Greys and Royal Irish Dragoons. 1745.—French outposts before Tournay driven in by allied forces under the Duke of Cumberland.

April 30, 1745.—Expedition against Louisbourg. Two hundred volunteers from British North America effected a landing and defeated a French detachment. 1794.—Surrender of Landreay to the Duke of York. 1804.—Surinam taken from the Dutch by Brigadier-General Hughes.

May 1, 1759.—Surrender of Guadaloupe to General Clavering. 1779.—Landing at Jersey repulsed. 1796.—Reduction of St. Lucie. French attack repulsed by Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donald. 1799.—Assault on Acre by the French repulsed with heavy loss. 1850.—The Duke of Connaught born. 1859.—General thanksgiving in England for the success of British troops in India 1896.—Matabele defeated with heavy loss.

May 2, 1422.—Surrender of Meaux to Henry V. 1703.—Sortie by the French from Bonn repulsed by the Confederate army. 1705.—Sortie from Gibraltar under Colonel Rivett. French post on the Sand Hill captured. 1768.—Surrender of the fort of Rituagherry to Colonel Smith. 1775.—Defeat of Mahrattas by Colonel Keating near Daboun. 1796.—Surrender of Berbice by the Dutch on summons.

May 3, 1764.—Defeat of the Mogul Emperor and Sujah Dowla by Major Carnac, near Patna. 1811.—Combat of Fuentes d'Onoro. Masséna, advancing to the relief of Almeida with 50,000 men, engaged with 30,000 British under Wellington. At night the British held all the positions.

May 4, 1799.—Seringapatam taken by storm by Lieutenant-General Harris, Tippoo Sahib being among the killed. Our losses were 70 Europeans killed and 258 wounded, and 47 native troops killed and wounded.

May 5, 1811.—Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. The French renewed their attack (begun on the 3rd). Both sides lost heavily. Masséna drew off at the end of the day and Almeida was evacuated, 400 of the garrison being taken prisoners.

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Places of Interest in the War.

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

IT would be well, perhaps, if people who are inclined to grumble at the slowness of operations in South Africa would follow the celebrated advice of consulting large maps, and would endeavour to picture to themselves what is really the size of the Orange Free State and of the South African Republic. By so doing they would gain some idea of the advantages which the vastness of their sparsely populated territories places at the disposal of the Boers, and of the immense amount of work that will remain for this country to accomplish even after the hostile armies in the field have been dealt with in drastic fashion. Our three pictures are in one way, however, effectual aids to the realisation of such an idea. If the reader will look out on the map the places which they represent, he will see how vast are the distances which separate them. Kroonstad is, of course, in the Orange Free State, and is a place of which we are likely to hear a good deal soon, inasmuch as it is held by what is believed to be the main Boer army. It lies about 128 miles to the north-east of Bloemfontein, and, as will be seen from our picture, which shows the railway station in the distance, it is an exceedingly primitive town, if, indeed, it can be called a town at all according to English ideas. The broad street shows few signs of traffic, and its condition is indicated by the footpath traced along it like a half-trodden pathway across a grass field. Fourteen Streams, the subject of our second picture, which shows the bridge across the Vaal River now partly blown up by the Boers, is the first station to the north of Warrenton on the railway which runs from Kimberley to Mafeking and so northwards through Rhodesia. It is close to the extreme north-west corner of the Orange Free State, or, if we like so to put it, to the south-west corner of the Transvaal, for it is here that the two Republics join. The foreground of our picture gives a good idea of the country with its scrub and bushes. The Boers have been and still are very active in this district, and in one day recently a single cottage at Warrenton was struck thirty times by Boer projectiles. Stormberg, the subject of our remaining picture, was for some time a British base of operations. It is situated in one of the most disaffected districts in the north of Cape Colony, and is an important railway junction. Here the Eastern system, which has its terminus at East London, meets the short line which connects it with the Midland system, having its terminus at Port Elizabeth, while the two lines, after uniting to the north of the frontier, pass northward to Bloemfontein, and thence to Johannesburg and Pretoria. The strategic importance of Stormberg is therefore obvious, and our picture gives a good idea of the railway and of the kopjes which command the line and the town itself, which, if the truth must be told, is, like so many other South African towns, no more than a village.

Photo. Copyright. *Kemp.*

THE NEW STRONGHOLD OF THE BOERS.

A Primitive Village that Looks like Peace.

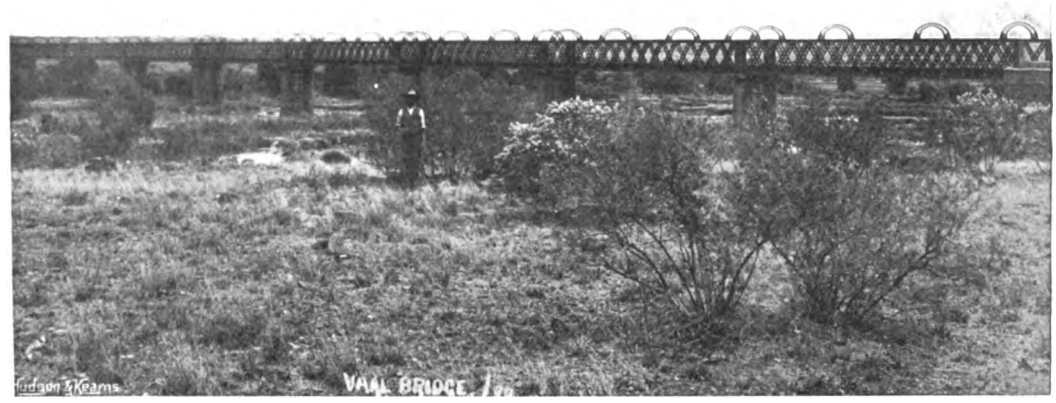

Photo. Copyright. *M. Bennett.*

THE BRIDGE AT FOURTEEN STREAMS.

Partly Destroyed by Boer Dynamite.

Photo. Copyright. *Withers.*

STORMBERG, A GREAT RAILWAY CENTRE.

Very Important in Cape Colony.

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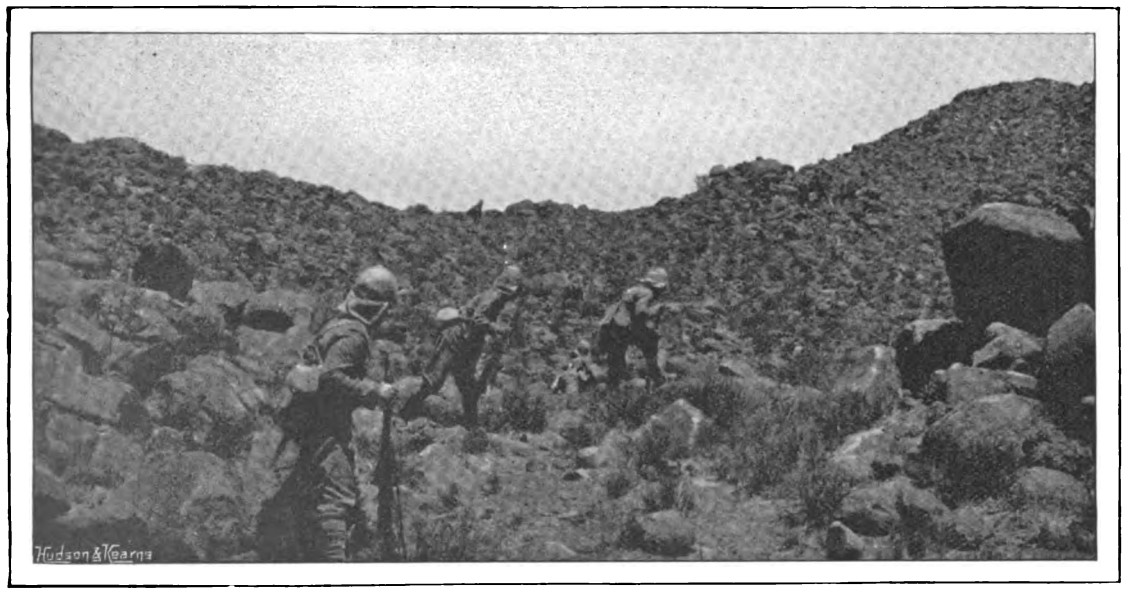
Scouting on the Road to Pretoria.



CREEPING UP TO A KOPJE.
Mounted Infantry Forestalling a Boer Commando.

A HASTILY-CONSTRUCTED SCHANTZE.
Half-a-dozen Scouts Holding Sixty at Bay.

Stereophoto. Copyright, 1900.

STALKING BOER STRAGGLERS.
Making a Cautious Advance.

THE ENEMY MOVES ALONG.
Investigating a Boer's Lair.

By Underwood & Underwood.

Advancing to Occupy the Enemy's Positions.

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The World's Press at the War.

CORRESPONDENTS' QUARTERS.
Possibly Comfortable, but Certainly not Luxurious.

TWO WELL-KNOWN JOURNALISTS.
Bennet Burleigh, "Telegraph," and Rene Bull, "Black and White."

BOOTH, SKULL, ERNEST PRATER, AND STEWART.
"Pearson's," "Chicago Record" "Sphere," and "Sporting and Dramatic."

WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS BROTHER.
Winston Looks Through a Telescope, and Jack has since been Wounded

CAMPBELL, HERBERT, AND ATKINS AT THEIR MORNING TOILET.
Laffan's, "Times," and "Manchester Guardian."

GOLDMANN, HERBERT, CAPTAIN BARNES, AND LIEUTENANT BRIDGES.
"Cape Argus" and "Times," and Officers of the Imperial Light Horse.

RICHARD H. DAVIES, "NEW YORK HERALD."
Watching the Boer Prisoners being Brought in from Pieter's Hill.

RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO A BOER LAAGER.
Earl De La Warr, "Globe," Major Creagh, and Lord Basil Blackwood.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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Scenes in Kimberley During the Siege.

RHODES AT FORT RHODES, KENILWORTH.
A Strong Man in the Midst of His Comrades.

FIRING AT THE BOERS ON CARTER'S RIDGE.
A Locally Made Gun Ab'ly Served by Local Artillery.

Photos. Copyright. *M. Bennett.*

A POSITION CAPABLE OF A GOOD DEFENCE.
Windowless Alexanderfontein, Retaken During the Siege.

HERE we have scenes from the siege of Kimberley, which is now happily terminated, pictures of Mr. Rhodes and his comrades, scenes in the batteries, and in outworks taken and retaken again in the course of the fighting, and also of the soldiers' funeral of some of those who fell. Such things, though they bear different names, are apt to resemble one another closely. It is and can only be the dress which marks off the soldiers of one army from another when defending sandbanks or working guns in batteries. Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most curious of our illustrations serve to show what becomes of uniform in a rough campaign. Nothing can possibly be less like the spruce Lancer or the imposing Life Guardsman, whom we know here, than the gipsy figures shown in our illustrations. One's first inclination is to conclude that the Lancers who are being inspected are in reality an encampment of Gauchos of the savanas of South America, or of Mexican "vaqueros." In any case they have much the air of tatterdemalions, who have dressed themselves in miscellaneous plunder. One hero has made a skirt of a shawl. Another, if the sun has not played a joke on the photographer, appears to have put on an actual petticoat. All have an air of being rigged in odds and ends. The Life Guardsmen would make an admirable brigand chorus in an opera. Looking at them, we see what the Grand Duke meant when he said that war was the ruin of soldiers. He was thinking of their tailoring, which comes to rapid and wholesale grief in a rough campaign. That really is what always happens, though the military painter, for artistic and sentimental reasons, always represents his conquering heroes spick and span. The Duke of Wellington once said that the colour in which men were dressed did not matter in the least, probably because a few weeks of bivouacking in the wet, and of drying in the sun, reduced all colours to the same broken and muddy neutral tint. And the form goes with the colour. Hence the army which marches into the enemy's capital has often borne little likeness to that which began the war. Napoleon's Guard had their show uniforms packed in their knapsacks, to be put on when they made their triumphant entry into Brussels. On that occasion they had no opportunity to replace their working dress. After the Italian War of 1859, the French troops, which made a show march through Paris, patched their uniforms elaborately to impress the good citizens; but that was downright humbug, for the dresses worn out in the campaign had been discarded, and what the people of Paris were allowed to see were new uniforms "got up" to look like war-worn garments. Shams of that kind do not appeal to our taste, and when our men come back we shall be content to see them in their ordinary uniforms. Besides, the Lancers had been in a heavy rain, and it may be that when inspected their proper field uniforms were drying.

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LANCERS AT THE FRONT.
The Effect of the Campaign.

GUARDSMEN IN THE FIELD.
Better than a Formal Parade.

The Defence

And Relief.

OTTO'S KOPJE DURING THE SIEGE.
The Gun, the Men, the Heliograph, the Shelter.

Photos. Copyright. *M. Bennett*

THE LAST HONOURS TO GALLANT MEN.
Colonel Scott Turner and His Comrades.

A REDOUBT AND ITS SHARPSHOOTERS.
Colonial Troops Manning the Defences.

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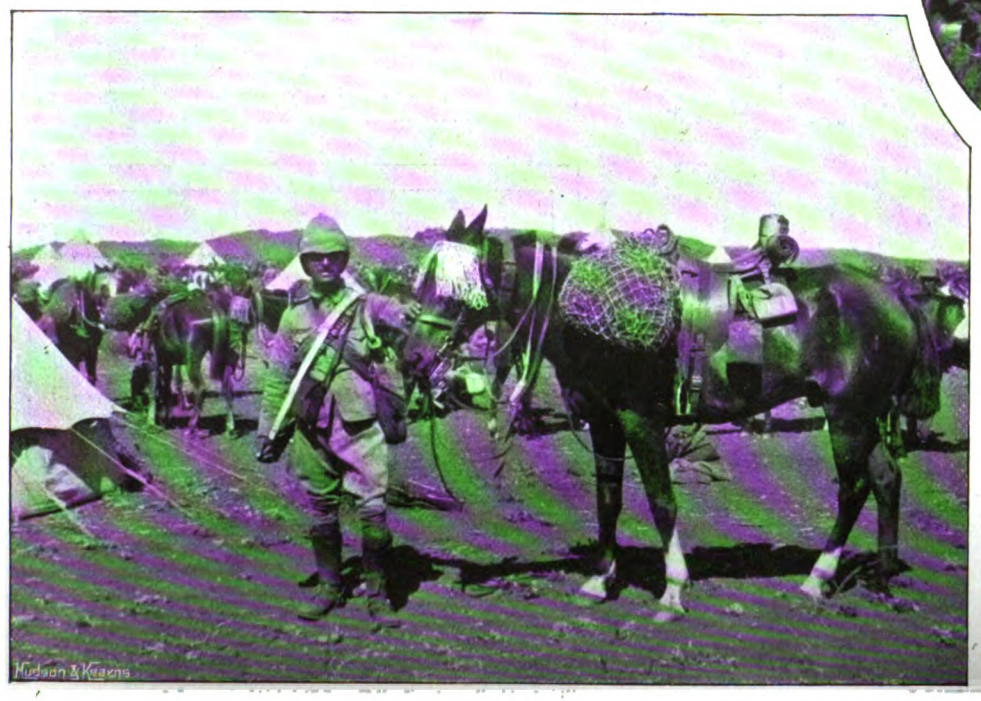
Mounted Infantry WITH "Bobs."

A FIELD GUN IN POSITION.
Well Placed in Rough Ground.

REST AND REFRESHMENT.
A Hearty Meal in the Open.

A LUXURIOUS TENT.
An Officer's Accommodation at the Front.

Hard Work AND Plenty Of It.



LEAVING THE CAMP.
A Mounted Infantry Officer Ready for Work.

UNFAMILIAR DUTIES.
Officers Preparing Their Own Meals.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front

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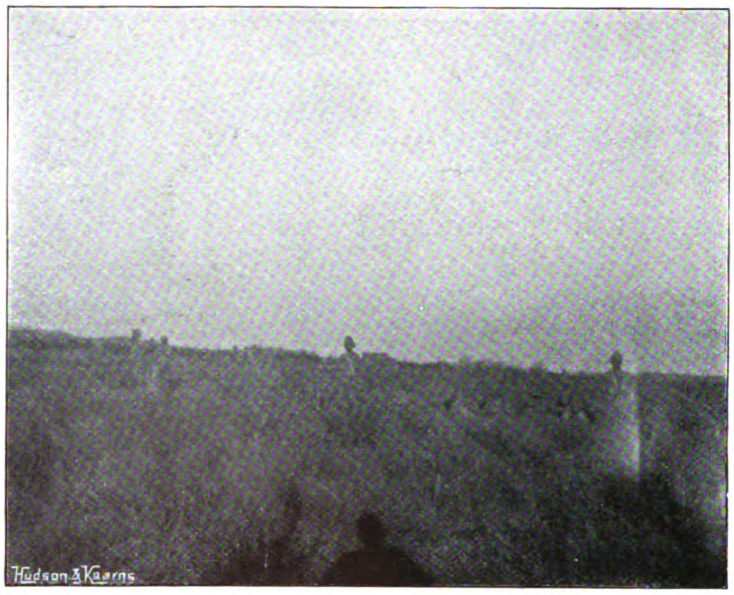
Between Paardeberg and Bloemfontein.

PAARDEBERG AT REST.
The Widespread Boulder-strewn Veldt.



ON THE CAREFUL WATCH.
Protecting Baggage on the Lines of Communication.

CAMPED ON THE VELDT.
At Rest at Night after Hard Work.

THE SITE OF CRONJE'S LAAGER.
The Place where the Boer General Surrendered.

UNDER THE LEE OF A KOPJE.
Stone Houses Built in Lieu of Tents.

A VIEW OF OXFONTEIN VILLAGE.
On the Track of the British Advance.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

Digitized by Google

The Naval Brigade of the "Powerful."

SAVIOURS OF THE SITUATION.
The Naval Brigade of the "Powerful."

A NAVAL BATTERY AT LADYSMITH.
A Gun's Crew Working a 12-pounder.

Photo. Copyright. *J. W. Bradley.*

A HEAVY GUN IN ACTION.
A 4·7-in. in a Concealed Position.

THE return of the "Powerful," with the Naval Brigade which has done such remarkable service in South Africa, has not unnaturally been the signal for a very genuine outburst of enthusiasm. When the great cruiser arrived at Portsmouth the splendid welcome with which she was greeted was one that must have deeply affected both those in whose honour it was prepared and those who took part in making it what it was. This week the greeting has been renewed in a practical form, and it will be many a long day before the officers and men of the "Powerful" cease to recall with pride and satisfaction the glorious celebration of their achievement at Portsmouth in the last week of April, 1900.

As a timely and appropriate accompaniment to the record of these festivities, we have pleasure in presenting a singularly vivid and instructive series of pictures illustrating the work of the Navy in connection with both the siege and the relief of Ladysmith. In this series, as befits the occasion, illustrations of the Naval Brigade furnished by the "Powerful" preponderate, but there have been added several pictures of guns and crews which were landed from the "Powerful's" sister ship, the "Terrible," whose commanding officer, Captain Percy Scott, has done so much towards rendering the use of Naval guns on field service possible. Between two such brigades as those furnished by these mighty cruisers it would probably be hard to choose.

There is no need here to tell again the tale how Captain Lambton's detachment from the "Powerful" brought their guns into Ladysmith just in time to save a very serious situation, how they came into action forthwith, and how, by their deadly accuracy and the long range and weight of their metal, they checked the enemy's fire at a moment when things looked black indeed for Sir George White's hard-pressed force. Jealous as the Army naturally is of its capacity to fight, as a rule, its own battles to a finish, it ungrudgingly acknowledges the debt which it owes to the Sister Service for the help rendered by the latter on October 30 when the disaster at Nicholson's Nek might well have been followed by a still greater misfortune.

In our pictures the three principal descriptions of Naval gun which were used in the siege and relief of Ladysmith are shown under a variety of circumstances. Here we see the 6-in. and 4·7-in. quick-firers mounted upon the "Percy Scott" carriage, and the long 12-pounder, which, firing "common shell," has an effective range nearly three times as great as a field artillery 15-pounder firing shrapnel. The 6-in. are the most powerful guns ever used on field service hitherto. One of them landed from the "Terrible" was christened after the captain's wife. A correspondent has sent us a picture of another Naval gun, a 4·7-in., being fired by a fair gunner, let us hope not in such deadly earnest as the humorous title we have given it indicates.

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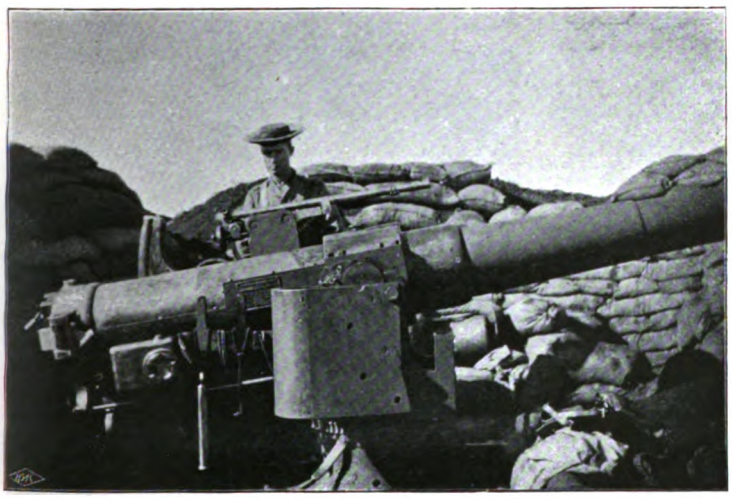
THE GUN IN ACTION.
Seamen Gunners at Familiar Work.

AFTER FIRING.
A Crew Getting a 6-in. Gun back into Position.

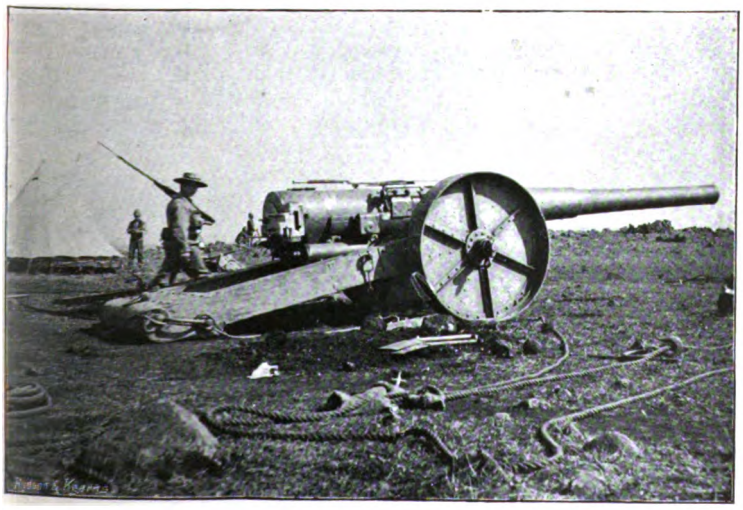
A CORNER OF THE BELEAGUERED CAMP
A Naval Gun Posted Alongside the Devons' Picquet.

WITH THE RELIEF COLUMN.
Naval Guns Firing, with Blangwane Hill in the Background.



ON THE CONE REDOUBT, LADYSMITH.
A 4·7 in. Gun and Naval Gunner.

A SNUG RETREAT.
Shell-house at Ladysmith, belonging to the Naval Brigade.



A "RECORD" IN ARTILLERY.
The 6-in. Gun 'Roma," named after Mrs. Percy Scott.

AN ANGEL OF DESTRUCTION.
Lady Sophie Scott Firing a 4·7-in. Gun.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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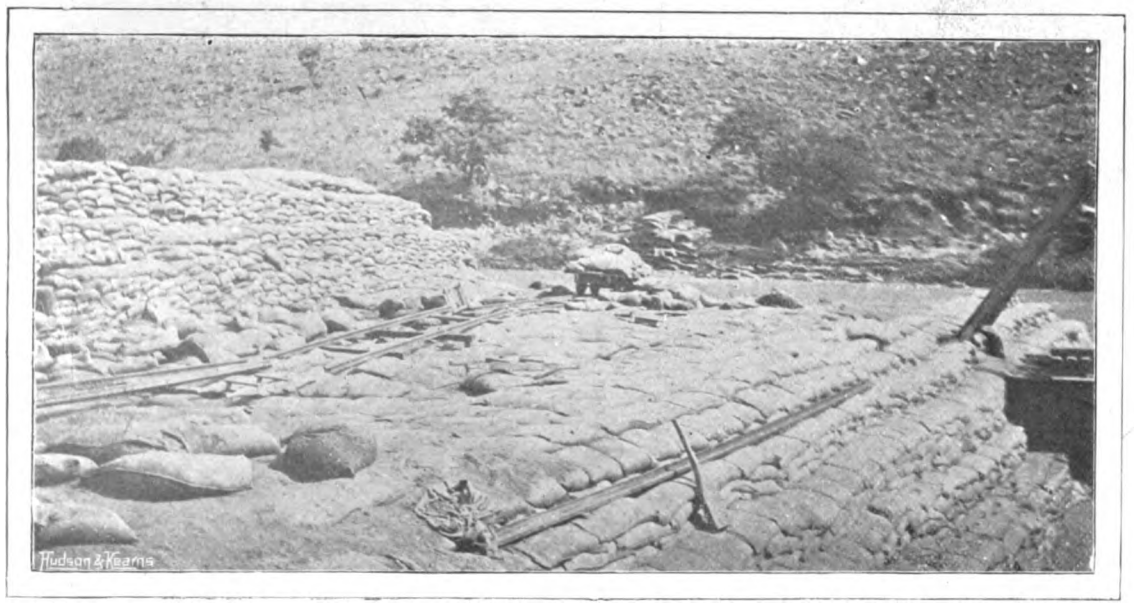
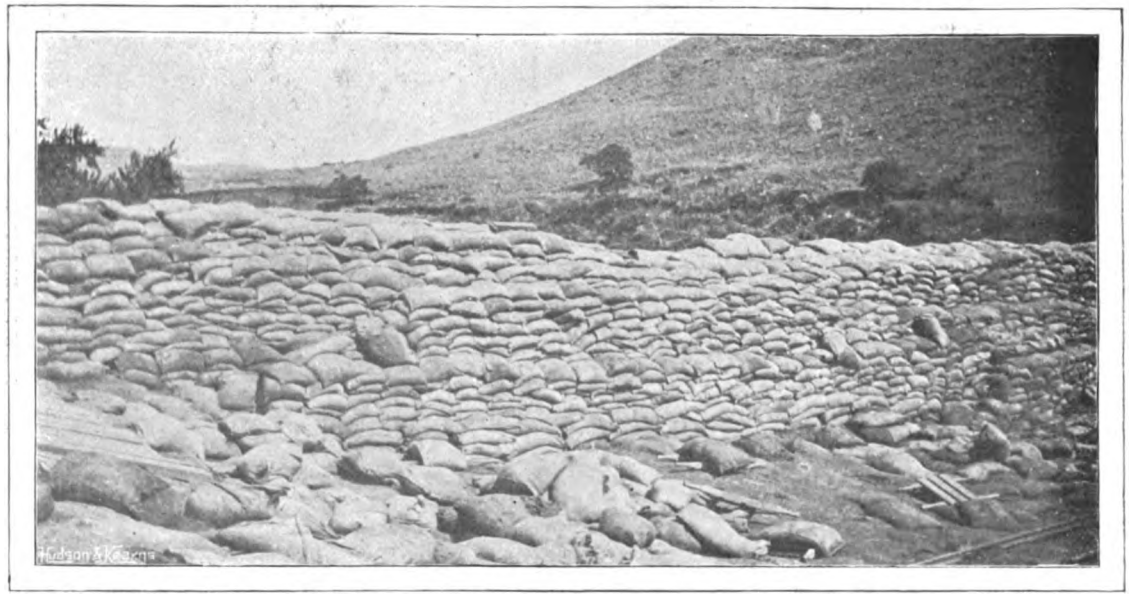
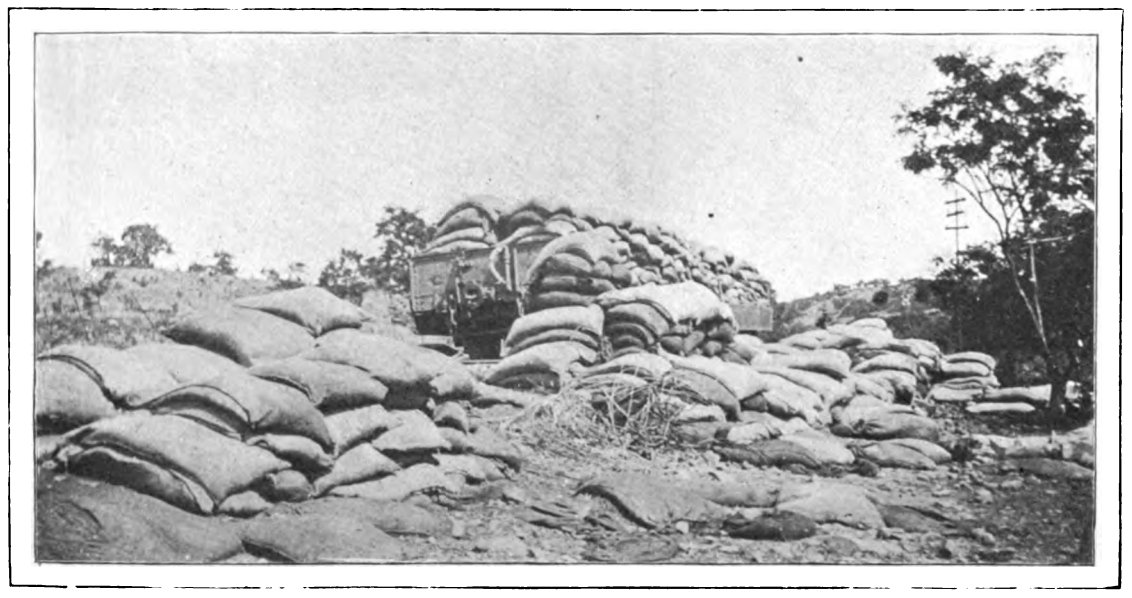
The Dam that Failed.



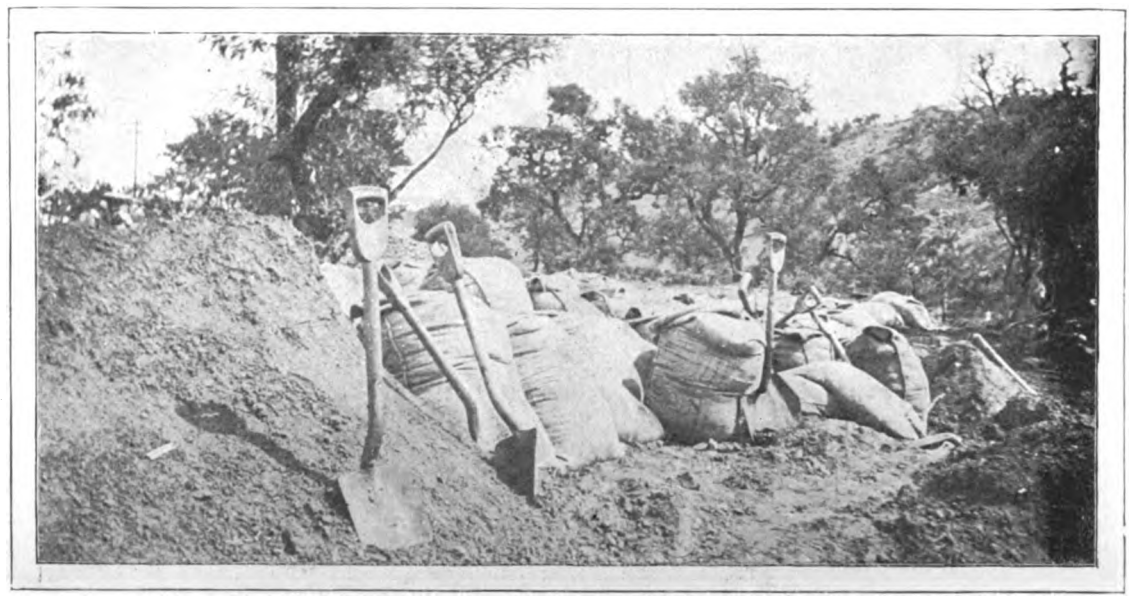
SANDBAGS AND STRATEGY.
An Attempt to Flood Ladysmith.



THE DAM ON THE KLIP RIVER.
Much Energy Misdirected.



SANDBAGS EN ROUTE.
They were Carried in Trucks to the River.



THE WORK DISTURBED.
Bags that did not Reach Their Destination.

Boer Labour Wasted.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hurtland.

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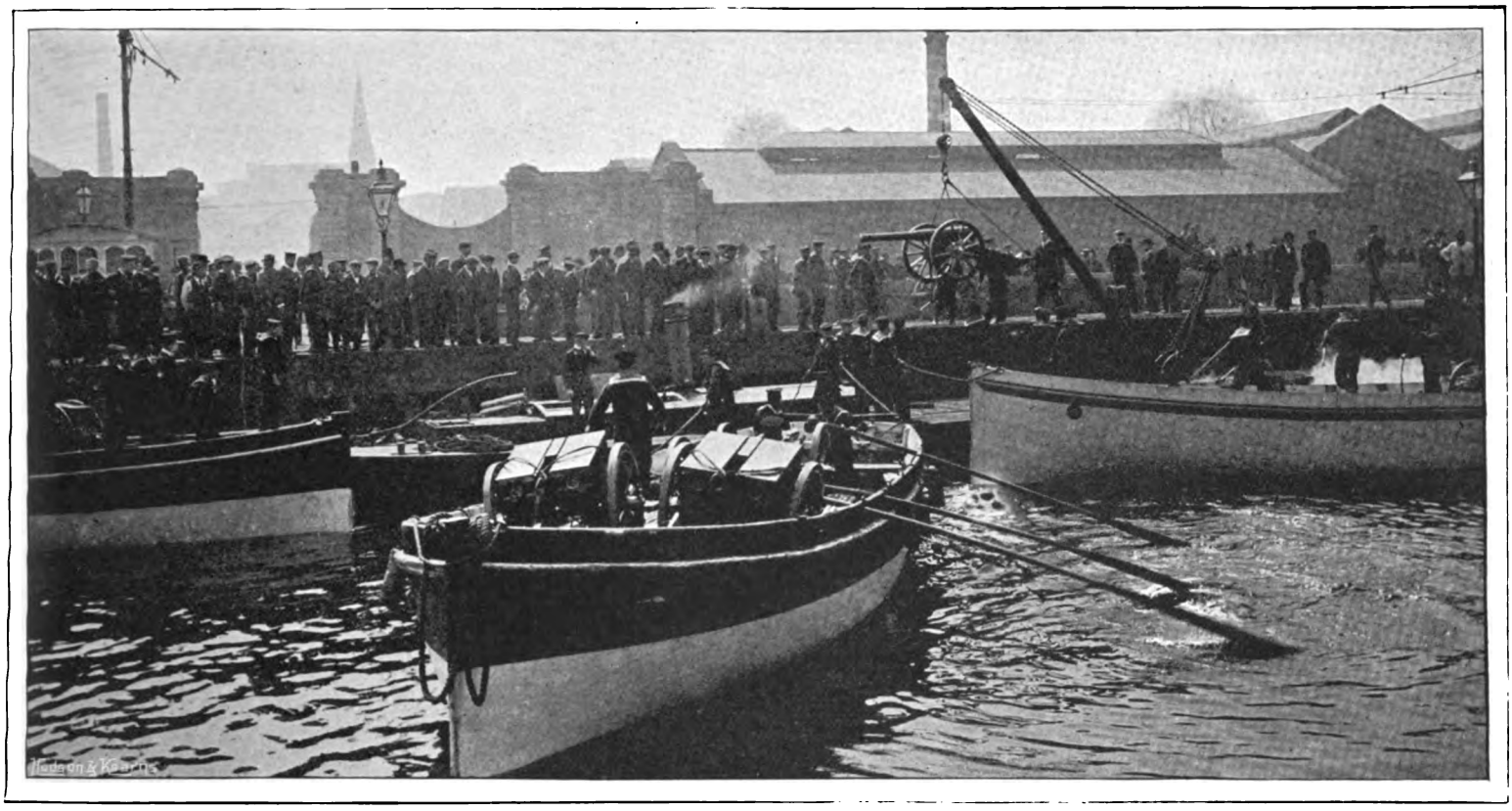
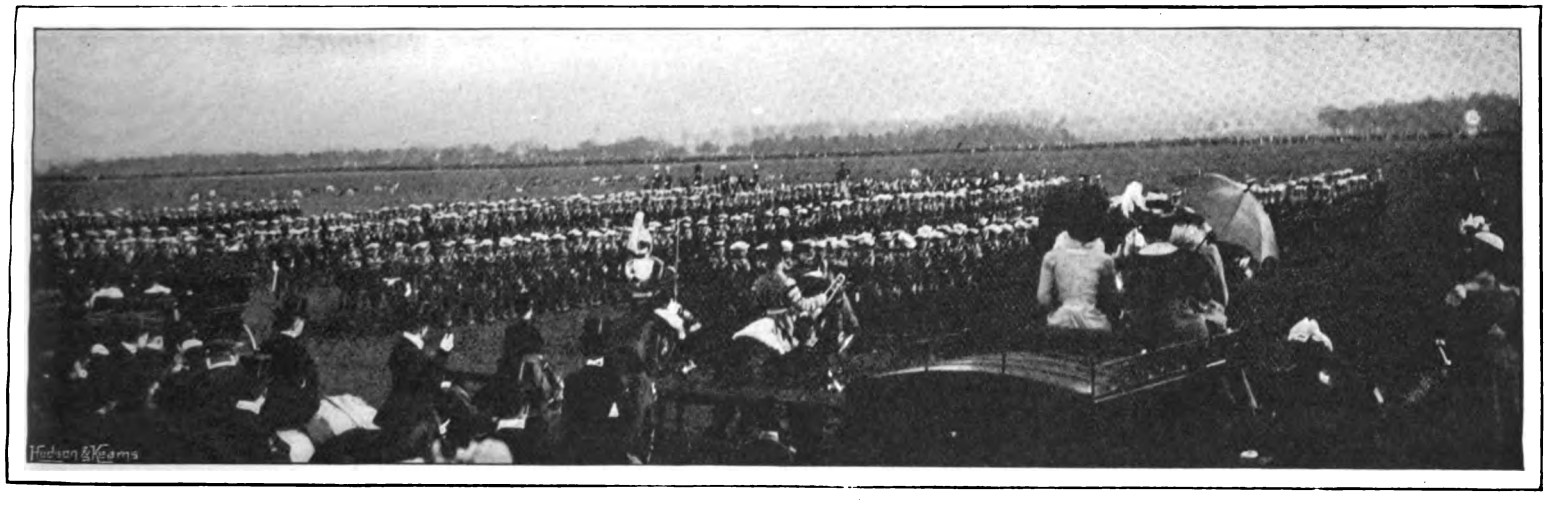
The Royal Review in Phœnix Park.



THE GUNS OF THE "HANDY MAN."

Bluejackets Landing Maxims and 12-pounders at the Wharf, Victoria Quay, Kingsbridge, Close to Phœnix Park.



THE MARCH PAST OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

The Duchess of Connaught and Her Children Watching the Troops Parade before the Queen.

Photos. Copyright. *Roche.*

PRINCE PATRICK AT THE REVIEW.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught Passing the Saluting Point. The Queen is Seated in the Outside Carriage next to the Troops.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE AND ON WESTERN BORDER.

CAVALRY DIVISION (French)

Porter's (1st) Brigade.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons.
2nd Dragoons.

Broadwood's (2nd) Brigade.
Household Cavalry.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.

Gordon's (3rd) Brigade.
9th Lancers.
16th Lancers.
Roberts's Horse.
Kitchener's Horse.

Dickson's (4th) Brigade.
7th Dragoon Guards.
8th Hussars.
17th Lancers.

MOUNTED INFANTRY
(Ian Hamilton)

Hutton's (1st) Brigade.
Australian Contingents.
Canadian Contingents.
Regular Companies.

Ridley's (2nd) Brigade.
South African Contingents.
Regular Companies.

ARTILLERY

Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, O, R, J, and M Batteries.
Field—2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 37th (Howitzer), 38th, 39th, 43rd (Howitzer), 44th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 68th, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 79th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 88th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS

7th (Field), 8th (Railway), 9th (Field), 10th (Railway), 11th (Field), 12th (Field), 26th (Field), 29th (Fortress), 31st (Fortress), 37th (Field), 38th (Field), and 42nd (Fortress) Cos.
Section Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Det.
"C" Pontoon Troop.

INFANTRY DIVISIONS

Methuen's *(1st)* Division.

Douglas's (9th) Brigade.
1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Paget's (20th) Brigade.
(Composition unknown).

Chermside's *(3rd)* Division.

Allen's (22nd) Brigade.
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
1st Derbyshire.

W. G. Knox's (23rd) Brigade.
(Composition unknown).

Kelly-Kenny's *(6th)* Division.

Clements's (12th) Brigade.
2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

Wavell's (13th) Brigade.
2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Tucker's *(7th)* Division.

Maxwell's (14th) Brigade.
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

C. E. Knox's (15th) Brigade.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Rundle's *(8th)* Division.

Campbell's (16th) Brigade.
2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
1st Leinster (on passage out from home).

Boyes's (17th) Brigade.
2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

Colvile's *(9th)* Division.

MacDonald's (3rd) Brigade.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.

Smith-Dorrien's (19th) Brigade.
1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
2nd Shropshire L.I.
Canadian Infantry.

Hunter's (?) *(10th)* Division.

Hart's (5th) Brigade.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Barton's (6th) Brigade.
(Still in Natal).

Pole-Carew's (?) *(11th)* Division.

Jones's (1st) Brigade.
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

Stephenson's (18th) Brigade.
1st Essex.
2nd Warwick.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.

Naval Brigade.

1st Suffolk (probably 21st B.).
1st Munsters (probably 20th B.).
1st R. Sussex (probably 23rd B.).
2nd R. Berkshire (probably 23rd B.).
1st Cameron Highlanders (probably 23rd B.).
3rd Durham L.I. (Mil.).
4th R. Lancaster (Mil.).
4th Argyll and Sutherland (Mil.)
4th Scottish Rifles (Mil.), (Kimberley).
City Imperial Volunteers.
Imperial Yeomanry.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Queensland Mounted Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Rimington's Scouts.
New South Wales Lancers.
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.
Diamond Fields Artillery.
Diamond Fields Horse.
Kimberley Rifles.
Cape Mounted Police.*
Cape Mounted Rifles.*
Frontier Mounted Rifles.*
Kaffrarian Rifles.*
Brabant's Horse (3 regiments).*
Montmorency's Scouts.*
New South Wales Artillery.
Canadian Artillery.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Lumsden's Horse.
Australian Horse.
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

NOTE.—The bulk of the colonial troops are now brigaded in the Mounted Infantry Division. Those marked * form Brabant's Colonial Division.

II.—IN THE CAPE COLONY, SOUTH OF THE ORANGE RIVER.

(Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker, commanding line of communications)

ARTILLERY

* Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

Militia Battalions.
Antrim Artillery Militia.†
Donegal Artillery Militia.†
Durham Artillery Militia.†
Edinburgh Artillery Militia.†

ENGINEERS

5th and 20th (Field) Cos., 6th and 47th (Fortress) Cos.
Section Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

Militia Battalions.
6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
3rd South Lancashire.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd South Wales Borderers.
3rd Welsh.
3rd Royal Lancaster.
3rd East Lancashire.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th East Surrey.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
4th Somerset L.I.
3rd Leinster.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
4th North Staffordshire.
4th West Yorkshire.
6th Middlesex.
3rd East Kent.
3rd Royal Scots.
3rd West Surrey.

Imperial Yeomanry.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
Cape Garrison Artillery.
Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.

* Many of these units have in all probability reinforced the troops at the front. † One company from each.

III.—IN NATAL, UNDER SIR REDVERS BULLER.

CAVALRY DIVISION

Burn-Murdoch's (1st) Brigade.
1st Dragoons.
13th and 14th Hussars.

Brocklehurst's (2nd) Brigade.
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th and 19th Hussars.

Dundonald's (3rd) Brigade.
South African Light Horse.
Imperial Light Horse.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Natal Carbineers.

ARTILLERY

Horse—A Battery.
Field—7th, 13th, 14th, 19th, 21st, 28th, 42nd, 53rd, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 67th, 69th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—Nos. 4 and 10 Batteries

ENGINEERS

17th and 23rd (Field) Cos.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY DIVISIONS

Clery's *(2nd)* Division.

Hildyard's (2nd) Brigade.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Norcott's (4th) Brigade.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Lyttelton's *(4th)* Division.

Kitchener's (7th) Brigade.
2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.
1st Devon.

Howard's (8th) Brigade.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.

Warren's *(5th)* Division.

Coke's (10th) Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Wynne's (11th) Brigade.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

10th Division (one Brigade only in Natal).

Barton's (6th) Brigade.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Liverpool.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Natal Mounted Police.
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Durban Light Infantry.

NOTE.—A Brigade Division of Field Artillery, comprising the 89th, 90th, and 91st Batteries, is in readiness for South Africa.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (det.), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles.

The force under Sir Frederick Carrington, *en route* for Rhodesia, *via* Beira, comprises Imperial Yeomanry, Lord Lovat's Scouts, and Australasian Bushmen Corps.

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: Clare Artillery (Devonport), 5th Northumberland (Malta), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Hounslow), 3rd Devon (Jersey), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 3rd Royal Irish (Aldershot), 5th Lancashire Fusiliers (Chatham), 6th Lancashire Fusiliers (Malta), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Glasgow), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (St. Helena), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Dover), 3rd Dorset (Kinsale), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Buttevant), 3rd Essex (Dublin), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Portland), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Tipperary), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Egypt), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 3rd Connaught Rangers (Gravesend), 5th Connaught Rangers (Shorncliffe), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh), 5th Warwick (Colchester), 5th Liverpool (Dublin), 4th Lincoln (Parkhurst), 4th Suffolk (Dover), 3rd Hampshire (Aldershot), 3rd Derbyshire (Manchester), 8th King's Royal Rifles (Templemore), 4th Durham Light Infantry (Aldershot), 3rd Argyll and Sutherland (Dublin), 3rd Leicestershire (Curragh), 3rd Berkshire (Kilkenny).

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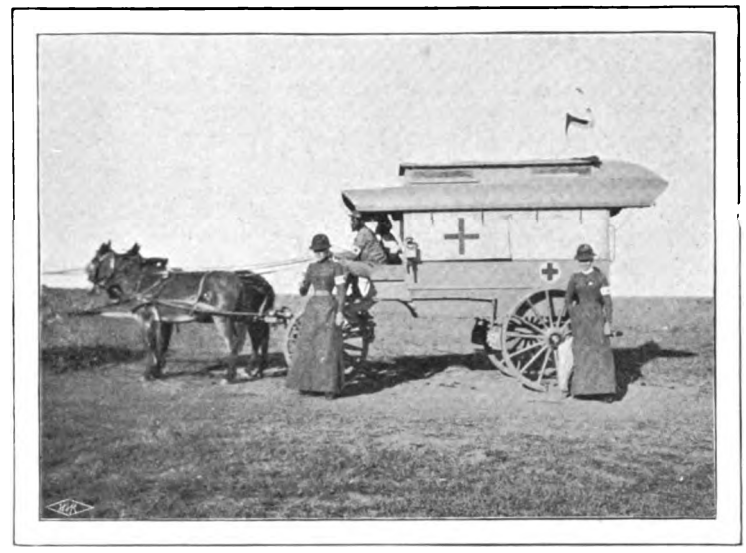
Under the Red Cross.

From Photos.

WAITING FOR THE WOUNDED.
An Ambulance Waggon Receiving its Freight.



By Our Special Correspondent.

ON THE WAY TO LADYSMITH.
This Waggon Unhappily Collapsed En Route.

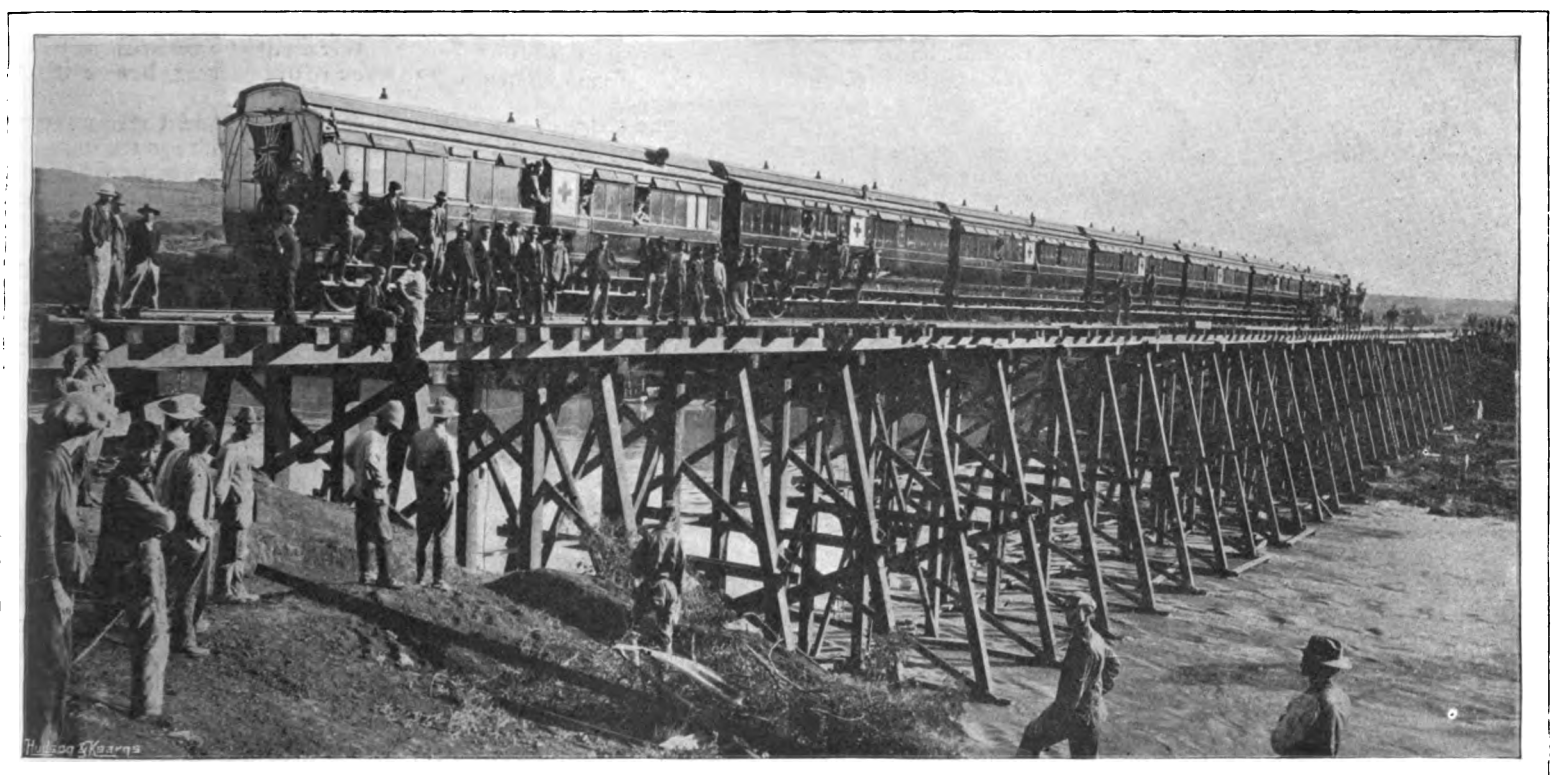
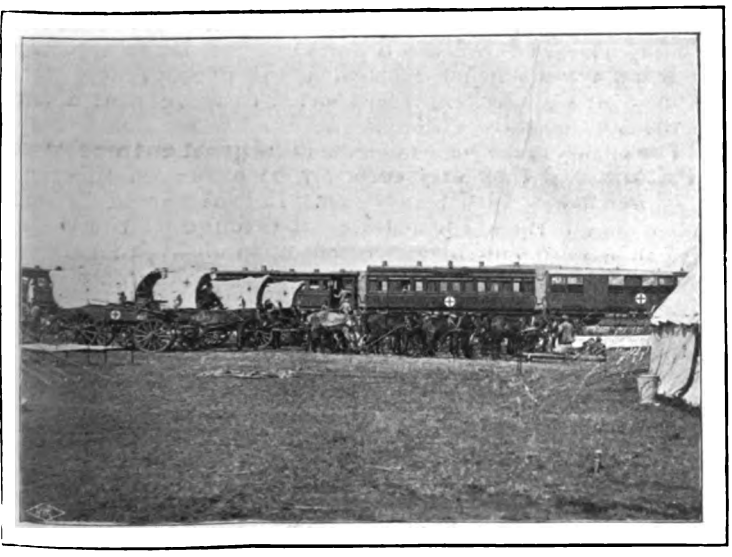


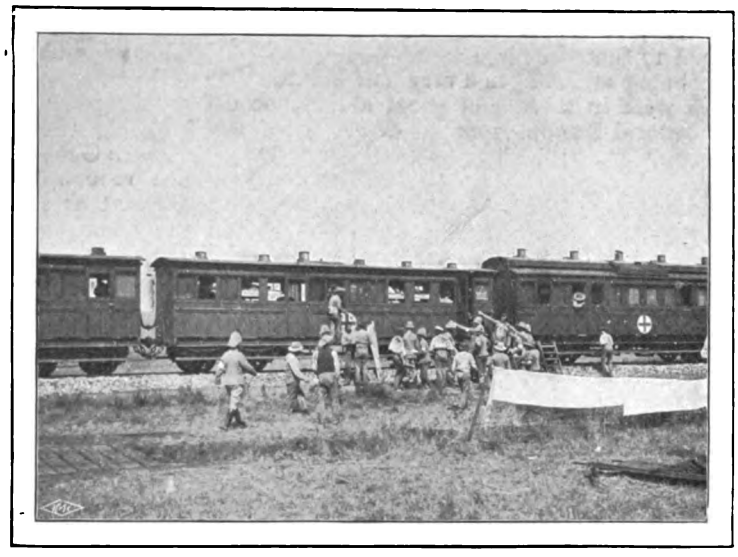
Photo. Copyright. *S. S. Wathinson.*

ACROSS THE TRESTLE BRIDGE.
Princess Christian's Ambulance Train Crossing the Tugela.



From Photos.

WORK FOR THE AMBULANCE TRAIN.
A Sad Cargo of Wounded in Waiting.



By Our Special Correspondent.

BY THE RAILWAY FROM THE FRONT.
Filling the Carriages of a Waiting Train.

Work for the Wounded in the War.

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The Story of the War.

THE publication of the Spion Kop despatches last week came as a complete surprise. The necessity of maintaining the character and prestige of the army in the field, and of inspiring the troops with confidence in their leaders, is sufficiently evident. When the despatches were inserted in the *London Gazette*, and appeared in the morning papers of April 18, many doubts were raised in the public mind on that point, and not a few questions were asked. Why had the despatches remained unpublished so long; why were they published then; what would be the effect of them? General Gatacre had been recalled because of his failure, but it was not suspected that the War Office had in its pigeon-holes at the time despatches censuring other officers in high command quite as strongly, and it was asked whether there still remained hidden any like comments upon the operations of Lord Methuen. The publication of the Spion Kop despatches will be judged by what follows; it is not to be supposed that the officials in Pall Mall acted without well weighing what they were about to do.

The despatches do not make pleasant reading. An officer in chief command who, at a critical moment, was more inclined to give advice than to issue orders; a divisional commander who at that same moment took no adequate steps, and who for four days had kept his men exposed to shot and rifle fire perched on the edge of an almost precipitous hill and crowded in such a place that a panic or an attack would have been a disaster; another officer whose assumption of responsibility and authority was wholly inexcusable—these had held the fate and the actions of our troops in their hands at a period of supreme importance in the operations in Natal. It will be extremely interesting to see what consequences follow this censure by Lord Roberts of Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Charles Warren, and Colonel Thorneycroft. No word has been said, or can be said, against the zeal or gallantry of any of these officers, and the high praise which Sir Redvers Buller gave to Colonel Thorneycroft on his personal bravery on that day was well deserved. It is probable that the system was more at fault than the officers who are thus severely censured. They have no fair opportunity of learning in peace-time the conditions which attend the leading of large bodies of men in the field or of working together to that end, and the result was seen in the absolute want of organisation of the command in those operations beyond the Tugela, in which there was no masterful mind to rule and enforce a right direction of effort on the part of the troops.

The situation at the seat of war is, as we write, clearing, and everything tends to show that developments are imminent and cannot long be delayed. Probably before these lines appear important things may have happened. The Boer raid into the south-eastern corner of the Orange State is collapsing, if it has not utterly collapsed, and it will be strange if those commandos which have been beleaguering Colonel Dalgety at Jammersberg Drift near Wepener are not captured or broken up. It may be hoped that Lord Roberts, who has now had time to recuperate his forces, may have been able to take better measures than those which were open to him at the time of the "unfortunate incidents" of Koorn Spruit and Reddersburg. The censure over Press messages has been a clear indication that movements of great importance were taking place, which probably have for their object the utter defeat of the Boers who, to the number of 7,000 or 10,000, have made their bold advance into the Wepener and Caledon districts.

It was reported from Bloemfontein on the night of April 17 that the force at Wepener, though still surrounded, was being attacked in a very half-hearted fashion by the Boers, who were in a state of great alarm because of the approach of General Rundle from the direction of Reddersburg and of General Brabant, who was coming *via* Rouxville, with General Hart's brigade in support. General Brabant reoccupied Rouxville on April 15, when he made some important arrests of rebels, and General Rundle encountered the enemy four miles south-west of Dewetsdorp on the 20th. He drove them out of their positions, which he occupied, and, advancing on the 21st, attacked them again. He was then within about fifteen miles of Wepener. General Chermside's division was also converging on the place. The total loss on Colonel Dalgety's side has been about 20 killed and 100 wounded, but the Boer losses were undoubtedly heavier. There was a conflict of opinion among them as to the course to pursue, some being for hasty retirement, others for holding on so long as there was any chance of surrender on Colonel Dalgety's part, and the latter seem to have won their way, and lingered too long.

The movement of troops has been greatly impeded by the heavy rains. At Bloemfontein there were drenching downpours, which filled the trenches round the tents in the camps, and the men of the 13th Brigade, who were still without tents, spent the night of April 16 wet to the skin, and walking about in pools of water to try to keep themselves warm. The winter is coming on, and the night was bitterly cold. In the country districts the roads have been flooded with water, and the drifts of the Modder and Riet Rivers have become impassable, while railway traffic with the south was temporarily suspended owing to the water having washed the ballast from the side of the lines. Even farmers' carts were unable to traverse the roads, while the passage of our waggons was almost completely stopped. It is probable that this condition may affect us more seriously than the Boers, because they march with comparatively little transport, while we are unable to move without long ox-trains of supplies.

The troops in camp at Bloemfontein are most anxious to move, and the reorganisation of the transport appears to be complete. Horses have been sent up in great numbers, and everything is ready for an advance. Lord Roberts's strength is now much greater than when he invaded the Free State on February 12th. He had then 11,000 mounted men and 23,000 infantry, with 98 guns of all kinds. He has now added the Guards' Brigade and the brigade of General Clements, with large reinforcements of Imperial Yeomanry and colonial and other troops, constituting a force in all of a cavalry division of four brigades, five infantry divisions, eight batteries of horse artillery, about twenty field batteries, and his siege train, exclusive of the troops in the southern part of the State. The formation of General Hamilton's mounted infantry division, moreover, implies a considerable strengthening of the army, which should now be sufficiently powerful, when the great advance begins, to sweep everything before it to Pretoria.

The siege of Mafeking still continues, and there appears to be no prospect of immediate relief. The garrison will certainly hold out, if called upon to do so, for two months more. There was great excitement in the place when Colonel Plumer attacked Snyman, for the rattle of musketry and the roaring of guns were plainly audible. Great then was the disappointment when it was known that he had been unable to force his way. Temporarily, Daniel Botha was in command of the Boers, and acted in a much more placable way than Snyman. He deprecated the war, and opposed the unnecessary and unjustifiable bombardment. Although Colonel Plumer could not reach Mafeking himself, he sent in Lieutenant Smitheman, one of his Intelligence officers, who, after passing through the enemy's lines with important despatches, left again on April 7. All was reported well on April 11.

There is nothing decisive to report concerning the operations directed from Kimberley. There has been more shelling of the Boer position at the Vaal River, and the cavalry have been sweeping the country, but the exact nature of the operations is obscure and the purpose of them has not been revealed. That they imply any direct relief of Mafeking seems now improbable. Lord Methuen's column was fighting near Boshof on April 20.

Sir Frederick Carrington has now got his force ashore at Beira. Three transports arrived with the Australian Bushmen under Lieutenant-Colonel Airey, to the number of 1,100, with mounts, mules, and vehicles, on April 14. Twenty-two more transports were expected with troops, horses, mules, and materials, and arrangements have been made for proceeding to the first base camp at Marandellas, twenty-four miles from Salisbury. Railway material is carried, so that the division should be in a position to do excellent work. Its function is most important, and we can but wish it the largest success. The Boers are somewhat alarmed at the movement towards their northern border, and are reported to have sent a force into the Zoutpansberg district.

The enemy are reported to be making great entrenchments at Pretoria, and they may certainly be expected to offer a strong defence until the very last. It is reported that one party among them advocates a stout defence of the capital, and then a retirement in two forces upon Zoutpansberg and Swaziland. The last-named is a veritable fastness, and rich in cattle and cereals. Boer emissaries have already been in the country, looking out positions for stores, and seeking evidence against the "killing off" practices of the Swazis as a justification for a possible occupation of their country.

There seems to be no doubt that preparations have been made, under the instructions of Mr. Reitz, for the destruction of the Johannesburg mines, holes having been ordered to be bored near the shafts of twenty-five of the most important properties. It will be long before the countries recover from the effects of the war, but our troops are already turning their attention to the possibilities of the Orange State, and it may be hoped that the Government will take steps to assist time-expired soldiers to settle in the country with their families, thus adding to the existing population a strong body of loyalists, who would help to pacify and develop the country.

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Inside Ladysmith During the Siege.

A BATTERY ON WAGGON HILL.
The Naval Brigade at Work

THE IMPERIAL HORSE ENTRENCHING.
Holding an Outpost with a Small Force

A GOOD SHOT DOING HIS BEST.
Trying to Snipe the Enemy.

AN EMBRASURE AND ITS GUN.
A Concealed Position Well Chosen.

From Photos. by Our Own Special Correspondent.

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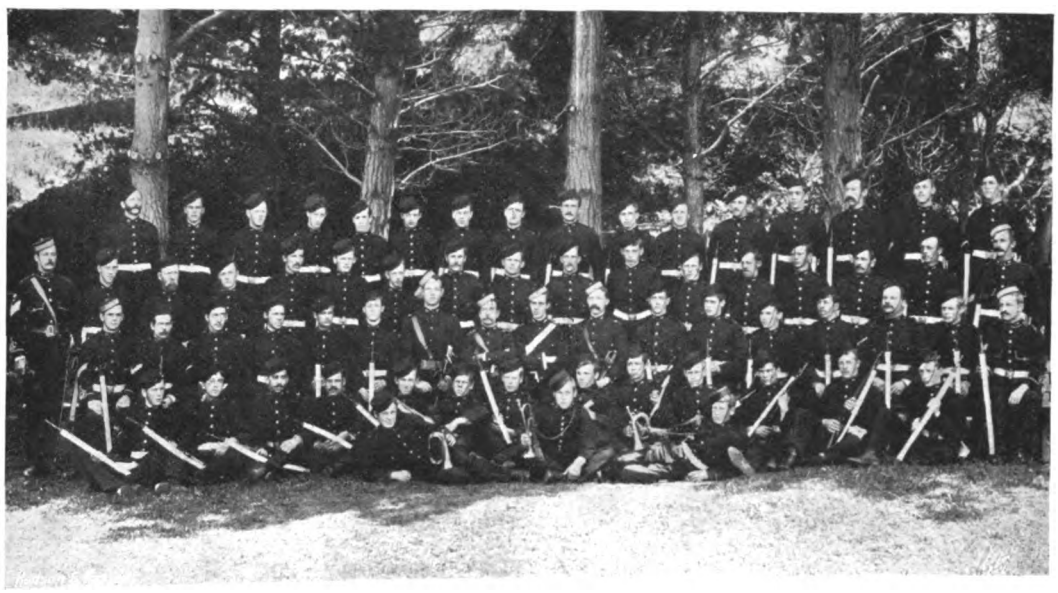
Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—XIII.

Lieutenant Russel. Surgeon Lowe. Captain Napier. Lieutenant Gardner.

COASTGUARD ARTILLERY (AUCKLAND).

The Officers.



Photos. Copyright. TO GUARD NEW ZEALAND'S COAST. *Hanna.*

Group of All Ranks, C.G.A.

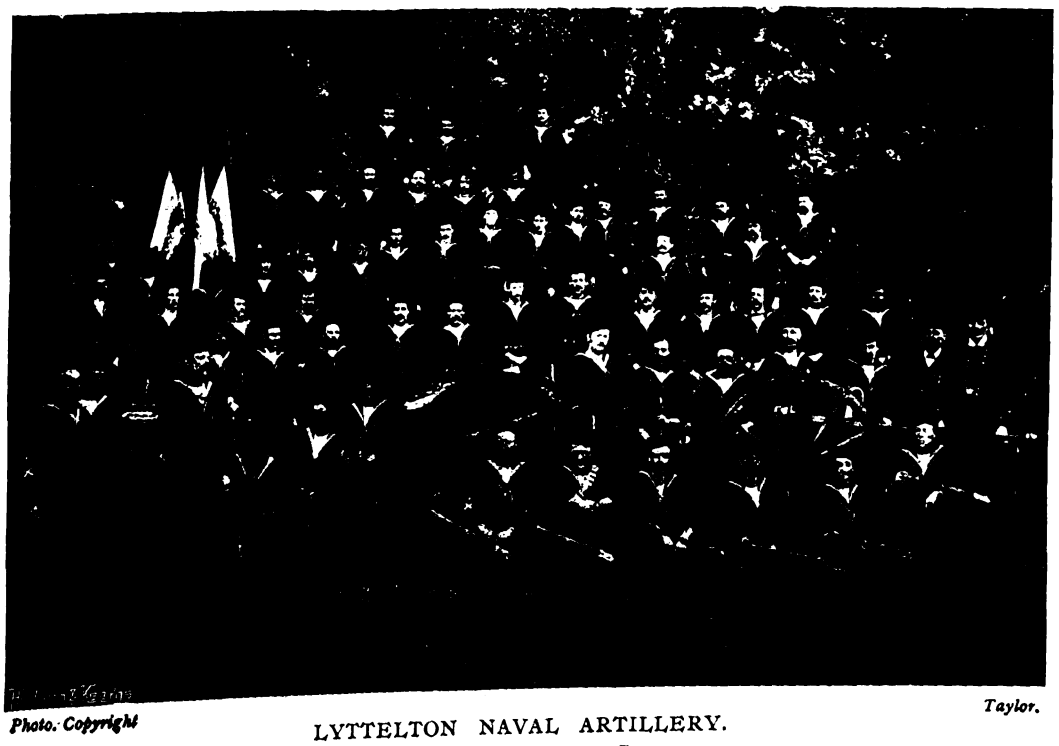


Photo. Copyright *Taylor.*

LYTTELTON NAVAL ARTILLERY.

Grouped Round a Dangerous Toy.

THE subject of auxiliary Artillery is an all-important one in New Zealand, for that valuable arm of the Service is intimately connected in no small degree with the arrangements for the defence of the colony. Upon the Artillery falls in a large measure the protection of the coast and harbours so far as land defences are concerned. The Navy, of course, must, in the case of an island colony such as New Zealand, ever be the first line of defence, but in its duties it would in war-time be assisted by the Artillery on shore, who at any time during hostilities might be called upon to aid in repelling a raid upon the coast.

A year or two ago the commandant of the Defence Forces, in his report, spoke of the difficulties which might be found in completely manning the guns which form the defences of the principal harbours of New Zealand.

In Lyttelton the Naval Artillery, in whose hands the gunnery work would principally lie, is strengthened by a strong Garrison Artillery Corps, and in 1898 the wave of patriotism spread over the Auckland district, with the result that a Garrison Artillery Corps, under the title of the Coastguard Artillery, was formed. The corps is a very fine one, and the manner in which the ranks filled proved that it was needed. A portion of the defences of Auckland Harbour has been entrusted to the corps, and it is performing good work under competent instructors.

To Captain Napier is due the formation of this fine corps, and he has very ably filled the position of commanding officer since its formation. He is an enthusiast on matters dealing with the defences of the colony, and infuses his spirit to a great extent into his men. He has with him as subalterns Lieutenants Gardner and Russell, and these with the captain form a trio hard to beat.

The corps is at present up to the full standard, sixty-three, and it would be comparatively easy to recruit it up to 100 if the Government would permit.

It is said that every Englishman and Englishwoman loves a Bluejacket, and if this is true of the Britisher at home, how much the more is it true of the colonist, and of the inhabitants of the sea-girt islands of New Zealand in particular.

Perhaps it is this sentiment which makes the Naval Artillery Corps a favourite one with the people. Be that as it may, the fact remains that wherever a Naval Artillery Corps is situated it quickly becomes popular with man, woman, and child.

The Lyttelton Naval Artillery was formed in 1880, and immediately took a high place in local Volunteer circles. Recruited principally from lumpers and workers on the wharves, who, by the way, are mostly old sailors, the corps was looked upon as a valuable adjunct to the defence force.

When a few years later the present harbour defence scheme

was formulated and completed, the Lyttelton Naval Artillery was entrusted with the defence of Lyttelton Harbour from Fort Jervois, a port it has held ever since. In point of scientific gunnery the corps will bear comparison with any in the colony, while expertness with the gun is testified to by the fact that nearly every man has succeeded in earning a gun-layer's badge.

The first officer of the corps was Captain McLellan, who was also harbour-master. The present officers are Lieutenant-Commander Joyce, in command, and Lieutenants Torlesse, Curtis, and Hewlett. The secretary of a corps like the Lyttelton Naval Artillery is an important officer, and Seaman-Gunner Eames has filled this post for several years with great success. The oldest member of the corps is Chief Petty Officer Twoney, who joined it soon after its inauguration. The corps performs its share of boat work, and has several times been successful against Naval corps from other districts. In addition to working with the heavy 8-in. and

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

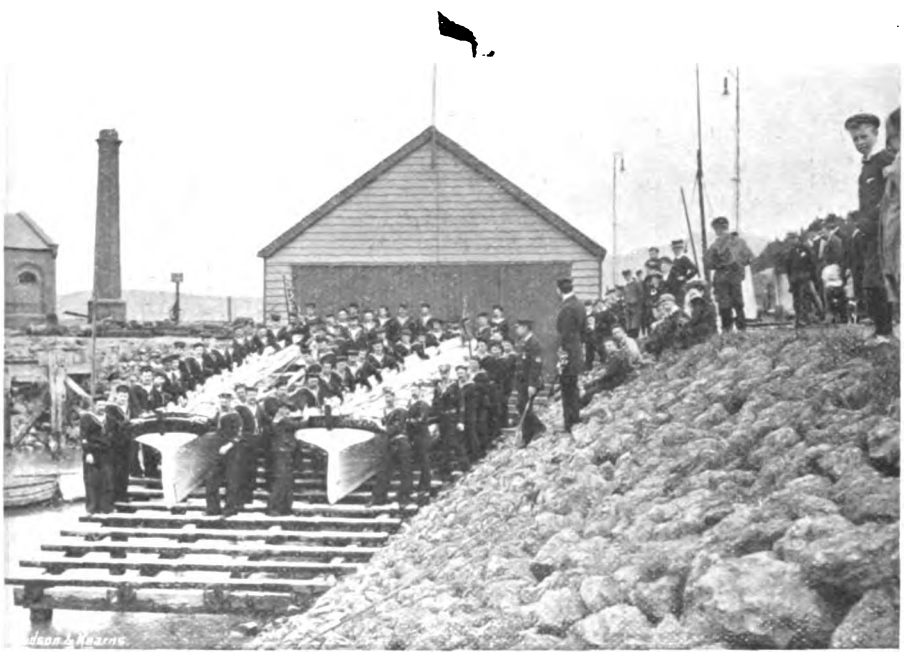
THE EXPLOSION OF A 50-lb. MINE.

The After Effects.

7-in. ordnance, it has occasionally to take a turn at the field Nordenfelt, and one of our pictures shows the members grouped round one of these guns.

The Permanent Forces of New Zealand consist of two classes, viz., the Permanent Artillery, with which we have already dealt, and torpedo corps. The latter, though small in numbers, must certainly be classed as of first importance among the whole of the forces, Permanent or Volunteer. Captain Falconer, late of the Royal Engineers, is the commanding officer, and the whole of the men are trained as experts, and are eligible to act as instructors at the four centres. They are taught at head-quarters, Wellington, and a certain number are retained at each of the centres to act as instructors to the Volunteers.

Last year a very fine Torpedo and Submarine Mining Volunteer Corps was formed at Wellington by the members of the Star Boating Club (one of the crack clubs of the colony), and although in most cases fresh to the work, they



LYTTELTON NAVAL ARTILLERY.

Launching the Cutters.

have taken it up with such interest that they threaten to overtake their instructors.

In February, 1899, the corps held its first camp of instruction, which lasted fourteen days. The total strength of all ranks is fifty, and of these forty-seven attended the camp, which must be considered a good average. The men worked in camp morning and evening, returning to their ordinary occupations during the day.

That the duties were no light ones is shown by the following scale: Réveille, 5 a.m.; working parade, 5.20; break-off, 6.20; departure of steamer for town, 6.40; leave town, 6 p.m.; working parade, 6.30 until about 11 p.m. As the corps was a new one, the officers fell in with the rank and file, and the practical instruction they received has been of great use to them in working their corps.

The subjects taught at the camp were: Knotting and splicing, rowing and sculling, hydraulic testing and flat joints, connecting up E.C. lines and lines of mines, slinging, laying out and raising E.C. mines. The work undertaken at present is submarine mining, and the corps is divided into testers and junction-box party, signallers, electric light squad, connecting up parties, and laying out parties. Captain J. Falconer is a very popular officer, and conducts submarine mining explosions at the different centres of the colony on behalf of the Government. He is also examiner in signalling for the colony, and instructor of military engineering.

What we have said of Artillery is true, to a certain extent, of such corps as the Star Torpedo Corps, for they too must take their share in protecting harbours and channels by means of submarine contrivances. As with guns, so with mines, improvements are continually being made, and it is necessary in such scientific corps that all ranks should be acquainted with the latest ideas affecting their own particular branch of military science. In one of our illustrations is seen a party of the Torpedo Corps "connecting up" electro contact or E.C. mines on the fork system; but lest our readers should surmise that all their work in peace-time is theoretical, a second picture shows a 50-lb. mine fired by Lieutenant Newton, of the Star Torpedo Corps, on the point of exploding in Wellington Harbour.

Photo. Copyright. Taylor.

TORPEDO CORPS AT WORK.

Preliminary Arrangements.

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The 16th (The Lucknow) Regiment of Bengal Infantry.

"STORM AT THE BAILEY GATE."

WE give on this page four pictures of a very distinguished regiment of the Bengal Army. The 16th Bengal Infantry is a class regiment consisting of eight companies of Rajputs. It was raised in 1857, upon a nucleus of Brahmins and Rajputs of the 13th Native Infantry who remained loyal throughout that trying year, and of the Sikhs of the 48th and 71st Native Infantry.

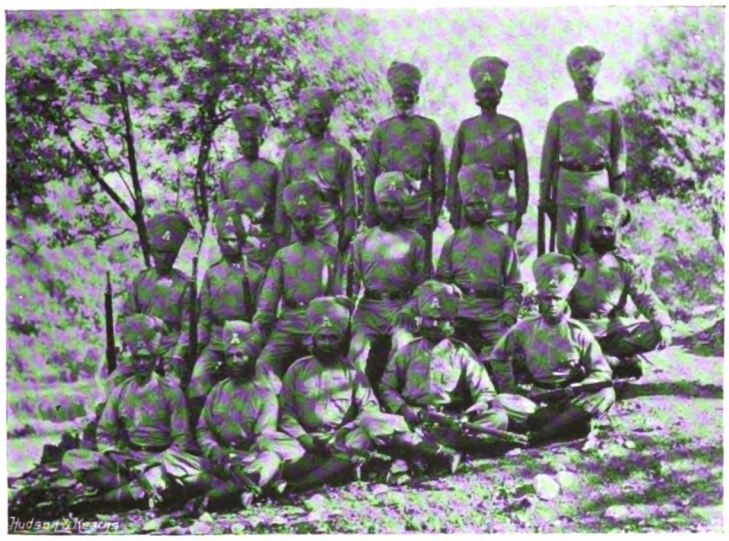
The honour of which the regiment is most proud is the badge on its colours—a turreted gateway—which badge is also worn by the British officers on the helmet, and by native officers and men on the front of the puggaree. This badge refers to the Bailey Gate in the Lucknow Residency, better known in the regiment as "Aitken's Post," after the gallant officer of that name, who commanded, during the defence of Lucknow, the remnant of the 13th Native Infantry who remained true to their salt.

THE BRITISH OFFICERS OF THE 16th BENGAL INFANTRY.

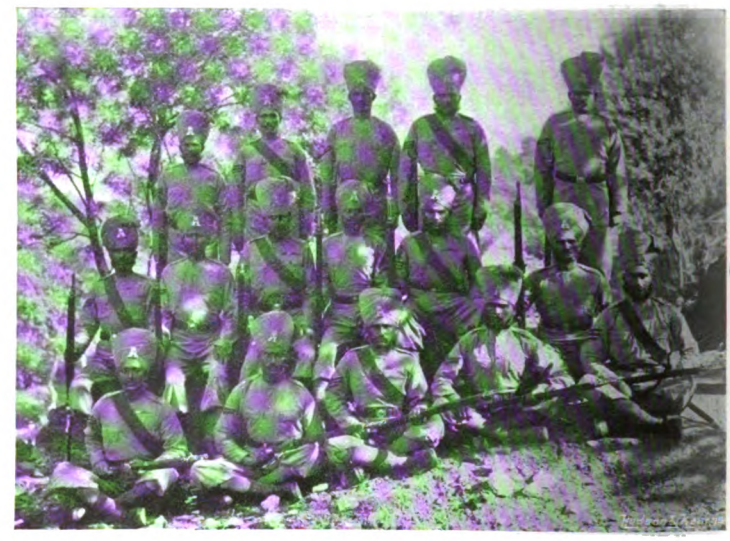
Since the regiment was formed as the 16th Bengal Infantry, in 1857, it has taken part in five campaigns—Duffla Hill Expedition, 1874-75; Afghanistan, 1880; Upper and Lower Burma, 1886 and 1887; Malakand operations, 1897; and the campaign against the Bunerwals in 1898.

It will be noticed that three of the sirdars in the group of native officers are wearing decorations for service in the Soudan. The regimental centre of the 16th Bengal Infantry is at Agra, and the majority of the recruits are drawn from the better class of agriculturists of the Bundelkhund district. The agrarian Rajput comes of the oldest fighting stock in Northern India, but he is not so fanatical as the Mohammedan, and is less prejudiced than the Brahmin.

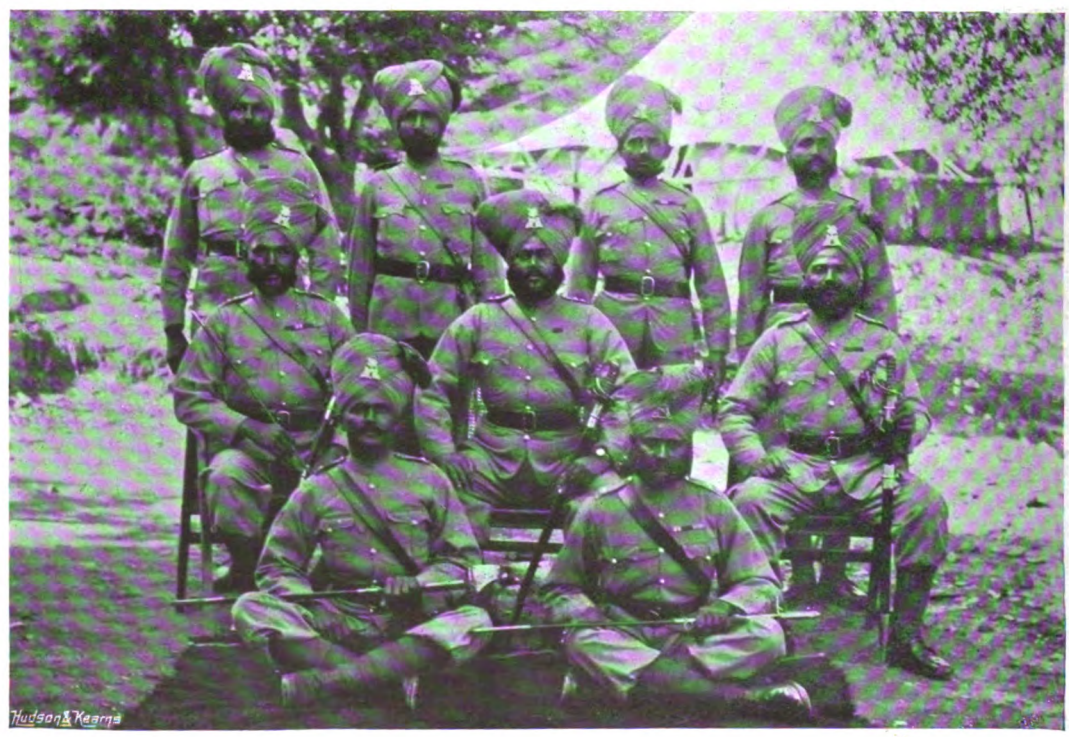
As long as the 16th exists as a regiment it will be known amongst the natives of India as "the Bailey Guard."



SEPOYS OF THE REGIMENT.
Loyal Rajputs.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.
A Sturdy Lot.



Photos. Copyright. A GROUP OF NATIVE OFFICERS. "Navy & Army."
Bemedalled Sirdars.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 170.] *SATURDAY, MAY 5th, 1900.*

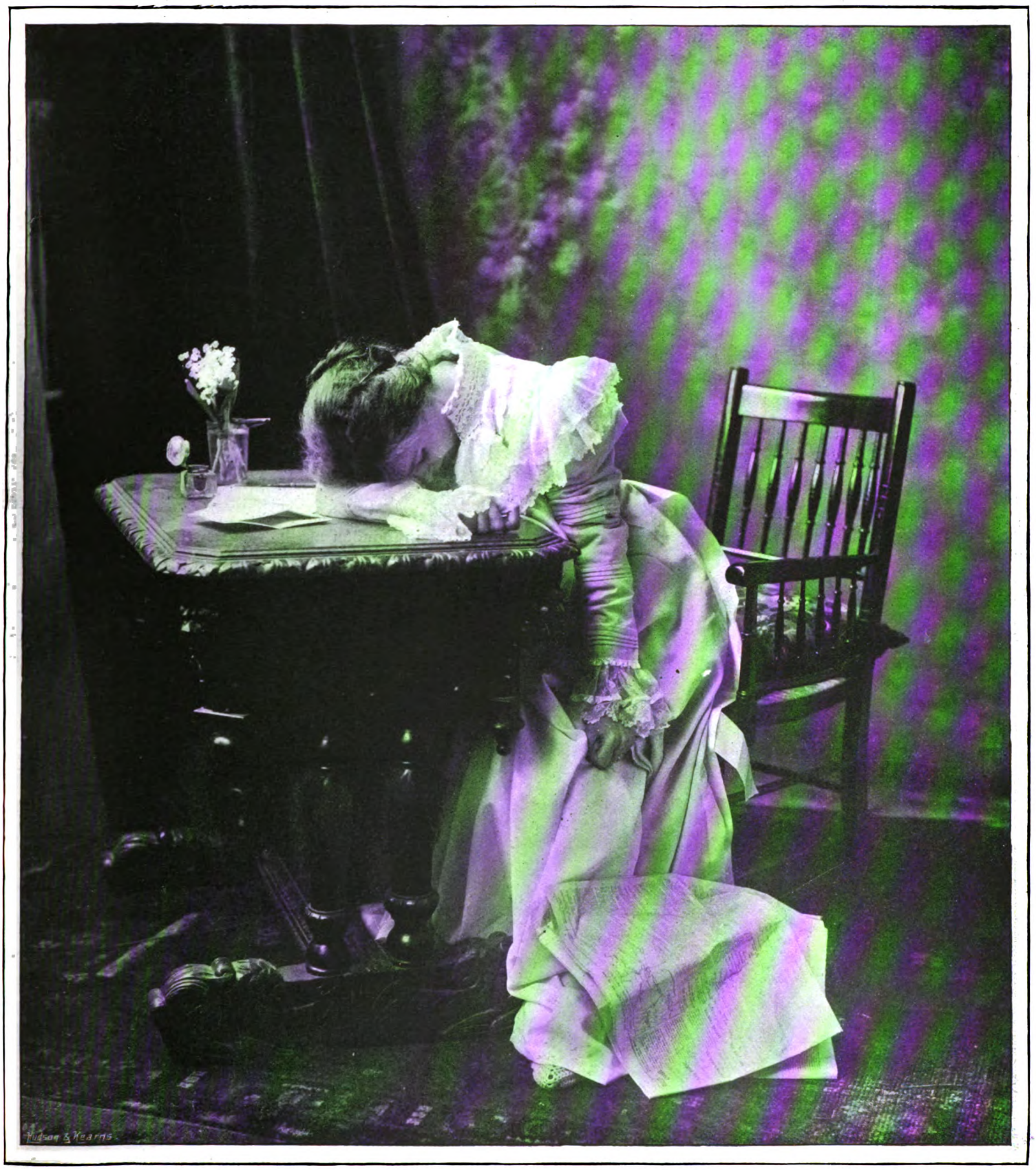

Photo. Copyright. *Clive Holland*

WIDOWED.

A simple telegram with a brief but terrible message has filled many a heart with the sorrow of the widow in the course of this war. We do not penetrate the sacred privacy of such scenes of domestic grief, but as the stage delineates the moving passages of life, the camera has here been the agent for bringing before us in faultless character an episode which will appeal to the imagination and go straight to the heart of all who see it. Many a brave soldier has lately given up his life for Queen and Empire whose loved ones now remain sorrowing.

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ROUND THE WORLD

ON Monday the Crown Prince of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm, named after "the Great Elector," will come of age, and great will be the celebrations among the German people, to whom anniversaries and birthdays are ever the occasion of rejoicing. The young Prince first saw the light on May 6, 1882, and is thus eighteen, and it is remembered with pleasure in this country that he is the eldest great-grandson of Her Majesty. Therefore it is very appropriate that a popular member of our Royal House should visit Germany to congratulate him, and that he should receive honour in England. The Prince is a soldier, brought up under the paternal severity of the Hohenzollern tradition, in which discipline and development go hand in hand. He has imbibed the principles of military science at Potsdam, with the help of four instructors from the War Academy, and is a modest and intelligent youth, popular though little known, and tall enough to look down on his Imperial father. He is now about to do duty for a time with the 1st Infantry Regiment of the Guard, and will then proceed for further instruction to Bonn. On this solemn occasion of high festival the Prince's thoughts are turned to the interests of the Triple Alliance, through the visit to Berlin of the illustrious head of the House of Hapsburg. The Pan-Slavists took something of alarm, but the friendly meeting betokens nothing more than the firmness of the alliance between the countries. That, of course, is a political fact, and it gains something from the visit of the Emperor and Count Goluchowski. No monarch in Europe, save our own Queen, commands greater respect than Francis Joseph. The Emperor of Germany is a different man, once thought a little visionary, now seen to be eminently practical as well as highly imaginative, and we congratulate both him and his son.

Photo. *Rafferty.*
SERGEANT PATRICK CAMPBELL, I.Y.,
The Husband of the Celebrated Actress.
Who was Killed in Methuen's Attack on and Capture of a Boer Commando near Boshof.

THERE will be comparatively little private entertaining this season, for many members of Society are in South Africa, and their wives and daughters have thrown themselves heart and soul into the good work of helping those who suffer by the war. Lady Randolph Churchill and the American ladies set a splendid example in fitting out the "Maine," and Lady Georgina Curzon's Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, and the Portland Hospital, like Princess Christian's noble scheme for a home for disabled soldiers and sailors, are admirable. The Princess of Wales's Hospital Ship is neither the last nor the least example of good and noble work. On Thursday of next week there is to be a notable social event in a charitable matinée at the St. James's Theatre. Amid all that has been done for the kith and kin of Tommy Atkins, it has sometimes been rashly assumed that officers' families do not stand in need of help. They certainly do not cry their wants aloud, but the need exists just the same, and the matinée alluded to is in aid of the Officers' Families' Fund, an excellent and well-managed institution. There is a tremendous list of patrons and patronesses, including Royalty, and a special committee is at work, on which Lady Grosvenor, Lady Carrington, Lady Audrey Buller, and Lady Bective are serving, with other leaders of Society. Mr. George Alexander has charge of the theatricals, and most of the theatres in London are helping, so that the good work and the galaxy of talent should draw a crowded house.

ANOTHER matinée will take place at Drury Lane on the 15th, largely organised by Lady Edward Churchill, on behalf of Princess Christian's Homes of Rest for the disabled. She has won to her aid Lady Bancroft, who, with Mr. Gilbert and others, will give "Trial by Jury." Mr. George Alexander will again be to the fore with a company from the

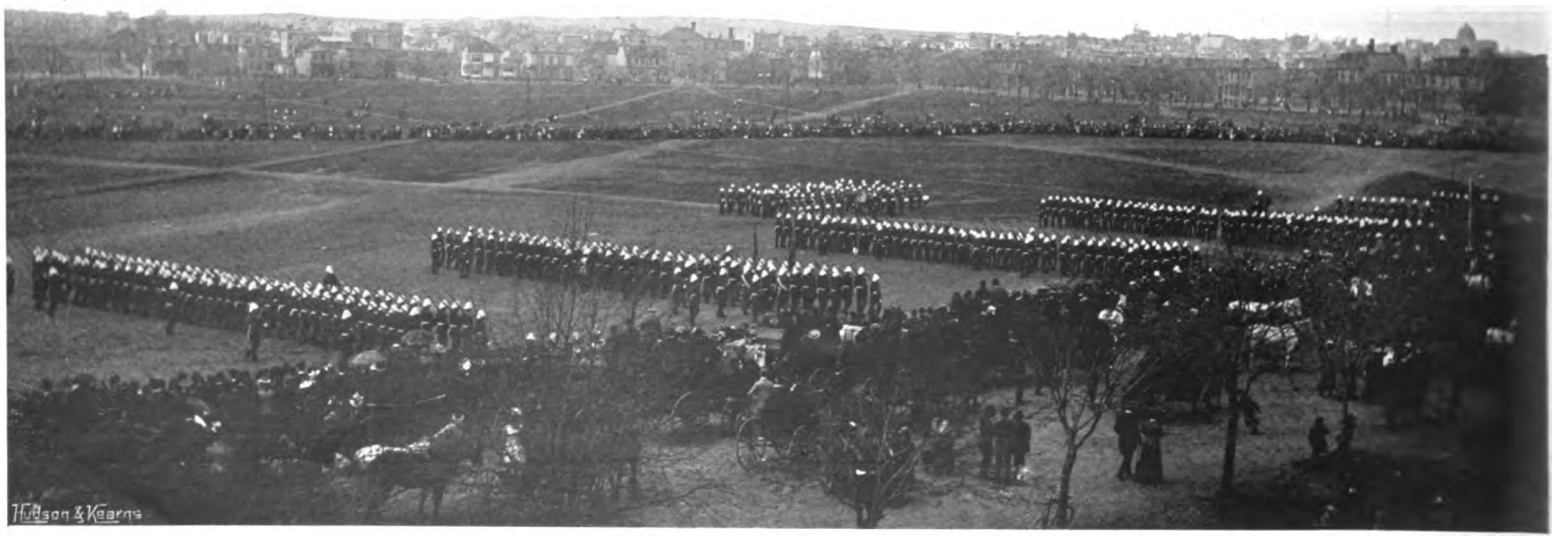

Photo. Copyright. *Houseman.*

ON THEIR NATIVE HEATH.

The Last Review of the 1st Leinster, the Original "Royal Canadians," Prior to their Departure from Halifax, N.S., to Join the Eighth Division for Service in South Africa.

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St. James's, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company will give a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," while boys from Westminster School will perform a Greek play. There will be the "Nellie Farren Harlequinade," and a "bicycle lance ride," the latter by Mrs. Steward Taylor and her friends, as well as a military spectacle, "Wellington, or the Iron Duke." But it is needless to name here all the good things, and impossible to name those who will take part. Rarely have social events been better managed than will be the case with these admirable matinées.

BUT, of course, the great social event of the season will be the National Bazaar at the Royal Palace Hotel, on the 24th of this month and two following days, which is to place £50,000 for disposal at the Queen's discretion—a happy birthday gift—for charitable purposes in relation to the war. Society is working in a body for the success of this great undertaking, and enthusiasm has rarely been better directed. Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar presides over the Ladies' Committee, which includes many great ladies, amongst others the Duchess of Bedford and the Duchess of Buccleuch. The wives and daughters of many well-known South African soldiers are active in the work of organising, and it is long since London saw so pretty and attractive and, at the same time, so useful a function as the coming event Carriages, horses, landaus, billiard tables, pianofortes, and other such valuable things, have been presented, and all such will be balloted for under the direction of Mr. Arthur Wellesley. The loan contributions are likely to be extremely interesting and valuable.

Photo. Greaterex

"HERE A SHEER HULK."

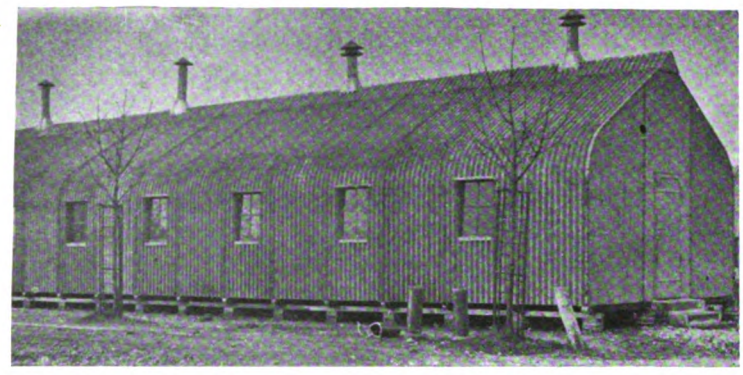
The "Wolverine," nearly half a century ago a Smart Screw Corvette an Flag ship on the Australian Station, is n w a Hulk at Auckland, N.Z.

ENGLISH-BUILT HOSPITAL HUTS AT ALDERSHOT.

THE cricket season opened at Lord's on Wednesday with the annual meeting of the M.C.C. and a match between the Club and Ground and Notts, but the important questions raised concerning the rules of the game are being settled without the help or discussion of many soldiers who take a keen interest in the game, but are away fighting in South Africa.

Many of our strongest and best have gone out there, and brilliant players will be missing from the green. The Hampshire Club is probably the greatest sufferer, for Colonel Spens, that fine cricketer Major Poore, Mr. C. Heseltine, Mr. E. I. M. Barrett, and one or two more, have all gone to the front. Somersetshire also loses several good players who are swallowed up in the war, including Captain Hedley, Mr. H. T. Stanley, Mr. F. A. Phillips, and Griffin, now all with the troops in South Africa. What will Yorkshire do without Mr. F. S. Jackson, who is away at the war, a cricketer such as can rarely be found in a county eleven? And not only has he gone out from among the cricketers of the county of broad acres, but Mr. Frank Mitchell and Mr. Frank Milligan have gone with him. Great, therefore, will be the responsibility of the rest when they meet the M.C.C., Cambridge University, and the West Indians, who are making an experimental tour. The war has also robbed the Essex eleven of Mr. A. J. Turner, a strong player; Kent of Mr. R. O'H. Livesay and Mr. L. J. Le Fleming, both subalterns of the West and East Surrey Regiments; and Worcestershire of Mr. W. L. Foster, who has been serving with Lord Methuen, and whose brother is captain of the county eleven. The bone and sinew of cricketers, drawn both from the Regulars and the Yeomanry, has done, indeed, good service in South Africa.

We were to have had in England, too, this season a good team from South Africa, and Lord Hawke, who was acting for the colonials, had arranged a highly interesting series of matches. But even then war was looming on the horizon, and now that it is in full course it was impossible to get together a representative team, and the project had to be abandoned. The men who bowl so featly are discharging other missiles than those which make the triumphs of the cricketer, and wielding other weapons than the bat. And even, if an Eleven could have been got together, they would have soon felt the call to a sterner game. The colonials have, indeed, shown excellent grit in this war, which has won the encomiums of every commanding officer in the field, and the qualities they have displayed have been partly won in athletic games, cricket, and the hunting-field.



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GERMAN-BUILT HOSPITAL HUTS AT ALDERSHOT.

Photo. Copyright. *Pett.*

THE NURSING STAFF OF THE "CITY OF ROME."

This Atlantic Liner brought Home 230 Sick and Wounded. The Centre Figure is the Ship's Doctor; a United States' Army Surgeon who went out in the "Maine" is on his left and the Chaplain on his right.

EVERYTHING in Paris is, of course, swallowed up in the Exhibition. The Rue Royale and the Rue St. Dominique have surpassed themselves in their efforts to give importance and distinction to the Naval and Military sections. The palaces of the Armée de Mer and the Armée de Terre, for so they are distinguished, are on the left bank of the Seine, between the Pont de l'Alma and

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the Champ de Mars and opposite to "Old Paris," that picturesque reminder of the past. On the other side of the Seine everything is full of gaiety and colour, and entertainments, shows, theatres, concerts, and historical spectacles are attracting thousands, while the Venetian fêtes on the river are a marvel. Within the Naval and Military buildings the arrangements are excellent, and the exhibits are of absorbing interest and also very instructive, though they lack some things that were found in our Naval Exhibition. There are paintings, manuscripts, models of ships, illustrations of uniform, weapons of all kinds, battle scenes, and, in a word, a perfect representation of the past and of the development of the Naval and Military Services. Of course the French Naval and Military Departments have been careful to reveal nothing of the present that can be at all regarded as confidential, and modern material of war must be sought in the sections of general exhibits, where a great deal of interest will be discovered. Unfortunately, so far as we are concerned, the Exhibition opened under something of a cloud. The extreme animosity towards England that has been manifested in Paris for many months, the favours showered on M. Willette, and other manifestations of unfriendliness towards this country, have predisposed many English people to stay at home. The angry feeling, however, has partly died away, and those who do visit Paris will certainly find a great deal to interest and amuse them, for Paris is *en fête*, and that is something indeed.

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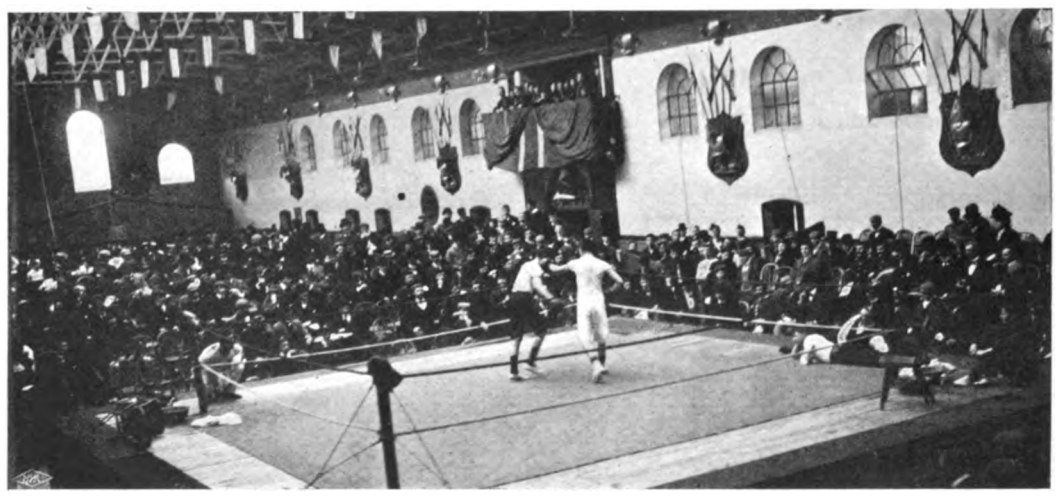
A SOLDIER'S SANATORIUM.

The Villa Syracusa at Torquay, Used as a Convalescent Home for Soldiers of the Devonshire Regiment and the Cornwall Light Infantry, and by Naval Brigade Men from the West Country.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Competitions in this Annual Event Take Place in the Army Gymnasium at Aldershot. Our Illustration Represents the Final for the Feather-weight Championship, in which Ward (St. Paul's) Defeated Nash (Harrow).

THE Royalties who grace the Paris Exhibition are few, and some of them singular. Muzaffer-ed-Din, the Shah of Persia, who leaves his dominions to visit the capitals of Europe, is an interesting personage. It is just four years since he ascended the throne, through an act of bloodshed, such as is not uncommon in the succession to Oriental kingship. Our old friend Nasr-ed-Din, who found so many beauties and things to admire in England, was foully assassinated when at prayer in the Mosque of Shah Abdul Azim, near Teheran, and died from the effects of his wound on May 1, 1896. He had set aside from the throne his eldest son, Zil-es-Sultan, Governor of Ispahan, according to a right inherent in the most autocratic monarch in the world, and, marvellous as it seemed, Muzaffer, though away at the time at his government of Azerbaijan, succeeded without a murmur. He has pursued the policy of his predecessor, though Russia did not fail to get a stronger hold, and the Shah's visit to St. Petersburg is therefore regarded with curious interest. In Persia everything can be bought, and the presents, or *mudakhil* or *pishkesh*, are universal, and lead to wholesale corruption, while the Shâhinshâh is absolute master of the lives and properties of his subjects. This does not make him altogether master of his resources, and the Russian influence is very strong in his army, and permeates many offices of his State. The political objects of the Muscovites are well known, and it will need a good deal of stiffening of the fibre of the Shah and his advisers to keep them out of the Persian Gulf. So far, Muzaffer has been cautious, and his visit to the delights of Europe is proof that he feels his throne fairly secure, though there is too much reason to fear that his security may depend upon the favour of Russia and upon the absolute monarch's pliancy in regard to his powerful neighbour's views. Fortunately his own interest is to keep the Muscovites out, and so far his policy coincides with ours, but the development of Persian affairs is obscure.

Photos. Copyright. *Knight.*

WINNERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Winners are Seated, the Trainers Standing in the Background.

Edmondson (Rugby). Heavy-weight. *MacMillan (St. Paul's). Middle-weight.* *Smith (St. Paul's). Light-weight.* *Ward (St. Paul's). Feather-weight.*

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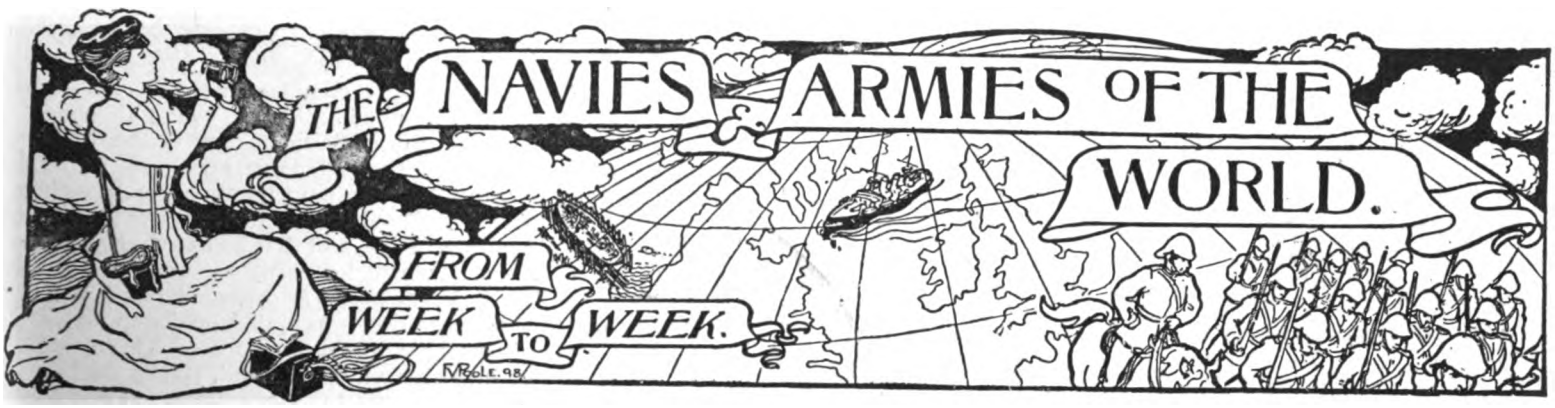

THE Austrian Government has just come to a decision which is not without interest and significance. It has decided to "lighten the burden of military service abroad for a certain category of citizens, resident abroad, and engaged in promoting the export trade of the Monarchy." This is the weighty official way of saying that when a young subject of the Emperor-King wishes to emigrate, he will be allowed to go without doing military service. Austria is beginning to be more alive to the value of commerce than it was. In fact, at the present moment it is much interested in the prospect that one result of our war in South Africa will be to open that country more fully to industry, and does not see why its subjects should not share in the good things. The views of Austria range far, for it is to be observed that the promised exemptions are not to be given to those who settle round the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. They are to benefit those only who go far afield for the purpose of extending Austrian trade. Whether the result will be any considerable extension of Austrian commerce remains to be seen. In the meantime it is a fact not without importance that a monarchy in which the interest of the Army has not hitherto been subordinated to anything is beginning to put its trade interests in the first place.

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Austria can afford to make some allowances, for it does not draw nearly all the conscripts it could. In fact, its actual draft on its population is only 8 to 9 per 1,000, as against the 11 per 1,000 taken by Germany, and the 14 per 1,000 drawn by France, except, indeed, in the case of the last-named country universal military service is a mere figure of speech. France does attain it, or pretty nearly, because with a stationary population it insists on having an Army equal to the German. But Austria does not approach that standard, nor does Italy, which calls a bare 7 per 1,000 of its population to the colours. Therefore there is a margin to draw on, and if one "category of citizens escape military service, some other will be at hand to take its place." None the less it is the beginning of a new thing when an old military monarchy begins to think its industry more important than its conscription. In fact, there have been several signs of late that the people on the Continent have begun to realise that there is some meaning in the phrase "to lose all the reasons for living for the sake of your life." They have been told that they must arm, and arm to protect their existence, till at last they have begun to ask whether existence is worth having on those terms. Even in France, in spite of so much shouting of "Vive l'armée," the burden of military service is impatiently borne, and there is beginning to be a feeling that the country is in danger of being distanced by its neighbours. Frenchmen are found to draw long faces over the way in which Holland is beating them in trade, to say nothing of other nations. It is, in fact, not impossible that the stay, or even reduction, of armaments advocated by Russia at the Hague Conference may be brought about by purely business considerations.

* * * *

The impossibility of treating the armed strength of the nation on a paramount consideration, to which all else must give way, is being demonstrated in another fashion in Germany. In vain has the Emperor quoted Captain Mahan and the Sea-Power, and proved by examples exceedingly well that a great Navy is absolutely needed by a great Power. When his subjects come to look at the matter they are not so sure. The commercial classes would like a Navy fairly well, but on condition that they do not have to pay too much for the luxury. And then the agriculturists, the country party, will not pay at all unless they get an equivalent in the way of corn laws. To this the commercial people are wholly opposed, so that in the end the case is that the Navy cannot be got without the consent of the country party, and that cannot be obtained except on terms which would band the whole trading class against the Government. The Emperor and the advocates of a strong Navy say that all this is very unpatriotic. But would it be really patriotic to expose German trade to the retaliation it will certainly suffer from if the agriculturists were bribed to accept the Navy Bill by heavy duties on foreign corn? And the agriculturists ask whether it is patriotic to tax the nation for a fleet which is to cover those important items of foreign meat and grains which are understood to be depressing the landed interest? If a great Navy were an absolute necessity for Germany as a powerful Army is, the case would be different, but it is only a luxury, and an addition to other grandeurs. Now that is a thing for which it is very possible to pay too much.

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It is instructive and also amusing to see how opinions go round and round, as certain kinds of storms travel, with or against the clock. Not so very long ago, if any unwise man dared to advance the opinion that superiority of speed was not in all cases one of the qualities of a ship for which it was desirable to make a sacrifice, he ran no small risk of being laughed out of court as a very ignorant fellow, or denounced as a mere paradoxer. And now here are very serious authorities, in more countries than one, engaged in saying, gravely and with much appearance of reason, that for a fighting ship speed is not a quality for which it is wise to make many sacrifices. What is the good of being able to overtake an enemy if you are weaker than he is when it comes to battle? You only rush on to your own destruction. Then what good can come of your speed if you can only use it to run away? Victory is not achieved by that method. At the best it can only avert destruction for a time. Even for commerce destroying speed is not all the law and the prophets. A Power which can supply its trade with strong convoy can defy the merely swift cruiser. Poor Admiral Cervera pathetically remarked of one of the vessels of his unhappy squadron, that she had speed but had nothing else. When the need for some other quality arose we know what happened to Admiral Cervera's ships. They could not even get the speed, and strength they had none.

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The French, who were all for speed the other day, and who, when they are for anything, are so with a wonderful unanimity, are beginning to look at matters from another point of view. M. Normand has been arguing that a ship which is to fight may want something more than the power to go quickly, and he is strongly backed by M. W. de Duranti in the *Yacht* for April 14. Both argue that in a battle no ship will fight at top speed, and that many guns and good protection for them will stand her in more stead than the power to run away. They are for making ships broader to carry thick plates, have a stable platform, and a heavy armament. Of course, a good deal of what they have to say is addressed to us. England, say they, must have swift ships with great coal-carrying capacity, because she has a world-wide Empire, much scattered, and must be represented everywhere. But this is just the weak point of her cuirass. While she is scattering her fleet all over the world, France can look to the eastern end of the Mediterranean and the Channel. Let her have powerful ships there and all will be well. The invasion of Perfidious Albion will be possible after all. Nothing pleases our good neighbours just now so much as a demonstration that this wicked country can be invaded. We should be sorry to disturb their pleasure, but this flattering version of the case is all the story. If French ships are to be built with a view to fighting in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Channel only, we have nothing to fear from them elsewhere, and can, of course, build their equivalents, when numbers will tell as before. It is curious to see how one commentator after another, not only abroad, but very often near, draws the extraordinary deduction that because our possessions are scattered all over the world, we must also spread our fleet in every part, whether each particular part is subject to attack or not. But the proper use of a fighting force is to be where the enemy is, and not elsewhere, though, to be sure, this is manifestly a hard saying to some, simple as it is.

DAVID HANNAY.

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DIEU ET MON DROIT

NAVY & ARMY

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.

ILLUSTRATED.

20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Hero-worship and Politics.

MR. DOOLEY, the guide, philosopher, and friend of all who know him, has summed up pithily the difference between the treatment which those who have deserved well of their country receive in America and in this country. The Americans "kiss their heroes and give them wurruk to do." The English people "smash in their hats and ilivate them to the peerage." Just at present we have a capital opportunity to test Mr. Dooley's generalisation. On the whole it comes out pretty well—as near to accuracy as most generalisations, which is, perhaps, not saying a great deal. It is not so long since we "ilivated" Lord Kitchener to the Upper House. It was only the other day that Sir George White had to struggle through a vast crowd of inconveniently forcible admirers at the doors of the London Hippodrome. They did not actually "smash in his hat," but, allowing for the native picturesqueness of Mr. Dooley's language, the expression describes nearly enough the demonstrative nature of their admiration. Turning to the United States, where Lieutenant Hobson's "kissing tour" is still fresh in memory, we see Admiral Dewey's candidature for the Presidency regarded as the most natural thing in the world. What could be more in accordance with the order of the American universe than that a hero, having steered his ships to victory and brought back the spoils of conquest, should seek to be "given wurruk to do" as a high executive officer of State? To us it seems curious, but then we are an old nation, and the older a nation is, the more tendency there is towards specialisation in the various walks of life. British Ministers may go out to fight, as the Duke of Norfolk has done, but they go on their own initiative; they are not sent to take high commands. We may have again a Duke of Wellington—a famous general and a helmsman of the ship of State as well—though it is scarcely a consummation to be wished. For the most part our generals are generals and our statesmen statesmen for all their lives. In America the line is not so closely drawn. There, too, the recollection of the Civil War is still fairly fresh, of the days when men in all professions turned for a time to military duties, and later on resumed their civil employments with nothing to distinguish them from ordinary civilians except the brevet title of colonel, which was conferred spontaneously upon everyone who had shouldered a rifle.

On the whole, it seems better to give Naval and Military men naval and military "wurruk." Sailors and soldiers must not cease to be citizens, but, as long as they are fit and ready for active employment, there are disadvantages in giving them civil posts. What would happen, for instance, if Admiral Dewey should be elected President (which, at present, does not seem very likely), and if a war should break out during his term of office? Would the country be deprived of his services as Naval officer, or would he take command of the Fleet and leave his Vice-President in charge of the White House? Either course would be highly inconvenient. Further, it is necessary that a nation's leaders in war should be above the heated air of party politics. Party politics have a bad enough effect upon the broader interests of our own Empire, as it is. It would be fatal to those interests were the distribution of commands in the Services to be complicated by consideration of electors' prejudices and "votes on a division." One may even say, not only that it is a pity for an admiral or a general to be made a political idol, but that it is better they should not be made idols at all. The British public have an unfortunate habit of cheering at the wrong time. We saw this the other day when they received almost with indifference the news of Cronje's surrender, and then went mad over the relief of Ladysmith, which was a direct consequence of Lord Roberts's success. If people get it into their heads that a particular commander is a heaven-born genius, they expect far too much. When "Mad Charley" Napier was sent with a fleet to the Baltic in 1854, at the height of his popularity, the wildest expectations were rife. He himself declared in his breezy way that "within a month he would either be in Cronstadt or in Heaven," and how were the public to know that this was a pet phrase of his, and that he had used exactly the same form of words when he went to command the Portuguese fleet twenty years before? After all this kind of talk, the result of the expedition was naturally disappointing, for "Mad Charley" was able to do very little. There were recriminations on both sides, and, worst of all, Napier declared that his fleet was ill-found because the Government did not like his political views. However little foundation there may be for such charges (and there was none in this case), it is most undesirable that a commander should be able to make them. Supposing Lord Roberts had been a Radical critic of the present Government, we should be sure to have someone asserting that the War Office purposely kept him short of remounts and new clothes for his men.

When we think of General Boulanger and General Mercier in France, and of the time when Spain was subject to the *pronunciamentos* of successive Marshals, and of the wretched fate of Marlborough in our own history, we must come to the conclusion that it is better, both for themselves and for their countries, that the fighting leaders of nations should leave politics alone. There are cases to be quoted on the other side. General Grant is one of the strongest, but then Grant lived in an age which favoured the intermingling of military and civil activities. We could find plenty of instances in English history of men who have been both good generals and good administrators. But, as politics are at present, it is surely wiser for our heroes to leave them alone.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 6, 1600.—The Fort of André, on the Island of Bommelwart, Low Countries, surrendered by the Spanish to Dutch and British forces. 1710.—Sortie from Douay repulsed by the Confederate army, under Marlborough. 1776.—Siege of Quebec raised. Successful sortie by General Carleton. 1784.—Repulse of the French at Rousalier, near Tournay. 1814.—Fort Oswego, Lake Ontario, stormed.

May 7, 1191.—The Usurper of Cyprus defeated by Richard I. 1778.—Border Town, North America, taken possession of by General Howe.

May 8, 1793.—Action near St. Amand. Defeat of the French under Dampière—who was mortally wounded—by Austrian and Prussian infantry, and 1,800 British Guards under the Duke of York. 1801.—Ternate taken from the Dutch by Colonel Burr. 1811.—First siege of Badajos.

May 9, 1705.—Garrison of Albuquerque surrendered to the Portuguese and British. 1801.—Skirmish near Rahmanie. The French, under General La Grange, while retreating along the banks of the Nile, made a stand at Rahmanie, but retired after some skirmishing, and the garrison of Rahmanie surrendered next day.

May 10, 1794.—Action near Tournay. The French defeated by the allied army, under the Duke of York. 1811.—Sortie from Badajos repulsed with a loss of 400 killed and wounded. 1818.—The Mahrattas defeated by Brigadier-General Munro at Shalapore, which fortress was taken by our troops. Bajee Row's hill fort of Ryghur surrendered to Lieutenant-Colonel Prother. 1857.—Indian Mutiny broke out at Meerut.

May 11, 1780.—Surrender of Charlestown to Sir Henry Clinton. 1799.—Surrender of Chittedroog. 1809.—Action at Grijon. Defeat of the French by Wellesley. 1824.—Rangoon taken by Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell. 1857.—Delhi seized by the Mutineers. 1885.—General Middleton, at the head of the Canadian troops, defeated the rebel Riel at Batouche.

May 12, 1809.—Passage of the Douro. The French, surprised by Wellington, retreated precipitately, abandoning their stores, and Wellington sat down to Soult's dinner.

MAY 6, 1709.—Recapture of the "Coventry," 50, by the "Portland," 50, after a three days' running fight in the Channel. 1801.—Lord Cochrane's "Speedy" captures the "Gamo." 1814.—British squadron on Lake Ontario captured the American Fort Oswego. 1887.—The "Racoon," cruiser, launched.

May 7, 1765.—Launch of the "Victory." 1794.—Capture of the French "Atalante," 40, by the "Swiftsure," 74. 1798.—Defence of Marcouf, off the Channel Islands, by the Royal Marines against a French expedition. 1886.—The "Porpoise" launched. 1891.—The "Empress of India" launched.

May 8, 1655.—Reduction of Jamaica by Admiral Penn. 1804.—The "Vincego," 18, captured by seventeen French vessels. 1811.—Capture of the French "Cannonière," 10, by the "Scylla," 18. 1895.—The "Renown" launched.

May 9, 1492.—Columbus started on his first voyage. 1795.—Boats of a British squadron destroyed a large French convoy in Gourville Bay, Jersey. 1876.—The "Téméraire" launched. 1887.—The "Sans Pareil" launched. 1891.—The "Sappho" launched. 1899.—The "Victoria and Albert," new Royal Yacht, launched.

May 10, 1553.—Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed from Deptford. 1667.—Defeat of a Franco-Dutch squadron off St. Kitts by Sir John Harman. 1671.—Destruction of the Algerine Fleet in Bugia Bay by Sir Edward Spragge. 1895.—The "Zephyr," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

May 11, 1780.—Reduction of Charlestown by Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot. 1808.—Capture of the French "Griffon," 16, by the "Bacchante," 20.

May 12, 1796.—Capture of the Dutch "Argo," 36, by the "Phœnix," 36. 1808.—Destruction of the "Baleine," 26, by the "Amphion," 32, in the North Sea. 1854.—Destruction of the "Tiger," aground near Odessa. 1888.—The "Magicienne" launched.

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From Ladysmith to England.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell & Sons.*

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL HOME.

The Officers and Men of the "Powerful" who Helped Sir G. White to Hold Ladysmith.

Photo. Copyright. *Lambert Weston & Son.*

HOME FROM THE ONE-TIME BELEAGUERED CITY.

The Arrival of Wounded at Sandgate from Ladysmith.

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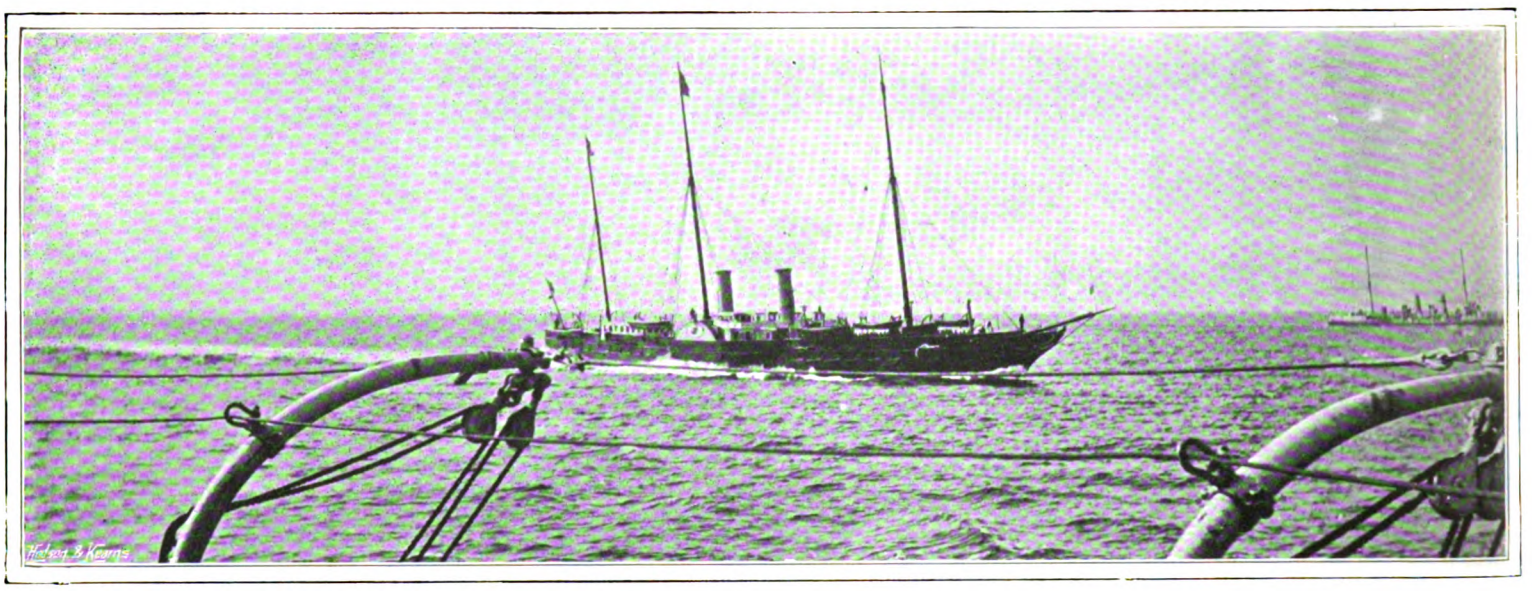
The Queen's Return to England.

Photo. Copyright. *Roche.*

HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND.

The Cort·ge Leaving Phœnix Park for Knightsbridge Railway Station.



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

THE QUEEN AT SEA.

The Royal Yacht "Victoria and Alb.rt" off Holyhead. The "Pactolus" in the Distance.

Photo. Copyright. *G. W Webster.*

IN ENGLAND ONCE MORE.

The Officials at Chester Railway Station Entering Her Majesty's Saloon to be Presented.

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Yeomanry Prove Britain's Mettle.

THE BROTHERS WESTLEY.

A Family which has a Corporal and Five Troopers at the Front.

Photo. Copyright. *Mayall.*

THE DRAFT FROM THE CHESHIRE YEOMANRY.

A Welcome Rest after Hard Drill.

Photo. Copyright. *Cook.*

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette.*

THE MANCHESTER YEOMANRY REGIMENT.

On Its Way to the Front. Men Craving for Hard Work.

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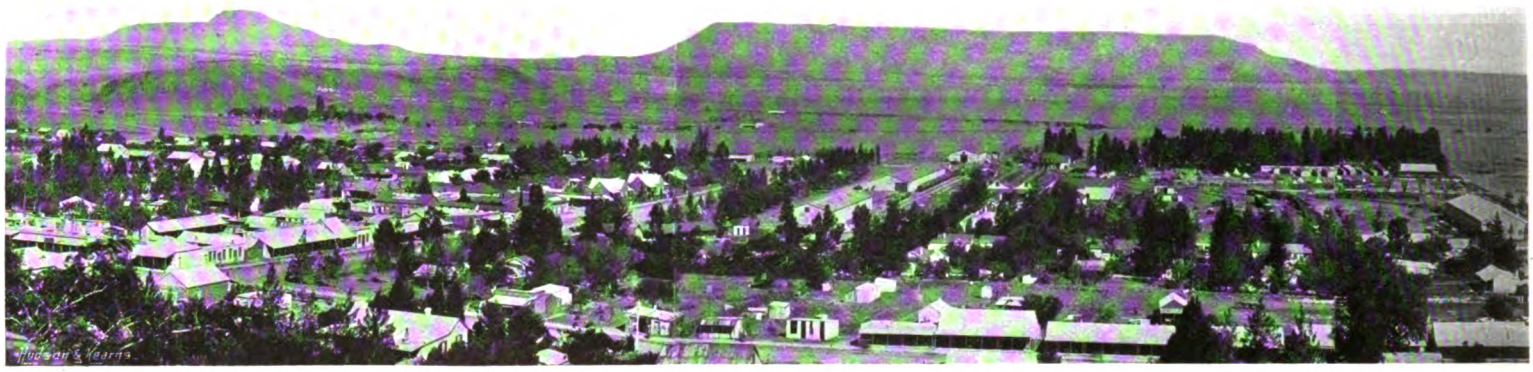
Historic Ladysmith

Lombard's Kop. *The Devon Post.* *Umbulwana—"Long Tom" Busy* *Intombi Camp.*



A PICTURE OF A BESIEGED TOWN.

GUIDES ENTRENCHING

Shell-fire is Uncomfortable.

A GORGE ON THE KLIP RIVER.

Boulders are Very Much to the Fore.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

THESE pictures of ours will give the reader another view of the now famous town of Ladysmith. It looks as though the illustrations showit to be a pleasant place, standing on its plain, girdled with hills. But one doubts whether the memory it will leave in the minds of most of our countrymen who have been there during the last few months will be wholly pleasant, at least for some time. Sir Geo. White has explained how it laid the grip of fever on him, and he was by no means the only sufferer. It is reported that some of the survivors have said that few among them would have cared to march five miles at the end of the siege. Short rations, confinement, and the deadening effect of constant anxiety had brought them to that point. The question suggests itself whether, if the enemy had made a bold push and had stormed with vigour, the place would not have fallen even at the eleventh hour. To be sure, it would have helped the Boers little to lose men in taking a place which they would have had to evacuate immediately. That perhaps is why they did not storm.

But it may be that their experience of the only occasion on which they did served also as a deterrent. It is never safe to calculate that courageous men, however tired they may be, will not make a good fight. Hugh Millar, the geologist, tells a story of his father which is to the point. The elder Miller was a skipper, sailing a small trading ship out of the Moray Firth. In his youth he had served as a sailor in the Navy, and had fought at Trafalgar. He used to tell how he had been stationed at a gun, and that he and his messmates were utterly exhausted at the end of the day. When the fight was about at an end, and no enemy in the neighbourhood was resisting, the men were allowed to lie down by the guns, and they fell on the deck, worn out. Suddenly the alarm was given that another Frenchman was bearing down on them. It was probably one of Dumanoir's squadron escaping. The men had to stand to their guns again. Miller said that in the excitement his fatigue disappeared, and he felt able to do all the work over again. A good spirit will triumph over much—over nearly all,

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Under the Enemy's Fire.

A Boer Position. A Wooded Plain. *Cæsar's Hill—The Key of White's Defence*

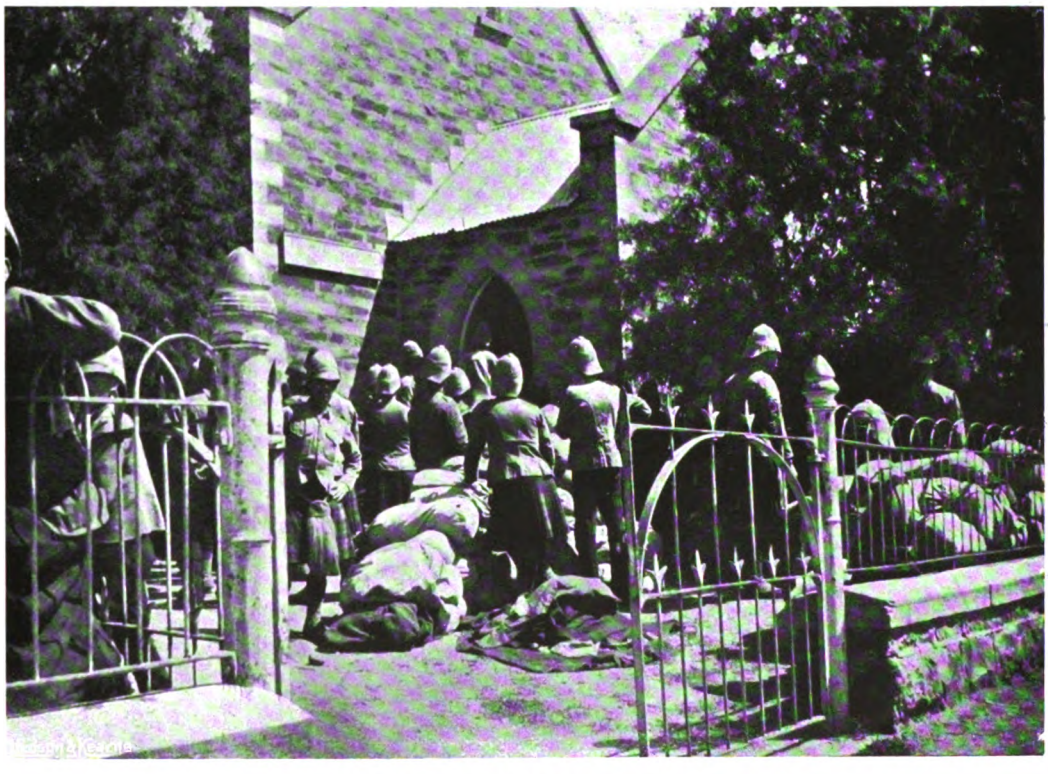
A VIEW FROM CONVENT HILL. *J. W. Bradley.*

in fact, while a man's limbs are unbroken. And we have every right to believe that the garrison of Ladysmith would have shown the same resolution as the crews at Trafalgar, even though they had been on short rations for weeks, which was not the case with the sailors.

Whatever the causes and explanations of it all may be, the Maiden Castle has so far deserved its name, however it came by it. Perhaps some patriotic Scotchman named it after the rock at Edinburgh. There are various "Maiden" fortresses in the world, so-called because they have never been taken, or have the reputation of being impregnable. Not many deserve the title, and, notably, Edinburgh Castle does not, for it has been repeatedly taken—by English from Scotch, by Scotch from English, or by one Scotch faction from another. The Ladysmith one has so far a right to the name, for it has not been taken, and probably will not be. One never ought to be too sure, for the unexpected is for ever happening in war. But it is not likely that the Boers will come back into those parts, in that way. It is true that they are still not very far off, but their present purposes are not of the town-taking kind. The taking will be our business, and we are under no delusion that it will be an easy one. The steep-sided, flat-topped hills, with boulders all over them, as shown in our pictures, are terrible places out of which to drive an obstinate, well-armed enemy.

The panorama of the town is interesting, inasmuch as it gives our readers a general view of the position which was so long and so strenuously held. But our other pictures bear very materially upon the story. A shrieking shell is always an uncomfortable visitor, and in one case we see the Guides endeavouring to make for themselves such shelter as may be possible. The boulders in another picture indicate the sort of country over which our troops had to advance and the type of cover afforded to the enemy even on comparatively level ground; while the bivouac of the Imperial Light Horse at Cæsar's Camp shows us at once one of the most important positions during the siege, and one of the corps which made a name for itself during the progress of the fighting.

GOOD MEN AND A FIERCELY-FOUGHT POST.
A Bivouac of Imperial Light Horse on Cæsar's Camp.



THE BETTER PLACE THE BETTER DEED.
Gordon Highlanders Storing Superfluous Kit in a Church.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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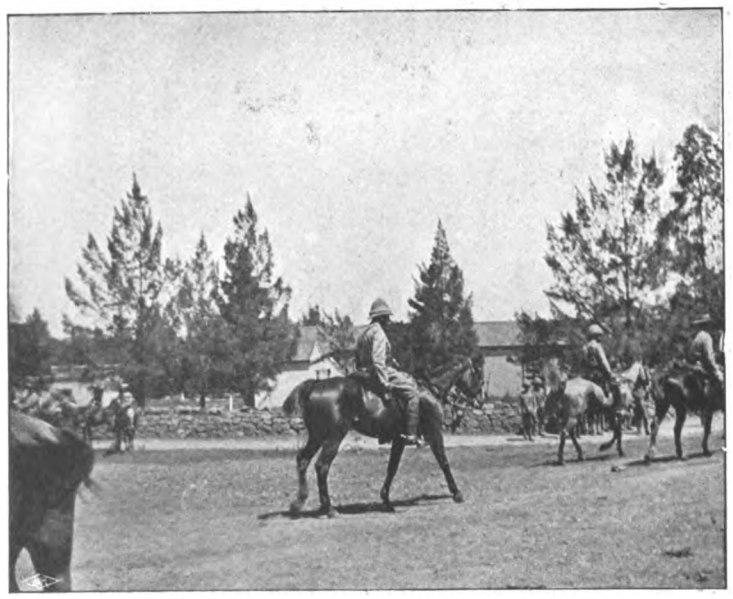
Ladysmith Relieved.



THE VICTOR'S QUIET ADVENT
General Buller Entering Ladysmith.

A VERY WELL-KNOWN SPOT.
Buller at the Famous Convent.

AFTER THE STRUGGLE WAS OVER.
The Relief Column Marching Through Ladysmith.

GREETINGS UNSTINTED AND CORDIAL.
Colonel Dartnell after the Relief.

THE SUPREME MOMENT AND A GRAND SIGHT.
Sir George White Taking Buller's Salute.

CIVIC FUNCTIONARIES TO THE FORE.
The Mayor of Ladysmith Makes a Speech.

Long Effort Crowned at Last.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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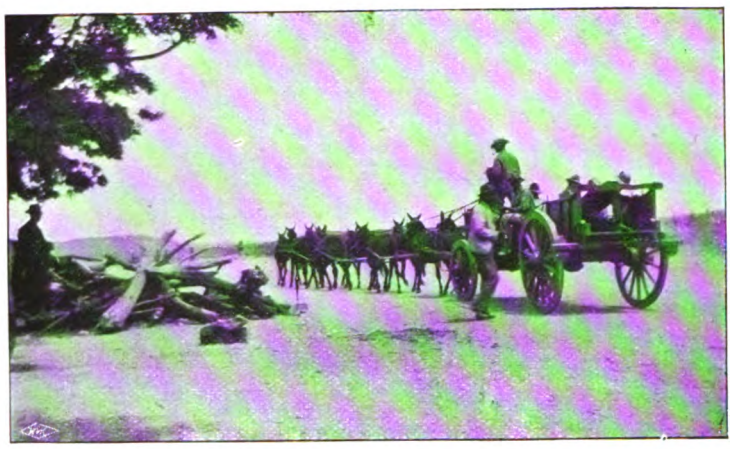
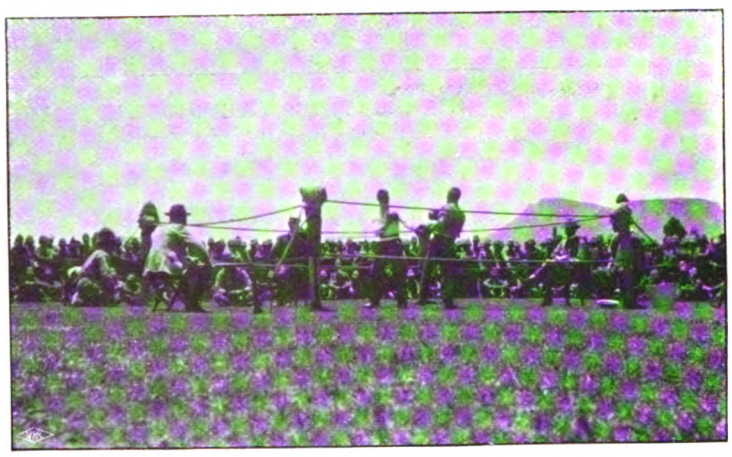
Camping in the Orange State with "Bobs."

A SOUTH AFRICAN WINDMILL.
And the 10th Hussars Drawing Water.



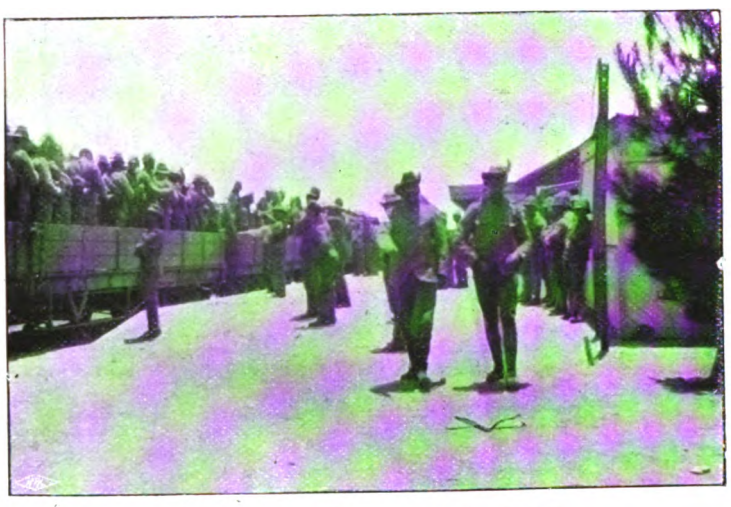
A MULE WAGGON AND TEAM ON THE TREK.
Level Country and No Obstacles to Face.

THE END OF A LONG AND WEARY MARCH.
The Arrival in Camp of Q Battery, R.H.A.

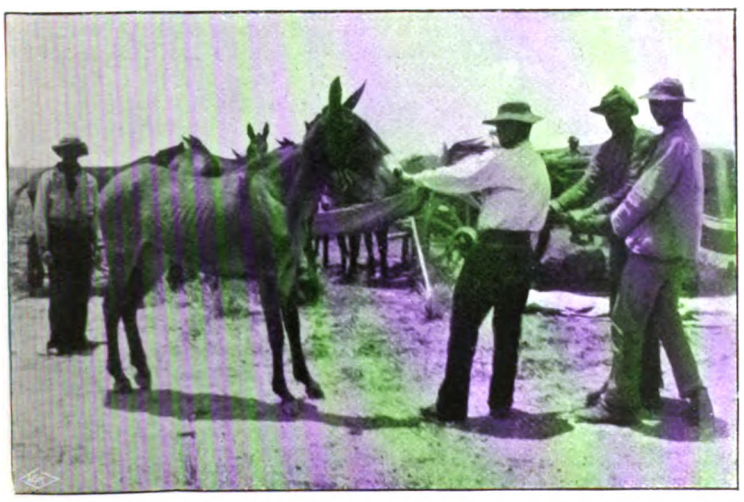


THE BRITON IS A DEVOTEE OF ATHLETICS.
Sherwood Foresters with the Gloves in the Ring.

FAR AWAY ON THE WIDE VELDT.
Highland Light Infantry Finding a Camping Ground.



THE EASIEST WAY TO THE FRONT.
The Canadian Contingent Entraining.



THE MULE IS PROVERBIALLY OBSTINATE.
His Treatment by Cape Boys does not Improve Him

ON THE BANKS OF THE KLIPDAM RIVER.
A Welcome Rest after a Dusty March.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

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Invading the Enemy's Territory.

NEGOTIATING THE MODDER RIVER.
The 16th (Scarlet) Lancers Crossing a Drift.

VACATED BY THE ENEMY.
A Boer Laager Captured by the 16th Lancers.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY.
A Cavalry Maxim Dismounted and Playing on the Enemy's Flank.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front.

IN such extensive operations as those in South Africa much of the interest is necessarily connected with incidents outside the larger movements of the campaign. Indeed, it may be said that, both from the pictorial and literary standpoint, a series of miscellaneous pictures such as we have this week designedly prepared under the above heading gives one a better idea of the amenities of warfare than the strictly consecutive record of some set operation. Here, although we have no "moving accidents by flood and field," in the precise sense of that graphic quotation, both land and water contribute many little episodes of interest and instructive value.

The first three pictures have reference to a mass of useful work done by that fine corps, the 16th, or, as they are quite as often called, the Scarlet, Lancers. It will be remembered that this regiment suffered an early disappointment in not being included in the first Indian contingent, but, having arrived later, it has since had no cause to complain of any want of occupation. Here we see it crossing the Modder River, and, in another picture, an individual member of it pumping lead into the enemy from a Maxim detached from its galloping carriage. A striking illustration is also given of a Boer laager captured by the regiment, in which traces of the recent tenants are rather quaintly conspicuous. The habit of the Boers of carrying their worldly goods with them on the war-path in a portmanteau seems strangely at variance with the great mobility which is the distinguishing characteristic of their method of fighting.

Talking of mobility, an interesting experiment has on several occasions been made—not for the first time—in South Africa in this direction. In moving infantry and, now and then, even mounted infantry, to new positions, it has been found expedient to prevent what the advertisements call "that tired feeling" by transporting the men in waggons. The system is here illustrated, the look of dubiety on the face of a horse who does not quite understand the *raison quoi* of the proceeding being amusingly rendered.

The onerous work attached to the Royal Army Medical Corps in the field receives incidental illustration in the picture of the heavy load of hospital stores which is finding its toilsome way to Lord Roberts's headquarters. There is not much of the poetry of war in convoying a slow-going waggon over hundreds of miles of dreary veldt; but this, as well as every other of its multifarious duties, is cheerfully and admirably performed by the corps which occupies such an unique position when there are "bullets in the guns." This little collection of pictures would not be fairly representative or characteristic if it did not include some illustration both of the heavily-taxed railway transport and of the local dwellers by the wayside. The spectacle of a troop train with two engines in front and one behind affords a good instance of the special difficulties connected with this many-sided campaign.

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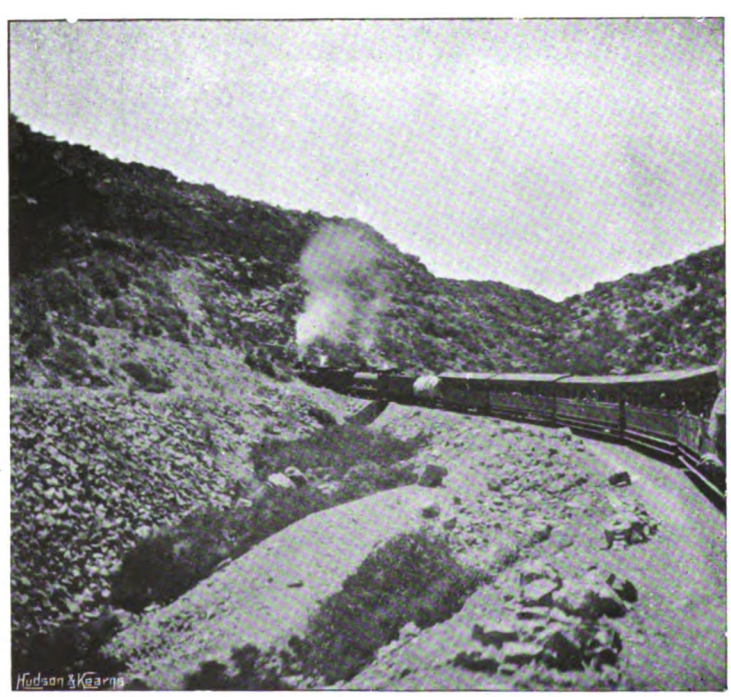
COMING INTO BLOEMFONTEIN.
Stores of the Royal Army Medical Corps En Route.

INCREASED MOBILITY.
Infantry Carried in Waggons to a New Position

A WAYSIDE GROUP.
Buying Grapes from the Orange "Costers."

AT TOWNS RIVER STATION.
A Group of Local Beauties Awaiting the Train.

AN AWKWARD BEND.
The Hind Engine of a Troop Train. Taken from the Train.



PLENTY OF PULLING POWER.
A Troop Train Entering a Tunnel. Taken from the Train.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front

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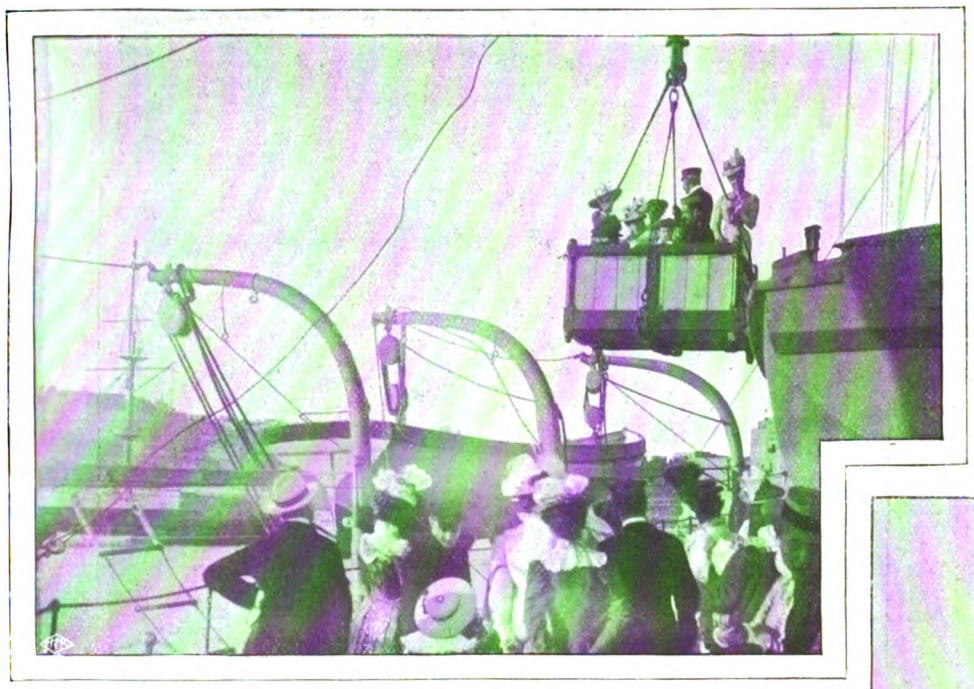
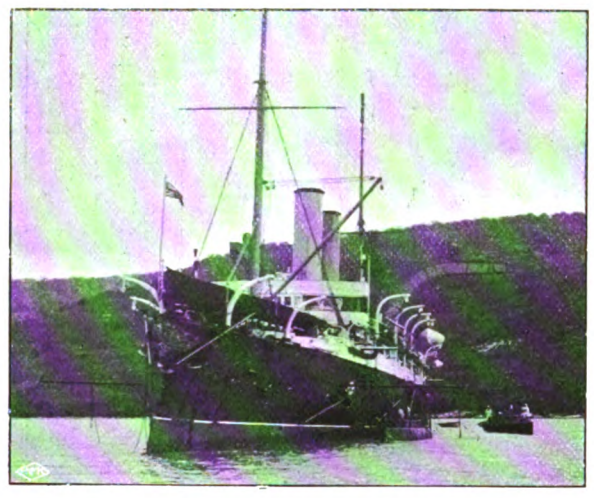
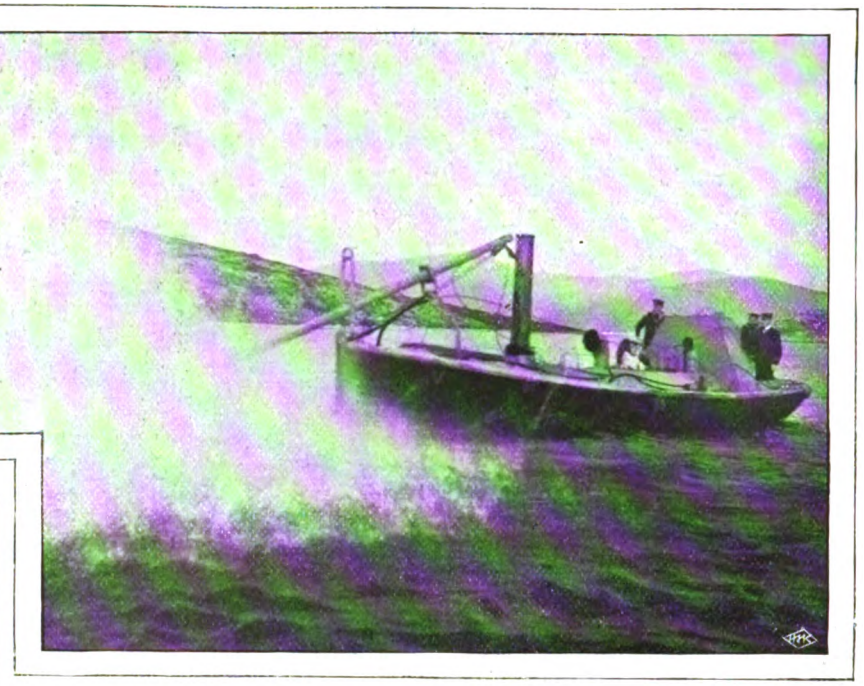
In Play and In Earnest.



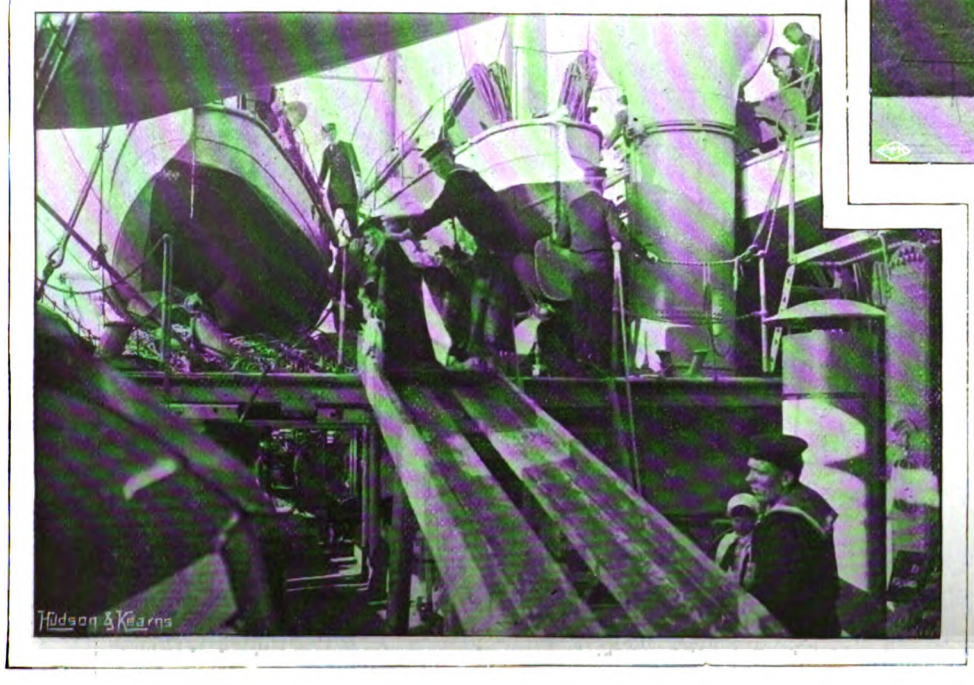
ONLY A CHILDREN'S PARTY
A New Use for a Sheep Pen.



THE "VULCAN" AT ANCHOR
We Want More Like Her.

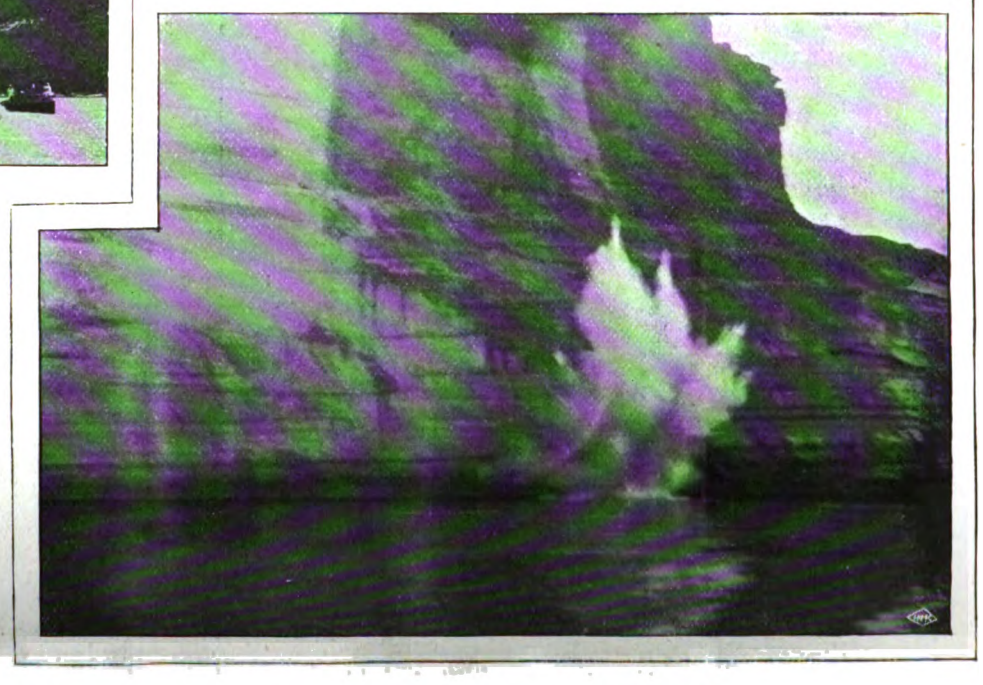


A LAUNCH AND A SPAR TORPEDO
But we Use Torpedoes Differently Now.



AMUSING THE LITTLE ONES
An Improvised Tabogining Slide.

A Mobile Repairing Shop.



A DISCHARGE IN REAL EARNEST.
A Torpedo Exploding Against a Cliff.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer

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The "Powerful" Festivities at Portsmouth.

Photo. Copyright *Lankester, Tunbridge Wells.*

THE ARRIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL.

The Naval Brigade from the "Powerful" had a Tremendous Reception.

Photo. Copyright. *A. Debenham, Ryde.*

THE BANQUET IN THE TOWN HALL.

"In saving Ladysmith he saved Natal, in saving Natal he saved South Africa, and in saving South Africa he saved the Empire."—Captain Lambton's reference to Sir George White.

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The Nationalities of Our Regiments.

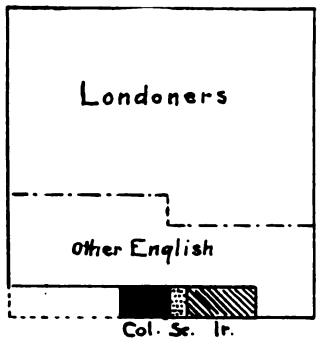
THERE has been a good deal written in the Press of recent years on the ever-interesting subject of the nationalities of the various regiments composing the British Army. This short article is intended to show, chiefly by means of diagrams based upon figures obtained direct from the commanding officers, that the various regiments of the four nationalities are still to a large extent truly national. And it is pretty generally admitted that this keeping alive of the national spirit is one of the most important points to be considered from the standpoint of *esprit de corps*, that indefinable bond of union that welds together into one homogeneous whole men of different temperaments and nationalities. First, a few words of explanation as to the diagrams, which are drawn strictly to scale. Each represents, in the case of the infantry, one battalion, 800 strong (but the Middlesex, being on foreign service, is nearly 1,000 strong), the outer dotted line showing to what extent the battalions actually fall short of this standard. The four Field Batteries of Artillery, the 1st Dragoon Guards, and the Scots Greys are given a standard strength of 600, and the 1st Dragoons one of 700, although, as the diagrams clearly show, they all fall short of those numbers.

Then as to colours. White, which is used for the facings of all English infantry regiments (except the Royal regiments), is here taken to represent English; yellow, for Scottish, is shown by dots; and green, for Irish, by diagonal lines. But poor little Wales has no special colour for facings—her sons, indeed, are classed with English: a distinct grievance—so here we have awarded her the heraldic representation of blue, horizontal lines. Colonials, *i.e.*, those *born* in the colonies or India, are shown as black. By the way, only one Irish regiment, the Connaught Rangers, really wears green facings, as all the others are "Royal," and consequently wear blue.

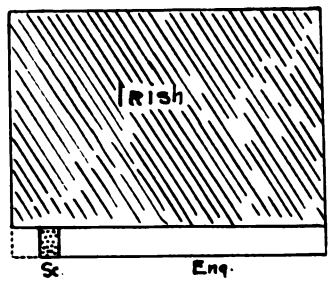
Diagram No. 1 shows a battalion of that good old fighting regiment, the Middlesex, better known, perhaps, at least to those of the last generation, as the 57th and 77th Regiments, the former the old "Diehards" of Albuera fame.

They have seen lots of service, from Seringapatam to Sebastopol; both added fresh laurels to their wreaths at Inkerman; and since then more than once. As one might expect, the regiment is composed chiefly of Londoners, which does not seem to affect its efficiency, although in the Press the Cockney soldier is often sneered at, forsooth!

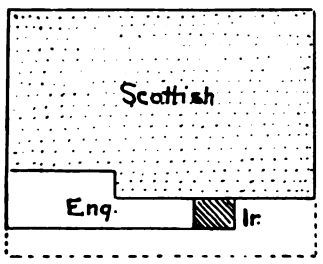
1.
— MIDDLESEX REGT —



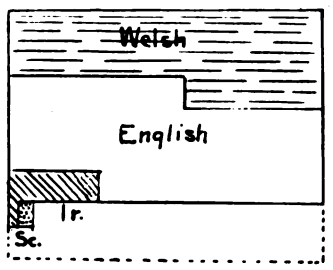
2.
— CONNAUGHT RANGERS —



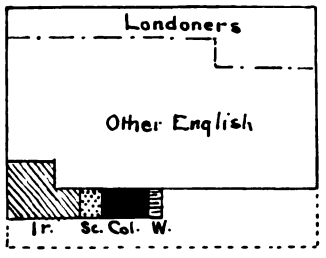
3.
— BLACK WATCH —



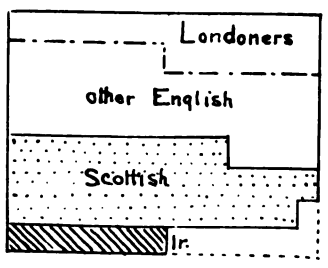
4.
— THE WELCH —



5.
— KINGS ROYAL RIFLES —



6.
— SCOTTISH RIFLES —



Another famous London regiment is the Royal Fusiliers (old 7th), to which a third battalion has just been added. Nine-tenths of the men are, we are assured, Londoners, which is not wonderful, as it is recruited only in the London district.

Diagram No. 2, the Connaught Rangers, is a famous regiment which covered itself with glory during the Peninsular War, as the eleven names of battles emblazoned on its colours testify. It also came in for all the hard knocks during the Russian War. Of late years it has seen service in South Africa.

You need not look for many Englishmen or Scotsmen in Irish regiments, for they are not to be found, as a rule, except amongst the bandsmen, many of whom are taken as boys from English schools.

No. 3 represents a battalion of that grand old regiment, the Royal Highlanders, better known by its more popular title of "The Black Watch." The chief difficulty in writing of this regiment is to find a part of the globe in which it has not distinguished itself. Its services in Africa alone have extended over a period of forty years. The English in this, as in the Irish regiments, are chiefly found in the band, and its Irish are mostly North of Ireland Presbyterians—less Irish than Scottish.

The Welsh, with its goat and proud motto, "Gwell angau na Chywilydd," which, being interpreted, means "Death rather than dishonour," is, we are sorry to say, not very Welsh. Cardiff, a cosmopolitan seaport town, is its headquarters, which probably accounts for this.

The Welsh fought at Waterloo, having missed the whole of the Peninsular War. The 2nd Battalion, the old 69th Foot, had the misfortune to lose its only colour at Quatre Bras, after a gallant struggle — its other colour, strange to say, had been captured at Bergen-op-Zoom shortly before. It was at Cabul in 1842, and fought bravely in the Russian War; but since then it has had no opportunity of distinguishing itself.

The King's Royal Rifles is pretty strong in Londoners, and the Volunteer battalions attached to it are all London corps. Its composition is essentially English, with only an ounce, so to speak, of Irish to leaven the mass, and a few grains of Welsh, Scotch, and Colonial.

From Quebec, 1759, to Tel-el-Kebir, the "Swift and Bold" has made itself pretty conspicuous, although its uniform is supposed to be the contrary.

The Scottish Rifles, the old Cameronians and Perthshire rolled into one, began to earn honours at Blenheim, and has continued to do the same in various corners of the world ever since. Of late years it has done fighting in South Africa. It seems a pity that it is not more Scottish; and then, why all these Londoners? We are informed by the adjutant of the 2nd Battalion that eight or ten years ago the number of Scotsmen was double that of Englishmen; this battalion being in India, the other in Glasgow got plenty of Scottish recruits wherewith to feed the hungry one on foreign service. At present there seems to be a difficulty in finding Scotsmen willing to join. Probably about one-third of the officers hail from North of the Tweed, but the proportion in the Highland regiments is much larger.

The old 5th, 8th, 9th, and 20th are all fine English regiments, with rolls of honour almost equally long; they can muster some three-score between them. Their present titles are, Northumberland Fusiliers, Norfolk and Liverpool Regiments, and Lancashire Fusiliers respectively. All four missed the big fight at Waterloo. The "Old and Bold" (N.F.) and the Norfolk have a distinguished Peninsular record. The Liverpool can show a list from Blenheim to Burmah, 1887, and the "Minden Boys" (L.F.) an equally good one, including the Russian War and Mutiny. The Irish are strong in Liverpool, so they are naturally in some force in Liverpool's regiment. Amongst the Northumbrians are a good few Scots.

Diagram No. 9 shows us another famous fighting kilted regiment, the Cameron Highlanders, whose praises have recently been sung at the Atbara and Khartoum. A second battalion has quite lately been raised.

Coming again to an Irish corps, the old 18th Royal Irish, we find it coloured pretty well green. It has a Sphinx for one of its crests, and has done good service on the Nile under Lord Wolseley, as well as in other parts of the globe.

The Devon and East Yorkshire (11th and 15th), with badges of Exeter Castle and a white rose respectively, are distinguished regiments, the former chiefly in the Peninsula,

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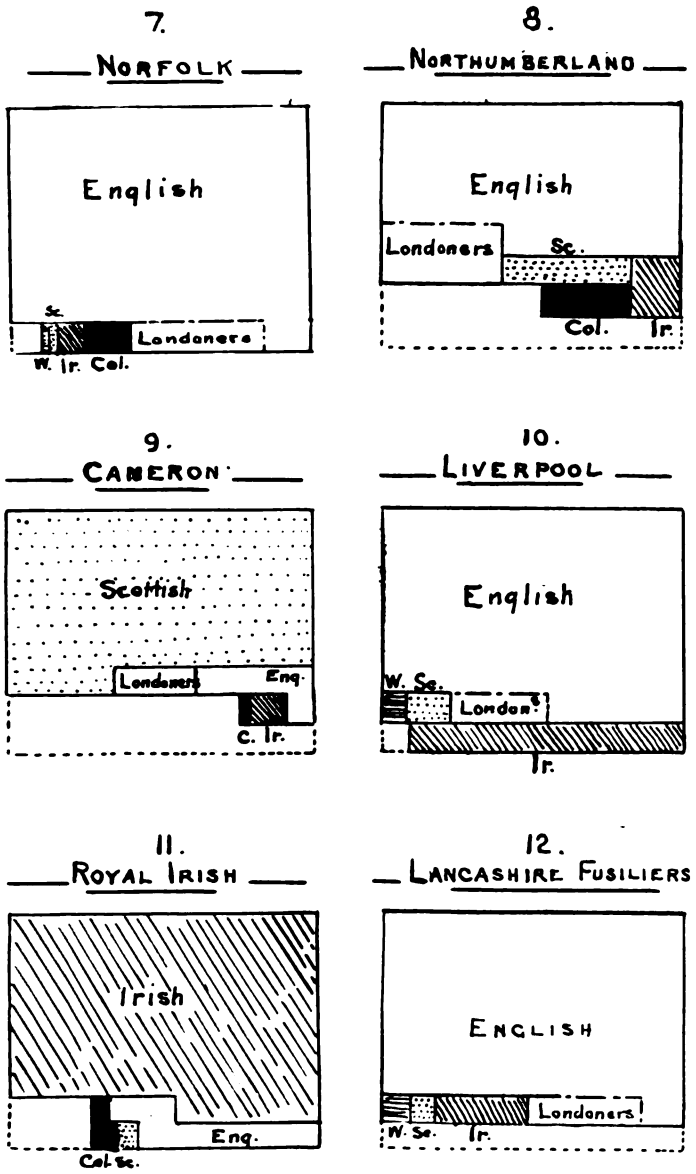
the latter in Marlborough's wars, and both in the Afghan War of eighteen years ago. Irish are well represented in the Yorkshires, but Scots in both regiments are few and far between.

Taking next four batteries of Field Artillery, we find Ireland fairly well represented, and Scotland also, to some extent, but only one Welshman amongst the lot. The Welsh as a whole, judging by these statistics, do not appear to be fond of a military life, but it is possible that Welsh are often



returned as English; they certainly are in the General Army Return. A further injustice to Wales!

Although four regiments in the cavalry have Irish titles, they are, as a matter of fact, composed chiefly of Englishmen. At the same time, the Emerald Isle is pretty well represented in most cavalry regiments, which, owing to their having no fixed territorial districts, like the infantry, are always rather more mixed as to nationality.

The 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards has a good fighting reputation, earned in the Marlborough wars, at Waterloo, and in the Russian War, and is, besides, remarkable for one or two things. It is the only cavalry regiment with "Taku Forts" and "Pekin" on its roll of honour—they don't sound somehow like names of cavalry engagements—and it has for colonel-in-chief the Emperor of Austria.

The only other British regiments that own foreign colonels-in-chief are the two remaining cavalry regiments of our list, viz., the 1st and 2nd Dragoons, which have as honorary heads the German Emperor and the Emperor of Russia respectively.

The 1st Dragoon Guards is naturally almost entirely English, but has a fair proportion of Irishmen and Scotsmen, as well as some Welshmen, in its ranks.

The Royals have fewer Irish and Scottish, as diagram No. 17 shows. It may be a welcome surprise to many to notice what a number of natives of Bonnie Scotland are to be found in the Scots Greys. This is well, for it is the only Scottish cavalry regiment, and its great reputation as a fighting corps must be maintained. The Royal Scots Greys is now quartered at home, in Edinburgh.

The Royals and Greys, together with the Inniskillings, formed the famous "Union Brigade" at Waterloo, and the first two bear as a crest an eagle, in commemoration of their exploits in the fight, where they captured the eagles of the 105th and 45th French Infantry respectively. The only other cavalry regiment in the Service that bears an eagle as crest is the 14th Hussars, and that is the Prussian eagle.

The Royals and Greys also distinguished themselves greatly at Balaclava, where 800 British "Heavies" doubled up three times their number of Russians.

It may be interesting to note that the strength of the three cavalry regiments (the 1st Dragoon Guards, 1st Dragoons, and 2nd Dragoons) at Waterloo was 530, 394, and 391 respectively.

The proportion of Englishmen (including Welsh) per 1,000 men of the whole Army has increased steadily for the last twenty years, viz., from 700 to 780 approximately; Scotland, too, has not altered her quota, and gives about 80; but Ireland, sad to say, gives only slightly over one-half what she gave in 1879, viz., about 130 per 1,000; but even so Ireland, with her decreasing population, supplies nearly double as many recruits as Scotland, where the population is steadily on the increase. For Pat dearly loves a fight. So it comes to pass that, with Jack, Sandy, Taffy, and Pat joined together in national matrimony, we have a fighting quartette at once irresistible and invincible.

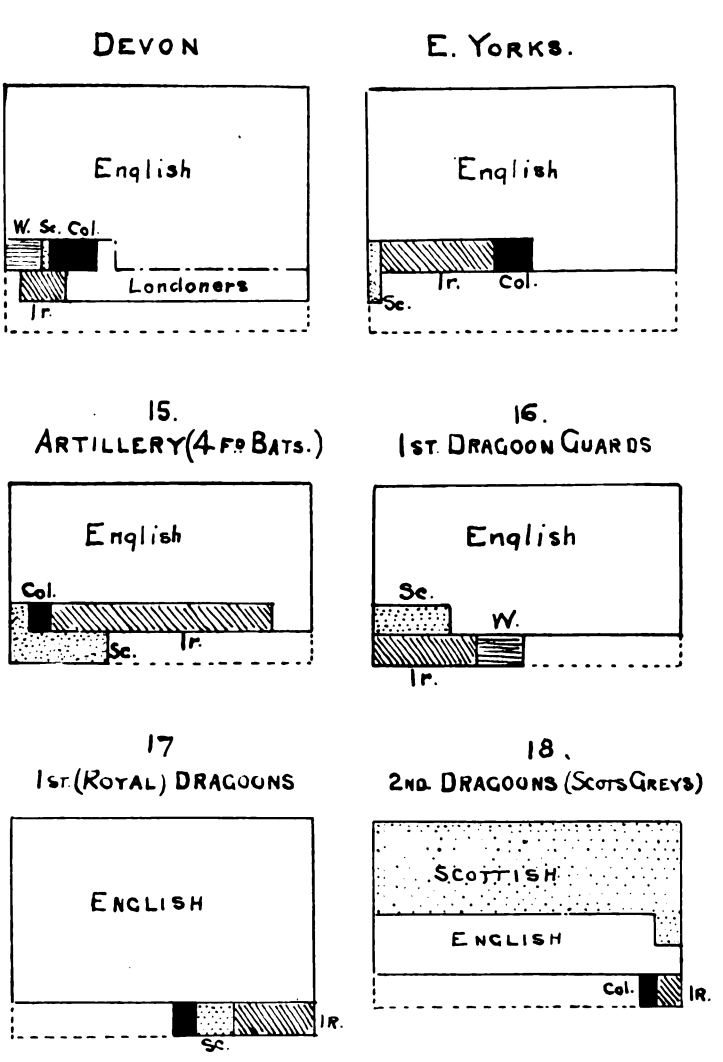
The majority of the regiments mentioned are now represented at, or on the way to, the seat of war in South Africa; the only ones, indeed, unlucky enough not to have at least one battalion ordered on active service being the Middlesex, Norfolk, Royal Irish, and East Yorkshire Regiments, and the 1st Dragoon Guards.

The Royals and Greys are once more brigaded with the Inniskillings, and will, no doubt, should the opportunity offer, render as good an account of themselves as their predecessors did at Waterloo.

The Connaught Rangers will ply the magazine rifle as well as the old 88th handled "Brown Bess" ninety years ago, and, if given a chance, may be trusted to wield the bayonet as effectively to-day as at Badajos or Ciudad Rodrigo.

The "Old and Bold" has already taken part in some smart skirmishing, and we may rely upon it sustaining its great reputation.

The Devonshire Regiment and the King's Royal Rifles have from the first been in the thick of the fighting, and the 1st Battalion of the latter has had a terribly heavy list of casualties.



The Welsh, once more, after years of waiting, has a chance of adding fresh laurels to its long list. It will act up to its own motto, than which there is no better for a soldier.

The Black Watch, which is in good company in the Highland Brigade, cannot do better than seek to emulate the recent deeds of that other famous regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, a corps that has already lost some 130 of its best men, but none of the lustre of former deeds of valour.

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The Story of the War.

THE recent events in South Africa do not cede in interest to anything that has previously happened in the campaign. The predatory raid of the Boers into the southern part of the Orange State, focussed by a curious train of circumstances upon the tough and successful garrison of Wepener, has come to an end, and any hopes which General Louis Botha may have cherished of victory have been dissipated. Unless, however, we should be able to defeat, break up, or scatter some considerable body of his forces before they get away to the north, it cannot be said that he has altogether failed. It was obvious from the beginning that such a bold, and, in a measure, unsubstantial operation as the Boers embarked upon could not bring any pronounced success. On the other hand, there is reason to fear that Lord Roberts's general advance may have been somewhat delayed, and necessarily in the arduous marching in bad weather there must have been wastage of strength, and particularly of horse flesh. Moreover, Lord Roberts's plans have had to be shaped afresh to meet new conditions, though it is additional tribute to his military genius that the movements he has directed have been so skilfully combined.

Probably the more far-seeing among the Boer leaders expected only a qualified and inglorious success, and staked a great deal—after having done all the damage they could—on the ability of their commandos to escape to the north, either by the Ladybrand road or in separate bodies as could. The ultimate and only hope of the Boers rests upon intervention, and every disadvantage or delay they can impose upon us is important for their object. It is necessary to discount the utterances of M. Léon, the Creusot engineer, who has had a great deal to do with the operations of the Boer guns in the war, and has lately returned to Paris, though they contain a proportion of truth. The Boers, he says, are convinced that Europe will intervene, and "have interesting data on that point." Botha, Delarey, and Olivier will not allow themselves to be surrounded like Cronje. They have decided, on the advice of the late Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, to adopt guerilla strategy. He hoped they might snatch a victory south or east of Bloemfontein. They might accept a battle on the Modder, but they will contest the advance at the Kroonstad Hills and the line of the Vaal, afterwards making some defence at Pretoria, but not allowing their main body to be invested there, withdrawing instead to the Lydenburg region, and occupying the hills there, while we find the low-lying districts malarious.

Something anticipatory of this policy may, perhaps, be discerned in the recent operations of the Boers. They made a sudden raid on the Bloemfontein waterworks, they pounced upon a detached force near Reddersburg, finding a garrison at Wepener they attacked it, and, as soon as they find pressure put upon them, they take steps to withdraw.

The attack on the Wepener garrison at Jammersberg Drift possessed, indeed, a character of determination, and the fighting was very severe. There never was any real chance of reducing the defenders failing a want of ammunition, and the Boers retreated after making a last attempt to carry the position on April 24, when they had several thousands of men in action with six guns. They were threatened on three sides, and on the 20th had been obliged to detail commandos on the Dewetsdorp road to meet Sir Leslie Rundle, and southward to resist the advance of Generals Brabant and Hart. The gallant Colonials with Brabant, and their companions of the Irish Brigade from Natal, made, however, steady progress. On the 22nd, by a fine movement, they got round the Boer position at Bushman's Kop, some miles south of Wepener, and when Brabant, followed by Hart, moved forward cautiously on the next morning it was found that the kop had been abandoned. Our troops pressed forward, and ground was gradually gained, the Boers slowly withdrawing to make their last attempt upon the entrenched camp at Jammersberg Drift. They effected a hasty retirement by the Ladybrand road to the north-east, but were able to carry much loot with them, and immediate pursuit was impossible.

General Botha had recognised that immediate retirement was necessary. Sir Leslie Rundle was threatening a decisive movement from the direction of Dewetsdorp, and the waiting policy he adopted had wasted much of the strength of the Boers. He was in contact with them a few miles west of that place on the 20th, and there was inconclusive fighting on the following days, but Dewetsdorp was not occupied until the morning of the 25th. The losses on our side had been slight, the men remained fresh, and time had been given for the further development of Lord Roberts's plans.

About twenty-five miles east of Bloemfontein are the waterworks, where the Boers had established themselves in force, fifteen miles further east still is the important position of Thaba Nachu, on the road from Dewetsdorp northward to Winburg, and about forty miles further east again is Ladybrand. It was a long gap over which to spread a net to catch the retreating Boers, and important operations had to be conducted before that could be hoped for. By admirable work, however, the Boer lines were rapidly broken up as far east as Thaba Nachu, by combined movements east and south-east from Bloemfontein. General Pole-Carew with the Eleventh Division, and General French with two brigades of cavalry were despatched on the 22nd to co-operate with Sir Leslie Rundle, and marched on the Dewetsdorp road, where they took the Boers by surprise, and apparently on the same day the Mounted Infantry Division, under General Ian Hamilton, went east, seizing the waterworks at Sannah's Post on the 23rd, and driving the enemy away from the kopjes; while the Highland Brigade and Smith-Dorrien's brigade followed in support, and Maxwell's brigade of the Seventh Division seized the hills further north commanding the waggon bridge over the Modder at Kranz Kraal, an important line of communication much used by the Boers. A fan-like advance was thus being made from Bloemfontein to recover control of the country, and if possible to cut off the retreating enemy.

General Pole-Carew and General French's cavalry, preceded by Colonel Alderson's mounted infantry, were first in touch with the enemy south of the waterworks, where the Boers had a strong position on Leeuw Kop, fifteen miles from Bloemfontein. The force marched in two portions, General Stephenson on the left and the Guards' Brigade on the right, while the cavalry and mounted infantry made detours on either hand. The latter did excellent work, and showed great intrepidity, but support did not come up in time, and they had to withdraw. General Stephenson was in action, pressing back the Boer right wing, and the Welsh Regiment captured a strong kopje. The result of the operation was that Leeuw Kop was found to have been evacuated on the morning of the 23rd. Pole-Carew continued his advance, and on the next night reached Roode Kop, the movement being covered by the cavalry and Horse Artillery, which drove back the enemy with heavy loss. The mounted troops halted at Grootfontein, and early on the 25th crossed the Modder at Valsbank. The troops were, at the time, in communication with Rundle before Dewetsdorp, and the Boers in great alarm evacuated that place on the night of the 24th. On the next morning General Chermside, of Rundle's Division, occupied the town and was joined by French's cavalry at noon.

The Boers had fled to the north-east along the road to Thaba Nchu, and General French went in pursuit, followed by General Rundle's infantry. They entered Thaba Nchu on the 27th, finding there General Ian Hamilton's Mounted Infantry Division and General Smith-Dorrien's Brigade, which had pushed forward from the waterworks. The Boers had gone through, and were still holding the eastern outlet from the town, fighting a rear-guard action to cover their retreat.

As has been explained, there is a gap of about forty miles between Thaba Nchu and Ladybrand, so that the difficulties before our troops are very great. Disappointment existed that the Boers were not enveloped near Dewetsdorp, and it speaks well for their mobility that they were able to escape before General French's arrival. Unfortunately they have too many friends in the Orange State who are ready to transmit intelligence for our movements to remain long unknown. Never were operations better combined than those which Lord Roberts has just directed, and of which the full effect is not known as we write. His purpose is not, of course, confined to entrapping the fugitives. The new railway bridge over the Orange River at Bethulie has been opened for traffic, and that over the Modder north of Bloemfontein is almost ready, and already there have been movements of troops in that direction. As soon as the fighting Boers have been cleared out of the country behind us the advance will be rapid.

The operations in the other theatres of war develop slowly. Mafeking, as we write, is unrelieved, and must apparently still wait, though General Carrington's forces are landing, and a strong column seems to be forming at Kimberley. The western districts are still infested with looting parties of Boers and rebels, and Lord Methuen's operations towards Boshof seem to be ruled by the unsettled state of the country. At Klipdam 800 rebels arrived from Prieska, and commandeering labour and stores continues.

At Warrenton the enemy has also been aggressive. On April 23 our positions were heavily shelled, and we opened a great bombardment of the Boers across the Vaal on the next day. They were compelled to evacuate a position they had occupied, but there was no other result. Our ambulance was deliberately fired upon.

In Natal there is little activity. The Boers came through Wessel's Nek, crossed the Sunday River Bridge, and shelled the Elandslaage collieries on April 21, but were driven back, and nothing important has since happened.

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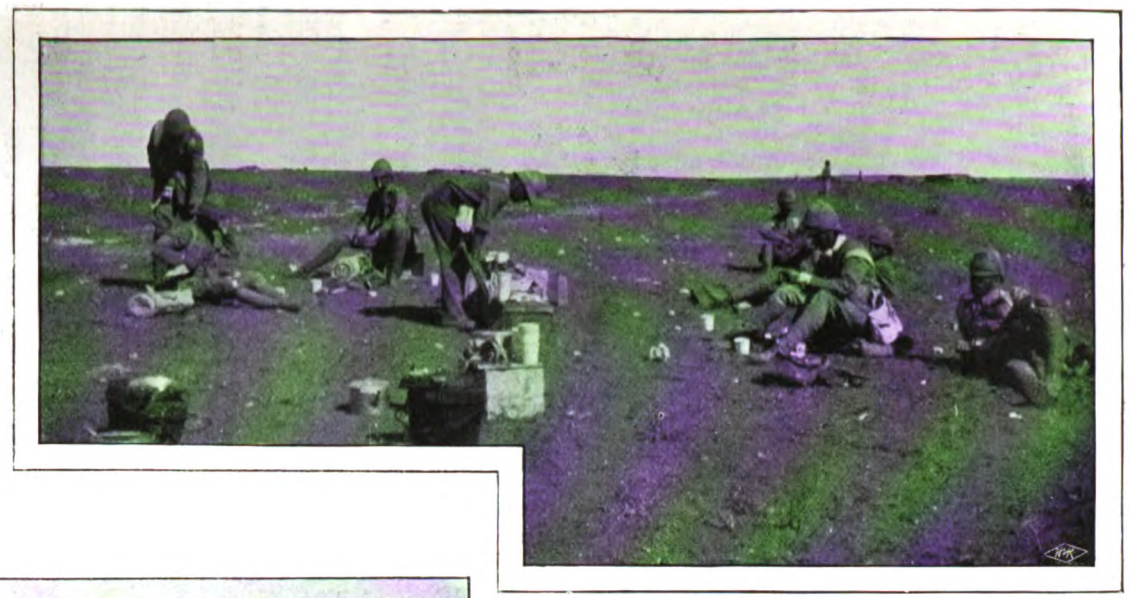
HORSE-GUNNERS DINING AT KLIPDAM.

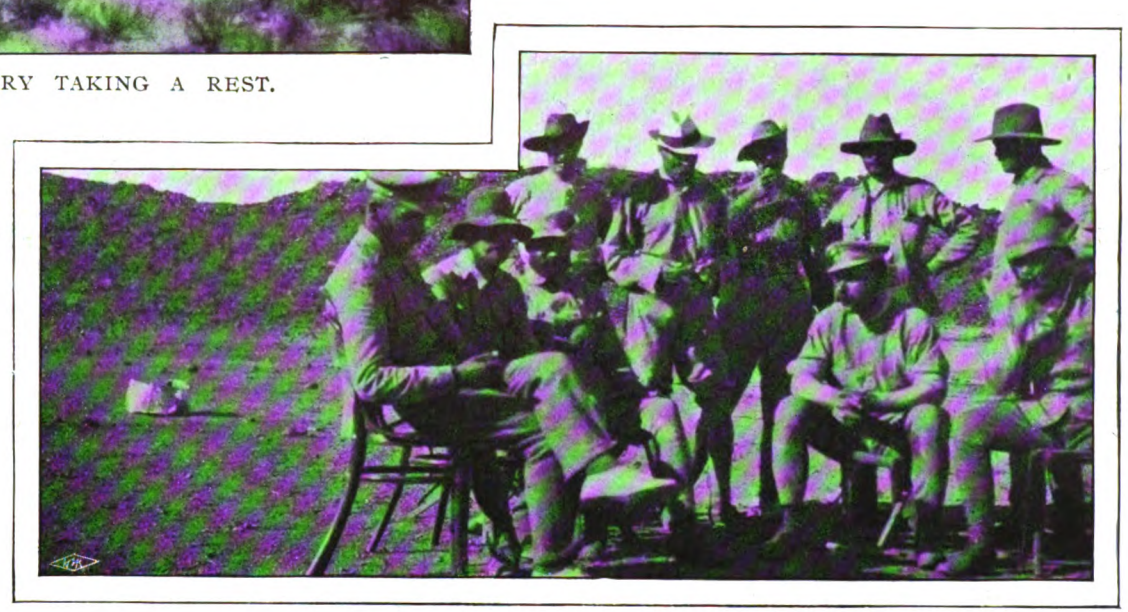


AN OFFICERS' MESS ON THE VELDT.

On the March Towards the Capital of The Orange State.

HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY TAKING A REST.

RIMINGTON'S TIGERS REFRESHING THEMSELVES.



THE ANTE-ROOM OF THE CARABINIERS' MESS.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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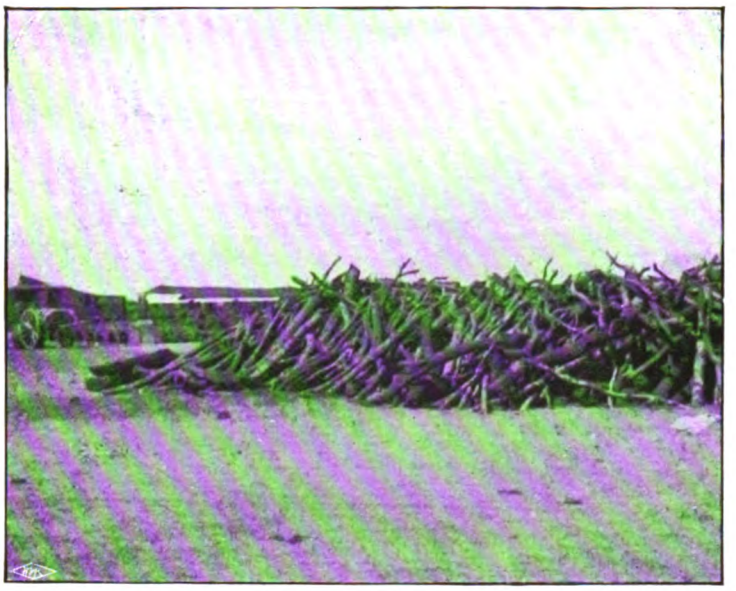
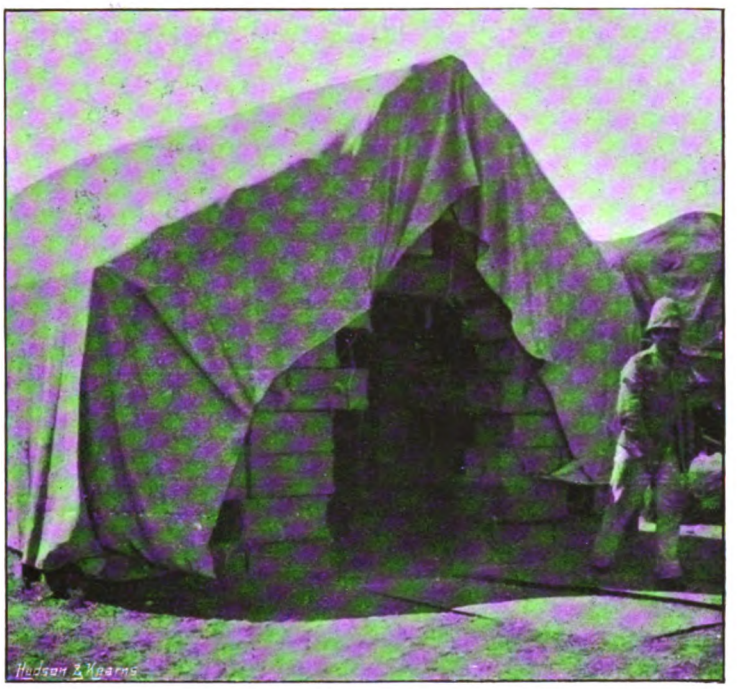
Feeding the Army at Bloemfontein.



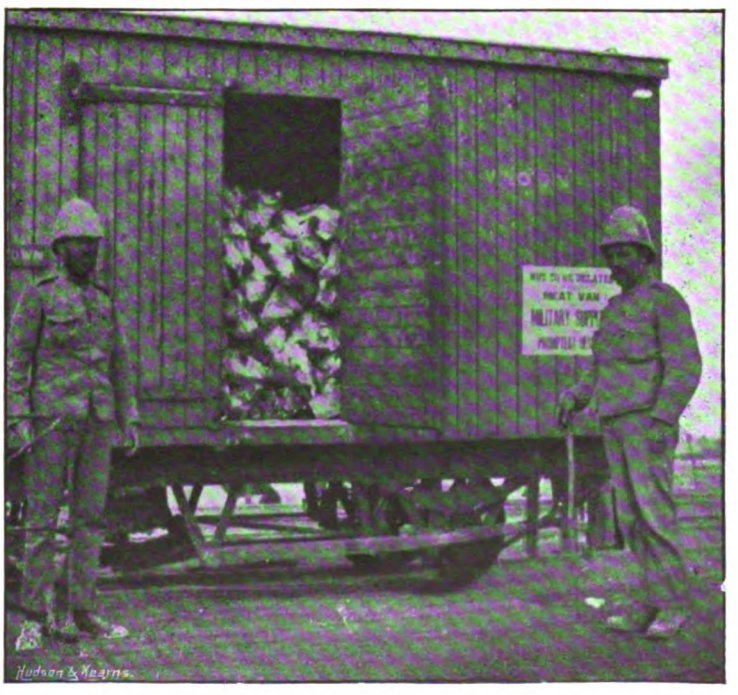
WOOD FOR THE FIELD BAKERIES.
The Supply is Scanty on the Veldt.

COMPRESSED FORAGE FOR THE TROOP HORSES.
Extremely Important for the Cavalry.



A HOME BUILT OF BISCUIT-BOXES.
One of the Devices of the Soldier.

"DUTCH" CHEESES FOR THOMAS ATKINS.
A Welcome Addition to the Ration.



A FRESH MEAT VAN FROM CAPE TOWN.
The Subject of Much Consideration.

UNLOADING A TRAIN OF SUPPLIES.
A Triumph of the Army Service Corps.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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The Hausas and the Ashanti Rising.

SOME sensation has been caused recently by the recrudescence of trouble on the Gold Coast, that mysterious region of undeveloped wealth which we have taken such tremendous pains from time to time to bring into permanent subjection, but which hitherto has given a poor return for all the blood and treasure it has cost. After two expensive expeditions to Kumasi, the one in 1873-74 under Lord, then Sir Garnet, Wolseley, the other in 1895-96 under Sir Francis Scott, the Ashantis have again risen against us, and have committed outrages which will demand sharp punishment.

At the time of writing the position of affairs is rather vague. All that can be gathered is that Sir Frederic Hodgson, the Governor of the Gold Coast, had been endeavouring to unearth the "Golden Stool," the Ashanti emblem of sovereignty, which was missing after the deposition of King Prempeh, and our possession of which is of some political as well as sentimental importance. Resenting the searching investigations which were being made with a view to the capture of this West African Koh-i-Noor, the Ashantis rebelled, and then proceeded to cut the communications between Kumasi and Accra, the chief town on the Gold Coast. Incidentally the Governor himself was shut up in Kumasi, and steps, of course, had to be taken for his relief from an uncomfortable, though not, apparently, dangerous situation. Bluejackets were landed from the "Magpie," and a force of Hausas was sent into the interior. A further Hausa contingent was procured from Lagos, and by the time this is in print it is quite probable that there will have been "developments."

The Hausas who are thus again brought into warlike prominence—they did excellent service in the last Ashanti Expedition—belong to a great Mohammedan race which has taken root in this part of Africa, and the fighting qualities of which are being rapidly turned to good account under British rule. Hitherto they have been organised in so-called "Constabulary," but as a matter of fact their duties have always been more of a military than police character, and, under a new scheme of amalgamation, by which the various battalions on the West Coast will become inter-changeable in time of war, the Hausas will become a very important and valuable fighting force.

The correspondent who has sent us the accompanying series of interesting pictures illustrative of the Lagos Constabulary, adds some useful notes regarding the character and appearance of the men of the force and the amenities of life in this little-known portion of the British dominions. "Johnny Hausa," he says, "is one of the best chaps in the world," and is every inch of him a smart fighting man. His present kit is singularly picturesque, and at the same time workmanlike; it is shortly, however, to be changed, and "Johnny" is to become "a gentleman in khaki," like his English and Indian fellow-subjects of the Queen. In disposition the Hausas are not unlike the Ghoorkas, good-natured, quick, faithful, and brave. In physique they are strong and wiry, and their tenacity and endurance are extraordinary.

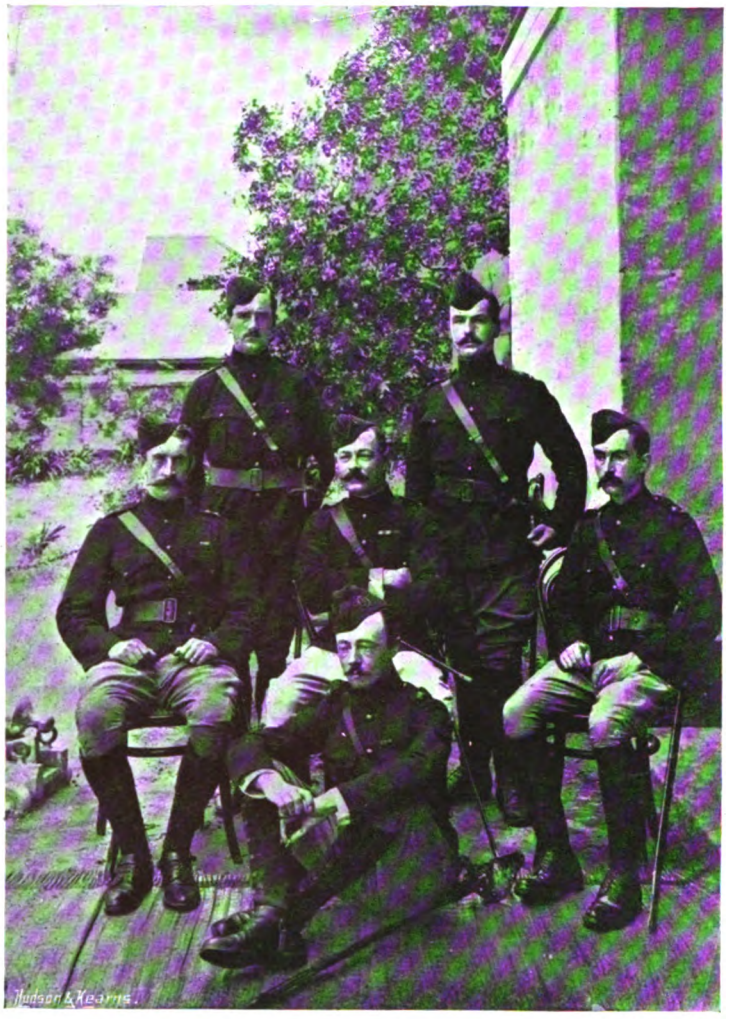
As a force the Lagos Constabulary possess the important virtue of extreme mobility, as, except for officers and ammunition, they require no transport. Their motto is "Kalam Shri," Arabic for "Always Ready," and, our correspondent adds, that is just what they are.

Turning to our pictures, the first shows a group of officers at headquarters, only three of whom, however, are permanently stationed there. All the companies come to headquarters for musketry training, after which they proceed to one of the various up-country stations. The centre figure in the group is the inspector-general, Captain Aplin, C.M.G.; the figure sitting on the ground in front is the adjutant, Captain Elgee.

The headquarters building at Lagos is constructed in the usual West African fashion. In the compound are several curious brass cannon, dating from 1702, which doubtless did good service in the old slave-dealing days. The Lagos Constabulary possess at present four 7-pounder muzzle-loading guns and four Maxims.

With reference to the picture of the drums and fifes of the force, with the drum-major at their head, our correspondent writes: "There is also a brass band, which is kept well up to date by Messrs. Boosey. The men have the quickest ears for music I have ever met with. Teaching them to read music is, of course, the hard point, but once this is accomplished there should be nothing to prevent a first-class band being made."

Life generally at Lagos does not appear to be so black as it is often painted. Having plenty to do and liking the work is the secret of health, coupled with, of course, a sound bill of health to start with, and "moderation in all things."



MORE SOLDIERS THAN POLICE.
Group of Officers, Lagos Constabulary.

"JOHNNY HAUSA."
A Sentry at Government House "Presenting Arms."

From Photos. by Captain C. H. Elgee.

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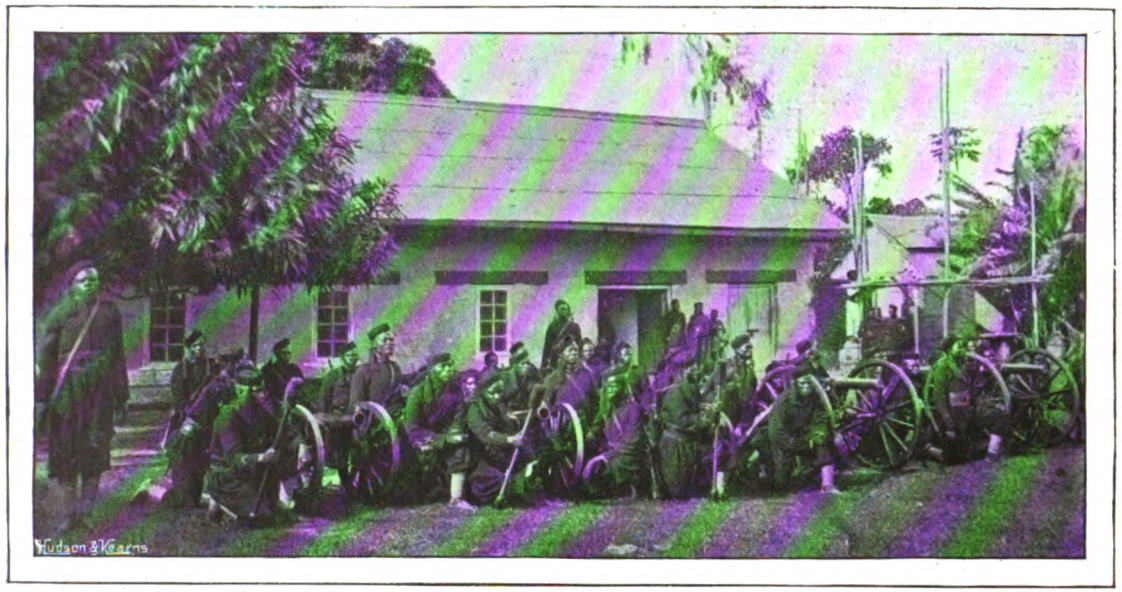
"Johnny Hausa" at Home.



HAUSA ARTILLERY.

Part of the Gunner Company of the Lagos Constabulary.

HEADQUARTERS, LAGOS.

The Mess-room and Officers' Quarters Above, the Offices Below.

SMART AND SEASONED.

Some of the Non-commissioned Officers of the Force.

A SABLE ORCHESTRA.

The Drum and Fife Band of the Lagos Constabulary.

In Barracks at Lagos.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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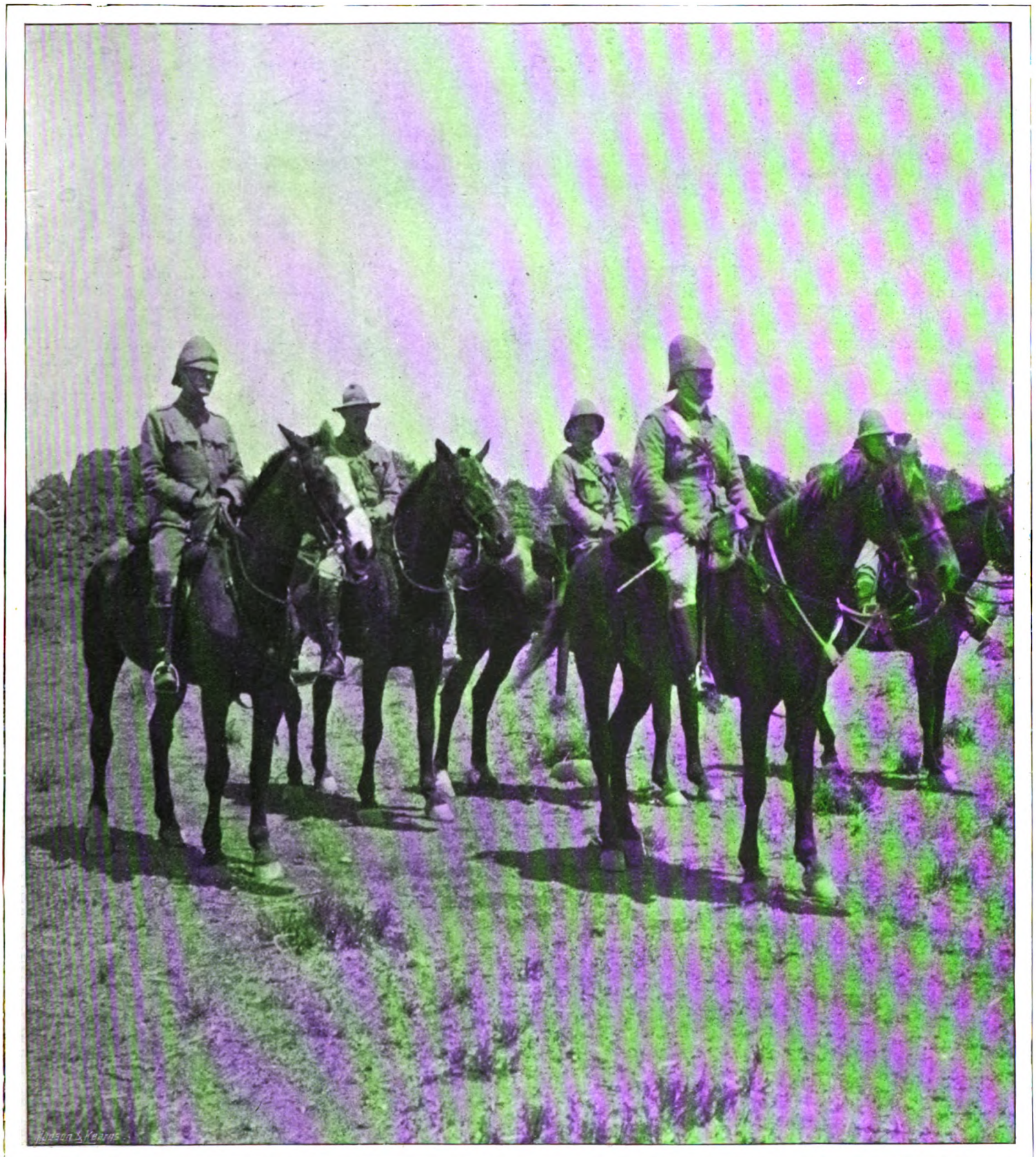

Stereoscopic Photo. Copyright, 1900. *Underwood & Underwood.*

GENERAL FRENCH AND HIS STAFF.

General French may be regarded as the man under Lord Roberts's command who has been of the greatest use to him, for without French's cavalry Roberts's great work could not have been successfully accomplished. The General and his Staff were snap-shotted when examining a Boer laager after its evacuation by the enemy.

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ROUND THE WORLD

A FEW weeks ago someone asked a rather foolish question as to whether Lord Kitchener still took any interest in the Soudan or in the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, whether, in fact, he was wholly, and to the exclusion of every other consideration, bound up in the business of the Boers. Men do not lay down their life-work so easily, for it may truly be said that the restoration of the Soudan to the influences of civilisation has been a life-work of the victor of Khartoum, and Lord Kitchener is little likely to forget the triumph with which his name will always be associated, or the institution which is to be, as it were, the crown of his work. The Governor-General of the Egyptian Soudan is almost as much of an autocrat as an Oriental potentate, and Lord Kitchener used his power well. He knew how to make much out of little, to get the greatest amount of labour out of his workers, and he recognised how essential was economy to the country. His untiring energy and organising capacity worked wonders, and his presence has been missed in the country. There has been something of a welcome for an anticipated loosening of the bonds. Sir Reginald Wingate is an admirable successor, a trifle more systematic, deliberate, and genial in his methods perhaps, a man of the greatest military attainments, and possessed of the qualities of a high-minded civilian. He has lost many able lieutenants who have gone to the war, and the dislocation caused by the departure of a crowd of experienced and trusted men seemed to threaten irreparable loss. But Englishmen are born administrators, and now things are working just as they did before. The imposing buildings of the Gordon College are almost complete. Not so the students. Modestly must the work be begun, and it would be hard to forecast the future of an institution that should one day spread abroad the special tone and influence that issue from academic precincts. What is clear is that the great establishment has a great future, and will not be as another Imperial Institute.

Photo. Copyright. *Howell.*
GARRISON CHURCH, FORT NAPIER, PIETER MARITZBURG
Now Used as a Hospital.

THE presentation of the freedom of the ancient city of Durham to the Hon. Hedworth Lambton is a very appropriate act, for the gallant captain of the "Powerful" deserves well of the city and county with which his family has for many generations been associated. Many are the Lambtons who have served their country well in the wars since the days of the famed Crusader who left such a strange legacy to his race. The godless youth was accustomed to fish every Sunday morning, to the scandal of all good church-goers. Once his labours brought him nothing better than an ugly worm, which, with an oath, he flung into a pool near Lambton Hall. Then sounded the trump of war, and away went Lambton to do doughty deeds against Saladin. He came back to his father's hall, but a strange thing had happened meanwhile. The

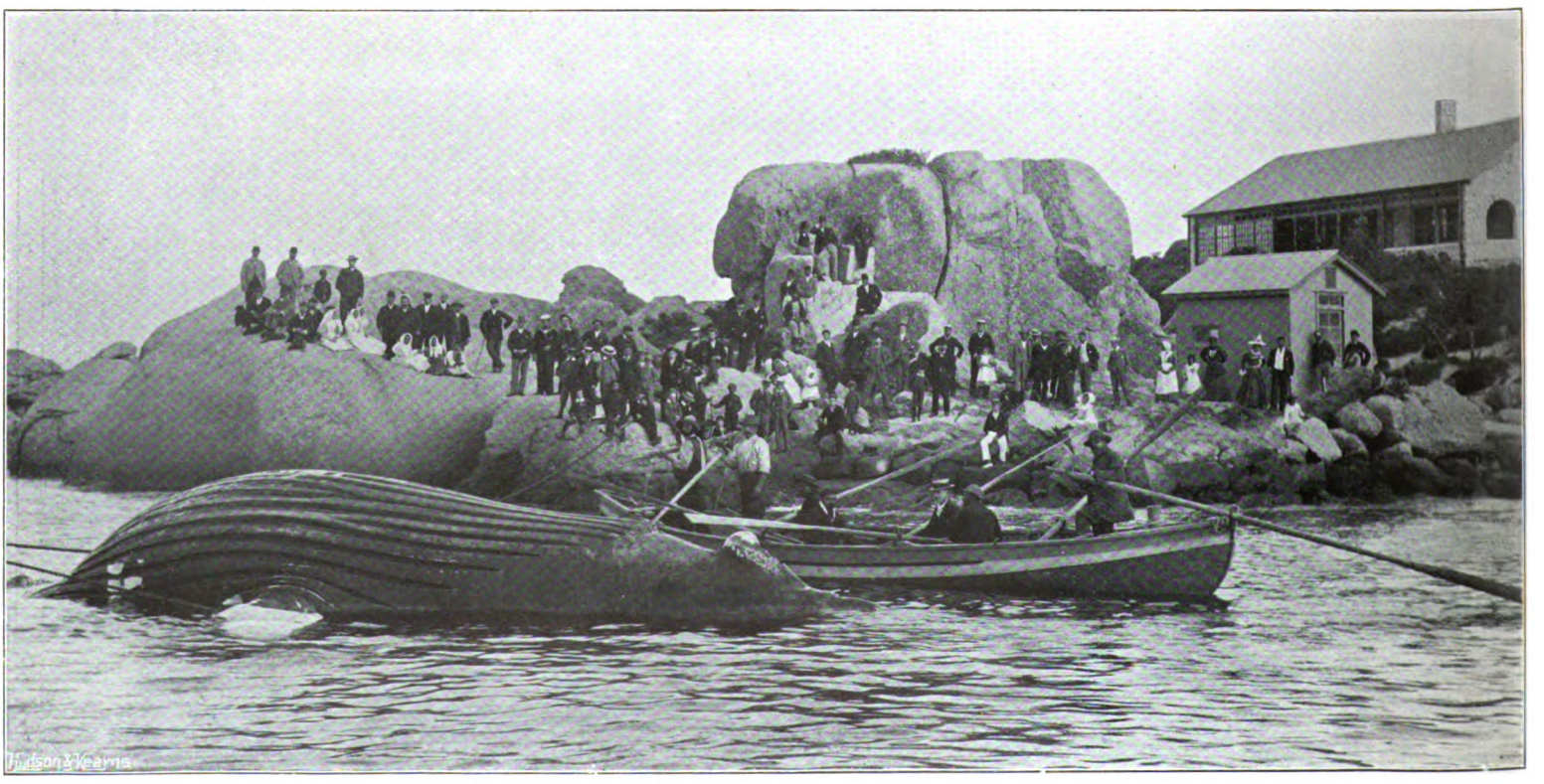

Photo. Copyright. *L. Jenks.*

A BIG HAUL.

A Whale Caught in Simon's Bay near Cape Town.

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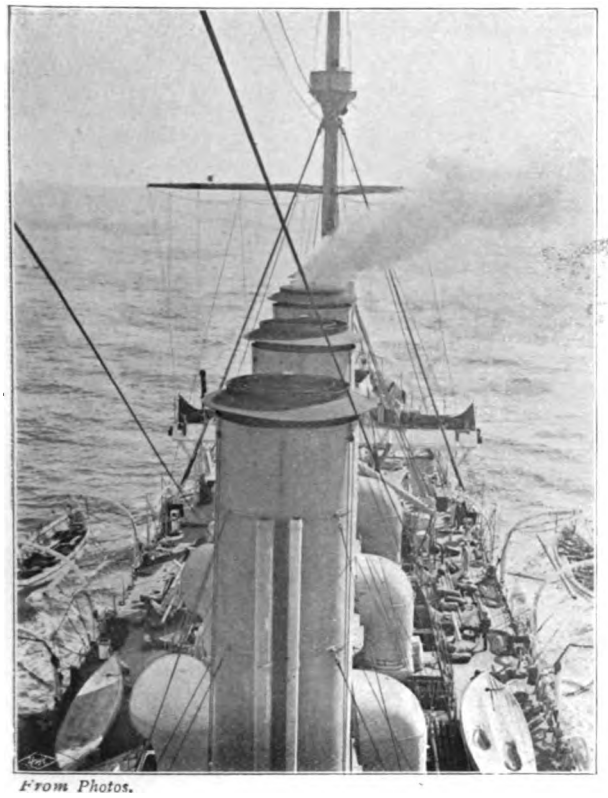

From Photos.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE "EUROPA."
The Picture was Taken from the After Shrouds.

By a Naval Officer.

JACK TAKING A "STAND-EASY."
The Forecastle of the "Europa" on a Hot Afternoon.

worm had grown bigger and bigger, and from its island home in the river Wear, the "worm of Lambton," a dragon of the fiercest, "with a sting in its tail as long as a flail," went ravaging through all the countryside. Lambton, like the brave soldier he was, slew it; but he had made a vow to slay also the first living thing he should thereafter encounter on his way, and, winding his horn, he sped back to meet his favourite hound. Instead, he met his father, and his hand failed of its task, whence there followed the curse that never a Lambton for nine generations more should die in his bed. Those generations are passed, and still the Lambtons are there, and Durham is this week delighting to honour the gallant scion of the house who led the men that saved the situation at Ladysmith.

THE vacancy on the Field-Marshals' list caused by the death of Sir Donald Martin Stewart was filled by the promotion of a good and gallant soldier in the person of General Sir Neville Bowles Chamberlain. He is a son of Sir Henry Chamberlain, the first Baronet of the family, and was born in 1820, attaining his eightieth year on January 20 last. He entered the Indian Army in February 1837, and fought through the Afghan War, 1839-42, being six times wounded, and he has the medals for Ghuznee, Cabul, Gwalior (Maharajpore), and the Punjab (Chillianwallah and Gujerat). He was military secretary to the famous Sir John Lawrence, when Governor of Bombay, in 1846-47. Two years later he attained a brevet majority, and in 1850 he was commandant of the Punjab Military Police. The important post of military secretary to the Punjab Government was confided to him in 1852, and as a lieutenant-colonel, with the local rank of brigadier-general, he was shortly afterwards placed in command of the Punjab Frontier Force of irregulars. In the Mutiny Sir Neville Chamberlain was actively employed in the siege operations at Delhi, and, on the death of Colonel Chester, became A.A.G. of the Bengal Army. He was severely wounded in the sortie of July 18, and for his services received the C.B., and was honoured by being made an A.D.C. to Her Majesty. In 1858 he was reappointed to the command of the Punjab Frontier Force, and rendered conspicuous service in operations against the turbulent tribes on the frontier, and became a K. C. B. and K. C. S. I. for his gallant and valuable work He was promoted to major-general in August, 1864, for distinguished service, lieutenant-general in 1872, a general in 1877, and he was commander-in-chief of the Madras Army from 1876 to 1881. Sir Neville Chamberlain has been a member of Council of the Governor-General of India, but has been on the unemployed supernumerary list since February, 1886. He married in 1873 the daughter of Major-General Sir William Reid, and has been a widower since 1896.

Photo. Wyrall.

MAJOR BARTIE, C.M.G., V.C., R.A.M.C.
He Won the "Cross" for Gallantry in Succouring the Wounded Under Heavy Fire at the Colenso Battle. This is the First V.C. won by the Doctors during the War.

THERE is, at least, one common ground of sympathy between England and France—that of public benevolence. A large colony of French people belonging to all classes of society have a home among us, and many of them are indigent or living from hand to mouth. Among these the French Hospital does a great deal of good work. The motley crowd of French workers and artisans, time-expired soldiers and sailors who find their bread on our hospitable soil, a large number of the waiters and hotel servants in the metropolis, find help at its door. Many prominent Frenchmen are among the patrons and helpers of the institution, and something of its support is derived from English gold. Once a year there is a function that is as the fountain of Pactolus for the French Hospital—the annual dinner at the Hotel Cecil. It takes place this week, the French Ambassador being present, and the Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs will attend. This is a common ground of good work, excellent in itself, and working not a little towards the maintenance of a sound understanding between the two countries, and the good it effects in this manner is by no means the least portion of the benefits it confers.

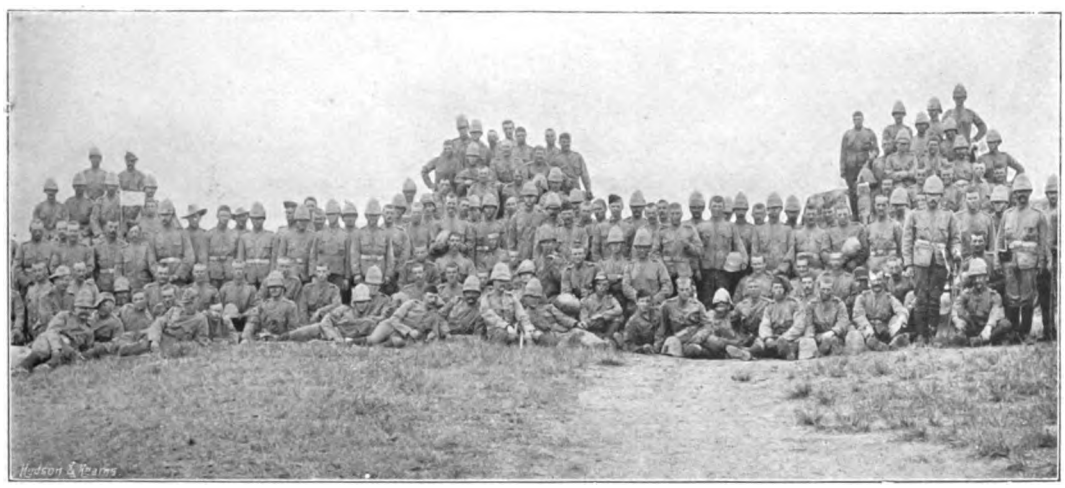

Photo. Copyright. Howell.

HEROES OF THE COLENSO BATTLE.

These are the Survivors of the 14th and 65th Batteries after December 15. In Connection with the Loss of the Guns no less than Five Victoria Crosses were Earned

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ONE of the best moves that has of recent years been made by the Admiralty is the commissioning of cruisers to take out relief crews to ships that are to recommission on foreign stations, and bring home those crews that have put in their time of foreign service. For instance, there are at the

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Always Ready and Willing—

Until He Heard a Shell Coming.

THE KAFFIR COOK OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS' MESS AT LADYSMITH.

present moment two first-class and one of the largest of the second-class cruisers employed in this work. Both the first-class cruisers are taking out reliefs for the commissioning of ships on the China station, whilst the second-class cruiser is engaged in a similar duty for the Australian station. There is, moreover, in the system this advantage, that two or three ships are actually in commission ready for any emergency that may arise; and the ships thus doubling the part of others are among the more important of their class. For instance, the three in commission are most modern and up-to-date ships, and would form a powerful reinforcement in any quarter where wanted.

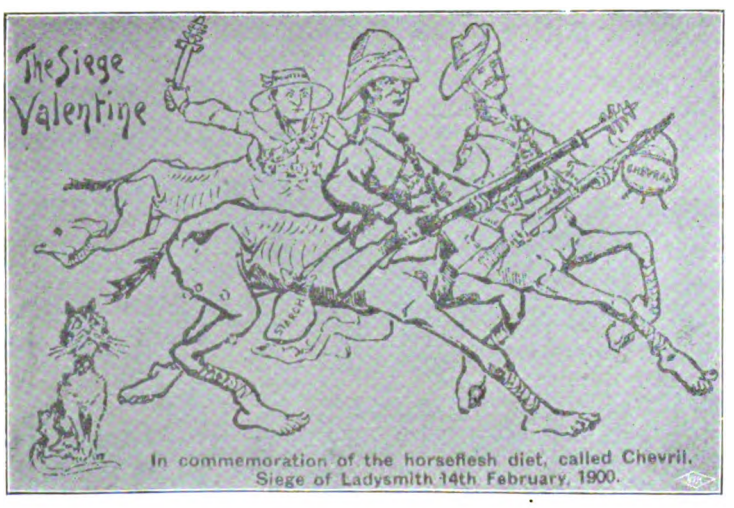
The "Europa," which ship is illustrated in two of our pictures, is one of the most modern of first-class cruisers, whilst the "Edgar," the other first-class cruiser so employed, is one of the finest cruiser class laid down under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. Similarly the "Diana" is one of the most recent and best of our second-class cruisers.

From Photos. *By One of Them.*

THE MEN WHO TOLD THE STORY.

The Siege Mess of the War Correspondents in Ladysmith.

OUR illustrations of the Correspondents' Mess at Ladysmith, and their chief mainstay, Jonas, the Kaffir cook, were furnished to us by that most able photographer, artist, and war correspondent, Mr. Lionel James, who represented the *Times* in the beleaguered city. When the mess started at the commencement of the investment the number of its members was fourteen, and included some of the most brilliant war journalists that serve the Press of this country. But death and disease sadly reduced their numbers before the siege was over. Mr. Lionel James himself escaped unscathed, and was the first man to cable the news of the relief to his paper, after a most plucky night ride to the headquarters of the relieving force. Poor Steevens's sad death not only deprived the Press of one of its ablest members, but carried off in his prime one who has left his mark on English literature. Mr. Maxwell, of the *Standard*, Mr. McHugh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Mr. Nevinson, of the *Daily Chronicle*, all suffered severely from illness. In fact, before the siege was over, about half of the members of the mess were in hospital. They will, it is hoped, rapidly recover now that the place has been relieved and they have been able to leave the beleaguered city for healthier quarters.



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A VALENTINE FROM LADYSMITH.

Comically Illustrating the Effects of a Diet of Horseflesh and Siege Soup.

"Navy & Army."

EMACIATED FROM FORCED MARCHES.

An Officer is Able to Bring His Charger into Use as a Hat Rack

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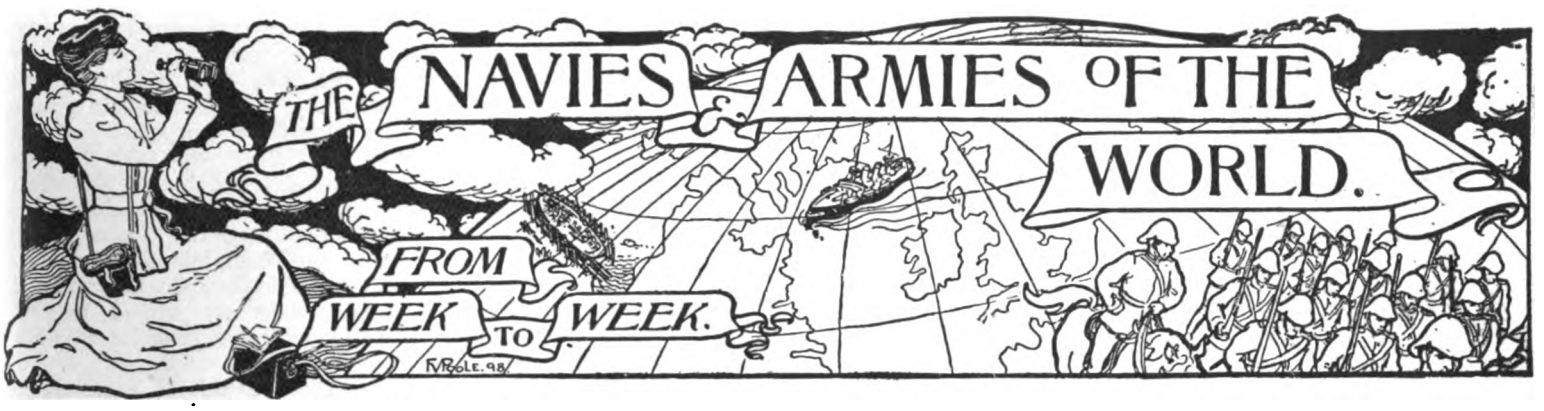

THE division of the bear's skin while the beast is still alive, and hugging has long been an example of premature arrangement, and so has the counting of your chickens before they are hatched. Yet there must be something very tempting in both forms of the same practice, for we are constantly coming across examples of them. One of the last is Mr. Arnold Forster's proposal that we should begin taking measures to settle time-expired men of our forces now in South Africa, and make an English garrison of them. The bear in this case is really a small one, though he has proved very troublesome, and local conditions are in his favour. So we may rely on catching him sooner or later, and then we shall divide the spoil. In fact we have no choice, but must needs carry the point to an end. Of course there is a certain advantage in knowing what you propose to do when it is over. Also there will be clear gain for us if we can get a powerful English element well established in the country parts of the two republics. So it cannot fairly be said that it is too soon to begin arranging our plan. The difficulties in the way are sufficiently considerable to deserve careful study before we begin trying to carry out our wish. Mr. Rider Haggard has called attention to some of them in the *Times*, and more will, we may be sure, be discovered when we begin to look into details.

* * * *

Meanwhile there is this to be said, that the policy of holding a country by military colonies is an old one, and has answered very well in many cases. The whole feudal system may be said, with a good approximation to the truth, to have been pretty much this in its origin. But without going so far back, or labouring analogies which become misleading when they are run too close, it is the case that the policy recommended by Mr. Arnold Forster has been acted on with good results by ourselves and by others in comparatively recent times. The settlement of Halifax in Nova Scotia at the close of the War of the Austrian Succession is our own best example, Louisburg, in Cape Breton, had been restored to the French at the peace in exchange for Madras, and they still held Canada. Nova Scotia, which the French called Acadie, fell to us who had always claimed it, though the work of defining its borders was so ill done that disputes began immediately, and went on getting worse and worse until they culminated in the Seven Years' War, which, as history records, ended in the expulsion of the French from Canada. One incident of the dispute was the turning out of the French settlers from Acadie, which has been made the subject of Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline." Our settlement was made in 1748, the place was then called Chebuette, but was renamed Halifax, in honour of George Montague, Earl of Halifax, who was then President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. The first fleet, which carried 3,750 families, sailed in May of 1748. Among them were many officers and men of disbanded regiments, or third and fourth battalions of regiments which were raised in the course of every war and dissolved at the end. General Cornwallis—who was not the same man as the more famous Lord Cornwallis, who surrendered York Town and was afterwards Governor-General in India—was the first Governor, and the sum voted by Parliament for the establishment of the colony was £76,000.

* * * *

Attempts to do the same kind of thing as this have also been made elsewhere, and notably in South Africa itself. In 1857, after the Russian War, a German Legion which had been in our service was settled on the Buffalo River. I think, however, that it did not answer very well, because the settlers showed a tendency to drift into the towns. The same disinclination for a country life has been shown by men of most European races in South Africa, except the Dutch and those who have become thoroughly assimilated with them, which is possibly the most serious obstacle in the way of carrying out Mr. Arnold Forster's wish. This policy of settling Englishmen down in a country it is desired to hold has, it is needless to say, been attempted nearer home. We have tried it again and again in Ireland, where successive plantations have been made, not often with encouraging results. And, unfortunately, the Irish is the true precedent for this South African scheme. In the case of Halifax, and of the German colony on the Buffalo River, there was nobody to expel, or only aborigines, whose rights the white races have never considered, and who in the majority of cases have faded away before the European intruder. But in South Africa the land is owned, and the proprietors must be got rid of somehow. This, however, is a political question, and need not be touched here. No doubt room can be found in some way for British settlements if we decide to make them, and men can be found to devote themselves to a solitary and laborious life of agriculture and pasturage in that climate, and in face of the temptations offered by the high wages and the more exciting life of the mines.

* * * *

A European example of the military colony on a very large scale was given in Hungary. In that country the whole of the frontier against the Turks was once settled in military colonies. The whole strip was divided into seventeen districts, in which the land was held on military tenure. At the end of the last century and the beginning of this the population was estimated at about a million. Every man was liable to military service from the age of eighteen to sixty, and was trained. When serving within their own limits and against an inroad of the Turks, they had to support themselves. Each "holding" or sub-division of a district was formed into what was called a house communion. The members were often blood relations, and were always connected by marriage, so that they formed a little clan which was governed by its own head—generally the oldest member of the family. About 50,000 of the total male population was always under arms and engaged in patrolling the frontier as a protection against Turkish raids. It is said that they did the work so effectually that the enemy had little or no chance of getting across the border without being detected and opposed at once. A small raid could be dealt with by the patrol. If the enemy came in force, there was an elaborate system of beacon fires and smoke signals by which the alarm could be given, and it was calculated that 200,000 men could be collected at the different rallying points in twenty-four hours. As the frontier was many hundreds of miles long, it must have been impossible to concentrate so large a multitude in that time or perhaps at all. Neither was this what was wanted, for when the Turks came in great force the whole of Hungary would march. But the frontier guards could deal with a raid even on a considerable scale. The men who were doing their turn of duty with the patrols could leave their fields and their families with an easy mind, because the land of the House Communion was tilled by the whole body, and each had his share. Whether it supplies an example for us is another story. Probably it was not the sort of thing which Mr. Arnold Forster wishes to see established in South Africa.

* * * *

After the beginning of this century Russia began to imitate the frontier policy of Hungary, but has never carried it out so fully, though the Don Cossacks are much of a military colony. In fact, however, the conditions have not been very favourable for her. In order to have a military frontier of this kind it is necessary that there should be a constant danger of invasion to justify keeping a large part of the population always under arms and to give them training. Where this guarantee for efficiency is wanting the military character would be soon lost. This has not been the case on any Russian border for a long time past. Except where it touches settled states, which are either strong enough to defend themselves or are secured by others, the Russian frontier has a curious inability to keep still. It will travel, and always in one direction—namely, forward. In this case, however, the military colony also has its uses, and if all this be true is playing no small part in the development of Russian power in the Far East. And assuredly it is a great element of strength for a state that its soldiers after overrunning will settle down and possess the land, finishing what the sword began with the plough.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Aftermath of War.

THE South African Campaign of 1899-1900 seems likely to be known to posterity as "the campaign of the amateurs." We were taken unprepared and at a disadvantage when the war began. That was amateur statecraft. For a long time our amateur generals could strike no blow. When at last we got hard-headed professional commanders-in-chief, we still suffered from the blunders of amateur subordinates—such as the officer in charge of the convoy lost at Koorn Spruit, whose name is kept so modestly in the background. Mr. Treves has told us what a nuisance the amateur nurses were—Society butterflies trying to turn themselves into busy bees, but only incommoding everybody in the hive. We know for ourselves how little good amateur war correspondents are, even when they have titles. One might go further, and say that a large number of our troops are amateurs, but this would convey a wrong impression. The term is not one that can be applied to men who have acquitted themselves so magnificently as the men of the Colonial Contingents and our own Volunteers from home. They are not soldiers by profession, but they are every bit as good. They furnish the one instance of amateur effort in the Empire's cause which has been a signal and splendid success.

A good many people would find another instance in the work that has been done at home for war funds of various kinds. Certainly an enormous amount of money has been collected. Certainly a great deal of credit is due to those who have organised its collection. But what about the distribution of these funds? Has this been a success? If so, why do we have a series of articles in the *Times* to point out the weaknesses of the various systems adopted? Why do we have a Committee sitting to enquire into the systems? The *Times* does not stir in such matters without great argument. The Government would not have arranged for an enquiry unless they were convinced that someone had blundered. No; it clearly cannot be said that the amateur administration of these huge funds has been more businesslike than sensible people expected from the first. At the outset, it is a weakness that there should be so many funds. It must lead to a certain amount of overlapping. It is bewildering to applicants for relief, who are passed on from one fund to another until they despair of ever finding the right one for their particular cases. It must cause a good deal of unnecessary trouble and expense. One central distribution office with local agents could quite well do the work which is now being done by half a hundred committees, some of them ready to fly at each other's throats. There are no antipathies deeper or more bitter than the antipathies of rival philanthropists.

With most of the objects for which the funds are subscribed we must all warmly sympathise. But there is one on which a wide cleavage of opinion exists. It is a much-disputed question how far private enterprise should go in making permanent provision for those who suffer in the service of the State, and how far the State itself ought to look after them. Many of us felt that Sir Henry Burdett was right when he protested that the community ought to provide for soldiers disabled in war, and that the money subscribed for the Homes under Royal patronage would only be taken from causes which must depend upon private charity. Even from the philanthropist's point of view it would be much better to leave this duty to the State. According to an accepted theory, there is a certain amount of money subscribed yearly for charitable purposes. If you take some of this money for a new object, you take so much away from old objects. It is the most difficult thing in the world to "tap" new sources of charitable revenue. The subscription lists of philanthropic societies show that the same people subscribe to nearly all. Surely then the philanthropist, who already has his hands very full, should press upon Government the necessity of arranging some satisfactory wound pension scheme, which would leave him to devote his energies to work which must be done without State aid.

What we must be sure of, whether we do it by State aid or by private charity, is that no old soldier who has been wounded in our defence, and who can show a good record, shall ever come upon the rates. Nor is it only wounds which should qualify for compensation. Many men are handicapped for life by illness due to serving in unhealthy climates, or by accidents met with in the course of duty. They must be put on the same footing as those who are wounded in war. Further, there ought to be some kind of graduation in the scale of pensions as men get older. The partially disabled man can often get light employment, which, supplemented by a small pension, would keep him comfortably so long as he is fairly active. But, as old age creeps on, his employment will slip away; his disablement will become harder to bear; he may be aged before his time because of it. Then is the time for the State to increase its allowance, and to win his gratitude by making his lot easy just when he most needs help. No pension can be looked upon as a right. It is always a favour, even when it is no more than an act of justice. But it is a favour that everyone who has suffered for his country has a right to expect, and a favour that we should be only too glad to grant. What we want is a system, not a cast-iron system, not a system consisting of red-tape and official forms, but a system, wise, elastic, sympathetic, which shall do its work quietly and kindly, taking care, on the one hand, that the public money is not wasted on undeserving objects; but making sure, on the other, that no deserving cases go unhelped.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 13, 1757.—Destruction of the French "Aquilon," 50, by the "Antelope," 50. 1779.—Capture and destruction of three French frigates in Cancale Bay, near Brest, by a British squadron. 1793.—Capture of the French "Citoyenne Francaise," 32, by the "Irish," 32.

May 14, 1806.—Action between the "Pallas," 32 (Lord Cochrane), and the French "Minerve," 40, off Aix Roads. 1866.—First presentation of the Albert Medal. 1892.—The "Jason" launched.

May 15, 1813.—Capture of the "Karlobago," in the Adriatic, by the "Bacchante," 38. 1897.—The "Pyramus" launched. The "Flirt," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

May 16, 1760.—Siege of Quebec, and blockade of the St. Lawrence. 1804.—Sir Sidney Smith, with the Downs frigate squadron watching Boulogne, defeated part of Napoleon's invasion flotilla, near Ostend. 1889.—The "Barracouta" launched.

May 17, 1667.—Action between the "Elizabeth," 30, and two Danish 30-gun ships. 1795.—Naval engagement off Cape Henry.

May 18, 1652.—Action between Blake and Tromp off Dover. 1709.—The "Falmouth," 50, with a convoy in charge, engaged a French 64 and three 40-gun ships, saving the convoy. 1809.—Reduction of Anholt by a squadron from the British fleet in the Baltic. 1867.—Death of Clarkson Stanfield. 1893.—The "Speedy" launched.

May 19, 1692.—The battle of Barfleur. 1808.—Capture of the Dutch "Guelderland," 36, by the British "Virginie," 38. 1847.—Rear-Admiral L. A. Beaumont born.

MAY 13, 1690.—Acadia or Nova Scotia surrendered by the French to Sir William Phipps. 1761.—The French repulsed at Belleisle by the force under Major-General Hodgson.

May 14, 1793.—Surrender by the French of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, Newfoundland. 1818.—Shalapore taken by Brigadier-General Munroe.

May 15, 1791.—Action at Arikera. Lord Cornwallis defeated the army of Tippoo, who lost 3,000 men and four guns, and fled to the island on which Seringapatam is situated. 1804.—Fortress of Tonkrampoor taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Don.

May 16, 1811.—Battle of Albuera. The French, under Soult, defeated by Marshal Beresford. Out of 6,000 British, 4,500 were wounded or killed, the heaviest loss falling on the 57th Regiment—the colonel and twenty-two officers and 400 men out of 570 fell. The enemy lost over 8,000.

May 17, 1760.—Siege of Quebec raised. The arrival of the "Vanguard," "Diana," and other ships, which practically destroyed the enemy's fleet, and the bombardment of the enemy's trenches caused M. de Levis to raise the siege, leaving camp, ammunition, and some fifty pieces of artillery in our hands. 1801.—Surrender of a French detachment from Alexandria to Colonel Cavalier to Brigadier-General Doyle.

May 18, 1775.—Battle of Arras. The Mahrattas defeated by Colonel Keating with a loss of 1,200 men. 1818.—Lieutenant-Colonel M'Dowall repulsed a sortie made by the Arab garrison of Malleygaum on the river Moassum.

May 19, 1217.—Battle of Lincoln. The French and the partisans of the Dauphin, under the Earl of Perche, defeated by the Earl of Pembroke. 1776.—Surrender of "The Cedars," a fortified post on the St. Lawrence, by the Americans without opposition. 1812.—Fort Napoleon taken. This fort, which was one of the principal outworks of Almaraz, was taken by storm by Major-General Howard. Fort Ragusa, on the right bank of the Tagus, was thereupon abandoned by the enemy.

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Places of Interest in the "Garden Colony."

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

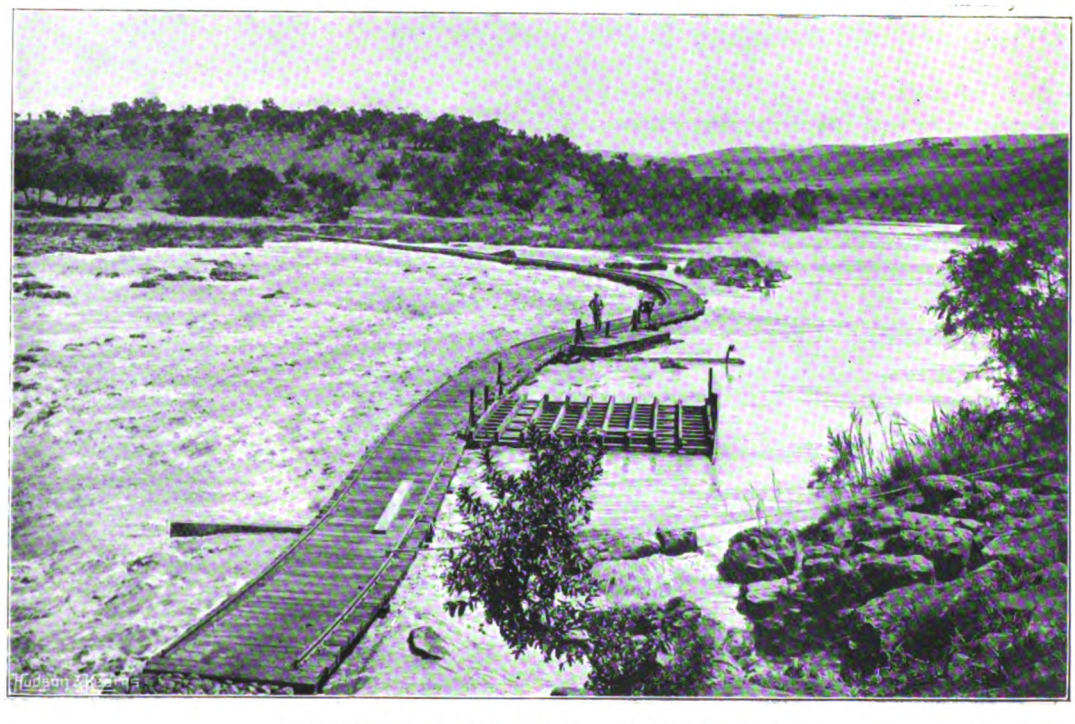
EVERYONE admits that Natal has been to the front in the campaign which is still in progress. At home, in the headquarters of the British Empire, military men and civilians alike bear testimony to the aid that has been received from the Natal forces, organised on the spot. In saying this, we must not be supposed to detract for a moment from the merits of other troops, Colonial or Imperial. We are merely bearing testimony to the gallant way in which the forces of the "Garden Colony," upon whom fell the brunt of the war in the first instance, have responded to the demands made upon them. Natal has been the scene of the Boer invasion, and it is therefore to Natal that we must look for our illustrations of the conflict, apart from the action of Lord Roberts's force by way of Bloemfontein. That our men are not apprehensive of Boer attack is shown by the scene given in our first picture. The place is on the Sunday River near Elandslaagte, a point at which some Boers recently crossed, and which was the scene of a lively skirmish. Once again it was the 4·7-in. Naval gun which compelled the enemy's retirement, and every credit must again be given to the "handy man." But this must have been an ephemeral demonstration. Our troops are sure that there is no strength of the enemy in the neighbourhood, or they would not bathe so coolly. Washing is not one of the Boer virtues. But the British soldier believes in it, and takes his fill of it whenever he gets a chance.

The picture of a Boer bridge across the Tugela—a bridge, be it remarked, constructed to carry a single line of rails — shows very clearly how little those who describe the Boers as a nation of harmless farmers untrained to war know of what they are talking about. No one unacquainted with military engineering could have designed such a bridge, and no labourers unaccustomed to the work could have constructed it. The bridge is essentially the triumph of the skill of the military engineer. Be it so, but in that case let us understand—and let Europe understand—that we have against us men of the highest military training, and not merely undisciplined farmers. Continental Europe has been saturated far too much with the fairy tales of Boer lack of training for war. Our picture shows once and for all that if the Boers are deficient in training themselves they have known how to buy the necessary acquirements elsewhere.

Our third picture relates to a different type of subject in warfare, viz., that of giving succour to the wounded, which is so essentially a distinctive feature of modern war. One fancies that after Agincourt and Poictiers, after Wallenstein devastated the Palatinate, as recently even as Wellington's battles, the wounded must have been left either wholly or in part to look after themselves. Nowadays everything is done for them that can be, and our picture shows the College Hospital under tents at Maritzburg, well-equipped and ready to do good work for wounded or for sick.

FUN AT THE FRONT.
Bathing at Sunday's River, near Elandslaagte.

THE RED CROSS AND THE SICK AND WOUNDED.
The College Hospital at Maritzburg.



A SPECIMEN OF BOER ENGINEERING.
A Bridge which the Enemy Laid Across the Tugela.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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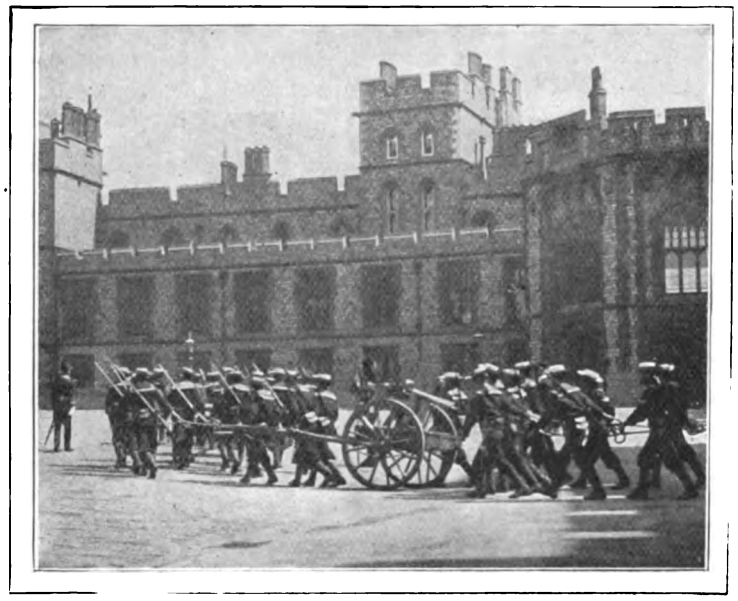
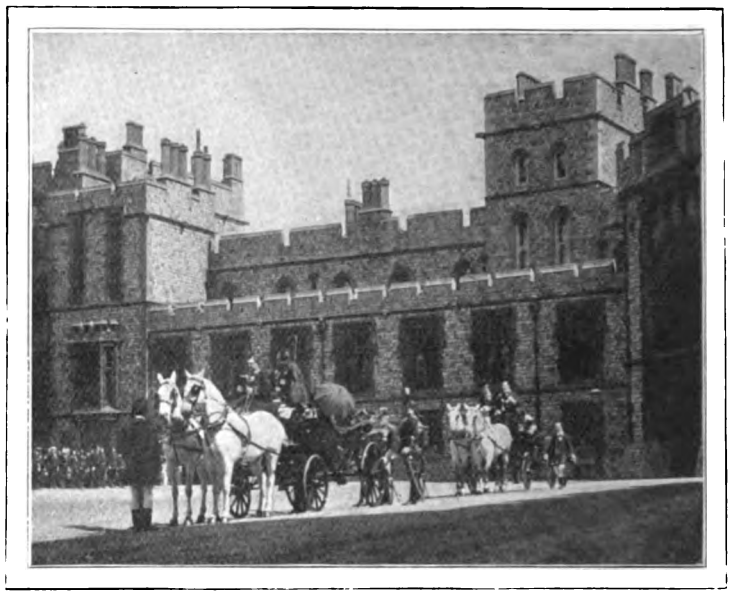
The "Powerful's" Naval Brigade at Windsor.



THE GUNS OF THE "HANDY MAN."
Dragging them into the Castle Courtyard.



THE QUEEN ARRIVES.
Her Majesty Driving Up for the Inspection.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

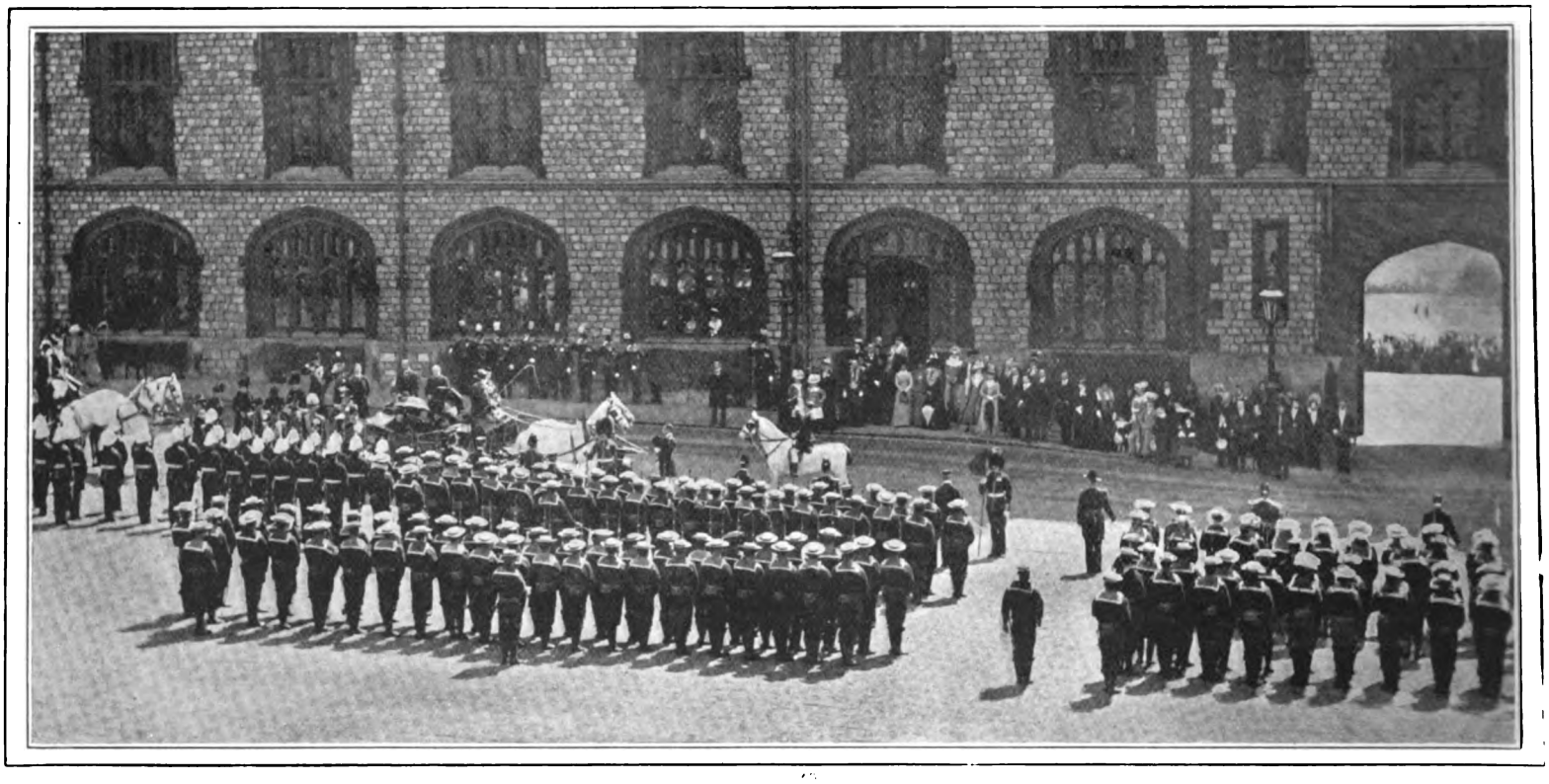
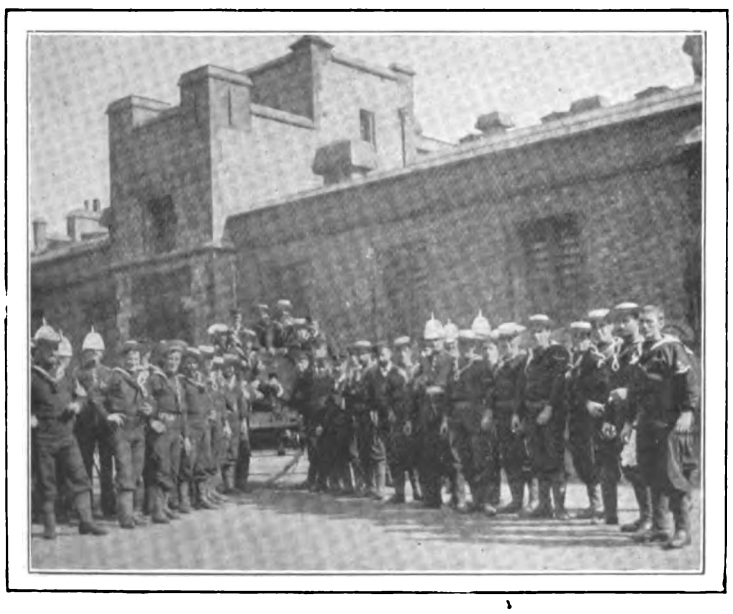
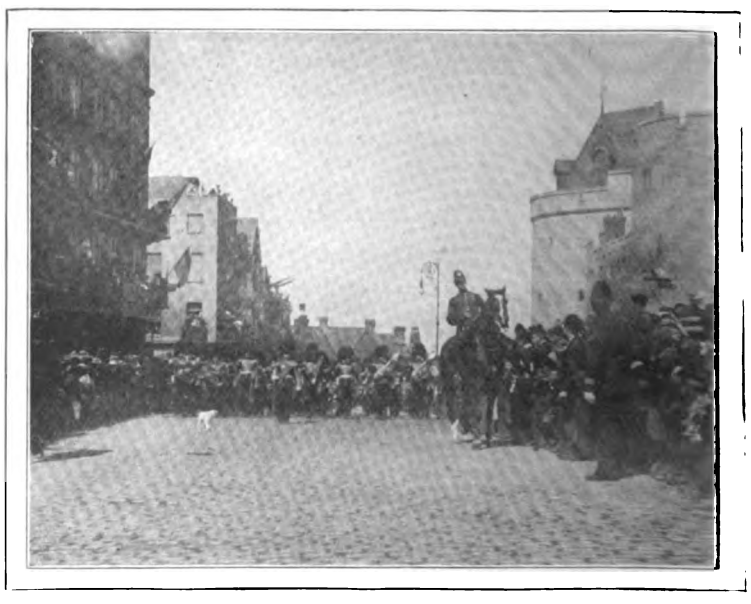


Photo. Copyright. *Elliott & Fry.*

THE PARADE BEFORE THE QUEEN.
The Naval Brigade from Ladysmith being Inspected by Her Majesty.



A GROUP OF THE "POWERFULS."
With their Damaged Maxim Used at Ladysmith.



THROUGH THE ROYAL CITY.
The Brigade Marching Up to the Castle.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

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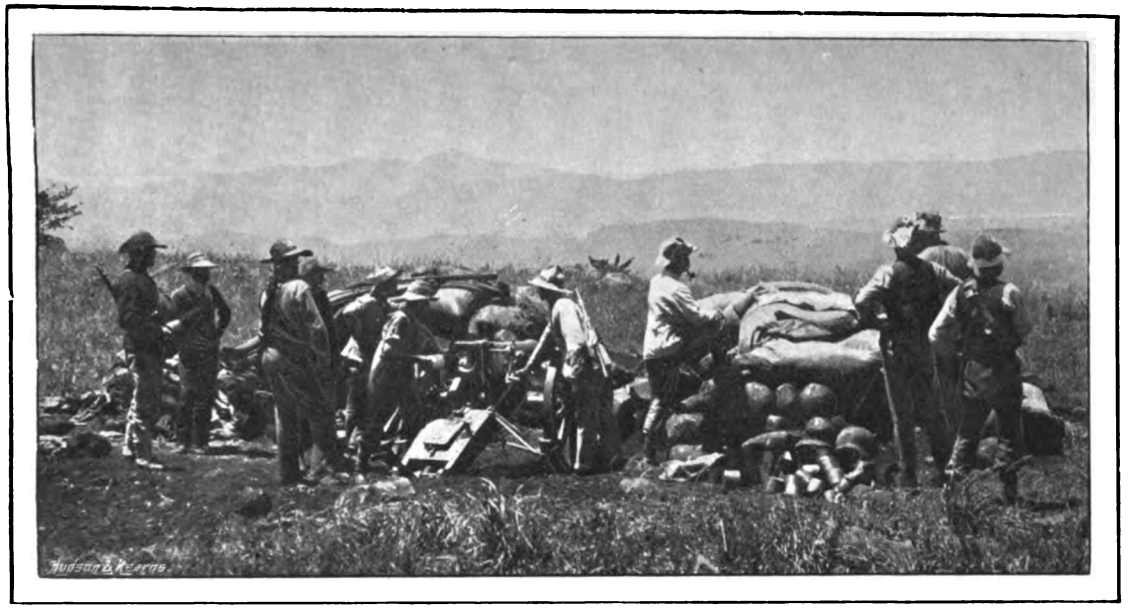
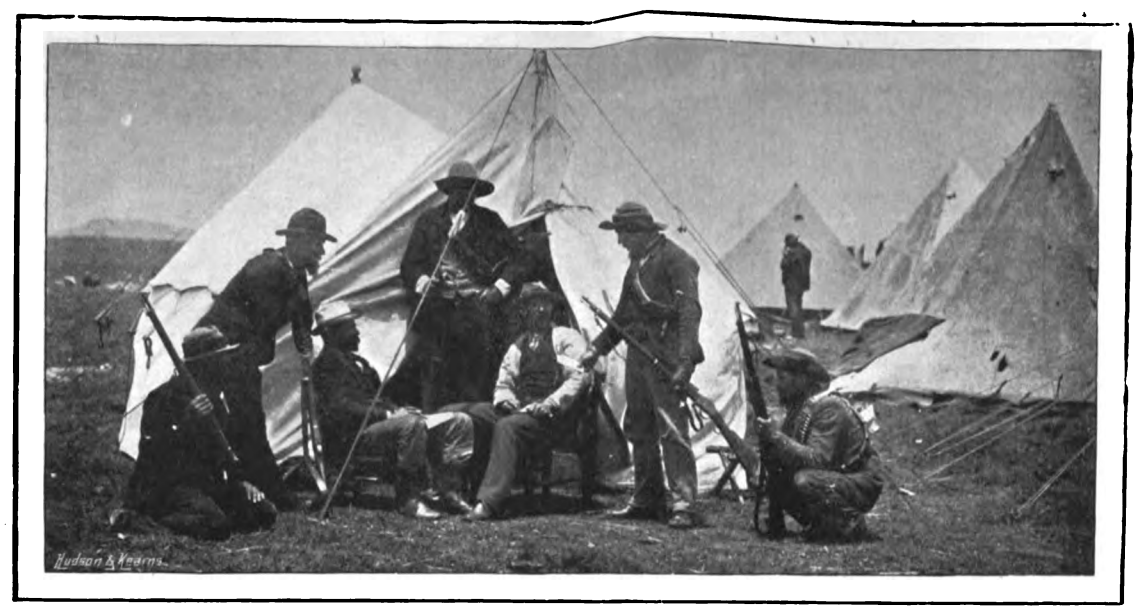
Our Foes as They See Themselves.



ARTILLERY IN THE THICK OF IT.
Evidently Useful but Certainly not Smart.



A MESSENGER FROM THE FRONT.
Despatches Delivered to a Local Commandant.

Photos. Copyright

A STURDY PATROL WITH ITS GUN.
And an Abundant Supply of Ammunition.

Bowers.

BY WAY OF A REALLY SUBSTANTIAL MEAL.
Coffee, Schnapps, and Stew in the Greenwood.

The Boers from Their Own Standpoint.

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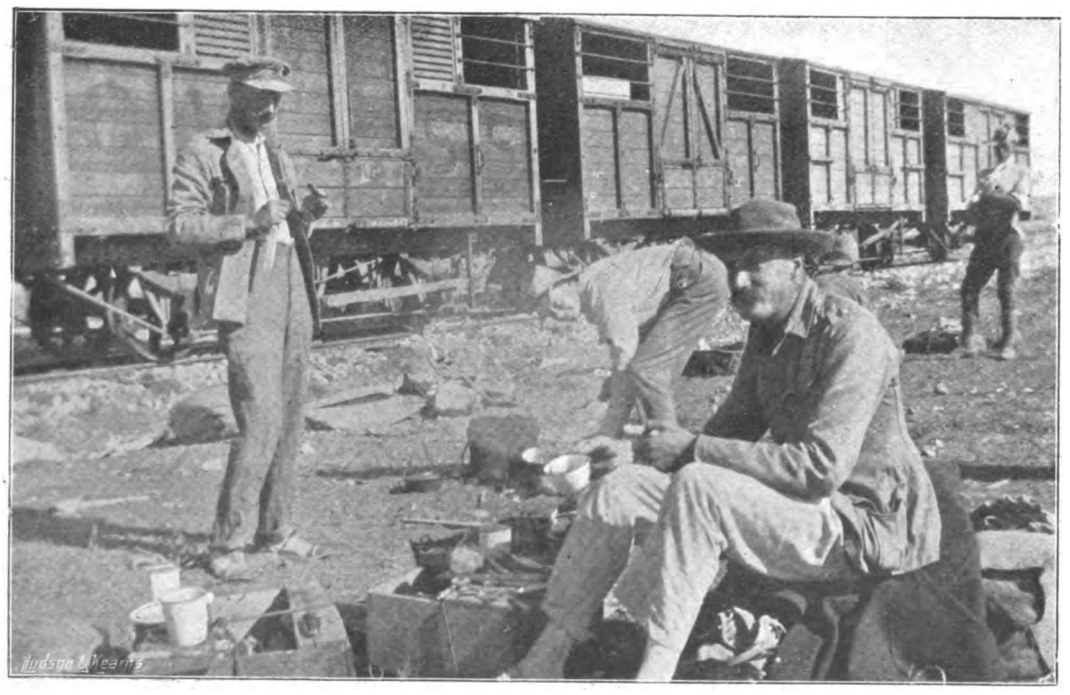
The Fighting Round Bloemfontein.

A BOER MEMORIAL.
A Monument to Burghers Killed in the Basuto War.

AT KARREE SIDING.
The Enemy in Sight—Our Field Guns Opening Fire.



COMING UP FROM THE SOUTH.
Train Halted—Officers Taking a Wayside Meal.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front.

THE protracted halt of Lord Roberts's force at what used to be the capital of the Orange Free State constitutes a very important landmark in the history of the second Boer War. This halt, originally intended to last about three weeks, was greatly extended by the aggressive operations of the enemy, and, after the first fortnight, was enlivened by some very brisk and, in one or two cases, distinctly serious incidents. The accompanying series of pictures represents the halt in both its passive and active aspects, illustrating in an interesting manner both the surroundings amid which Lord Roberts's large army pulled itself together before resuming its advance on Pretoria, and the hard fighting which portions of it experienced within easy distance of President Steyn's former seat of Government.

Bloemfontein certainly appears to have been a very pleasant halting place, although necessarily its rural and peaceful aspect was considerably altered by the presence of an army of occupation numerically about equal to the original white residents. In an interesting description given by a correspondent at the front, we find the town itself pictured as lying "without ostentation at the foot of a low raking kopje; at the best it is a collection of dirty Dutch architecture, picked out with bright flashes of red-brick villas of modern planning, leavened with a magnificence of the mason's efforts to combine massive stone work with corrugated iron; for the rest the suburbs of the capital of the Free State are found in the rolling veldt." This does not sound particularly attractive, perhaps, but nevertheless Bloemfontein has much to recommend it, especially to an army which, like that of Lord Roberts, had had a month's hard fighting on very insufficient rations. The supplies, at any rate, were plentiful here, and could readily be added to by means of the railway communication now opened up with East London and Port Elizabeth and, *viâ* Stormberg and De Aar junctions, with Cape Town itself.

Of Bloemfontein we illustrate a conspicuous feature in the shape of the memorial erected to the Free State burghers who were killed in the Basuto War. Behind the memorial are to be seen the barracks which formerly housed the Free State Artillery, but which have since been converted to, from our point of view, better uses. Another picture shows a train making its slow way up from Springfontein, which for some weeks was the headquarters of the Third Division under Sir William Gatacre. The train has halted, and its crew are seizing the opportunity of "putting in" a hasty meal. The pleasing variety of the attire sported by these officers will be noticed with interest and amusement, more especially by such of their personal friends and acquaintances who have only been accustomed to meet them in the war paint of the parade-ground, or the frock coat and "stove-pipe" hat of Pall Mall.

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Cavalry officers generally contrive to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will allow, and those of the 6th Dragoon Guards, better known all the world over as the Carabiniers, appear to have "done themselves" remarkably well during their temporary sojourn in these parts. Wessel's Farm, which they were able to use as a mess-house, is a distinct improvement upon canvas, and must have been especially appreciated in view of the constant interruptions in the way of hard work which fell to the lot of the cavalry division between the date of arriving at and leaving Bloemfontein.

Turning to the more active side of this memorable halt, it will be recalled that very shortly after Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein, on March 13, he pushed forward a small portion of his force to occupy an advanced camp at Glen. In one of our pictures we see a Royal Army Medical Corps waggon carrying stores out to this advanced camp, which in the early stages of the halt was of great value as a post of observation. But before a fortnight had elapsed the Boers had again crept up to within such easy distance that Lord Roberts thought it desirable to give them a lesson. Accordingly, on March 29, he sent out a considerable force to clear the enemy from a position which they were holding among the hills overlooking the railway at Karee Siding, about midway between Bloemfontein and Brandfort. The idea of the operation was that, while a frontal attack was being delivered by the infantry, the cavalry and mounted infantry should make *détours* round both flanks, and, by cutting off the enemy's retreat, carry out what was to all intents and purposes an envelopment similar to that which was so triumphantly successful in the case of Paardeberg. The operation was only partially successful. The infantry attack was prematurely launched, and the troops were in consequence punished much more severely than they should have been. The cavalry horses were tired and slow, and the mounted infantry, having encountered opposition, were not able to complete the cordon in time to prevent the enemy's escape, a fine chance of capturing some 2,000 prisoners being unfortunately lost.

The remaining picture, that of part of the convoy which was captured by the Boers at Koorn Spruit on March 31, is a painful reminder of a very serious mishap. On March 30 Colonel Broadwood had found it necessary to withdraw his brigade of cavalry, with which were two batteries of Horse Artillery, from Thaba Nchu to the Waterworks, which lie about seventeen miles to the east of Bloemfontein. Here the Boers made a spirited and most skilful attempt to surround him, in order to evade which Colonel Broadwood detached his Horse Artillery and baggage, covering their retirement on Bloemfontein with his cavalry. Unfortunately, at Koorn Spruit the convoy and Horse Artillery fell into a Boer trap, with the painful result that, notwithstanding the desperate gallantry of the Royal Horse Artillery, the convoy and seven guns were captured, and our loss in various casualties amounted to nearly 400.

WESSEL'S FARM NEAR BLOEMFONTEIN.
Used as a Mess-house by the Officers of the Carabineers.

ON THE WAY TO THE CAMP AT GLEN.
Royal Army Medical Corps Stores Leaving Bloemfontein.

A WAGGON LOST AT KOORN SPRUIT.
Part of the Convoy Captured by the Enemy on March 31.

From Photos by Officers at the Front.

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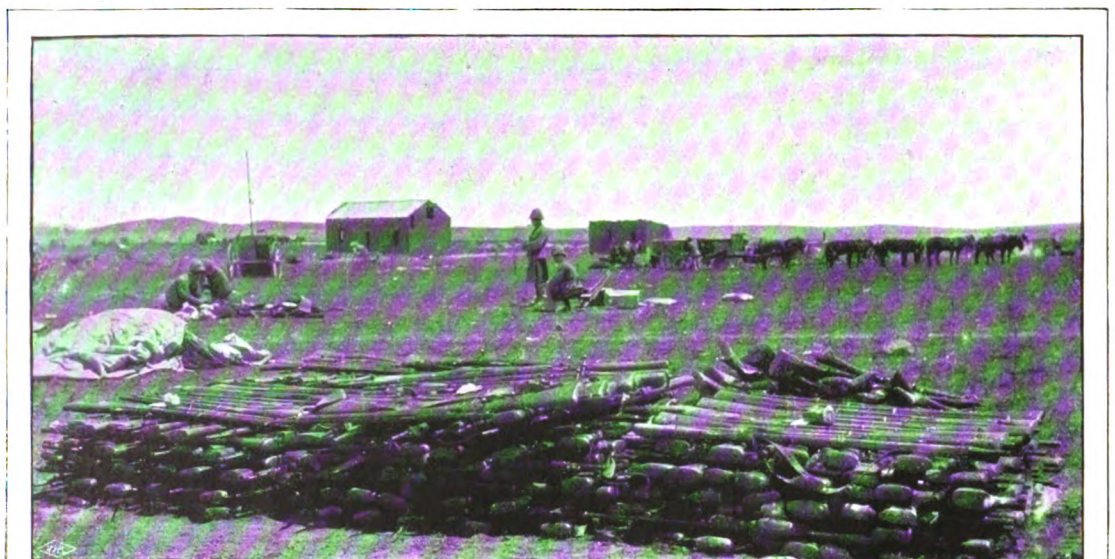
Plunder from Paardeberg.



MAUSERS AND MARTINIS.
Rifles Captured from the Enemy.

STREWN ON THE OPEN PLAIN.
The End of Many of the Boer Waggons

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.
But Very Little of Use to our Troops.

A NECESSARY WORK AT THE FRONT.
Counting Cartridges to Send to Cape Town

Photos. Copyright. bthorp.

Some of the Spoils from Cronje's Laager.

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Cape Colony Demonstrates.

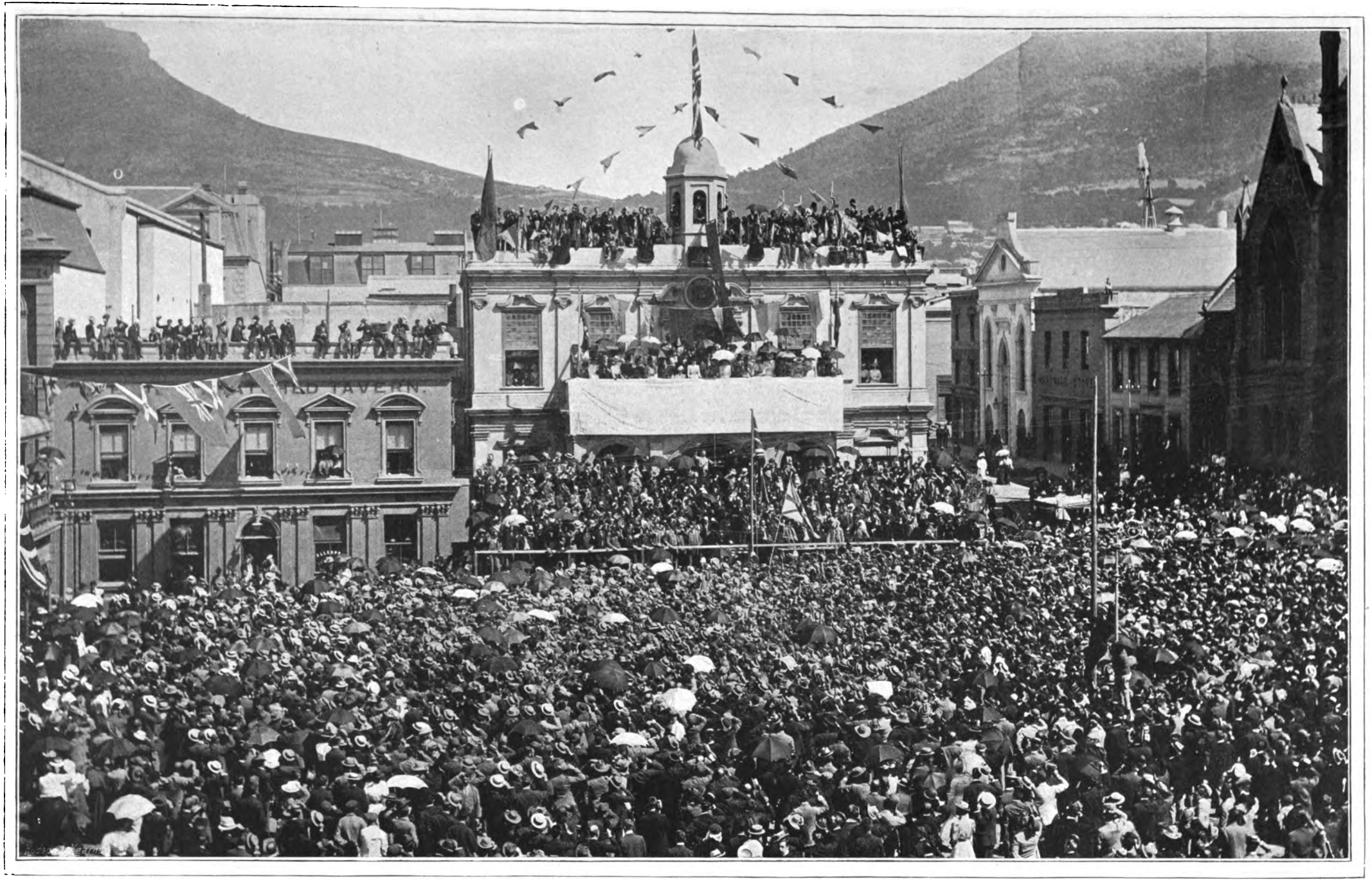

Photo. Copyright. *"Cape Times."*

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

A huge meeting in favour of the annexation of the Boer Republics was held in the Green Market Square, outside the Town Hall, Cape Town, on April 3, when the following resolution was passed with wild enthusiasm; after which the enormous crowd joined in singing the National Anthem: "As British subjects, assembled in Cape Town, we desire to express our entire concurrence with the refusal of Her Majesty's Ministers to allow the South African Republic and the Orange Free State to retain their independence; and we hereby declare our solemn conviction that the incorporation of those States within the Dominions of the Queen can alone secure peace, prosperity, and public freedom throughout South Africa.

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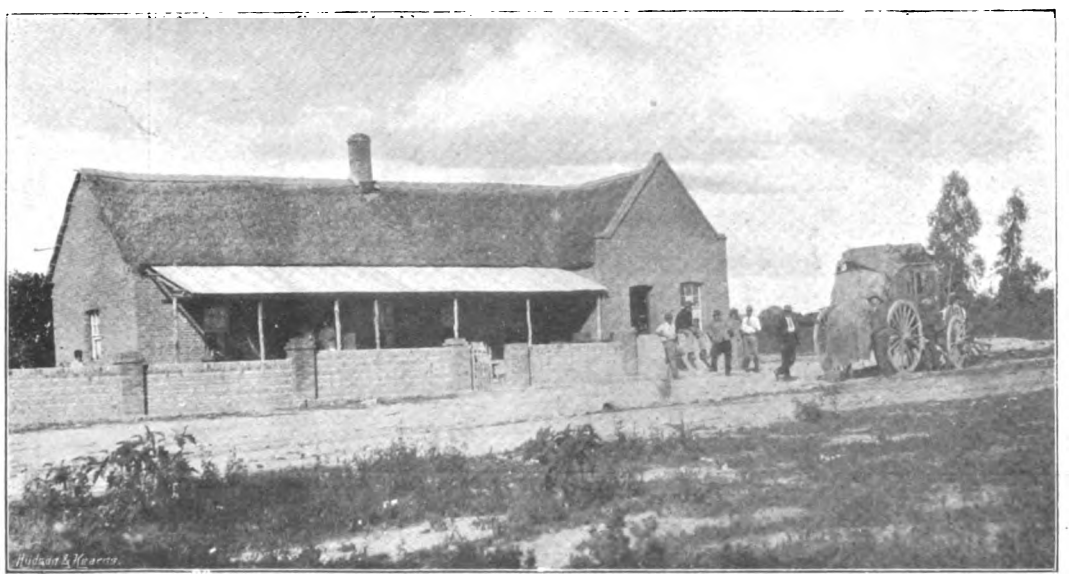
With Carrington's Force in Rhodesia.

OFF DUTY.
A Train Overturned on the Beira Railway.

A QUAINT TERMINUS.
Bamboo Creek Station, Beira Railway.



AT THE BUSHMEN'S CAMP.
The Marandellas Hotel and Store.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

INCREASING interest is being manifested, not only in military circles, but also by the public, as to the destination and the possible success of Sir F. Carrington's force despatched *viâ* Beira. In spite of the Boer protest, the Government at Lisbon has loyally stood by treaty rights, and afforded us every facility for the conveyance of troops over Portuguese territory. If we can believe the meagre reports that have filtered through from Pretoria, President Kruger is considerably annoyed and alarmed at this new movement; this in itself is not without significance. But the real value of the expedition can only be accurately estimated later on by concrete results.

The exact composition and destination of this Rhodesian contingent are at present unknown, the authorities having very wisely kept the secret to themselves. But according to the latest cables the Bushmen and other troops are proceeding by train to Marandellas, on the Mashonaland Railway, where they detrain, marching thence to Fort Charter, which will be used as a base of supplies. From Charter Carrington will proceed either to Fort Tuli, on the northern Transvaal frontier *viâ* Victoria, or to Mafeking *viâ* Buluwayo. As to which would be the better route it is not our province here to discuss.

As we are able to illustrate by our unique photographs, the Beira Railway is not the best line in the world, but it will help the force to move faster, and as time is a great consideration, this is something to be thankful for. We give a picture of Bamboo Creek, a station some sixty miles from Beira, because at the present moment it is important as a junction, being the terminus of the old 2-ft. 6-in. gauge, and the commencement of the standard Cape Government railway gauge of 3-ft. 6-in. To this point about eight trains can run daily, transport then being transferred to the more powerful locomotives of the Mashonaland line. Beyond this, Bamboo Creek is without notoriety, save for the virulence of its mosquitoes.

With regard to travelling accommodation on the Beira Railway we must say that this is none of the best, although things have changed considerably for the better since the line was first opened a few years ago. In those early days, the first driver who ran his train the whole length of the 219 miles of the railroad, without accident, was acclaimed almost as a hero, and for a train to turn a complete somersault over an embankment was not unknown.

Marandellas Station, where it is reported that the troops will detrain, is a well-known position to all travellers in that part of Mashonaland. It is in a very healthy situation, some sixty miles distant from the capital, Salisbury. The store and hotel is not a Metropôle nor a Cecil, but it possesses a great reputation for providing a good square meal and a clean bed, things not always obtainable, and certainly not to be despised, in up-country Africa. From Marandellas the column will strike across country

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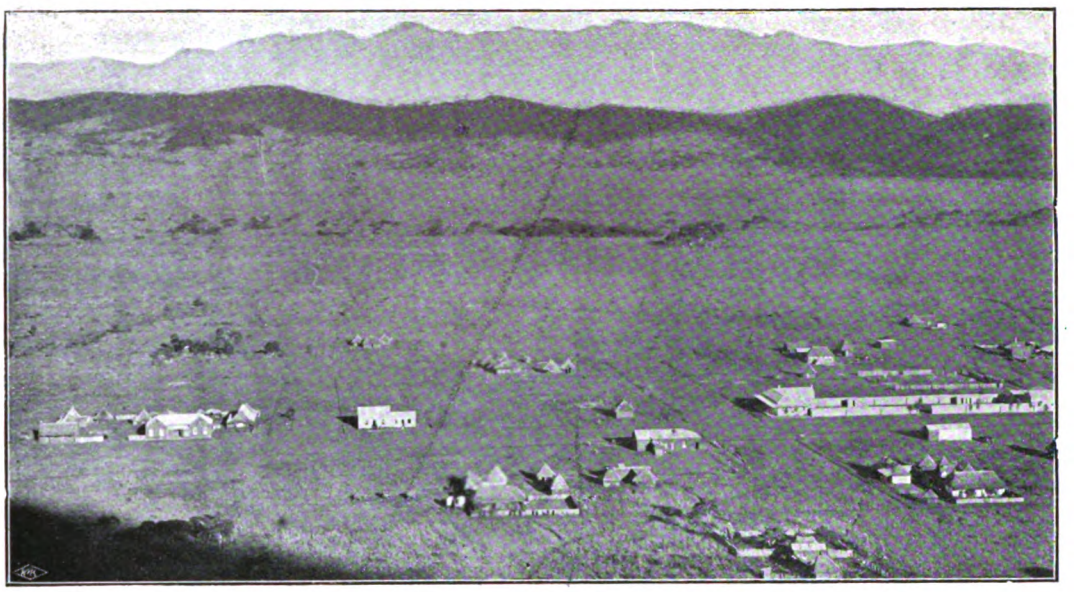
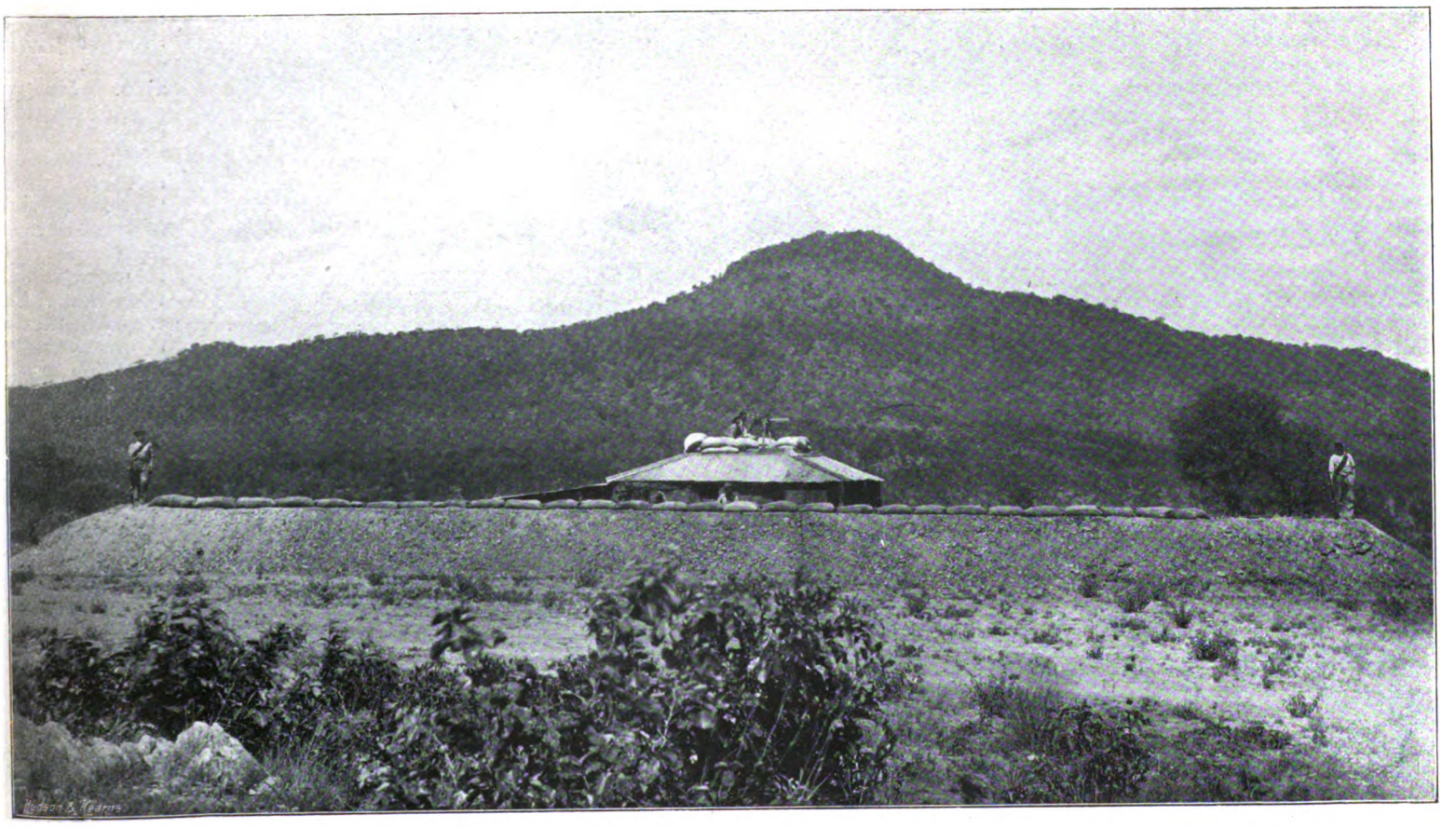
to Fort Charter, using the road traversed by Colonel Alderson's men, who helped to quell the Mashona rebellion in 1896. Charter is the centre of an immense native district, and as such will provide a first-class base for supplies. The large quantities of mealies and Kaffir corn grown by the natives, and the herds of oxen, sheep, and goats possessed by them will be readily sold and stored in the buildings at the fort. Charter is on the watershed, and therefore fairly healthy, and now that the dry winter season has set in should prove a good sanatorium if such is required. And then it is important as being the junction of the Salisbury-Buluwayo and the Salisbury-Victoria roads. If it is intended that Carrington should invade the Transvaal from the north, he will use this latter road, but it will be a long and trying march. The country on the route is pretty bad, both bush and broken kopje veldt abounding. Victoria was the first town established by the pioneer column of the Chartered Company when it opened up Rhodesia, but since then has hardly realised expectations. It will be remembered that Victoria figured largely in the operations which led to the overthrow of Lobengula. Dr. Jameson was in the town in 1893 when the Matabele impis raided the white settlers of the district. Upon disregarding his notice to discontinue, the doctor declared war against them, defeated them, put the king to flight, and added Matabeleland to the Crown.

In his operations through Rhodesia General Carrington will find himself not without defensive works, and the various forts scattered about the country, passably strong against light artillery, will be useful to him in more ways than one, especially in the unlikely event of the Boers checki g him and carrying operations into our territory.

SMALL BUT IMPORTANT.
Fort Charter, Carrington's Base of Supplies



UNDER AN HONOURED NAME.
Victoria, the First Township Laid out in Rhodesia.



PEPPER PREPARED FOR THE BOERS.
A Rhodesian Fort near the Frontier.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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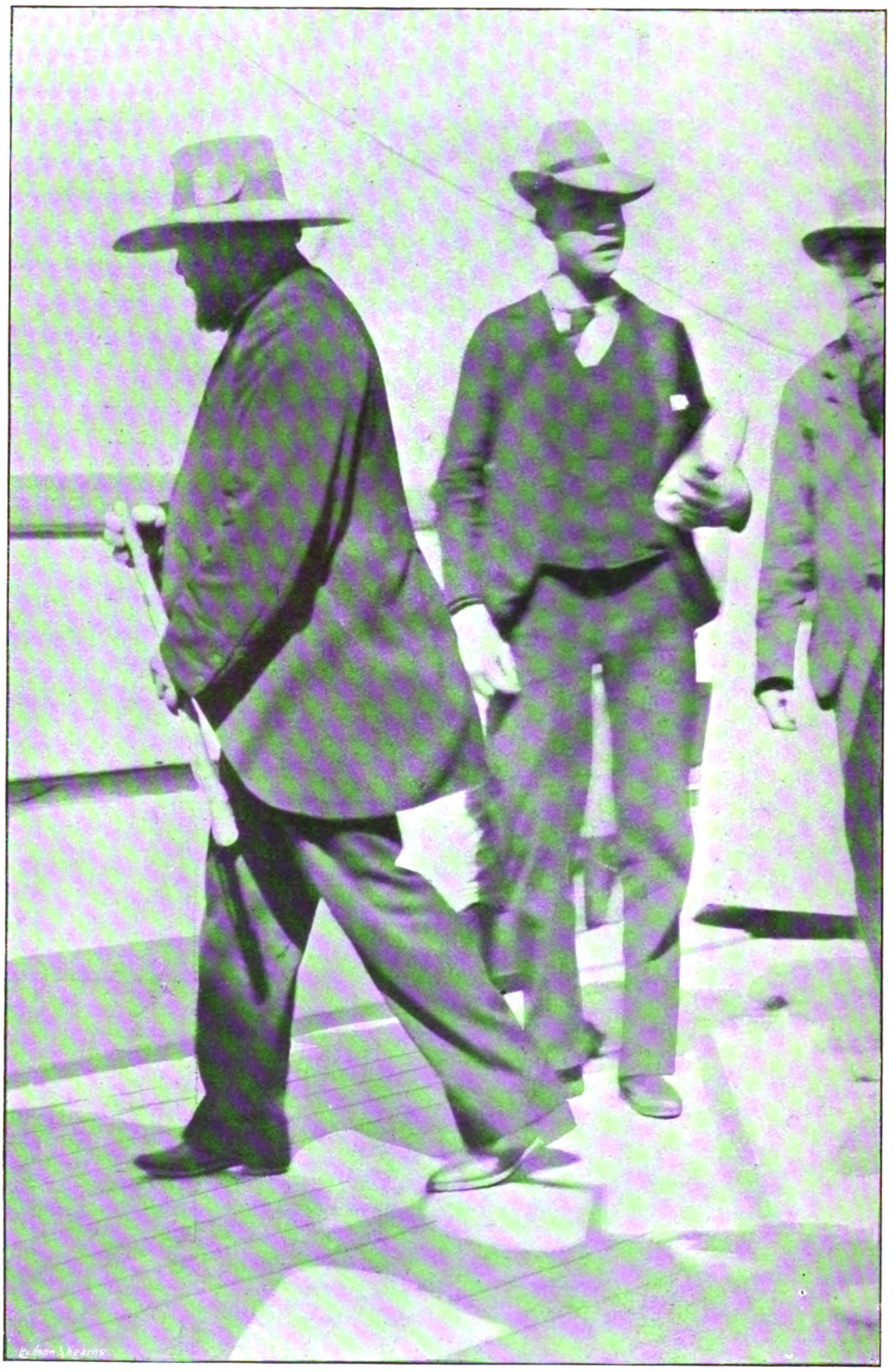
Cronje's Expatriation.

OUR friend Cronje enjoys the reputation of being a big man, and, what is more, he clearly deserves it. Photographs may not always be absolutely trustworthy in that respect. Any object—human or other—may be made to look bigger than life by the easy process of picturing it alongside of something else which is small. Mr. Du Maurier in one of his drawings represented a fisherman who had just caught a very big salmon, and who was asking a diminutive friend to be taken together with the catch, in order that the minds of all their acquaintances might be duly impressed with its lordly proportions. But we have no evidence to show that the other persons taken with the Boer commander are very small specimens of their respective races. Judged by them he is of the sons of Anak, and we are bound to add of somewhat sulky appearance. By the way, Lord Roberts is small. The opportunity presents itself to the allegorical painter to give us a picture with the Boer as Goliath and the Field-Marshal as David. The British Army artfully diminished for artistic effect would serve as the smooth pebble which disposed of the Philistine. Perhaps when Cronje has had time to settle down at St. Helena, and has been drawn into conversation, we shall get at the truth of the great mystery of his origin. Some say that he is of French descent, and others that he is a Galloway Scotchman, and that the real name is M'Crone. If so, that part of North Britain will have the double glory of having produced two noted enemies of the Crown. Paul Jones, whose name by birth was John Paul, came from Galloway, and took the seamanship which he had learnt from the Manx smugglers to the service of the Americans, and of others also. He was more lucky than Cronje. Meanwhile, since it is not our custom to bear grudges against our enemies, particularly when they have lost, we wish the late commandant a quiet stay in St. Helena.



"GOOD-BYE, SOUTH AFRICA."
Cronje, His Grandson, and Adjutant Leaving the "Doris"

IN QUIET QUARTERS AFLOAT.
Cronje on the Quarter-deck of the "Doris."

UNDER WAY FOR ST. HELENA.
Cronje's Party being Towed to the Milwaukee.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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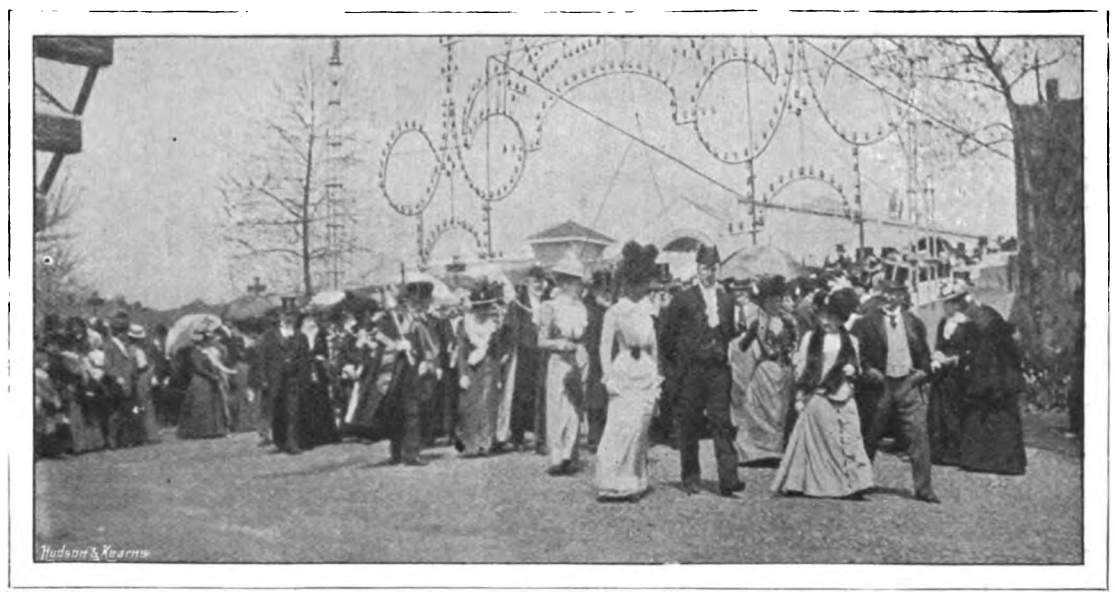
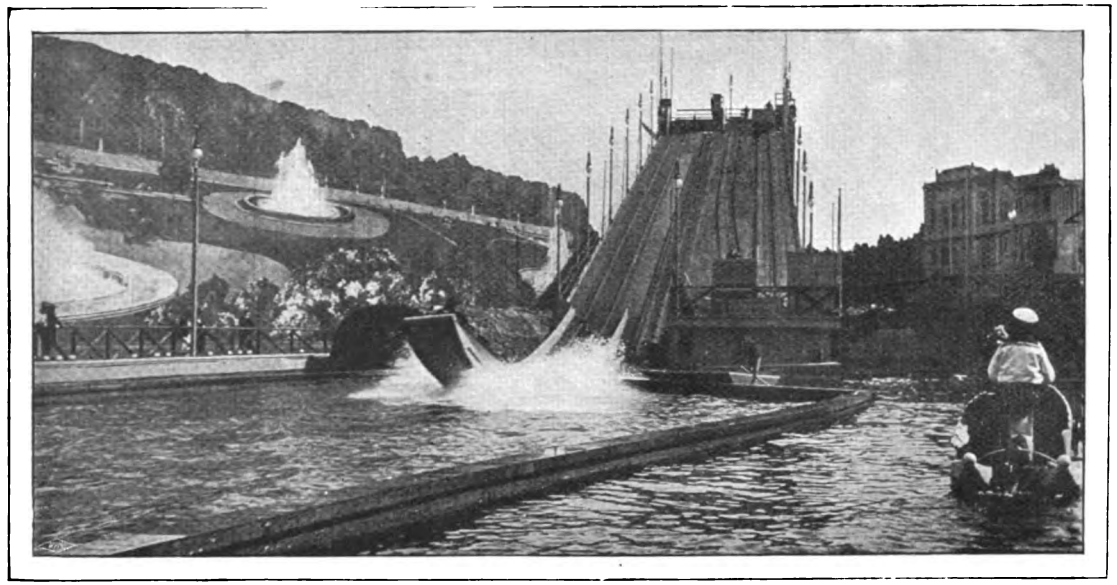
Opening the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court.

INSPECTING THE SHOW.
The Lord Mayor and Party Walk Round the Grounds.



SOME CIVIC OFFICIALS
Accompanying the Lord Mayor in His Visit



THE CANADIAN WATER CHUTE.
Much Patronised by Early Visitors on Saturday Last.

IN KHAKI AND RED.
A Pony Chaise and its Smart Attendant.

Women of all Nations in London.

From Photos taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

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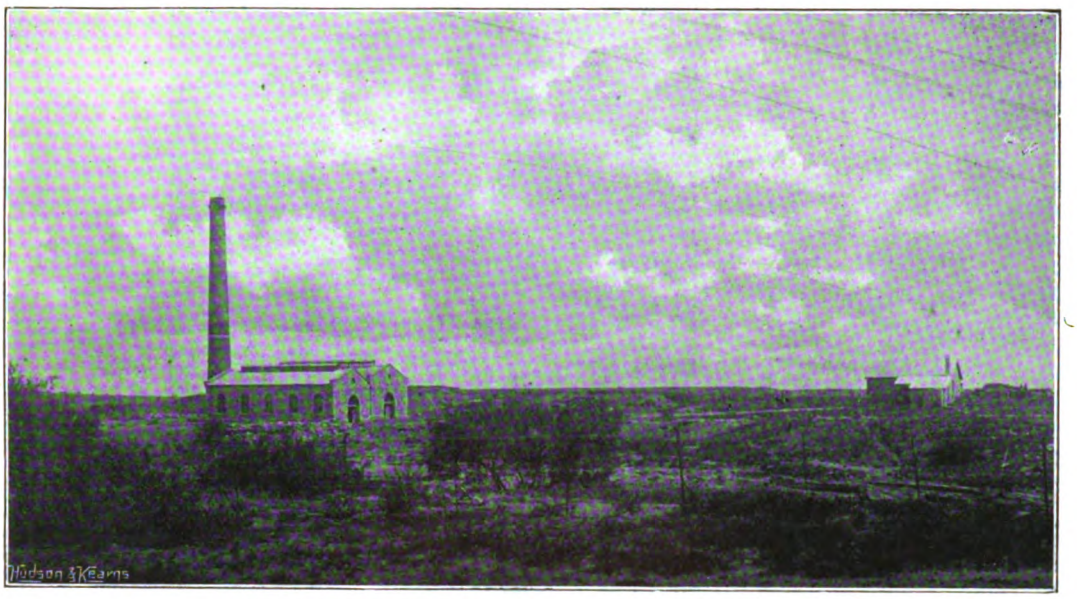
Scenes of Fighting in South Africa.

LOCALITIES OF RECENT NOTE.



THE BLOEMFONTEIN WATERWORKS.
Recaptured by General Ian Hamilton.

ON THE ROAD TO GREYTOWN.
Where Bethune's Horse Have Fought.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE NOTABLE TOWN OF WEPENER.
Made Memorable by Colonel Dalgety.

THE Bloemfontein Waterworks have played a considerable part in the course of this war. When Colonel Broadwood was unable to retain his hold upon Thaba Nchu at the end of March, he retired to the place, and, being threatened with investment there, made provision for a further withdrawal, and his movement was marred by his convoy and guns falling into the ambuscade at Koorn Spruit. The time came when we turned the tables, and Ian Hamilton with his mounted infantry, taking part in Lord Roberts's combined operation towards Thaba Nchu, recaptured the works. The Boers had been in occupation about four weeks, but had not seriously damaged the machinery. The waterworks are at Sannah's Post, on the Modder, twenty-two miles from Bloemfontein, and our illustration shows the engine-house and settling-tanks. The capital of the Orange State is supplied by water from a spring known as the Fountain, held in reserve by a large dam; but Sannah's Post is the principal source of supply, and, at the outbreak of the war, the place was being brought into communication with Bloemfontein by means of a railway. The waterworks are a municipal enterprise, and a sum of £80,000 has been expended upon them, and thirty-four miles of pipes have been laid down, connecting them with Bloemfontein.

Our next picture takes us to Natal, and illustrates a scene upon the Greytown and Helpmakaar road, which crosses the Tugela Ferry, where the Natal troops long held their own in the early days of the siege of Ladysmith. The road is important, because it gives a direct approach from Dundee to Pieter Maritzburg, and Greytown, in the midst of a great sheep-farming and wattle-growing district, though the headquarters of the Umvoti Mounted Rifles, lies in a region where much disaffection has existed. After the retirement from Vaal Krantz (February 7), when the third attempt to relieve Ladysmith failed, the Boers showed an aggressive spirit, and there was a fear that they might send a strong flying column south by the Tugela Ferry to get in Sir Redvers Buller's rear. Bethune's Horse were accordingly detached to the eastward, and coming into contact with parties of the enemy, defeated them in a skirmish at the place we depict. Greytown is a fair-sized village of the customary South African type, with a population of about 1,800, of whom 800 are whites.

The last illustration brings to mind more recent events, for it will always be associated with the defence of Colonel Dalgety and the gallant work of General Brabant's Colonials. Wepener is a picturesque little place situated near the Caledon River, laid out in 1888, and lying close to the Basutoland border. Colonel Dalgety elected to take his stand, not at Wepener itself, but at Jammersberg Drift close by, and the tough and resolute manner with which he held out against outnumbering adversaries was a brilliant incident.

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India's Volunteer Corps in South Africa.

BAPTISED BY FIRE APRIL 30 NEAR THABA NCHU.

L. G. Williams. C. B. Mansfield. B. D. Rutherfoord. B. C. Bernard. C. M. Marsham. R. N. Macdonald. N. V. Reid. S. L. Innes. A. Macgillvray
Capt. Carruthers. S. C. Gordon. P. Stanley. H. C. Lumsden. H. Hickley. J. V. Jameson. W. G. Watson. P. Strahan. C. W. John.
Adjt. B.L.H. E. K. Boileau. G. E. Llewhellin. R. V. Case. L. K. Zorab. A. H. Firth. J. P. Kennedy. R. J. C. Daubeny.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

F. S. McNamara. C. R. Macdonald. J. A. Fraser. H. J. Fox. C. L. Bell. Capt. J. B. Rutherfoord. H. Kelly. B. Allen. A. H. Buskin. J. Henry.
G. Smith. G. P. O. Springfield. H. Gough. J. S. Campbell. A. H. Nicholson. Lieut. C. E. Crane. R. G. Collins. R. P. Haines. J. A. Irwin. O. Aldis.
P. Jones. J. A. Brown. H. Marsham. H. Blair.

THE BEHAR LIGHT HORSE CONTINGENT (INDIGO PLANTERS).

Of those shown above, H. C. Lumsden was killed, C. M. Marsham wounded, and R. J. C. Daubeny, A. H. Firth, and Lieut. C. E. Crane are missing, the latter believed to be wounded.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd.*

THE ASSAM VALLEY LIGHT HORSE CONTINGENT.

This is the Corps of which Colonel Lumsden was formerly Commandant. It is Composed mainly of Tea Planters.

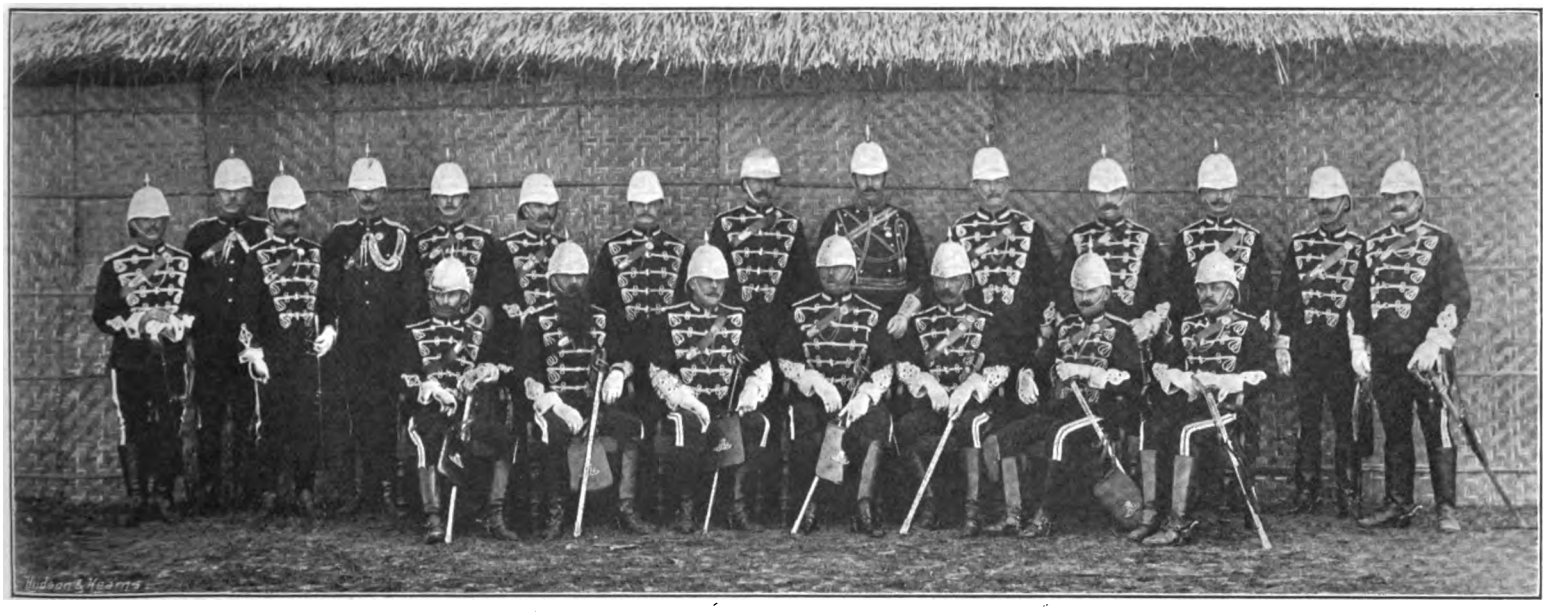

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

OFFICERS OF THE SURMA VALLEY LIGHT HORSE.

This Corps, Composed mainly of Tea Planters, sent a Strong Contingent. Colonel Showers, the Officer in the Centre of the Seated Row, was Second in Command of Lumsden's Horse, and was Killed in their First Action.

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The Story of the War.

GREAT satisfaction is felt throughout the country that the general advance has at last begun. Progress will not necessarily be rapid, but Lord Roberts's recent operations mark the beginning of the end. He has a very widely extended front, stretching, indeed, from the Kimberley and Mafeking railway through Brandfort to the Basuto border. Although the Boers from the south eluded him, the admirable dispositions that were made enabled movements to be carried out that have already had a most salutary effect, and that form the basis of all that is to follow. The occupation of Brandfort in the centre, with the pushing forward further to the Vet River, the passage of the Vaal on the left flank by Sir Archibald Hunter in order to turn the Boer position at Fourteen Streams, and the most satisfactory progress made by General Ian Hamilton on the right, have already brought home to the enemy the futility, of attempting to hold positions or conduct operations except in the north of the Orange State.

It is not without significance that there are many rumours as to the future military policy of the Boers, emanating from sources that may be supposed to reflect the ideas of those who are in the counsels of the dominant spirits at Pretoria. It asserted that the final effort will not be at present the Transvaal capital, and that the seat of government will be removed to Lydenburg, in which rugged region a determined defence will be made. The railway from Lourenco Marques runs along the south side of the region, so that, always provided food and munitions can be landed at the Portuguese port, the work of establishing magazines of war material and provisions would not present insuperable difficulties, and vast supplies have already been delivered. The mission of the Peace Delegates would explain this strategy, because to abandon Pretoria and take to the Lydenburg mountains would necessarily prolong the war, and there is nothing the Boers so much desire as this, since it might open the door to intervention. The appeal of the Boers as injured innocents, after having foully entered upon the war, invaded our territory, done to death many brave Englishmen and Colonials, ravaged our territory, and caused unspeakable misfortune cannot be tolerated for a moment.

It is sometimes said that time is on our side, but if this is true upon military grounds it cannot be held valid in the light of crocked international policy. Intelligence of the advance of Lord Roberts was therefore a piece of very welcome news. The movements in the centre began on April 30, when General Wavell's Brigade marched from Karee, General Bruce Hamilton's from Glen, and General Maxwell's, with four field batteries and two 4·7-in. guns from Krantz Kraal on the Modder, while on the right was General Broadwood's Cavalry Brigade with two horse batteries. The Boers retired towards Brandfort after some firing, and their positions were occupied, the cavalry stretching out to the right and joining hands with General Ian Hamilton's forces fighting at Houtnek. The subsequent operations that led up to the capture of Brandfort were conducted with the utmost celerity and secresy, and undoubtedly took the enemy by complete surprise. On May 2 Lord Roberts was at Bloemfontein, where he reviewed the Brigade of Guards and General Stephenson's Brigade; on the 4th he was at Brandfort, thirty-six miles further north, and had driven General Delarey before him. Complete success had attended his advance, and the plans of the Boers, who had hoped to delay our progress, were frustrated.

The further march on Brandfort began at six o'clock on the morning of the 3rd. In the centre was General Pole-Carew, and the left flank was covered by General Hutton's Brigade of Mounted Infantry, while on the right was General Tucker's Division, Major-General Maxwell's Brigade being supported by that of Major-General Knox. The 1st Scots Guards and 1st Coldstreams began the attack to capture certain kopjes three miles from Karee Siding, which appear to have been the key of the position. It was expected that stubborn fighting would follow, but the swift development of the operations appear to have spread panic among the Boers, who fled so fast that the mounted infantry despatched after them by Pole-Carew could not come up with the fugitives. Our troops entered Brandfort at two o'clock in the afternoon on the heels of the flying enemy. General Tucker on the right was more stoutly opposed by a force estimated at 4,000, but, after an artillery duel, the enemy hastily withdrew apparently anxious about his communications. As Pole-Carew's mounted men entered Brandfort they saw a khaki-clothed commando, presumed to be Irish, American, and foreign escaping before them. The troops were in full occupation of the little town on the afternoon of the 3rd, and the mounted infantry pushed forward to the Vet River, followed by the rest of the force on the 5th. Vet River Siding on the railway is about eighteen miles beyond Brandfort and nearly sixty miles from Bloemfontein, and is only one station south of Smaldeel, where the branch line from Winburg joins the trunk railway from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. It may certainly be expected that before these lines appear this line of retreat will have been cut off from the Boers.

These operations have been in close relations with those which Ian Hamilton has conducted from Thaba Nchu on the right flank. On the last day of April he marched from that place with a force of mounted infantry and Smith-Dorrien's Brigade. The Boers had been persistent in their attacks, but General Rundle's position at Thaba Nchu was strong, and he had with him General French as well as the Mounted Infantry and Smith-Dorrien's Brigade. Ian Hamilton was strongly opposed by General Botha at Houtnek, but he was supported by French, while Broadwood's Cavalry, with some Horse Artillery and Bruce Hamilton's Infantry Brigade, stretched out from the right of the central advance on Brandfort and reinforced him. The fighting continued on May 1, on which day the enemy were driven out of the strong position they had occupied. Broadwood and Bruce Hamilton arrived in time to complete the success, and the final rout was accomplished by the Gordons and two companies of the Shropshire Light Infantry. The Boers seem to have been fighting a strong rear-guard action, and it is said they had withdrawn a part of their force to resist us at Brandfort.

After the action, General Broadwood pushed forward with the Cavalry to Isabelfontein, and Ian Hamilton was apparently on May 4 somewhere on the Bloemfontein-Winburg road. His advance had exercised an important influence on the actors at Brandfort, because his movement northward threatened the flank and rear of the Boers opposing us in that quarter. General Brabant was ordered up from the direction of Wepener to join Sir Leslie Rundle at Thaba Nchu, while General French returned to Bloemfontein to take part in the central advance. Energetic preparations have been made to facilitate the movement of the troops, and Colonel Girouard is at the front, where the Engineers are repairing bridges and culverts.

We have now to glance at the left flank of Lord Roberts's advance, where important movements have also taken place. Between Brandfort and Warrenton on the Vaal, Lord Methuen holds the country in the neighbourhood of Boshof, his duty apparently being to forestall any purpose the Boers may have of getting to the south on that side. Sir Archibald Hunter is in command of the advance which is destined to relieve Mafeking either directly or indirectly. Lord Roberts reported, on May 4, what he well described as "the very satisfactory news" that General Hunter had crossed the Vaal River at Windsorton unopposed. This place is about equidistant between Kimberley and Fourteen Streams, where the Boers have long been in strength. It is on the same side of the river, and the movement seems to promise a flank or turning movement. The railway has been repaired as far as Warrenton, opposite to Fourteen Streams, and a 6-in. gun has been taken up there by Major Phillips, R.A., which suddenly opened fire on the Boer laager on May 3. There was a great bombardment of the enemy with the new gun—already known as "Bobs"—and all the batteries, and they were driven out of their shelters. The frontal attack at Warrenton, and the flank movement of General Hunter, promise a speedy clearing-out of the enemy from that region. The 6-in. gun will be valuable, and it will not be forgotten that Captain Percy Scott, of the "Terrible," some time since sent up to the front in Natal a 6-in. Naval gun on a wheel carriage.

As to Mafeking Lord Roberts was able to report "all well" up to April 20. The Boers seem to foresee the end of their long endeavour to reduce the gallant garrison, for they have removed their siege gun, and know that Lord Roberts has promised relief and will keep his word. The barbarities practised by Commandant Snyman and his men condemn them to universal execration, and we may hope if the leaders are captured that they may pay dearly for their violations of the rules of civilised hostilities.

This "story of the war" to-day is eminently satisfactory. At length the tide is flowing that is to carry us forward to final success, and the Boers are falling back all along the line. Few of them have been captured since the surrender of Cronje, but it must not be supposed that their commandos all remain intact. When the enemy has been driven beyond the Vaal, the Orange Staters will probably in the main recognise the hopelessness of their struggle, and endeavour to get back to their neglected farms. There are stubborn fighters among them, and the Transvaalers will not soon give way, but of the final result there can be no manner of doubt. Before that time will come an opportunity for the troops now inactive in Natal, and those General Carrington has with him at Marandellas.

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A Day in a Gun-boat.

Photos. Copyright.

1. *SEEN FROM MY SCUTTLE: GOOD-BYE TO THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.*
2. *THE ENGINEER STAFF ARE BUSY.*
3. *OUR CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.*
4. *THE GUNNER AND HIS PET.*
5. *PREPARING FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*
6. *A SHIP'S CUTTER GOING ASHORE—AND WE WISH WE WERE IN HER.*
7. *OUR PHOTOGRAPHER HAS A DIFFICULTY WITH HIS CAMERA.*
8. *THE FUNNELS WHILST HARD STEAMING—NOT MUCH DIRT AND NO SMOKE.*

"Navy & Army."

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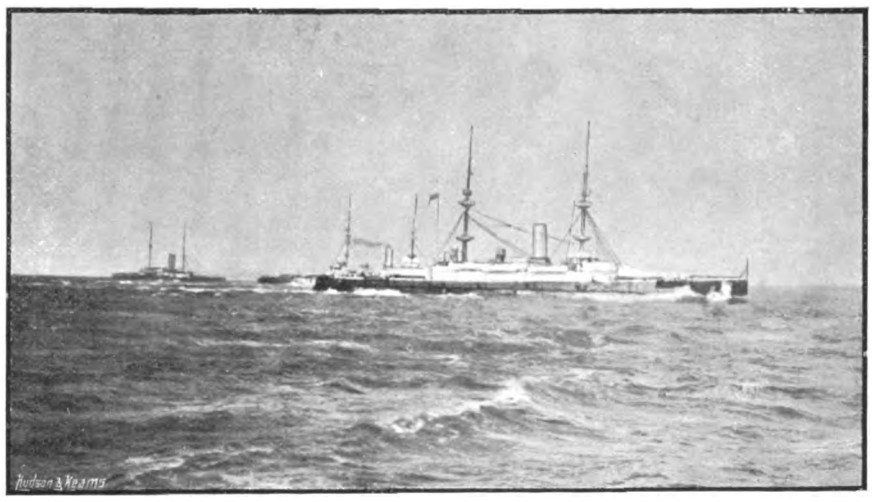
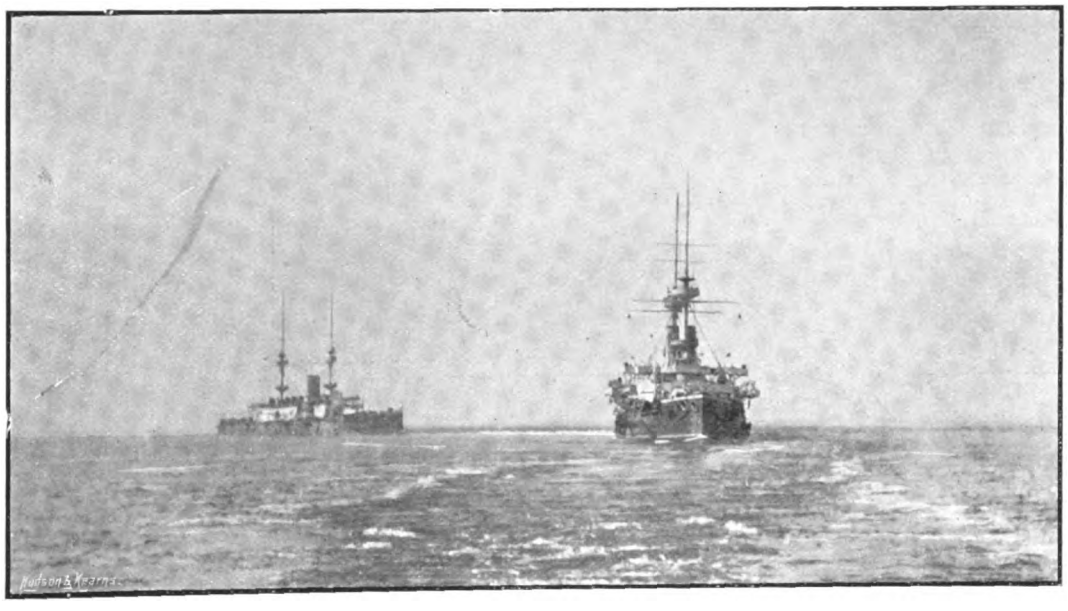
The Queen and the Channel Squadron.

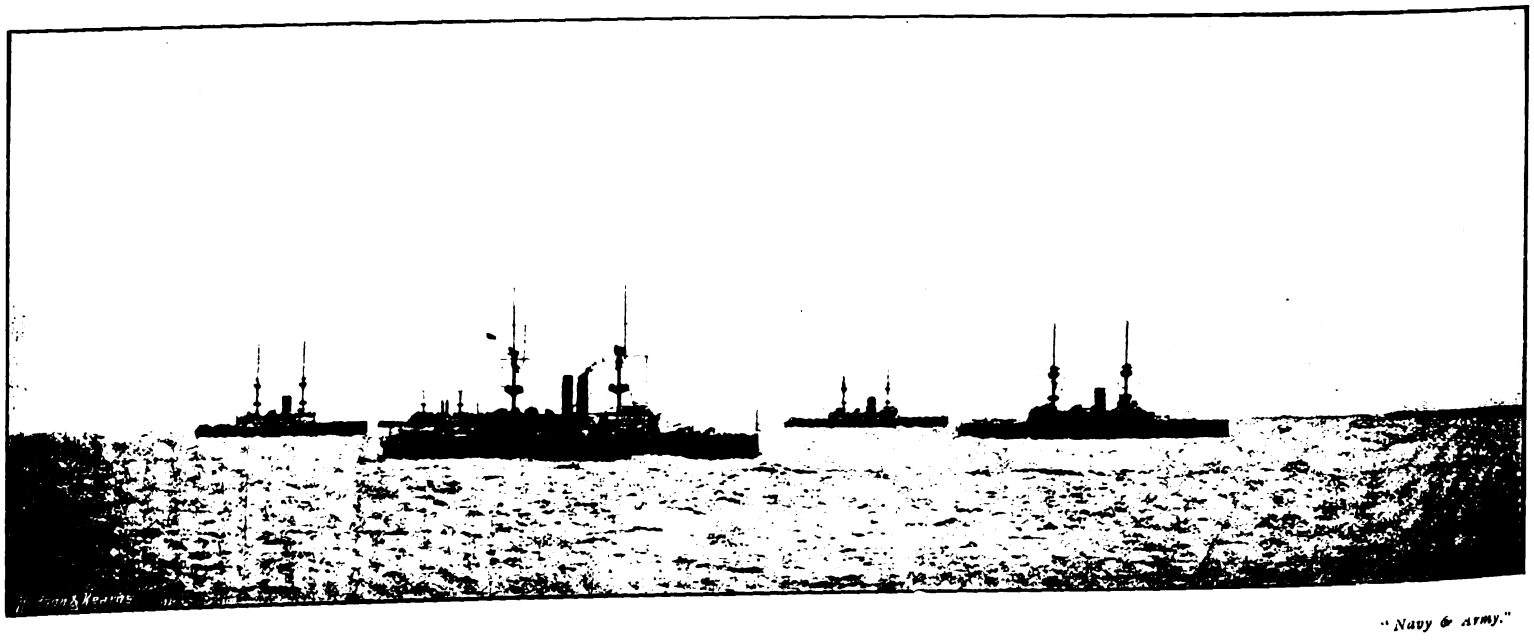
LAST week the Queen reviewed the Ladysmith Naval Brigade; this week it has been inspected by the Lords of the Admiralty. This is in every way as it should be. There was a time not so very long ago when the Navy lay in the cold shade of national neglect, and when its weakness constituted a grave peril to the Empire. Now all is changed. The Navy is popular. The need that it should be strong is recognised even by "the man in the street," and if Great Britain does not possess as many battle-ships and cruisers, nor as many trained sailors, as the best friends of the country would like to see her own, the Navy is at least approximately equal to the stern duties which it might at any time be called upon to fulfil. The Channel Squadron — and the title is somewhat of a misnomer, for it is always recognised that the ships composing the Squadron would in time of war form the first reinforcement of the Mediterranean Fleet—is composed of some of the finest battle-ships in commission in the British Navy, and this is equivalent to saying in commission in the world. The Squadron is not so numerous as the Mediterranean Fleet, but six of the ships which make up its battle-ship strength are equalled only by their own two sisters, while the remaining two battle-ships in the Squadron belong to a class which in offensive and defensive powers approximates very nearly to the other ships. In the days when the removal of masts and yards, with all the rigging they involved, was still a matter of controversy, it used to be said, among other things, that, whatever might be the practical arguments, to deprive a ship of her delicate tracery of spars and cordage would be to destroy her beauty. This, however, has not proved to be the case. Take, for example, the "Majestic" and her sister ships in the Channel Squadron, the "Magnificent," the "Hannibal," the "Jupiter," the "Mars," and the "Prince George," or take, equally, the two specimens of the "Royal Sovereign" class, the "Repulse" and the "Resolution." They have almost the lines of a yacht. They are graceful as they sit on the water, and yet they convey a sense of power that is as indefinable as it is unmistakable. This is well conveyed in our illustrations. And the power is there. The principal armament of the "Majestic" and her sister ships consists of four 12-in. wire guns mounted in two hooded barbettes. The projectiles for these guns weigh 850-lb., and are capable of penetrating 31·2-in. of wrought iron at 2,000-yds. No less than 113 miles of wire are used in the construction of each gun. Then, too, the ship carries twelve of the formidable 6-in. quick-firing guns, as well as smaller weapons. The main armament of the "Repulse" and the "Resolution" consists of four 13·5-in. guns mounted in pairs in two barbettes, but these guns, though larger and heavier than those of the ships of the "Majestic" class, are not so efficient. Of course, in addition to the battle-ships there are cruisers attached to the Channel Squadron, but unfortunately the number is not nearly sufficient from the standpoint of war. Meantime, the Channel Squadron is a very formidable group of ships.



A SMOOTH SEA AND A STEADY SPEED.
Big Battle-ships on Their Way from Kingstown to Holyhead.



TWO SPLENDID BATTLE-SHIPS SPEEDING EASILY.
The "Prince George" and a Consort Perform an Evolution.



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THE CHANNEL FLEET AS AN ESCORT TO THE QUEEN.
Her Majesty's Naval Guard.

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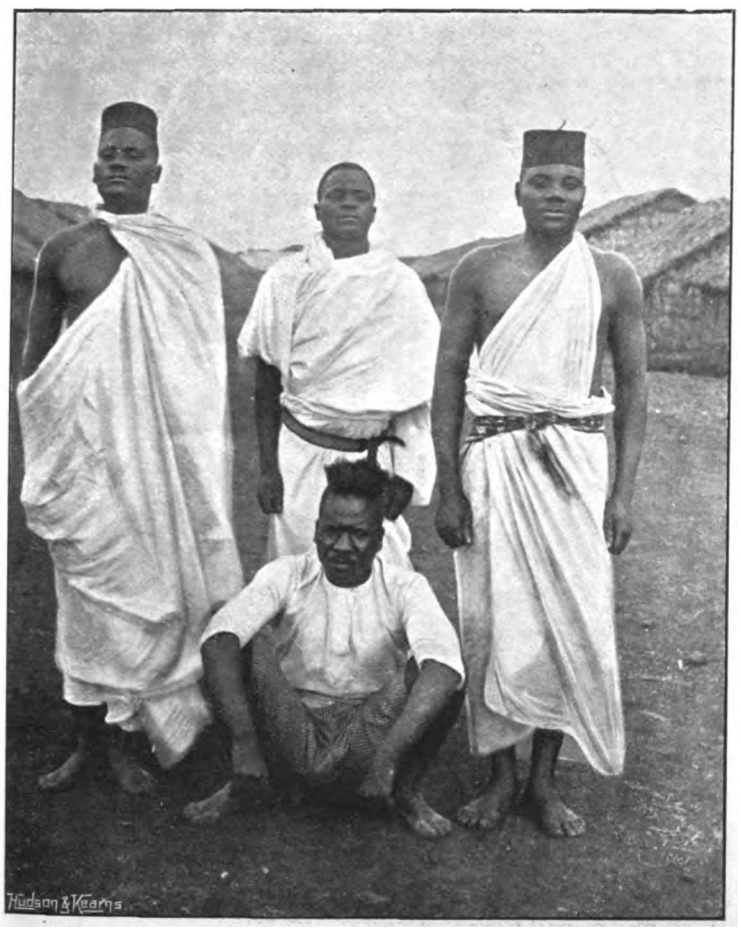
The Central African Regiment.

FEW features in connection with our Military system are more interesting and of more genuine Imperial importance than the development of the Colonial Forces, more especially in regions in which a few short years ago such developments seemed absolutely in the clouds. In Africa in particular the work done in this direction has been of a truly remarkable character. It may also be said to have been accomplished in a peculiarly systematic fashion, since now in every sphere of influence which we dominate in the African continent there are organised forces serving either directly under the Crown or the local Government. In South Africa, as we have lately seen splendidly exemplified, there are many such corps; on the West Coast there are the West African Regiment and the West African Frontier Force; on the East Coast an East African Regiment, including the Uganda Rifles; and now, in the heart of the Dark Continent, we have a two-battalion regiment of British Central Africa Rifles, one battalion of which is habitually stationed in Central Africa, while the other is available for service in other parts of the Empire.

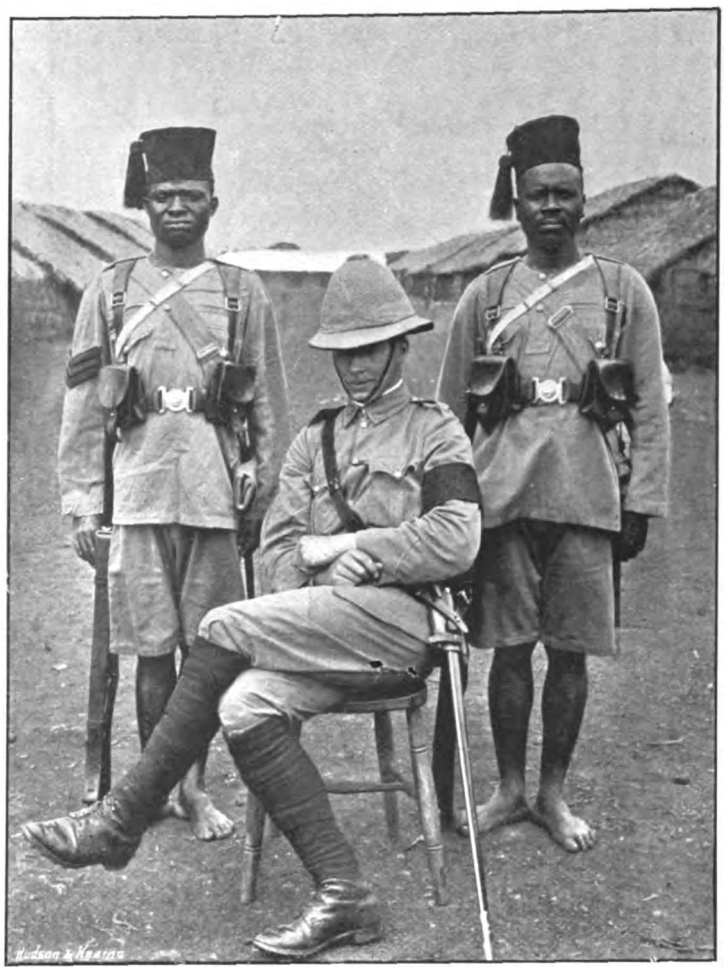
The British Central Africa Rifles, of which we are fortunate to be able to give a very graphic series of pictures, are recruited from the districts round Lake Nyassa. The formation of the corps was commenced in 1898, and such progress was made that in June, 1899, it was found possible to ship the foreign service battalion from the East Coast to Mauritius. The move was one of singular importance, as it was intended to release a battalion of the Indian Army from service in the island; but owing to an unfortunate occurrence the experiment did not prove as successful as was anticipated. At first everything seemed to go swimmingly—huts were built at Vacoas, in Mauritius, to accommodate the regiment, which was 1,000 strong, and had brought with it 300 women, the men were soon drilled into shape by their British officers and non-commissioned officers, and when the general officer commanding the troops made his first inspection in September the manner in which the regiment marched past excited universal admiration.

Unfortunately, the men of the regiment, being for the most part ignorant and simple-minded savages, appear to have been shamefully "taken in" by the wilier natives of the island. This we have on the authority of the correspondent who sent us these pictures, and who, not being connected in any way with the regiment, may be described as a wholly impartial as well as a very competent critic. One day the Yaos and the Atongas, of which the regiment is composed,



Photos. Copyright. *L. B. Bagot.*

THE RANK AND FILE IN NATIVE DRESS.
The Corps is Recruited Chiefly from the Yaos and Atonga Tribes.



TYPES OF THE CENTRAL AFRICAN REGIMENT.
Officer, Sergeant, and Private in Field-service Kit.

awoke to the fact that they had been badly treated, and, marching in a body to the village of Vacoas, they handled the Mauritians in a very rough and, in some cases, brutal manner.

The French population of the island were greatly excited over this unhappy disturbance, and combined to petition the Governor, Sir Charles Bruce, to send the whole regiment away, rather in a hurry. The British Central Africa Rifles were put on board a steamer pending the decision of the Home Government as to their disposal, and, after many weeks of waiting in this steamer in the harbour of Port Louis, during which time seventeen men died from illness caused by exposure, word came that they were to be transferred to Somaliland, and they left in February. Much regret is said to have been felt in the island at a proceeding which appears to have been neither dignified nor just, considering the simple character of the races from which the regiment is drawn and the very short time they have been under civilising influence. The sequel, too, of the incident shows that the evidence against the British Central Africa Rifles as a regiment was not particularly strong. The ringleaders of the riot were tried by the civil authorities, and with the exception of one man, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, all were acquitted. The episode is instructive, as showing the danger of hasty experiments with newly-formed native battalions.

The accompanying pictures give a singularly accurate idea of the types to be found in a regiment like the British Central Africa Rifles, and the conditions under which the rank and file live, and move, and have their being. The men are unquestionably of fine physique—in one of the pictures a man is shown who is 6-ft. 3-in. tall in his bare feet. In parentheses it may be remarked that shoes are not worn on parade by the Central Africa Rifles. The men also belong to a fairly warlike race, and would probably give a good account of themselves against any enemy they are likely to be called upon to encounter. Everything in the case of these native battalions depends on the character and capacity of the white officers under whom they serve, and in this particular Great Britain enjoys an indisputable pre-eminence.

As is evident from our pictures, the feminine element plays a not unimportant part in the existence of these Native African Corps. Encumbrances in the shape of 300 wives, not to speak of piccaninnies, are calculated to somewhat hamper a regiment's mobility, but it must be remembered that the British Central Africa Rifles are required more for the purposes of preserving order than for those of organised campaigns.

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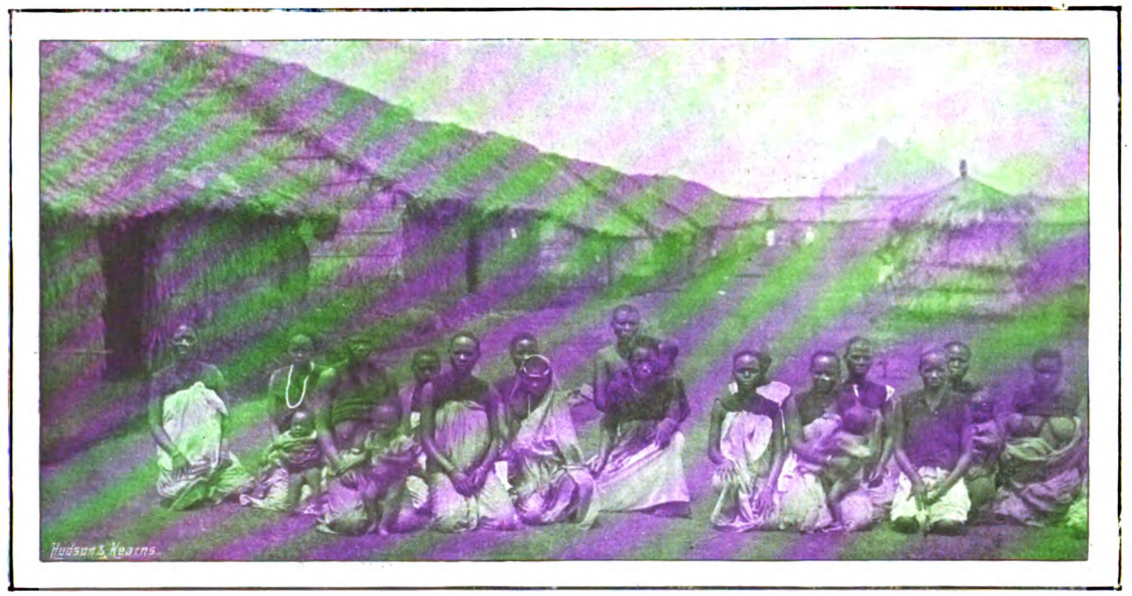
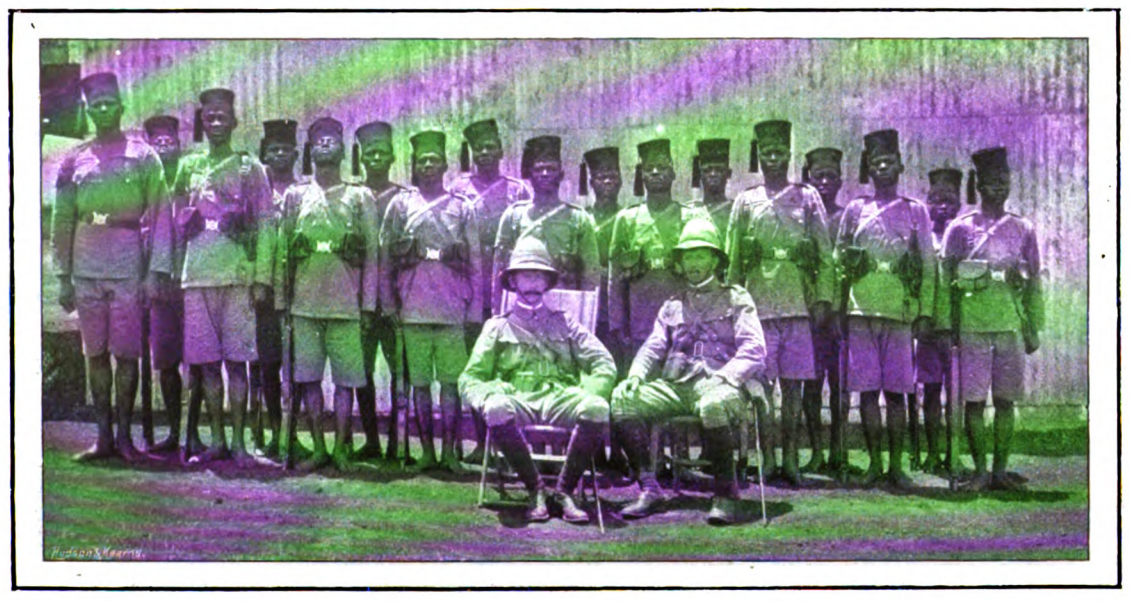
The Central Africa Rifles at Mauritius.



IN THE REGIMENTAL LINES
A Group of Women in Front of the Kraals.

AT BAYONET EXERCISE.
A Squad at Work in the Native Encampment.



Photos. Copyright.

A REGIMENTAL GROUP.
The Right-hand Man is 6-ft. 3-in. in Bare Feet.

L. B. Bagot.

LADIES OF THE REGIMENT.
With Three of Their Lords and Masters in the Background.

In the Cantonments at Port Louis.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 172.] SATURDAY, MAY 19th, 1900.

From Stereoscopic Photograph (Copyright, 1900). *Underwood & Underwood, London. W.C.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL T. KELLY-KENNY, C.B., AND STAFF.

Commanding the Sixth Division.

General Kelly-Kenny is, perhaps, one of the best known and most popular officers of the British Army. All his regimental service was spent with the "2nd Queens," and, more recently, he has earned an excellent reputation as a Staff Officer and an Aldershot Brigadier. There is no sounder and more level-headed soldier in Her Majesty's Army than the General Officer Commanding the Sixth Division in South Africa, who did such excellent work in harassing Cronje's retreat before the surrender at Paardeberg.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE coming week will be the most interesting in the whole of the London season. On Wednesday Her Majesty's birthday will be celebrated, the function of trooping the colour will take place, and the Ministerial banquets will be attended by more than their usual *éclat*. Perhaps never before has the birthday of Her Majesty aroused such a hearty feeling among her people. They have in their minds the recollection of her recent visits to the Metropolis and to Ireland, and they do not forget the many thoughtful acts, nor the words of greatest kindness and sympathy to which she has given expression during the war, and which have still further endeared her to her people. In the provinces the occasion will be celebrated on Thursday, and on that day the National Bazaar in aid of sufferers by the war will be opened in the Empress Rooms at the Royal Palace Hotel. No more fitting event could mark the celebration, for the Queen is in close sympathy with the sufferers in the national cause, and the sum of £50,000, which it is hoped will be raised, is to be a birthday offering to Her Majesty, to be expended according to her discretion. The leaders of Society have thrown themselves into this good and excellent work, and it is many years since a social function evoked such wide-spread interest. The liberality and generosity which have been manifested do great credit to large bodies of the people and to many individuals, and it should be the work of everyone to make the three days' bazaar a great and fruitful success. There are to be over seventy stalls, each representing a regiment or group of regiments, and each presided over by some high-placed lady, and the wives of many commanding officers are assisting.

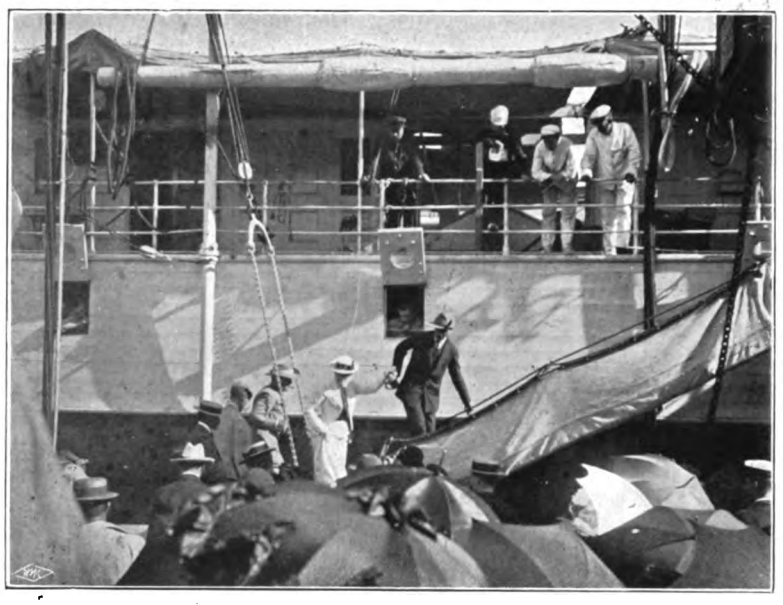


Photo. Copyright. *Clayton.*

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

With her Sons, Winston Churchill and Jack Churchill, going on Board the "Maine."

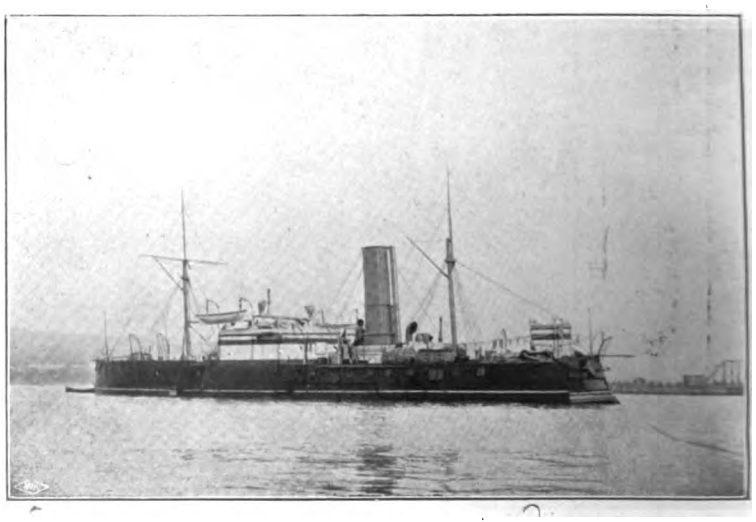
Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE."

America's Contribution to the Red Cross in South Africa.

MOST happy in its circumstances and popular in its effect is the constitution of the Irish Guards, and as long as the corps exists it will be associated with the Queen's visit to Ireland. The Irish regiments have distinguished themselves in many a field, but never more than lately in South Africa, and the happy inspiration of granting to them the privilege and honour of the "Wearing of the Green," and now the creation of the Irish Guards is a fitting reward. Amid all the wrangling of politicians, the Irishmen in the Army prove themselves as true as steel. They have a positive genius for soldiering, and will follow a trusted leader to death. It is now more than a fortnight since the order was issued for the formation of the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, and the work has begun well at St. John's Wood Barracks. The temporary commanding officer is Colonel Horace Ricardo, commandant of the Grenadier Guards, and his new battalion, which will have its depôt at Caterham, will be fully embodied with the Guards' Brigade. Major R. J. Cooper of the Grenadiers, and Lieutenant Lord Oxmanstown of the Coldstream Guards are coming home from South Africa for transfer to the new regiment. Colonel Ricardo served in the Suakin Expedition of 1882, and Major Cooper in the Egyptian operations of 1882. Two companies are to form the nucleus of the 1st Battalion, and are to have an establishment of 216 of all ranks, including a lieutenant-colonel, a major, a captain, two lieutenants, an adjutant, and a quartermaster. A number of men will be drawn from the other regiments of Guards and from several Irish battalions.

THE regimental dinners, which are such a marked feature of the season, will take place this year under peculiar circumstances. Many of those who would have delighted to be present at these intesting gatherings of comrades in arms are absent in South Africa, and not a few of them have laid down their lives for Queen and Empire. One of the first regimental dinners is that of the 11th Hussars at the Café Royal on the 28th, to be followed by that of the 13th Hussars on the 31st. Special efforts are being made that the corps dinner of the Royal Engineers, which is to take place on June 9 at the Hotel Metropôle, shall be a success. Over 200 officers of the corps are now engaged in the war in South Africa, and have done splendid service, but they will be with their comrades in spirit on that day. The Prince of



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

A FLOATING TARGET.

The "Belleisle," an Obsolete Third class Battle-ship, now to be Used as an Experimental Target by the Channel Squadron.

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Photo. *Bassano.*

MAJ.-GEN. E. T. H. HUTTON, C.B., A.D.C.

Who Commands the 1st Brigade of Hamilton's Mounted Infantry Division, which includes the Australasian and Canadian Contingents.

Photo. *Cowell.*

MAJOR-GENERAL C. P. RIDLEY.

Who Commands the 2nd Brigade of Hamilton's Mounted Infantry Division, comprising the South African Contingents.

health and prosperity of their absent friends.

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AT a time of special military interest the Prince of Wales opens the ever popular Royal Military Tournament, which will be fully described and illustrated in these pages. The tournament possesses a real fascination for English people. It brings before them, as nothing else can, the extreme smartness of our Military and Naval Services, and the exercises that go to the training of men and horses. In previous years the past and present have been brought vividly before us, and delighted crowds have witnessed displays of splendid efficiency, which have evoked universal praise.

Our Military system is at present undergoing a rude trial, and it remains to be seen whether everything is perfect in the training of officers and men. It is more than likely that after the war some changes will be introduced, and that methods conducing to individual efficiency and readiness, as distinguished from the necessary efficiency of trained bodies, may find a place in our system. Infantry scouting may assume a larger importance, and mobility may be further developed. But we may be sure that whatever happens the Royal Military Tournament will present it to the public eye, and certainly this year, as the programme shows, the displays will lack nothing of interest or picturesqueness. The Prince of Wales always manifests great interest in the tournament, and the various events arouse widespread enthusiasm in the Services.

Photos. Copyright. *Sharpe.*

A STOKER CREW.

Sailing Launch of the "Powerful."

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THOSE excellent gentlemen the Australian Delegates are the real lions of the London season; and the important business upon which they are engaged, their geniality, and their eloquence have won them universal regard. They have been summoned to many entertainments, both private and public, and have dined a good many times, proving themselves men of warm hearts and excellent tongues. They were entertained a fortnight ago by the British Empire League at a very notable gathering indeed, they were welcomed at the Constitutional Club on the 7th, and by the members of the Devonshire Club on the 9th, and this week we find them attending the annual joint dinner of the Eighty Club and the Cambridge University Liberal Club. Parliament has been occupied with the Australian Commonwealth Bill, and the Empire at large is watching with the keenest interest the progress of the Federation movement.

Many people are, doubtless, asking themselves what we are to reap from the bloodshed in South Africa, and what is to be the fruit of the Imperial impulse, and of the talk of Imperial consolidation at gatherings where high-placed men and great politicians have been present.

The Australian Delegates represent a great idea, and the work for which they are labouring is a truly Imperial work. Where men in close sympathy are aiming at the same object minor differences must necessarily disappear. It is impossible to force too much the pace of Empire, but, as Lord Salisbury told the British Empire League, this great Empire of ours, which looks so large on the map, and appears so widely separated by the seas that its practical utility for co-operation or the exercise of patriotic force might be doubted, is not a mere conjeries of individual elements, but a great and organic whole, which the Colonial contingents fighting so gallantly in the field have done much to knit together. The Delegates at Cambridge can tell their new-found friends that they represent the whole of Australasia, a great part, indeed, of the British Empire.

Photo. *Vandyk.*

LIEUT. L. E. O. CHARLTON, Lanc. Fus.

This Officer, Severely Wounded at Spion Kop, and Mentioned in Despatches, had just previous to Joining his Battalion earned the Medal for Gallantry in Saving Life in Crete.

Photo. *West.*

MIDSHIPMAN W. W. SILLEM.

Who was Specially Mentioned for Gallantry at the Battle of Graspan, and is now with Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein. The Queen asked for a Photograph of this Young Officer.

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NICHOLAS II., Emperor of all the Russias, is celebrating his birthday. He was born on May 18 of our calendar, 1868, and is thus thirty-two — a young man to be the master of so much, for his will alone is law. He is amiable and kindly, and a nephew of the Princess of Wales, therefore well disposed to us, but a Muscovite all through. "Hands off," he said, when the war in South Africa began, and he will keep his word unless the power behind the throne should prove too strong for his desires. He is popular among his people, and his visit to Moscow with the Empress, in its impressive circumstances, has added to the reverence in which he is held. His own disposition is to peace, as the abortive conference at the Hague testified plainly. His studies by his father's wish, were mostly in modern and constitutional history, political and social economy, and the law and administration of his country. He is a linguist, like many Russians, and a master of the languages and literatures of half Europe. Nicholas has never been closely identified with military studies, and is not possessed of the military spirit of some of his ancestors, but he is the head of the Army, takes a keen interest in its welfare, and, when Czarewitch, held some important military commands, including that of the famous Preobrajensky regiment, which is the finest corps in the Russian service.

When he visited the Queen he was well received in this country. He came to give, and succeeded in giving, a pleasant impression, but he proceeded immediately to Paris to seal, as it were, the pact between Russia and France. With all Russians the manner is much, but the purpose is more, and in some ways the Czar is a typical Russian.

THE dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund at the Whitehall Rooms this week is an occasion of a good deal of interest, because the Press has played an important part in this war, as doubtless Sir George White and Captain Hedworth Lambton, who will respond for the two Services, will testify. Never before have so many newspaper correspondents taken the field, and on the whole it must be admitted, even by their sternest critics, that they have done their work well. The War Office, at least, cannot blame them after its own publication of the Spion Kop despatches. They have fretted under the censorship, but to do otherwise would have been more than human, for they were witnessing history, and yet, with the dire consequence of forfeited Press licences before them, were compelled to keep silence. The finest generals, as the greatest general said, are those who make the fewest mistakes, and a pretty crop of mistakes has this war brought us. Erring generals would doubtless wish the keen-witted correspondents in some other place than within earshot of the gossip of their camps, but there is a duty to the public, and the public claim to know. The exhilarating climate of South Africa may tend to a certain vigour of spirits and a readiness to criticise; but generals must sometimes trust correspondents, and it was scarcely right in Natal that the representatives of the Press should be debarred from accompanying the troops, while their cyclist servants and civilian visitors in camp were permitted to do so. The rush of Volunteers from all parts of the Empire is in some degree due to the accounts written by the correspondents in the field, their tales of bravery and endurance having roused a spirit of emulation among the youth of the Empire.

There has been some indiscretion, perhaps, in attempting to repeat or reflect the views of generals on the part of some correspondents, but the War Office has transcended all. Sir George White and Captain Lambton have not suffered from the correspondent. Their great work of the defence of Ladysmith has found universal praise, and so they can speak well and with full hearts of the good work of the Press.

Photo. Copyright. Gullard.

ENGINEER STAFF OF THE LADYSMITH NAVAL BRIGADE.

Eng. C. C. Sheen (Wounded). C.E.-R.A. Williams. Eng. E. H. Ellis. C.E.-R.A. Hatch.

Photo. Copyright. Cribb

STEERING GEAR GONE WRONG.

The Japanese First-class Battle-ship "Asahi" Ashore off Southsea Pier.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A BURNT-OUT CAPITAL.

Ottawa, where the Recent Terrible Fire has Occurred. The Suburb of Hull, where the Fire Originated, is in the Background.

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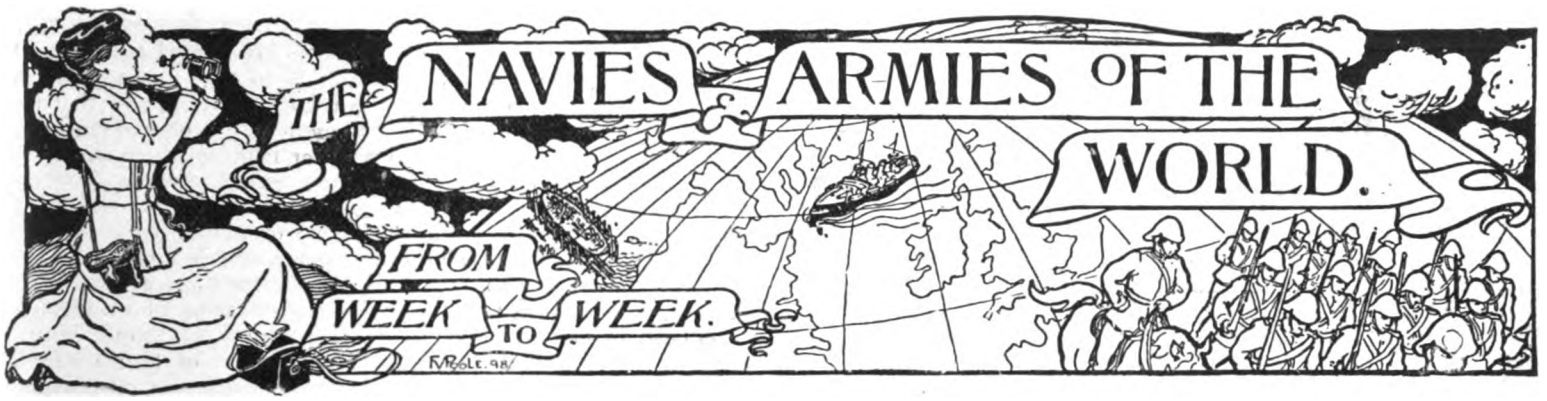

THE long letter of Colonel T. Myles Sandys, M.P., on the "Principles of Army Leagues" is, like much other comment on the events of the day, more effective in criticism than in practical suggestion. Colonel Sandys points out the inherent weaknesses of a league very well. It must, as he justly says, consist of private individuals, and must, therefore, be subject to the defects inherent in human nature. Private individuals are not commonly of the same way of thinking, and if the leaguers differ, as they probably will, on important questions of fact and principle, if they even confuse these two radically different things, they will neutralise one another. Then, since they are but private persons, the ministry can always say that its information does not agree with that of the League, which will stand snubbed before the world. I should be inclined to add the mention of other possible defects. In such a polity as ours there is always a danger that such a body will get into politics, and be manipulated by artful persons for electioneering or commercial ends. It will not be safe against the risk of falling into what the Germans call a "schwarmerei"—a sheep-like rush of enthusiasm in this direction or in that. When in such a state of mind, it may be all for militia one day, and all for volunteers another, and is far more likely to do harm than good. Colonel Sandys speaks of its educative effect as likely to be valuable, but "distant and indirect." But who is to be educated? The member of the League, or the public to which he speaks? And who is to do the education?

* * * *

It is obvious that if the Army League is to do any good in the way of instructing the public, the members composing it must know their own mind—must have a definite doctrine to teach. Now the League, or I am very much mistaken, will find this no easy possession to conquer. Nothing is easier than to roll out large generalities, and to speak at large of the necessity for reforming the Army, and for making it sufficient. So long as you keep to generalities all is well; but they are as barren as they are noisy. Nothing is done till we come to the practical question, what is reform? One man will say that all we need is a more thorough style of work, and less of the mere sporting and show element; another will say that we must have conscription; a third will retort that conscription would upset all our social and industrial life, and do us harm out of all proportion to the good we could gain from the most powerful army. The Army, after all, exists for the nation, not the nation for the Army; a fact which some commentators on the subject seem habitually to overlook. There is ground here for almost infinite difference of opinion. If the Army League is going to form itself before it has its creed it will be a mere debating society, and a very bad one, because there will be no recognised authority to keep speakers to the point and to prevent them from straggling into every kind of irrelevant questions. The success of the Navy League affords no hope that a military imitation would do well. The Navy League had nothing to do but to keep on telling everybody that the Navy ought to be very strong, and, in fact, could not be too strong. It had no principles of any sort to settle, and a very straight road to follow.

* * * *

If I may make a suggestion, it is this—that some person, or small body of like-minded persons, should make a clear statement of what they think we want any army for, and then what size and quality of army is required to achieve the desired end. Having done this, they should then recruit of the followers they can persuade to join them, and proceed to fight for their cause by argument and eloquence. I will venture to formulate some of the questions which in my opinion ought to be thought out by such a body as the proposed Army League. I begin with the most fundamental of them all. Do we need an army to protect us from invasion by great hosts from the continent? On that point there is wide difference of opinion. The Marquess of Salisbury the other day told the Primrose League that we were always in peril of a blow at the heart, even with a powerful, undefeated Navy. At least, if he did not mean that, then the Prime Minister was clearer than is usual with him as to what he did mean. He quoted Tyre and Sidon, Carthage, Venice, Spain and Holland, as examples of Naval powers which have fallen when struck to the heart. With the most profound sense of my own littleness, I cannot make head or tail of Lord Salisbury's examples. Tyre and Sidon were mere cities bound to fall into subordination when great monarchies were organised beside them. Carthage exhausted herself in vast military adventures over sea, and would not make use of her fleet to support Hannibal because her senate hated and feared the house of Barca. Venice fell because the barbarous rule of the Turks stopped the overland routes to the East, and because Portugal, largely by the help of Genoese seamen and money, opened the trade road round the cape. Holland is a small corner of land and has been outgrown by mighty neighbours. Spain perished through internal weaknesses, moral and intellectual. She was not struck to the heart—if by that phrase invasion on shore is meant—either by us, or the Dutch, or even by the French, till she had fallen under her own diseases, and her sea power had been a thing of the past for generations. What the examples of Venice, Holland, and Spain really proves is that maritime powers are ruined on the sea if at all, and that their heart is there, and must be defended there. But that being so it is not to an army that we must look for protection, and therefore the Army need not be organised to do that work.

* * * *

Another question which the League ought to ask itself and to settle in its own mind, is whether our Army ought to be organised on a scale which will enable us to multiply our territorial obligations very largely. For instance, the size of the Army we did need, must depend very largely on whether we propose to incur the risk and burden of administering a great part of China. If we do we must be prepared to send abroad a body of men equal at least to the present garrison of India, and, of course, we must provide the necessary cadre and reserves at home. It would not be at all to the point to say that these are political questions, and, therefore, form no part of the proposed League's subject. An army exists for political purposes, and must be proportioned to political needs, and that is precisely what constitutes the immense difficulty of deciding how much of one is necessary to a particular people. That also might serve to remind us of the possible mischief a League may do. A body of that kind may act, and probably will act under the enthusiasm of the day. If we had had one sixty or seventy years ago, it would have exerted itself to reduce the Army to the lowest possible figure, or even abolish altogether. When the pendulum has swung the other way it is equally possible that may we have a League with quite exaggerated notions of what an army can do for us, and of what ought to be its proportions.

* * * *

An individual man may be under the same disabilities as a League, and that is why I cannot see much salvation in Colonel Sandy's proposal to turn the Commander-in-Chief into a kind of embodied Army League, and authorise him to state yearly what he thinks our needs are. But will a Commander-in-Chief be infallible? Supposing that we have one who holds that a navy cannot protect us against invasion on a large scale from the continent—there are not a few who do so believe among civilians and soldiers—if he states what he believes to be necessary for the safety of the nation he must, if he is consistent, tell us that in addition to the greatest fleet in the world, we need an army on the continental model. If Germany and France can get at us with their hundreds of thousands nothing less will do. But many of us say that such fears are idle, and no Commander-in-Chief by a mere *ipse dixit* will make us change our opinion. When he had spoken we should still have to fight out the previous question. If it is answered that no soldier in such a place would say extreme things, it follows that he would have to subordinate his own opinion, and we should not have the benefit of his authority. No mechanical device of this kind, in fact, will save us from the trouble of thinking the question out for ourselves.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Leagues and their Lessons.

WHEN Sir William Harcourt cheerfully remarked "We are all Socialists nowadays," he was uttering a truth much more profound than most people imagined. Socialism, in the technical sense of the term, makes little headway in England. Socialism, in a broader sense, is one of the principal factors in modern life. Individual effort is relied upon less and less. Combined effort is more and more called into play. Whatever the reform may be that is desired, the first step taken to bring it about is the formation of a committee or an association or a league. As soon as an idea takes shape in the minds of men they set to work to propagate it by social rather than by individual methods. They are not content to let each man advocate it in his own personal orbit. It must find wider scope. It must be forced upon the notice of the community by means of an organisation. It is no good to fight against such a tendency. It is an inevitable consequence of the complication, the rush of life in these days,

"With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertaxed."

It has become so hard to gain people's attention, it is so difficult to make single voices heard amid the din of conflicting outcries, that some kind of combined effort is an absolute necessity.

It is only natural, therefore, when so many of us are thinking about our Army, and wondering how we can best improve it, that we should find combinations being formed to bring this question home to the public mind in a practical shape. Already one Army League has been formed, "another," according to Colonel Sandys's letter to the *Morning Post*, "is impending, and very possibly two or three more similar bodies may be floated." This is the time, then, to consider what an Army League ought to do and what it ought not to do, so that the plain citizen who wants to see the Army improved may be able to judge whether the combinations now appealing for support deserve well of the community or no. In the first place, a league of this kind ought to be composed of citizens. It ought to be broad-based upon the popular intelligence. It ought not to be run by faddists, above all, not by service faddists. If it is run by faddists it will advocate fads, and this brings us to the second point. An Army League ought not to advocate any particular theories. Its work should be broadly educational. It should concern itself with details as little as possible. The letter in which Sir John Wolfe Barry proposed an Army League some months ago took entirely the right line. Sir John pointed out that the work our Army now has to do is not clearly understood, and he urged that the public ought to be instructed as to what this work is. When the public has got this well into its head it will be able to judge intelligently whether the measures proposed by Government from time to time are calculated to improve the working of our military system. At present the public has no clear ideas on the subject at all. Indeed, the ideas of the public's leaders do not see too clear, judging from such speeches as that which the Prime Minister made last week to the Primrose League.

What Navy and Army Leagues should do is to teach people what the Navy and Army are for, what are the limits of their usefulness, and at what strength we ought to keep them. Details must be left to professional experts. All that "Government by public meeting" can usefully do is to keep watch over the experts, and to take care that lines of national policy are carefully followed. A Navy League should make it clear that the Navy is our first line of defence; that defence nowadays is best assured by being in a position to take the offensive; and that our Navy must be equal to any combination of navies that can be considered likely to attack it. An Army League should show that the business of the Army is to take up and carry on the work of defence where the Navy leaves it off, and that the strength of the Army must depend upon the chances of our being attacked in those inland portions of our Empire where the Navy cannot penetrate. Let us take a concrete instance from the present war. What use has the Navy been to us in this case? Putting aside the splendid work done on actual battle-fields by Naval brigades, it has, in the first place, enabled us to take our Army safely to South Africa. In the second place, little as it has been in evidence, it has kept various nations who would like to profit by our having one hand tied from flying at our throats. But the Navy cannot operate in the heart of South Africa. Therefore, as we were obliged to "wipe something off a slate" there, we have called upon the land forces of the Empire. From all parts of the British World-state troops were concentrated upon the disturbed area, and they are now engaged in systematically "putting the job through." What we are doing we could not have done with the Navy alone, nor with the Army alone. It is upon the two services working in concert that we have relied in this instance, and so it always must be so long as the Empire is to stand.

Here is work enough for leagues. If they would only keep to this and not meddle with matters outside their province, they would play an exceedingly useful part. We should then no longer have panic-mongers complaining that the Admiralty do not know the difference in value of old and new guns. We should not hear wiseacres descanting upon the danger of sending so many troops out of the country in time of war. We should make short work of anyone who proposed to resist a French invasion by putting up forts on Boxhill, or keeping a flotilla of old torpedo-boats manned by stockbrokers at the mouth of the Thames. Old Navy League and new Army League, please take the hint.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 20, 1760.—Attack by the French on Cuddalore repulsed. 1789—Collungoody captured by Colonel Stuart. 1818.—The city of Chunda taken by storm by Lieutenant-Colonel Adams. The Mahratta garrison lost 500 killed and wounded. 1840.—Surprise attack by Arabs on Aden repulsed.

May 21, 1745.—Successful defence of the island of Arguilla by 112 men against 650 French. 1824.—Defeat of the Ashantis by Major Chisholm. 1842.—Defeat of the Afghans at Kelat-i-Ghilzie by Captain J. Halket Craigie.

May 22, 1546.—Defeat of the French near Havre, and also between Calais and Boulogne. 1598.—The Prince of Nassau, with English and French troops, drove the Spanish from their entrenchments on the island of Bommelwaert. 1794.—The right wing of the combined army, under the Emperor of Austria and the Duke of York, being sorely pressed by 100,000 French, Major-General Fox was sent to its relief, and gallantly stormed the village of Espierres.

May 23, 1706.—Battle of Ramillies. The British and Confederates, under the Duke of Marlborough, defeated the French and Bavarians under the Marshal de Villeroy and the Elector of Bavaria, who lost about 4,000 men. 1793.—Battle of Famars. The Duke of York defeated the French on the banks of the river Ronelle.

May 24, 1760.—The Nabob of Poornia defeated by Meer Jaffier, assisted by Captain Knox with 200 British infantry. 1796.—Successful operations during the siege of Morne Fortunée by Sir Ralph Abercromby, which led to the surrender of the island of St. Lucia next day. 1841.—Attack on Canton. Four forts overlooking the city captured. 1858.—Sir E. Lugard defeated the rebels at Jugdespore.

May 25, 1430.—Sortie from Compiègne repulsed, and Joan of Arc taken prisoner. 1778.—Attack on the rebels at Warren. Several boats and two sloops with stores destroyed by Colonel Campbell on the Kickamuet River. Three field officers, two captains, and fifty-nine men of the rebel militia were taken prisoners. Our loss was only five wounded.

May 26, 1706.—Antwerp surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough without attempting defence. 1776.—Captain Forster defeated the Americans, under General Arnold, at Vaudreuil. 1813.—Skirmish near Salamanca. Wellington outmanœuvred General Villatte. Two hundred prisoners and six guns were taken.

MAY 20, 1216.—Battle of Dover Straits. 1506.—Columbus died. 1512.—Trinity House incorporated. 1553.—Sailing of Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition for the North-West Passage. 1588.—The Armada made its first start from Lisbon.

May 21, 1692.—Destruction of Tourville's fleet in the harbour of La Hogue. 1762.—Capture of the Spanish treasure ship "Hermione" by the "Active" and "Favourite," with £520,000 in specie.

May 22, 1812.—Destruction of the French 40-gun frigates "Arienne" and "Andromaque" by the "Northumberland," 74, off L'Orient. 1867.—Mr. E. H. Baily, sculptor of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, died. 1890.—The "Latona" launched.

May 23, 1512.—Sir Edward Howard's fleet landed a force at Conquet and Brest and destroyed both places. 1809.—The "Melpomene," 36, beat off twenty Danish gunboats. 1811.—The "Drake," 32, captured fourteen Dutch gun-boats off Java. 1841.—Attack on Canton by the "Blenheim," 74, with troops and a Naval Brigade. 1895.—The "Sunfish," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

May 24, 1572.—Drake sailed for the Spanish Main. 1792.—Rodney died. 1837.—Queen Victoria born. 1841.—Reduction of Canton. 1845.—The "Erebus" and "Terror" sailed under Sir John Franklin to discover the North-West Passage.

May 25, 1801.—Cutting out and recapture of the British bomb "Bulldog" at Ancona by the boats of the "Mercury," 28. 1814.—Naval action off Corfu. 1868.—The "Monarch" launched. 1871.—Lloyds incorporated.

May 26, 1623.—Sir William Petty born. 1703.—Samuel Pepys died. 1811.—Capture of the French "Néréide," 40, at Tamatave, by the "Astræa," 38, and the "Phœbe," 36. 1896.—The "Arrogant" launched.

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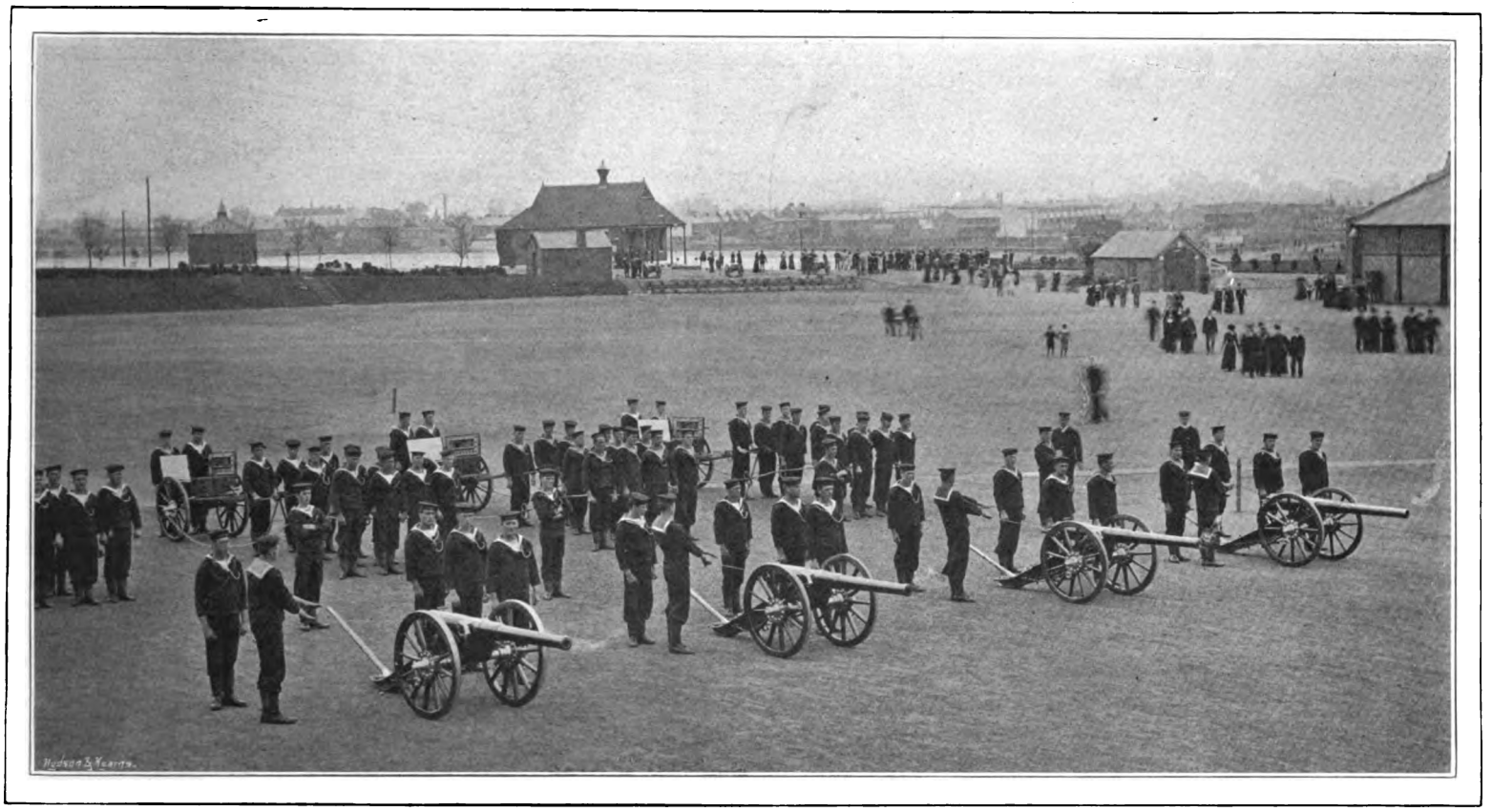
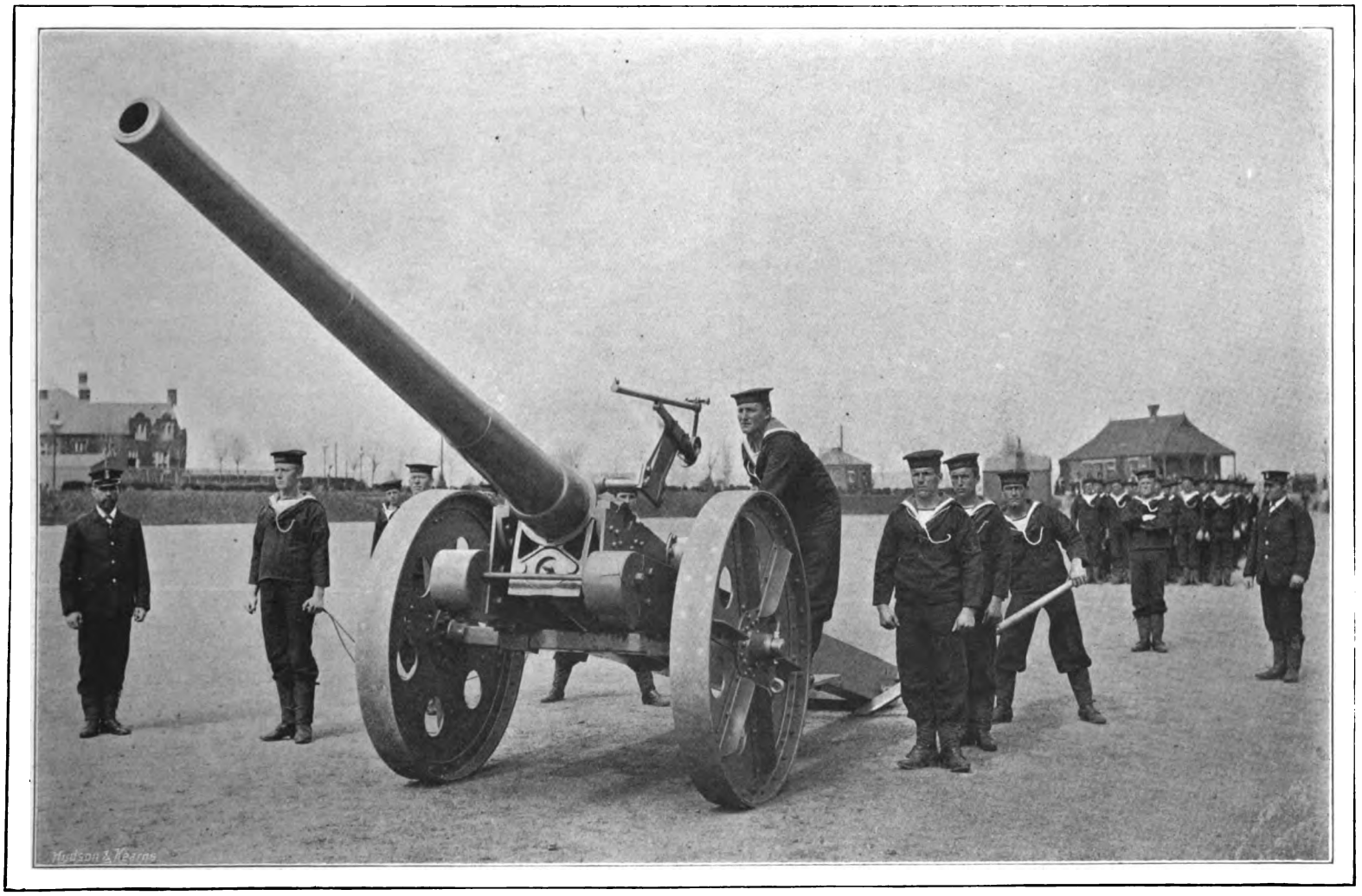
The Ladysmith Guns at Islington.



"WE'VE SEEN HIM DRAGGING HIS GUNS ALONG AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL."

These are similar to the 12-pounders which the Bluejackets took with them to Ladysmith. Superior in power to the ordinary field-gun used by the Army, their aid during the siege was invaluable. Throughout the war, in fact, they have been very potent factors, for by the ingenuity of Captain Percy Scott, although heavier than the 12-pounders which all big ships carry for boat and field work, they were mounted on carriages that enabled them to be moved about with the greatest ease. Some of them are now with Lord Roberts in the Orange State.



Photos. Copyright. *Cribb.*

"AS USEFUL AS HE'S BIG."

Not only did Captain Scott's ingenuity enable the long 12-pounder to be brought into use for field work, but he also adapted a carriage by which the "four-point-seven" and 6-in. guns could be utilised with troops in the field, and thus placed immediately at the disposal of the military authorities guns of a calibre and range equal to the heavy Creusot guns with which the Boers had supplied themselves. The gun, pictured about on Scott's field mounting, was made at Whale Island for the Military Tournament.

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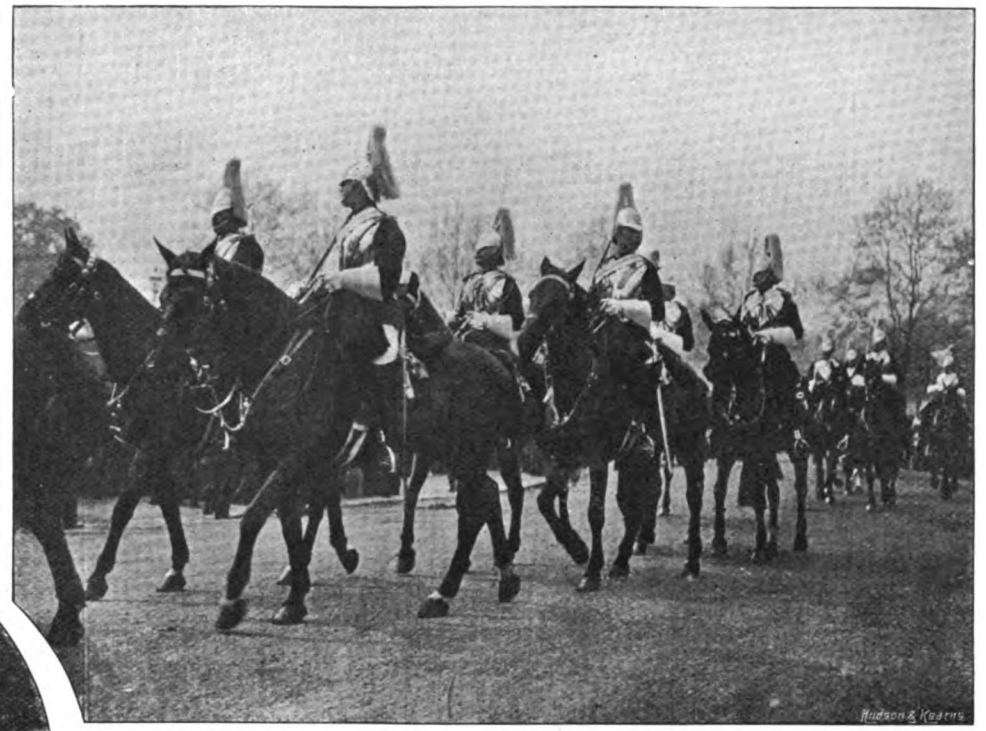
At the Queen's Drawing Room.

IN THE MALL.
The Bands of the Household Cavalry.

A GLITTERING EQUIPAGE.
The Duke of York's Carriage.



A ROYAL BODYGUARD.
The Escort of the Heir Apparent.

AN IMPORTANT ARRIVAL.
The Prince of Wales Reaches the Palace.

AFTER THE PRESENTATIONS.
The Departure of the Debutantes.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

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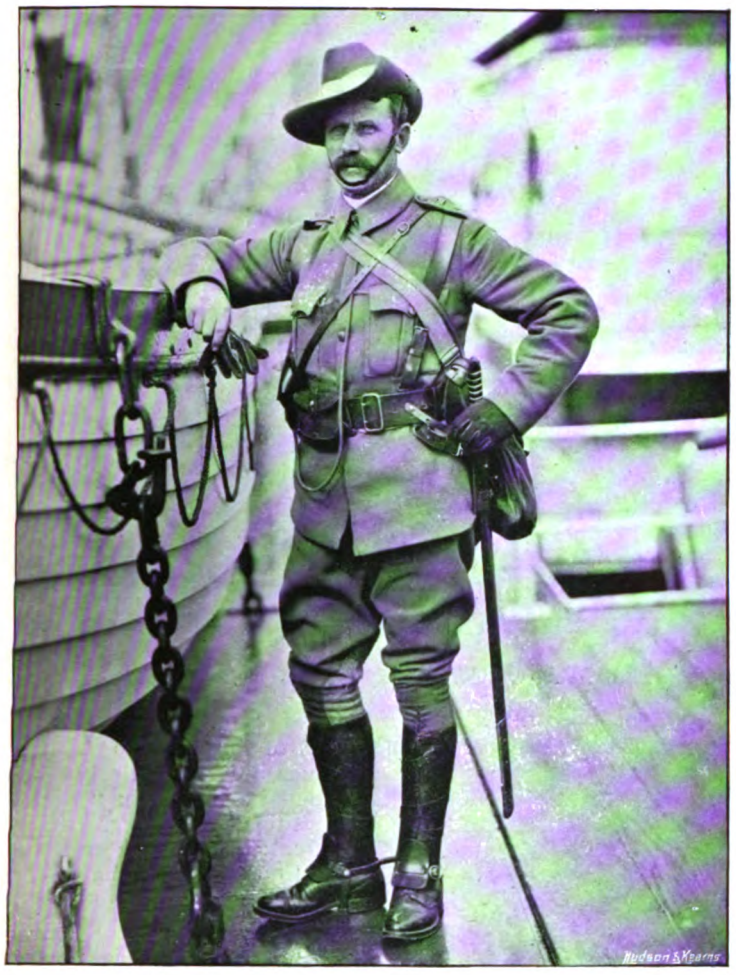
The Yeomanry in South Africa.



Photos. Copyright. Hudson & Kearns.

AFLOAT IN THE SS. "GALEKA."

Lieutenant-Colonel St. L. Moore, 17th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry.

Gregory.

ANOTHER PASSENGER OF THE "GALEKA."

Colonel R. K. Parke, Commanding Dunraven's Sharpshooters.

Photo. Copyright. Russell & Sons.

A WELL-KNOWN YEOMAN AND SPORTSMAN.

The Earl of Lonsdale Goes to the Front.

Photo. Copyright. Lambert Weston & Son.

THE WORTHY SON OF A WORTHY SIRE.

The Hon. T. A. Brassey, Sussex Imperial Yeomanry.

Some Well-known Officers.

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Thaba Nchu Village

THE HILLS TO THE LEFT OF THE PLACE WERE LATELY OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS.

HELIOGRAPHING TO BLOEMFONTEIN.
A Sunny Day Gives Plenty of News.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE NAVAL BRIGADE WITH "BOBS."
A Rest on a Steep Hill.

SOME of these South African names, and particularly those which have a Zulu "click" in them, are exceedingly difficult in fitting themselves to British tongues. Thaba Nchu is one of these, and we shall not attempt to define, even phonetically, how it ought to be pronounced. Frankly, in the office of this paper, though we can manage a good many languages, European, Asian, and African, we do not understand Zulu, and we are quite unable to explain to our readers what is the proper pronunciation of the word which forms the most incisive part of our title. After all, however, it matters little by what name such things are called so long as there is a conventional designation. And, apart from its sound, Thaba Nchu is sufficiently well known to the British public. It was held long enough by the Boers as one of their strongholds. As recently as May 7 Lord Roberts wrote: "The enemy have retired from the front of Thaba Nchu, and the exceedingly strong position they held is now occupied by Rundle's Division." This all testifies to the importance of the post. Now the road from Bloemfontein to Thaba Nchu makes a very slight detour to the south, and if the distance is only about forty miles as the crow flies, it cannot be much more by road. But Thaba Nchu occupies a very important strategical position. We have got beyond it now, but the value of it was evidenced by the tenacity with which the Boers held it. It is in this important district that the characteristic kopjes begin again, and they are shown in the panorama of the little town which forms one of our illustrations. The open veldt may lie before us, but we can see that to the right and to the left are those almost inaccessible hills which lend themselves so readily to the Boer methods of fighting. To shoot up to the last minute, and then to run away, does not appear a very valiant method of combat, but it is the one which commends itself to the Boers, and they have certainly practised it

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and its Surroundings.

THE NATIVE PART OF TOWN HERE SHOWN WAS STRONGLY HELD BY THE BOERS.

with marked success. The hills have helped them, of course, and the country around Thaba Nchu is just the sort of territory to give them the greatest possible assistance. How many men could have lain hidden in one of the crannics of those precipitous cliffs to the right of the picture? How many would it have taken to create an impregnable fortress out of those rising grounds to the left? A lot of nonsense is talked about Boer defence, but they had all the advantage of position on their side, and British troops occupying their strongholds would never have been turned out. This is the simple fact of the matter, and it is all the more credit to the men who stormed them, even though the loss has been great. The grass in the centre of our panoramic picture shows the character of the flat country which has to be traversed, while the rising ground suffices to indicate the fire to which an advancing force would be exposed. The native parts of the place — village we should call it in England — are to be seen on the slopes to the left and right, and it is obvious that the inhabitants of Thaba Nchu are under ordinary circumstances of an exceedingly religious turn of mind, for they have no less than four churches—a white and a native church of the Church of England, and a white and a native church of the Wesleyan communion. Truly, the inhabitants ought to be well provided with spiritual comfort. An elevation near Thaba Nchu enabled the advancing force to communicate by heliograph with Bloemfontein, while another picture shows the manner in which the Naval Brigade —doing its good work as usual—is getting some of its useful guns up a steep hill. As will be seen from another picture, human nature will assert itself even on outpost duty, and men will amuse themselves when fighting is not absolutely imminent. Perhaps it is human nature, too, that makes our friend want to write a letter home when watching far out on the veldt. If so, shall we say, "God bless human nature?"

OBLIGED TO AMUSE OURSELVES.
On Distant Outpost Duty.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

WRITING A LETTER HOME.
A Frequent Incident on the Veldt.

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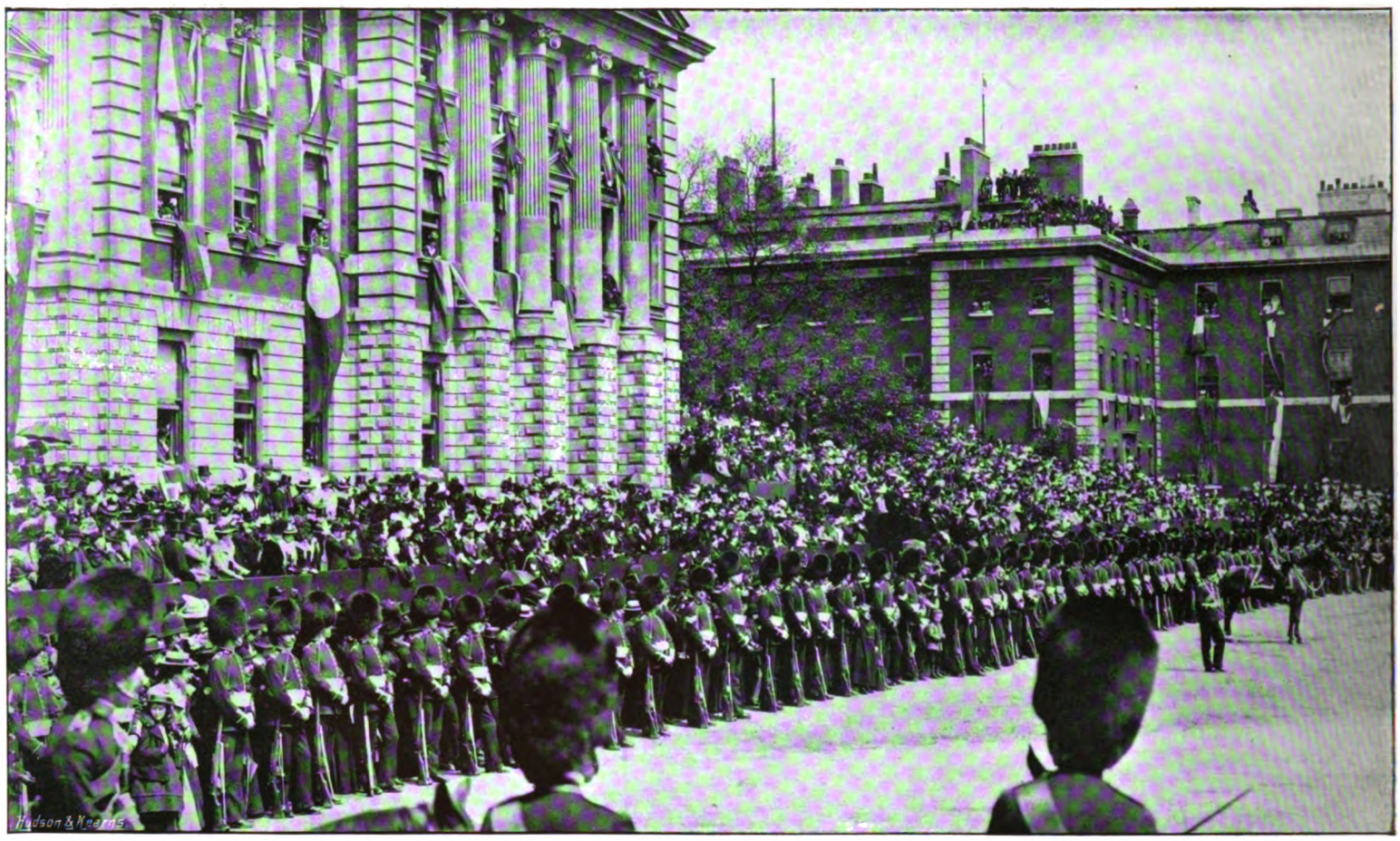
The "Powerful's" Naval



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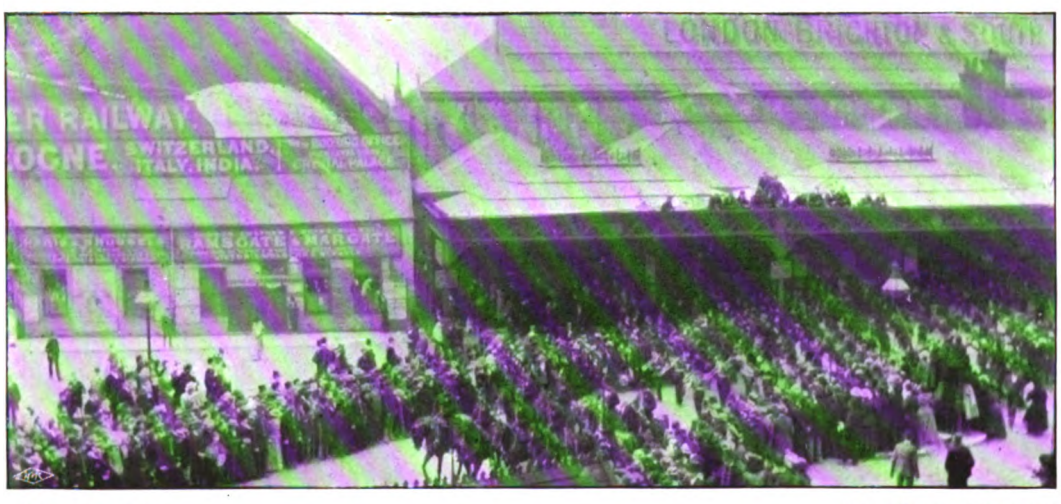
A NOTABLE OCCASION.

In Front of the Admiralty.



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THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

The Departure of the Brigade from Victoria Station.

Photos. Copyright. *Mutoscope & Biograph Co.*

REPRESENTING THE NAVY.

The Prince of Wales, Mr. Goschen, and My Lords of the Admiralty.

THE reception of the Bluejackets and Marines of the "Powerful" in London, that is to say, of a select 300 of them who took part in the defence of Ladysmith, or were with Lord Methuen's column, was memorable and worthy to be commemorated. The occasion was unique and without precedent, so much so that the Admiralty authorities had the greatest difficulty in deciding upon the ritual, so to speak, which was proper to be observed in relation to the ceremonial. The Prince of Wales is a great personage, greater than any other man in the Kingdom, and surpassed in rank by but one woman, his gracious mother. Yet it will have been observed—such is the just tenacity of dignity observed by the Navy and the Admiralty—that even the Prince of Wales could not receive the salute save by the request of the Lords of the Admiralty. But, the difficulty as to ceremonial having been overcome, the whole of the celebration went off with extraordinary brilliance and success from beginning to end. Our illustrations will appeal to all. There were some who witnessed the sailors emerging from Victoria, others who saw them on the Horse Guards' Parade, others who watched them in Whitehall, others who enjoyed that irrepressible outburst of the enthusiasm of a multitude outside the Royal Exchange, others who had the privilege to be within the building when the bountiful hospitality of Lloyds was extended. But few, if any, save the men themselves and the police who accompanied them, saw the whole series of splendid scenes, and even those will be glad to be reminded of them by photographs of no common

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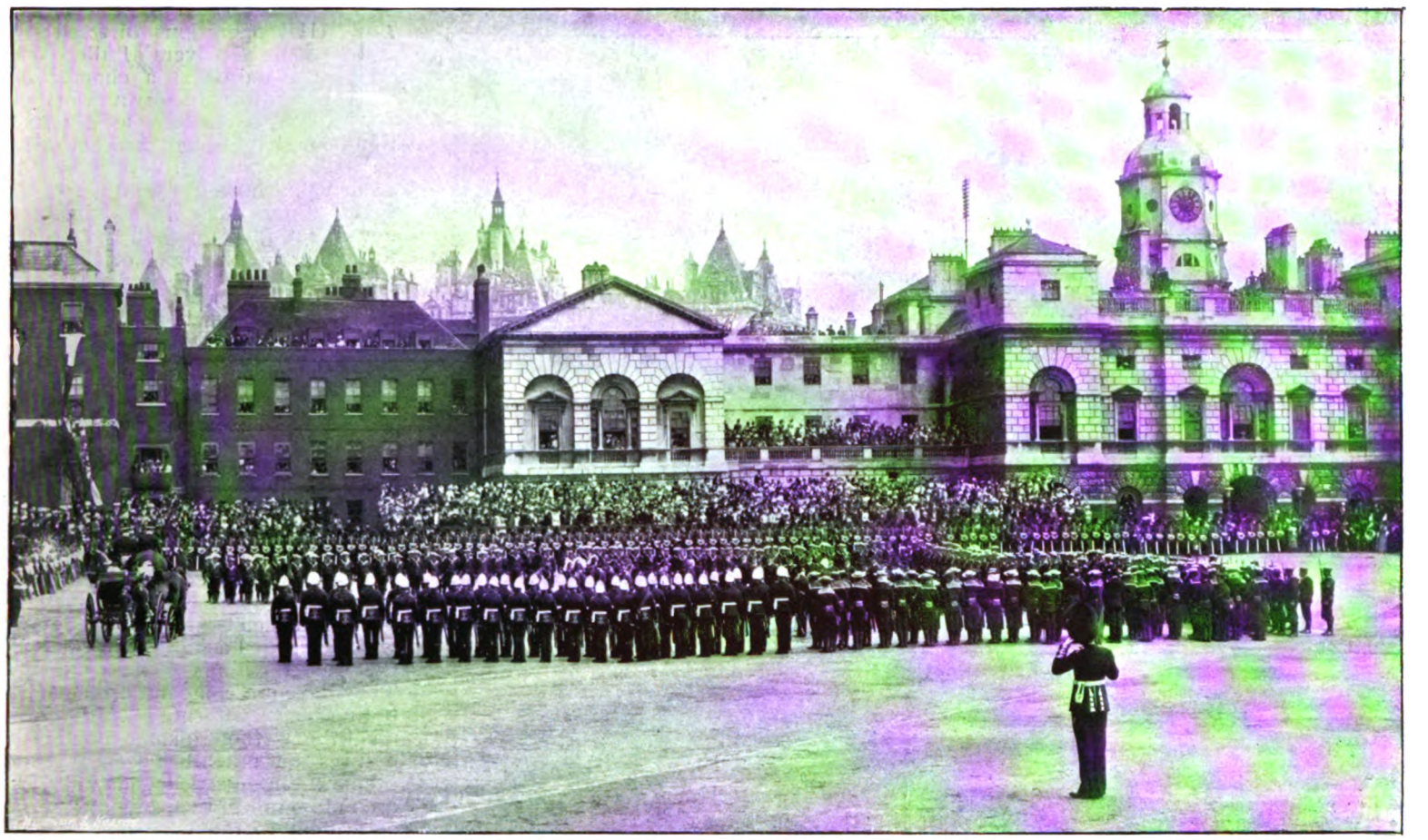
Brigade in London.



THE INSPECTION OF THE BRIGADE.
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales Addressing the Men.

Russell & Sons.

order of merit. It was a wonderful day—a day which proved to demonstration that high and low, rich and poor, "they all love Jack." The crowd at the Horse Guards, on the stands, and even on the ground, was composed of all that is best and most representative in England, and it cheered the sailors to the echo. At the Exchange, sober-sided men of business lost their self-control and hurled their hats into the air after the manner of schoolboys. Last of all, between the Royal Exchange and London Bridge, came what is familiarly known as a "bridge crowd"; and once known it is never forgotten. It invaded the ranks, it took its part in hauling the guns, it chaired and carried every Bluejacket on whom it could lay violent and friendly hands; and the whole demonstration had its inner meaning. When the Prince of Wales shook hands with the gunner—an honour which has in all probability never been paid to any Naval gunner before—he was giving expression to the unanimous feeling that the gunner and his comrades had saved a very difficult situation. And they had.

There can be no doubt that, if it had not been for the sailors and their guns, and for the ready invention of their officers, the garrison of Ladysmith would have been prisoners at Pretoria long before Sir Redvers Buller and his troops had reached the empty town. That would have been a disgrace of the deepest dye, and it was the recognition of this fact which made a mighty people rejoice when, to quote a fine old song which has been subjected to the indignity of modern wording, "Johnnie came marching home again."

Photo. Copyright. *Downer.*

A WORTHILY ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.
The Brigade Passing Along Whitehall

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A WELCOME FROM THE "BULLS" AND "BEARS."
The "Powerful's" Men in the Royal Exchange.

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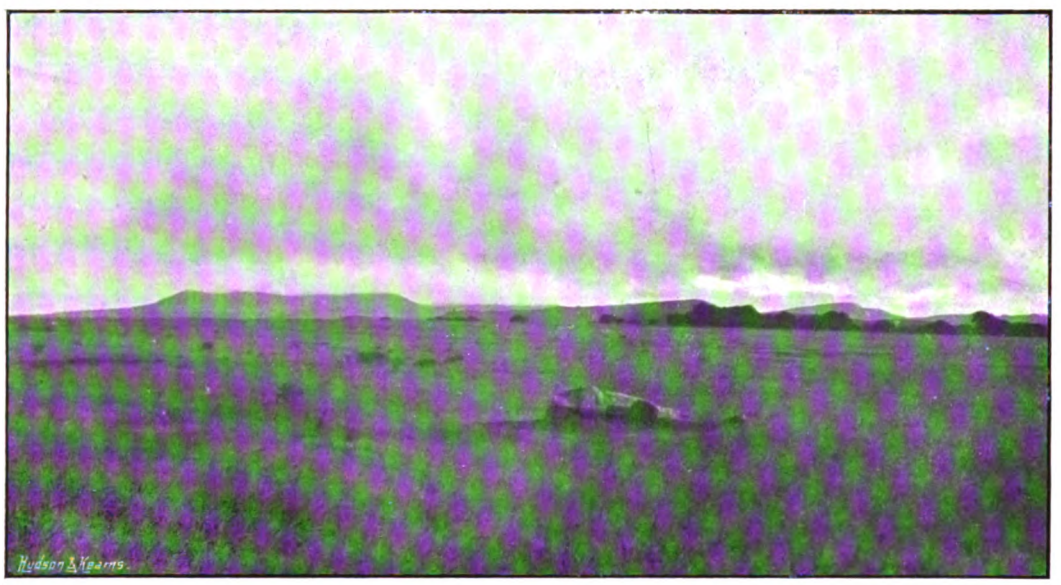
Buller's Historic Battles.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS WITH THE RELIEF COLUMN.

THE SCENE OF A MEMORABLE DISASTER.
Where the Batteries were Lost. Some Harness has been Recovered and is Valued.



THE BUSHES IN WHICH THE BOERS WERE HIDDEN.
On the Left is Grobler's Kloof, where the Big Boer Guns were Posted.

GETTING A WETTING ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.
The Royal Field Artillery Crossing a Drift on the River.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

THE operations directed by Sir Redvers Buller in Natal form a chapter in military history now in one sense closed. Our illustrations cover it all, and will not only be looked at with interest by our readers, but be kept for future reference. Such chapters as this are never shut down for good and closed to further inquiry, and of this one we are like to hear a good deal. It will require a very imposing display of what Carlyle would have called "greatness of decorum," and a truly unprecedented estimate of the decency of silence to consign this campaign to the place of things not spoken about. One does not need to be a prophet or son of a prophet to foresee that the shelf devoted to military books will in future bear a heavy weight of controversy all bearing on this subject. Therefore, and in preparation for what is coming, we shall be well advised to get a knowledge of what happened as far as we can till the hidden things come to light. They have not come out from their hiding places yet—not by any means all of them—though some may be of opinion that much has been at least prematurely revealed. Happily we are not bound to turn our attention at present to the why, and to the exciting question, "Who was to blame?" There is not and never will be any blame for those who fought. Looking at that disastrous piece of open ground, near wood, where the field batteries, under command of Colonel Long, came to destruction, we may for the time being think only of the courage and discipline of the gunners who did their duty and fell with Lord Roberts's son on that deadly venture. It was a terrible beginning for the series of marches, assaults, and other combats which culminated in the relief of Ladysmith. Those who came alive through it do not as yet care to speak of what they saw about them. It was too sudden, too awful and overwhelming to be spoken of, or even realised. Death sent by an invisible enemy mowed down men and horses unseen. After that check there was a pause, and then the work of breaking through the barrier of hills swarming with foes who could be felt, but could never be seen, began again. Spion Kop will never be an agreeable name to our ears, and yet it is not to be forgotten that there was no want of courage and devotion in those who swarmed up it, and held it till they were ordered to retire. However the head lay, the heart was right, and that is the essential. Then there was another retreat, another pause, and yet another advance. Without a very full map on a large scale, one cannot get more than a confused idea of the actions on the river bank and among the hills. Only we do know that they were very arduous, and that what pegging at it could do was done. Officers and men alike kept up the old tradition of the British Army which is that they do the lion's part. Finally, time and Lord Roberts helping, Ladysmith was relieved—none too soon; but done it was, and the end was victory.

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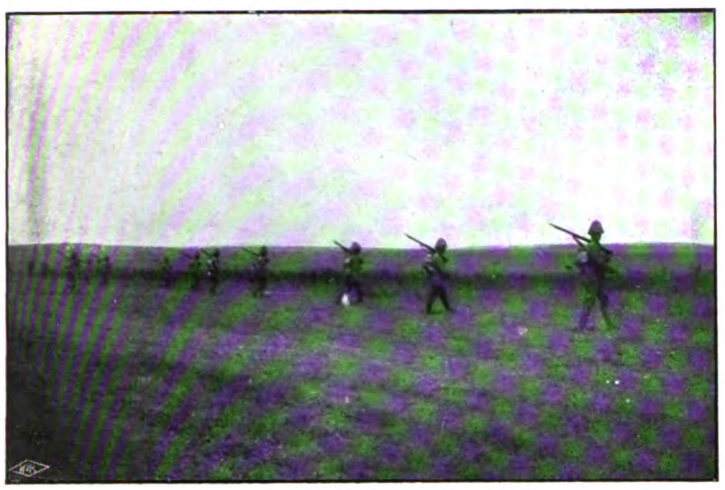
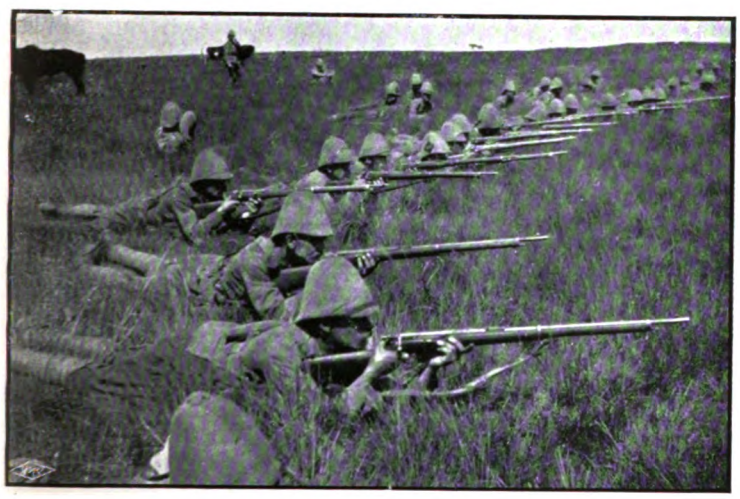


"OPEN ORDER."
Troops Advancing to the Attack.

AT MONTE CRISTO.
A 5-in. Howitzer Battery in Action.

"ENTRENCHED."
Our Men Ready for the Enemy.

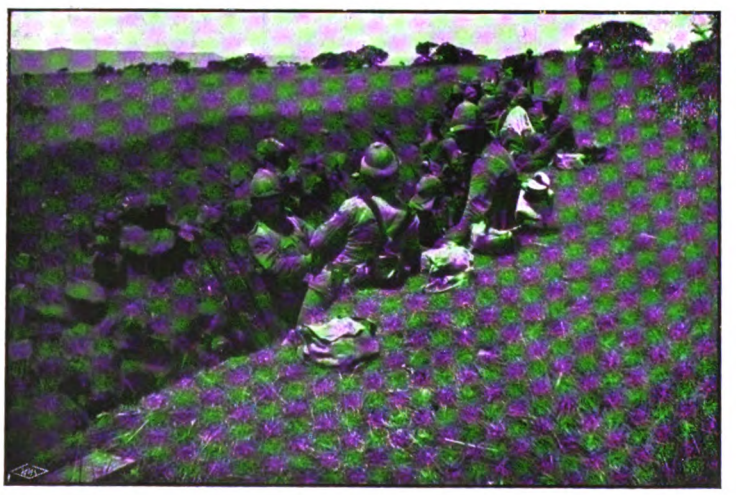
ON THE LOOK-OUT.
The South African Light Horse near Fort Wylie.



TAKEN UNDER FIRE.
The 2nd Queen's in Action.

A LULL IN THE STORM.
The Devons Resting in a Sangar near Pieters Station.

FOR NIGHT SIGNALLING.
The Search-light which Flashed News to Ladysmith.



ON HUSSAR HILL.
Our Advanced Trenches within Range of the Boer Fire.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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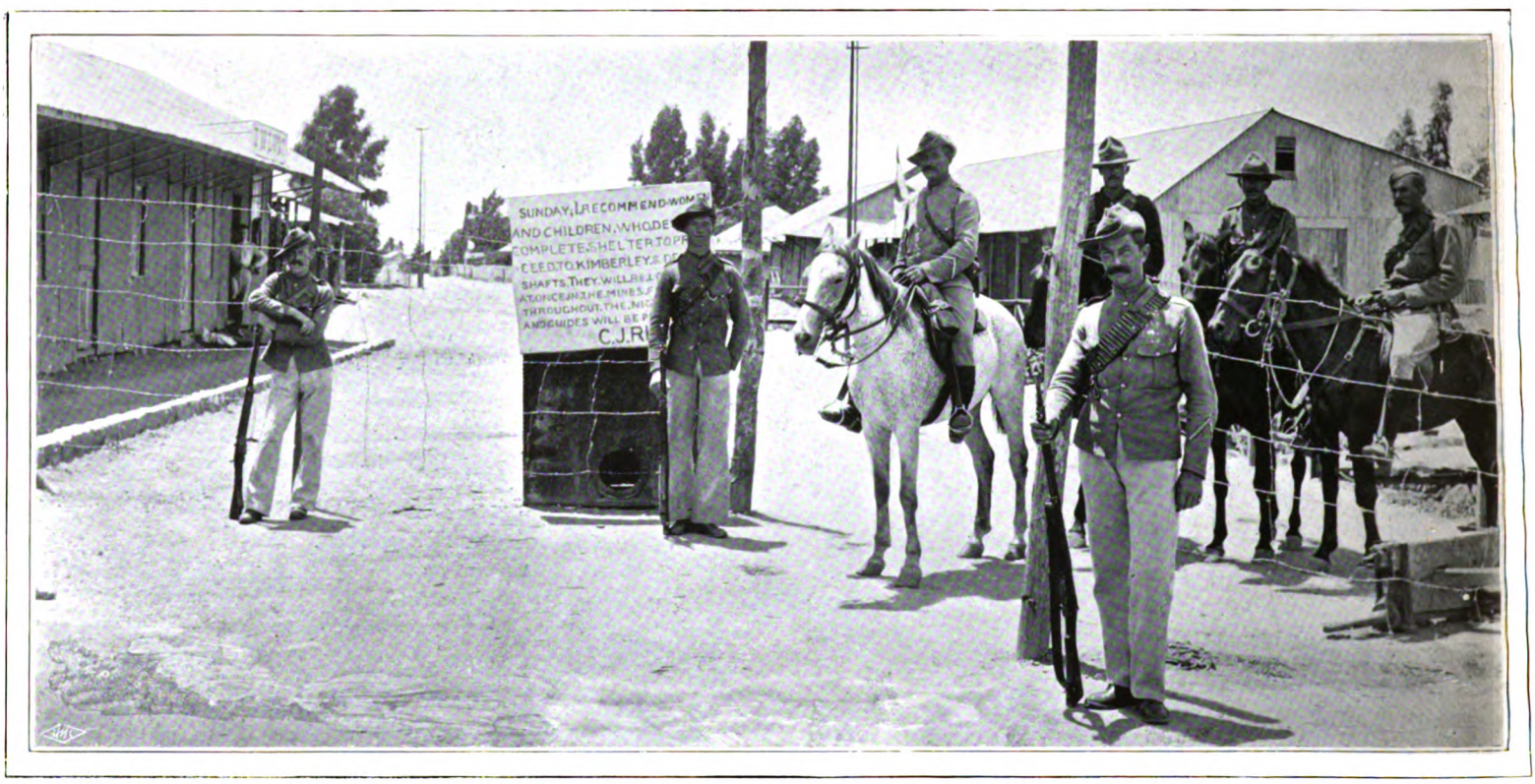
Kimberley—The Siege and the Relief.

A STRONG BARRICADE.
The Utilisation of Available Material.



A FORMIDABLE BARRIER.
For it is Guarded by the Cape Police.

Photos. Copyright. *M. Bennett.*

THE 6-in GUNS TAKEN TO WARRENTON.
Mounted by Major Phillips, R.A.

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The Royal Military Academy Sports.

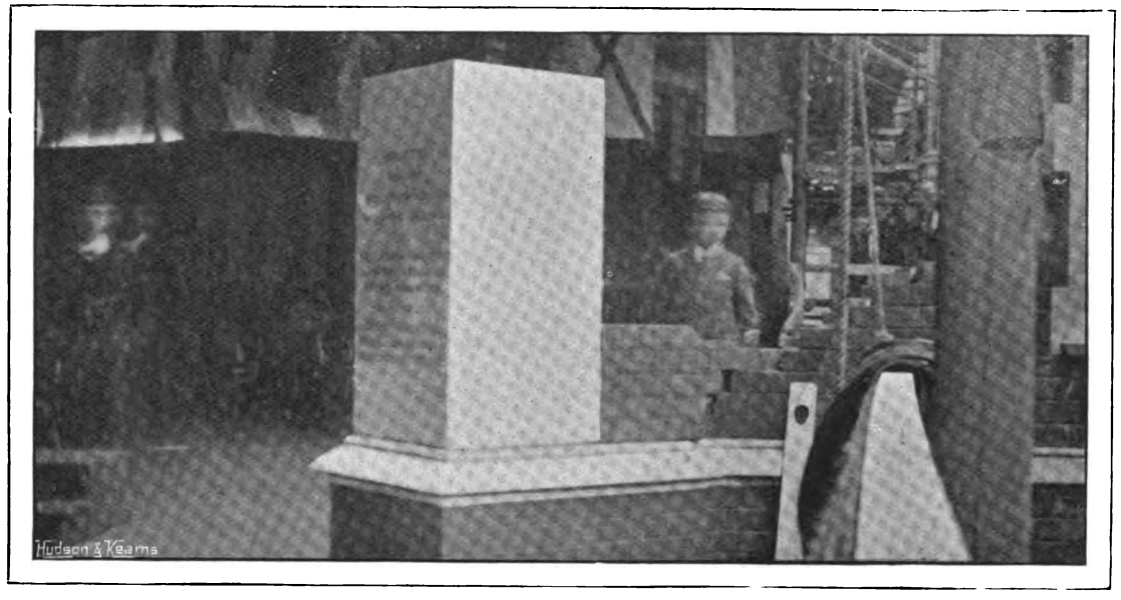
DURING THE OBSTACLE RACE.
Won After a Struggle by Mr. G. C. Battye.

THE START OF THE DONKEY RACE.
Cronje, on the Left of the Picture, Beats Kruger.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army" by G. Higgins.

Opening the Bushey Masonic Schools.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ARRIVES.
The Assembled Masons Bid Him a Hearty Welcome.



THE FOUNDATION STONE IN PLACE.
Well and Truly Laid by the Duke on Saturday last.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army" by C. H. Temple.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE AND ON WESTERN BORDER.

CAVALRY DIVISION (French)

Porter's (1st) Brigade.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons.
2nd Dragoons.

Broadwood's (2nd) Brigade.
Household Cavalry.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.

Gordon's (3rd) Brigade.
9th Lancers.
16th Lancers.
17th Lancers.

Dickson's (4th) Brigade.
7th Dragoon Guards.
8th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

MOUNTED INFANTRY
(Ian Hamilton)

Hutton's (1st) Brigade.
Australian Contingents.
Canadian Contingents.
Regular Companies.

Ridley's (2nd) Brigade.
South African Contingents.
Regular Companies.

ARTILLERY

Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, O, R, J, and M Batteries.
Field—2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 37th (Howitzer), 38th, 39th, 43rd (Howitzer), 44th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 68th, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 79th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 88th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS

7th (Field), 8th (Railway), 9th (Field), 10th (Railway), 11th (Field), 12th (Field), 26th (Field), 29th (Fortress), 31st (Fortress), 37th (Field), 38th (Field), and 42nd (Fortress) Cos.
Section Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Det.
"C" Pontoon Troop.

INFANTRY DIVISIONS

Methuen's *(1st)* Division.

Douglas's (9th) Brigade.
1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Paget's (20th) Brigade.
(Composition unknown).

Chermside's *(3rd)* Division.

Allen's (22nd) Brigade.
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
1st Derbyshire.

W. G. Knox's (23rd) Brigade.
(Composition unknown).

Kelly-Kenny's *(6th)* Division.

Clements's (12th) Brigade.
2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

C. E. Knox's (13th) Brigade.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Tucker's *(7th)* Division.

Maxwell's (14th) Brigade.
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Wavell's (15th) Brigade.
2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Rundle's *(8th)* Division.

Campbell's (16th) Brigade.
2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
1st Leinster (on passage out from home).

Boyes's (17th) Brigade.
2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

Colvile's *(9th)* Division.

MacDonald's (3rd) Brigade.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.

Smith-Dorrien's (19th) Brigade.
1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
2nd Shropshire L.I.
Canadian Infantry.

Hunter's *(10th)* Division.

Hart's (5th) Brigade.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Barton's (6th) Brigade.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Pole-Carew's *(11th)* Division.

Jones's (1st) Brigade.
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

Stephenson's (18th) Brigade.
1st Essex.
2nd Warwick.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.

Naval Brigade.

1st Suffolk (probably 21st B.).
1st Munsters (probably 20th B.).
1st R. Sussex (probably 23rd B.).
2nd R. Berkshire (probably 23rd B.).
1st Cameron Highlanders (probably 23rd B.).
3rd Durham L.I. (Mil.).
4th R. Lancaster (Mil.).
4th Argyll and Sutherland (Mil.)
4th Scottish Rifles (Mil.), (Kimberley).
4th S. Staffordshire (Kimberley).
City Imperial Volunteers.
Imperial Yeomanry.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Roberts's Horse.
Kitchener's Horse.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Rimington's Scouts.
New South Wales Lancers.
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.
Diamond Fields Artillery.
Diamond Fields Horse.
Kimberley Rifles.
Cape Mounted Police.*
Cape Mounted Rifles.*
Frontier Mounted Rifles.*
Kaffrarian Rifles.*
Brabant's Horse (3 regiments).*
Montmorency's Scouts.*
New South Wales Artillery.
Canadian Artillery.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Lumsden's Horse.
Australian Horse.
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

NOTE.—The bulk of the colonial troops are now brigaded in the Mounted Infantry Division. Those marked * form Brabant's Colonial Division.

II.—IN THE CAPE COLONY, SOUTH OF THE ORANGE RIVER.

(Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker, commanding line of communications)

ARTILLERY

* Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

Militia Battalions.
Antrim Artillery Militia.†
Donegal Artillery Militia.†
Durham Artillery Militia.†
Edinburgh Artillery Militia.†

ENGINEERS

5th and 20th (Field) Cos., 6th and 47th (Fortress) Cos.
Section Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

Militia Battalions.
6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
3rd South Lancashire.
3rd South Wales Borderers.
3rd Welsh.
3rd Royal Lancaster.
3rd East Lancashire.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th East Surrey.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
4th Somerset L.I.
3rd Leinster.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
4th North Staffordshire.
4th West Yorkshire.
6th Middlesex.
3rd East Kent.
3rd Royal Scots.
3rd West Surrey.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.

Imperial Yeomanry.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
Cape Garrison Artillery.
Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.

* Many of these units have in all probability reinforced the troops at the front. † One company from each.

III.—IN NATAL, UNDER SIR REDVERS BULLER.

CAVALRY DIVISION

Burn-Murdoch's (1st) Brigade.
1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.

Brocklehurst's (2nd) Brigade.
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th and 19th Hussars.

Dundonald's (3rd) Brigade.
South African Light Horse.
Imperial Light Horse.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Natal Carbineers.

ARTILLERY

Horse—A Battery.
Field—7th, 13th, 14th, 19th, 21st, 28th, 42nd, 53rd, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 67th, 69th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—Nos. 4 and 10 Batteries

ENGINEERS

17th and 23rd (Field) Cos.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY DIVISIONS

Clery's *(2nd)* Division.

2nd Brigade.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Norcott's (4th) Brigade.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Lyttelton's *(4th)* Division.

Kitchener's (7th) Brigade.
2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.
1st Devon.

Howard's (8th) Brigade.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.

Hildyard's *(5th)* Division.

Coke's (10th) Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Wynne's (11th) Brigade.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Liverpool.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Natal Mounted Police.
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Durban Light Infantry.

NOTE.—A Brigade Division of Field Artillery, comprising the 89th, 90th, and 91st Batteries, is in readiness for South Africa.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (det.), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles.

The force under Sir Frederick Carrington, which entered Rhodesia, *via* Beira, comprises Imperial Yeomanry, Lord Lovat's Scouts, and Australasian Bushmen Corps.

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

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Two Distinguished Functions.

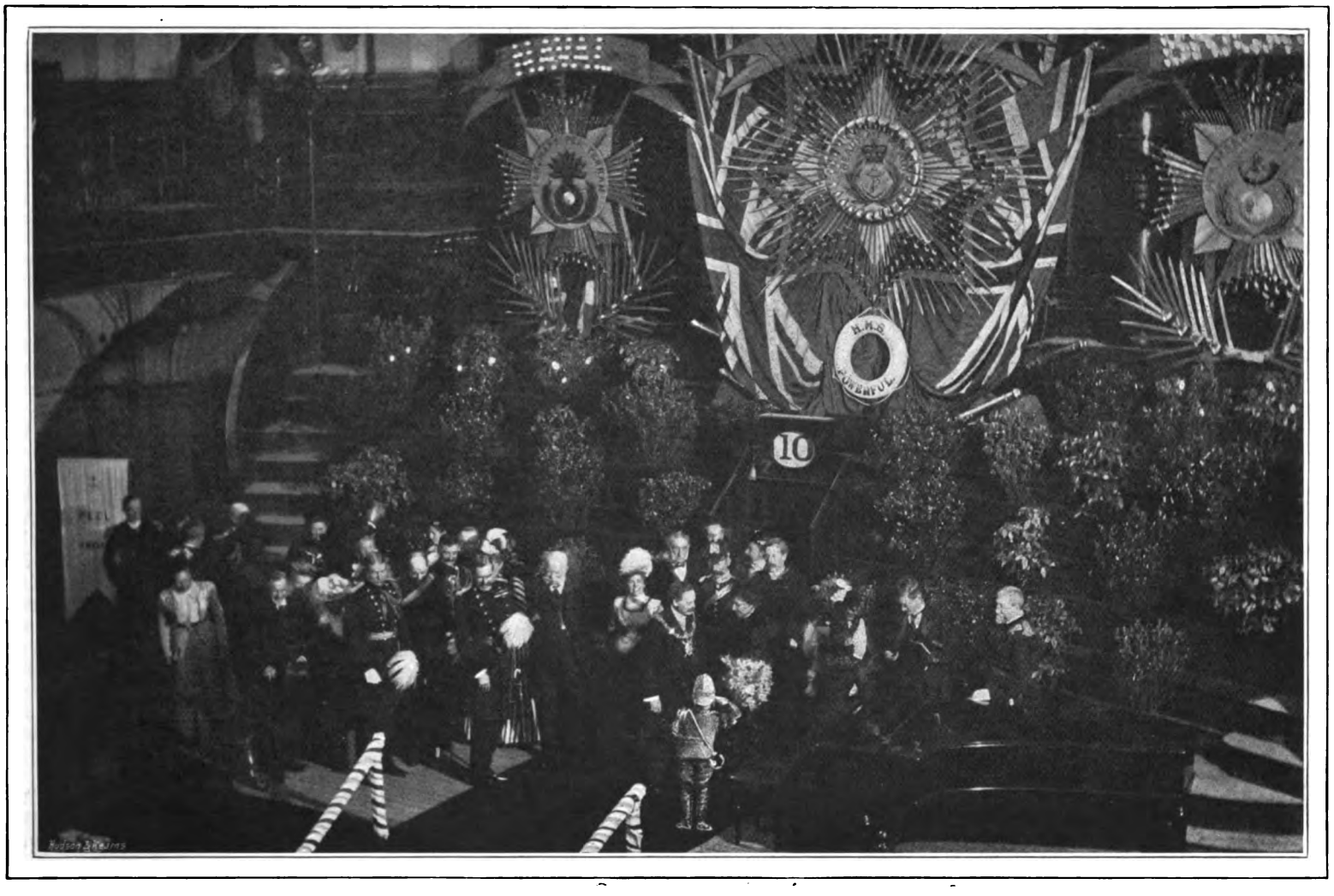

Photo. Copyright. *Chas.*

FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

The Bazaar—the opening of which is here depicted—was organised by the 1st Hants Volunteer Engineers. It was opened by H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the little "gentleman in khaki" who presented the Princess with the programme is the son of Sergeant-Major Pearce.

Photo. Copyright. *Balr.*

WAR-WORN VETERANS.

Sir William Stirling, K.C.B., who has recently been appointed Lieutenant of the Tower, is a veteran of the Crimea, Indian Mutiny, China, and Afghanistan Wars. Our illustration shows him making his first inspection of the "Beef-eaters" or Yeomen of the Guard, who form the Tower Warders.

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The Story of the War.

LORD ROBERTS'S occupation of Kroonstad marked another great step in his advance to Pretoria. The fighting power was taken out of the Orange Staters by the rapidity and force of the advance from Brandfort. It had been hoped by the Boer leaders that the strong position occupied near Thaba Nchu would suffice to check the advance by threatening the line of communications. A flank position offers many advantages in such cases, but was totally inoperative in the presence of such a large force as we now have in the field. It told effectually, as we all remember, in the case of Lord Methuen's advance on Kimberley, and completely paralysed his movement for a long period, remaining valid until the flank position was itself turned. But a flank position to hold good as a threat must be within striking distance, and that was not so with the Boers at Thaba Nchu.

The story we have to tell to-day begins with the passage of the Vet River and the occupation of Smaldeel. General Pole-Carew set out to effect the passage of the river on May 5, making a long march of nineteen miles. In the afternoon the West Australians were in contact with the enemy, and a fierce artillery duel followed, the 84th and 85th Field Batteries, two Naval 12-pounders, two 4·7-in. guns, and two 5-in. siege guns being in action. The bombardment continued until nightfall, while General Hunter was forcing a passage to the left, where he was hotly engaged. His success made the Boer position difficult to hold, and on the next morning it was found that the enemy had fled. They had received intelligence of the success of General Hamilton in occupying Winburg, and Lord Roberts immediately pushed on to Smaldeel, which is the junction of the branch line from that place. His column was thus in close touch with that of Hamilton on his right. Meanwhile, General Hutton was pushing forward with the advance to the Zand River, where it had been rumoured that a strong resistance would be offered. As the event proved, the Boers were only fighting a rear-guard action, and the prisoners who fell into our hands reported the Orange Staters to be heartily sick of the war, notwithstanding all the efforts of Mr. Steyn to revive their flagging spirits.

Lord Roberts halted at Smaldeel with the main body on the 7th and 8th, in order to enable Colonel Girouard and the Engineers to complete work on the railway, and to give time to General French, who had returned from Thaba Nchu to Bloemfontein, to get to the front with his cavalry. He arrived at Smaldeel on the 8th. Meanwhile, complete success had attended Ian Hamilton's advance across country from Thaba Nchu. He had had a brilliant cavalry action at Welkom Drift on the 5th, when Broadwood's men did splendid service. On the 6th he advanced fifteen miles to Winburg, and sent in Captain Balfour with a flag of truce to demand a surrender, which that officer was about to receive from the mayor, when Philip Botha arrived on the scene with 500 Hollanders and Germans, and ordered the arrest of Balfour despite the flag of truce. An angry scene followed, but the townspeople had had enough, and Botha and his men galloped off. A correspondent has pointed out that the four generals who were with this column averaged only forty-three years of age. They were Ian Hamilton, Bruce Hamilton, Broadwood, and Smith-Dorrien. Large stores of food and forage were captured. The column had marched 100 miles, fighting on nine days out of thirteen, and from Winburg it pushed forward on the 9th to Boomplaatz to join in Lord Roberts's advance.

On the night of that day, Pole-Carew's and Tucker's divisions, with Ian Hamilton's column, four brigades of cavalry, and the heavy Naval and Garrison Artillery guns were at Welgelegen, on the south side of the Zand River. The enemy were occupying a position extending about twenty miles across our front, but Lord Roberts was advancing also with an extended front and overlapped the Boer front. A strong footing was effected on the northern bank of the Zand on the morning of May 10, and by noon the enemy were in full retreat. General Hutton had fully ascertained their position and strength, and on the night of the 9th the Cheshires had crossed and entrenched themselves, preparing for the movement of the main body. The passage was made at two or three places, the mounted infantry clearing the front. The Boer right then gave way, but Tucker and Ian Hamilton had a tougher task on the other flank, where the enemy had six guns well served. The East Lancashires and Sussex men got to the front, and at eleven o'clock in the day dashed forward and seized two commanding ridges within 500-yds. of the Boer entrenchment. A demonstration was then made on the flank, and when the gallant Lancashire and Sussex men made another dash with the bayonet they took to their heels, and the mounted men went in pursuit. Except at this point, the action on the Zand River was mostly confined to artillery fire, and our losses were not great.

General French's cavalry and Hutton's mounted infantry crossed the Zand, at Vermulen's Kraal, and worked in a north-easterly direction to Maatschappy, while Lord Roberts, with Pole-Carew, Gordon's cavalry brigade, "J" Battery Royal Horse Artillery, and Henry's and Ross's mounted infantry crossed near the railway bridge. At night the forces were eight miles north of the river, and the Boers were still being pursued. The drifts, however, were extremely difficult, and it was a matter of great difficulty to get up the baggage, but the advance was not delayed. On May 11, Lord Roberts, with Pole-Carew's division marched forward twenty miles, and at night was at Geneva Siding, fourteen miles from Kroonstad, and about six from Boschrand, where the Boers were reported to be entrenched in force. French's cavalry were some miles ahead, and in the course of the afternoon had seized a drift over the Valsch River, on which Kroonstad lies, just in time to prevent the passage being disputed by the enemy. Gordon's brigade was also in touch with the enemy, Tucker's division to the south-east, and Ian Hamilton's force still further east.

The march was resumed early in the morning of May 12, and it was found that the enemy had abandoned the first line of their entrenchments during the night. The breach between the Orange Staters and Transvaalers had widened, and their differences made any defence impossible. The Transvaalers declared they would fight no more in the Orange State, and Botha, who was in command of them, with De Wet, marched off to the Vaal. Mr. Steyn, after endeavouring in vain to rally the burghers, fled on the night of the 11th, after issuing a proclamation making Lindley, a place about fifty miles east of Kroonstad, and, like it, on the Valsch River, his new capital. The Orange Staters were embittered against the Transvaalers, saying they had been used and were abandoned. Those among them who fell into our hands gave expression to their weariness of the war, and of their soreness against their allies and the men who had misled them. A number of Transvaalers also surrendered.

Lord Roberts entered Kroonstad at 1.30 p.m. on the 12th, and the Union Jack was hoisted amid the cheers of the few British inhabitants. His bodyguard of Colonials was with him, and he was accompanied by his staff. The North Somersetshire company of Imperial Yeomanry led the troops, followed by the Guards and 18th Brigade under Pole-Carew, the Naval Brigade, the 83rd, 84th, and 85th Field Batteries, two 5-in. Royal Artillery siege guns, and the 12th company Royal Engineers; the rest of the force encamping round the town.

The march from Bloemfontein to Kroonstad was a triumph of good generalship, for it formed part of a vast operation by which the Boers were being rolled back on every side. The whole of the troops behaved splendidly, and have won high encomiums from Lord Roberts. He has showered praise upon the brave Colonials, who have displayed such fine qualities, and said, in relation to the capture of Smaldeel, that the Canadians, New South Wales troops, New Zealand Rifles, and Queensland Mounted Infantry vied with each other in their determination to close with the enemy.

Meanwhile, Sir Leslie Rundle had been doing excellent work east of Thaba Nchu, at which place General Brabant with his Colonials arrived on May 7. The troops were divided in good strategical positions to hold the country south of Winburg and Ladybrand, and the Boers who had retired from before Thaba Nchu to the latter place were reported to have withdrawn further on the Ficksburg road to Clocolan. They were discovered, however, on the morning of May 10 moving to the south again. General Rundle's Division at that time was half-way between Thaba Nchu and Ladybrand, and a patrol of the Boers was discovered near Thaba Patchoa, south-east of Thaba Nchu, and engaged by Captain Grenfell of Brabant's Horse. The enemy were moving rapidly, and there was a good deal of fighting, but they were pressed back and seemed to gain no advantage.

On the western side General Hunter's operations have been a complete success. After crossing the Vaal the forces marched north, and General Barton inflicted a severe defeat upon the Boers at Rooidam on May 5, the whole column afterwards occupying their position at Fourteen Streams, and then joining hands with the troops, which had long been bombarding them from Warrenton. The position was very strong, but was hastily abandoned, and the engineers at once set to work to open railway communication with the south side of the river. While this was going forward a relief column, said to number 3,000, with guns, set out by forced marches to the relief of Mafeking, and the splendid garrison which has held the place with glorious tenacity so long. This force, marching through Taungs, reached Vryburg on May 10.

No more welcome intelligence could come than that of the relief of Mafeking, which has made a defence that will ever be memorable in the annals of the empire.

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The 16th Lancers in South Africa.

EVERYONE is now prepared to admit that the British Government made a great mistake when, in the early days of the present war, the colonies tendered the services of mounted troops and were told to send only infantry to the front. In truth, mounted men were most of all required, and the War Office recognised this fact too late when it accepted the offers of colonial mounted aid. South Africa is a peculiar country in regard to its configuration, and it lends itself to the services of partially-trained troops. But there are no men in the world finer than the British regular cavalry — unfortunately, there are too few of them—and amongst them the 16th Lancers hold a high record. It is rather difficult, indeed, to see how their colours are to bear more names than are already emblazoned on them. All the battles of the Peninsula, from Talavera onwards, Waterloo, Bhurtpore, Afghanistan, Ghuznee, Sobraon, are among the regimental honours, and one wonders where "Kimberley" or "Pretoria" is to find a place. At the outbreak of the war the regiment was quartered at Umballa, in the Punjab, and the first of our illustrations shows it in ordinary marching order, leaving Port Elizabeth for the front. It has done good work since then, and "The Queen's" has decidedly lived up to its reputation. General French's march to Kimberley was one of the finest ever made. In four days a distance of ninety miles was covered, and two small engagements were fought before the relief was accomplished. The regiment took part in this great success, and has since been engaged in those operations with which the name of General French has been associated.

THE LANCERS LEAVING PORT ELIZABETH.
The "Men with the Long Knife" Start for the Front.

WORTHY REPRESENTATIVES OF A SMART REGIMENT.
The Non-commissioned Officers of the 16th Lancers.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE GUIDING SPIRITS IN THE FRAY.
Some of the Officers of the Queen's Lancers.

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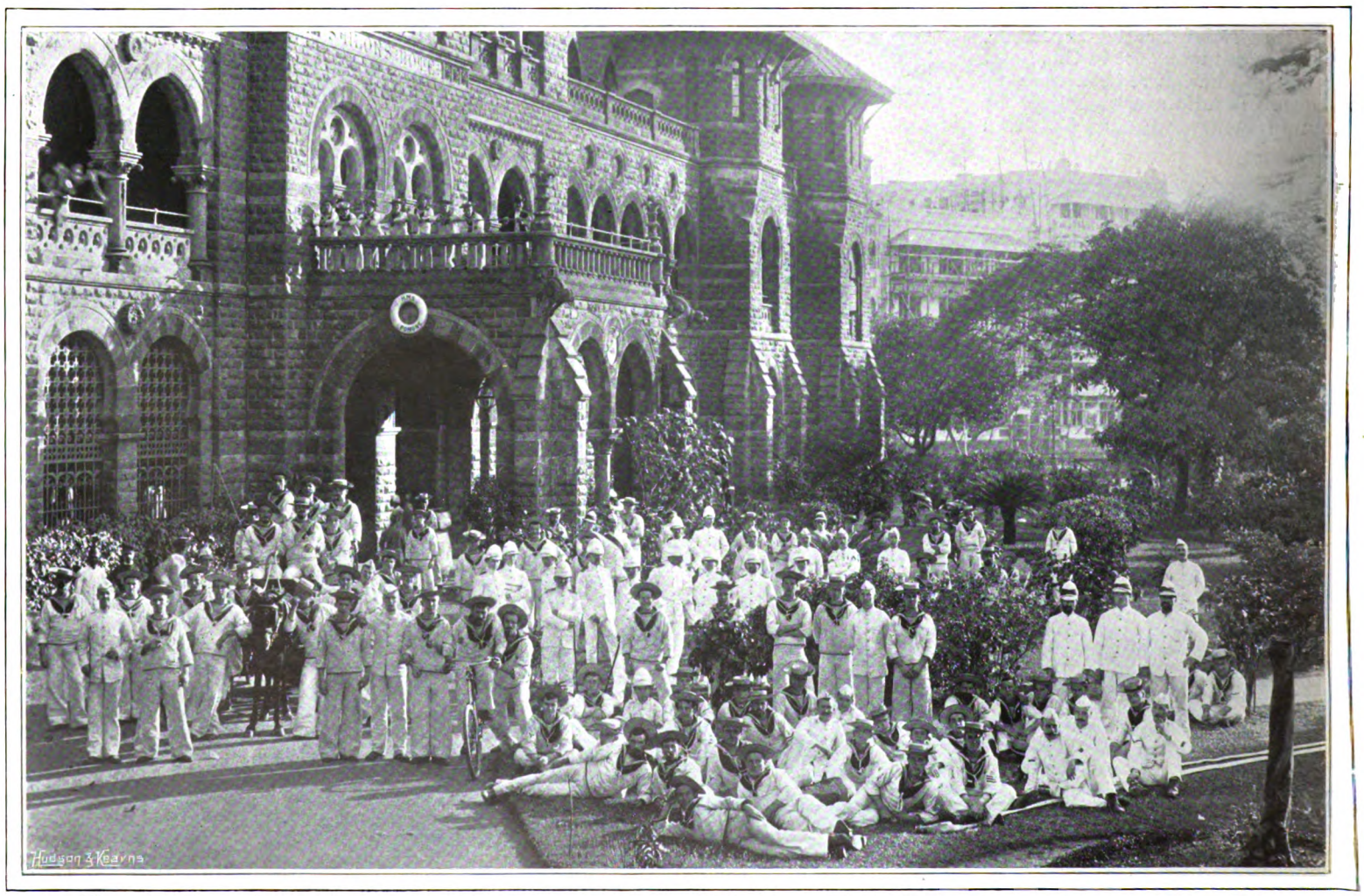
The "Pomone" at Bombay.

IN WHITE ATTIRE.

Captain E. A. Simons and the Officers of the "Pomone."



Photos. Copyright. *Clifton & Co.*

JACK ASHORE—AND LARKY AS USUAL.

The Officers and Men of the "Pomone" in Barracks at Bombay.

The "Pomone" is a Third-class Cruiser, but our illustrations will probably be revelations to stay-at-home Englishmen, who are accustomed to seeing Naval officers in blue uniforms, with a certain amount of gold lace on their sleeves.

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—XIV.

ANYONE who has carefully studied the present war in South Africa must be fully alive to the necessity of having with every body of troops taking the field a well-organised and well-equipped force of Engineers. That their services are invaluable in a campaign has been of late so plainly proved that it is unnecessary here to dwell upon the worth of such a corps as the Royal Engineers.

In this article it is with their colonial comrades in New Zealand that we are concerned, men who, although they are volunteers and engaged for the most part in professions and trades, have attained a high pitch of excellence in that important branch of military science known as engineering.

Although, as we have indicated, the Engineers should form a most important part of any defensive forces, that branch of the Service has not met with such hearty support at the hands of the colonists as have the rifle corps. In New Zealand there are only two Engineer corps, and both are situated in the South Island; but although few in numbers the Canterbury and Dunedin corps are well equipped, and have each gained great praise from Imperial officers and from military critics of other European nations.

A DANGEROUS CONTRIVANCE.
The Explosion of a Land Mine.

The Canterbury corps is the elder by about three days, for the respective dates of commission are—Canterbury, April 27, 1885, and Dunedin, April 30, 1885. Both corps are very well found and drilled, and the members put in a considerable amount of good hard work.

The Canterbury Engineers, as the senior corps, call for our first attention. Formed during the Russian War scare, which in 1885 gave so great an impetus to the general defence of the colony, it can never really be said to have deteriorated from the high standard set up by the inaugurators. From its inception it has been well equipped in all branches, and had for a time attached to it an excellent photographic section, but this had to be abandoned owing to lack of support on the part of the Government. The corps is divided into different sections, of which the principal are the signalling, bridging, surveying, field work, and electrical sections. Under these heads the various units succeed in performing nearly all the work that is usually allotted to infantry as well as to Engineers, although they are not attached to the battalion. Most of the infantry corps have signallers, but these are seldom used, for the duty of signalling is allotted to the Engineers whenever field work is to be done. The Canterbury Engineers go into camp of instruction for eight days each year, and during that period the men are continually practised in bridging, raft-building, submarine and land mining, electrical and signalling work, and in digging gun and rifle pits. The non-commissioned officers are all specially trained, and, being of a most intelligent class, form excellent material to work upon. At the close of the camp a display of work is usually given, and the public muster in large force. The camp is situated on the banks of the River Avon, a pretty stream which winds its way through Christchurch and empties into the sea at New Brighton, a seaside borough some eight miles from the former town, and a site well adapted for practice in bridging and submarine mining. The displays, which create considerable interest and are very popular with New Zealanders, consist in throwing a barrel pier bridge across the river, some 200-yds. wide, the construction of pontoon rafts, laying and exploding land and submarine mines, erection of telephone and telegraph stations, etc. Unfortunately, the Engineers suffer from the want of a general instructor, a fault which is to be shortly remedied by the importation of an

THE CANTERBURY ENGINEERS.
Launching a Barrel Pier.

Photos. Copyright. *Taylor.*

ESTABLISHING COMMUNICATION.
The Last Few Planks.

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Engineer instructor from the Imperial Army. The officers of the Canterbury Engineers are Captain J. J. Dougall and Lieutenants Anderson and Bridgman. The principal non-commissioned officer, Sergeant-Major Jones, is a capable and intelligent officer, and a credit to the Volunteer Force of New Zealand. Devoting considerable time to his duties, he generally manages to turn his men out in winning form for any contest. Periodical competitions at raft-building are held between the Canterbury and Dunedin Engineers, at which a large balance of wins rests with the Canterbury corps.

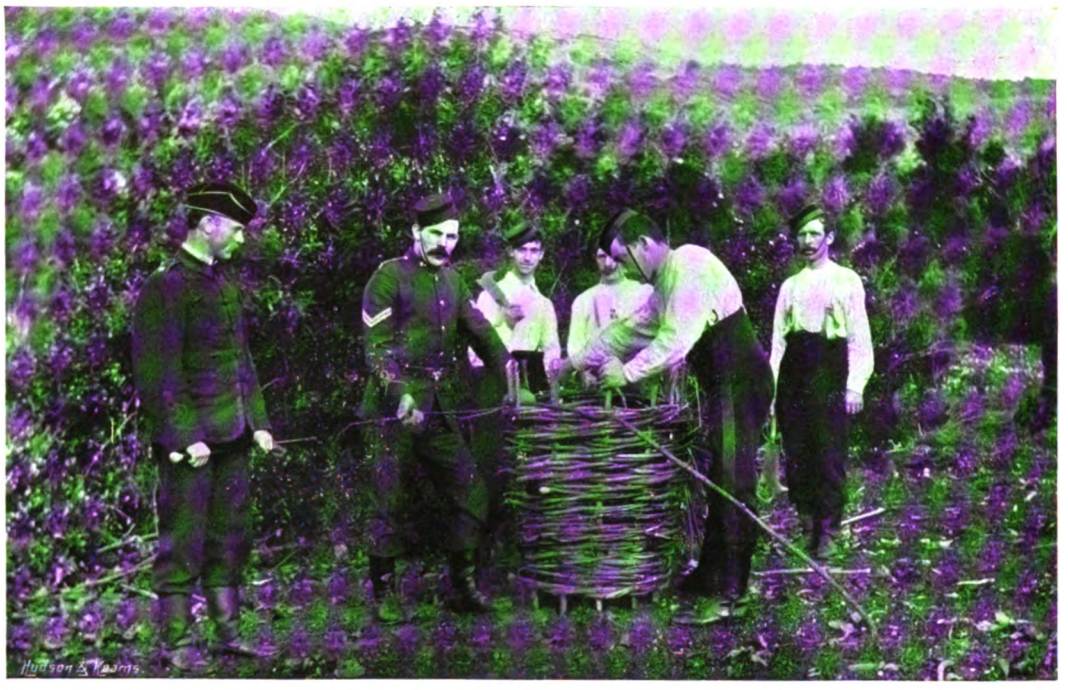
The Dunedin Engineers are among the finest of the Volunteer corps in the capital of Otago, are about seventy-five strong, and are commanded by Captain George Barclay. With that energetic officer, who has done so much to bring the corps to its present state of efficiency, are associated Lieutenants Ross and Nicholson and Surgeon-Major W. T. Will. At its formation Captain L. O. Beal was appointed to the command, and held it until promoted to a majority on the Otago district staff. Always well drilled and well disciplined, it is a treat to see the Dunedin Engineers at work. At their exhibitions good work is performed, and as the public take a great interest in the doings of the corps, these attract considerable attention. Like the Canterbury men, they suffer from the want of a general instructor, but this is in a large measure made up for by the energy and intelligence shown by the whole of the non-commissioned officers in their work, and by the aid of books the members are enabled to do work that would not disgrace a Royal Engineer squad.

Our illustrations depict some of the work performed by this smart corps, and from them it may be seen with what ease the Dunedin Engineers can span a gap or bridge a stream. One picture represents the men at work finishing a bridge constructed with barrel piers. A second illustrates a single lock bridge, a species of bridge used when the sides of a chasm are steep, and, on the principle that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," the builders are standing on their structure to prove its strength. It would hardly be fair to expect these brave men to apply a similar test to the land mine which, in another picture, is seen in the act of exploding.

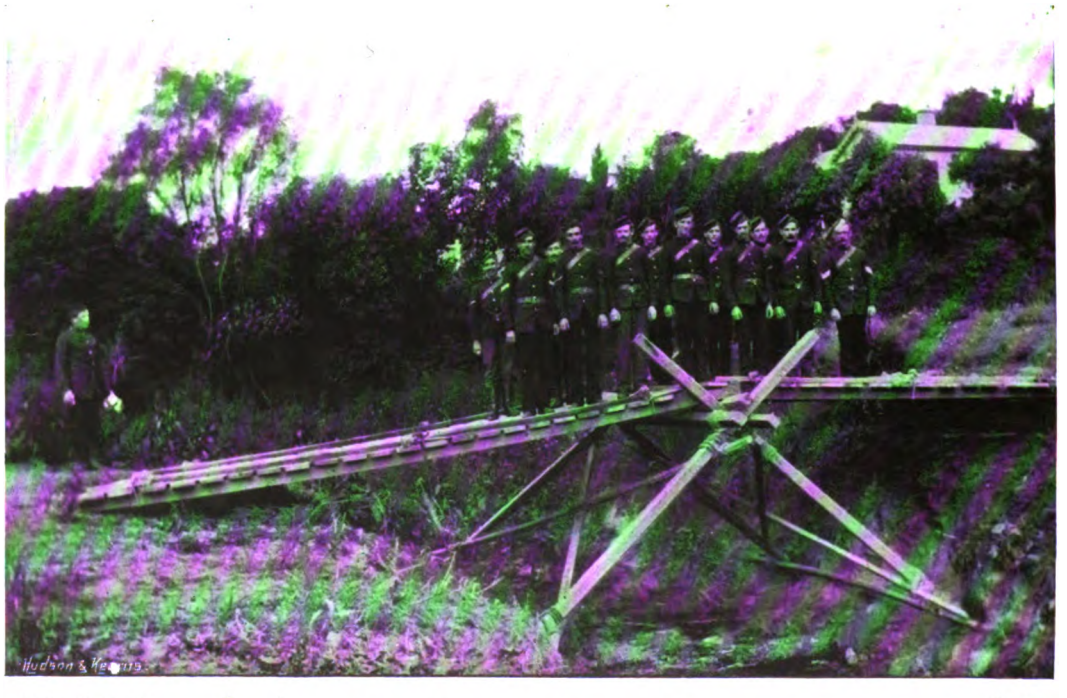
In signalling the members are exceedingly smart and clever, and have taken many prizes, as well as a number of badges. The corps is up to its full establishment, and with its handsome dark blue uniform, faced with yellow, forms quite an imposing body on parade. In shooting either of the Engineer corps can hold its own with most of the rifle corps, and each has its own champion belt, for which there is keen competition. The Dunedin Engineers corps has a public presentation of prizes each year, which is largely attended by lady and other friends.

Indeed, throughout the whole of the Volunteer work of the colony, the ladies show a splendid interest, and it is this probably which causes volunteering to progress so rapidly in New Zealand, and to be so widely popular.

DUNEDIN ENGINEERS.
A Pause in the Operations.



HARD WORK IN CAMP.
Making a Fascine.



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A SMART COLONIAL CORPS.
And its Single Lock Bridge.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 173.] *SATURDAY, MAY 26th, 1900.*

Photo. Copyright. *Mayall & Co.*

"THE OLD DUKE" AND THE NATIONAL BAZAAR.

The Duke of Cambridge, who has just passed his 81st birthday, was for nearly forty years Commander-in-Chief. Though now enjoying the well-earned repose his age and services entitle him to, he never spares himself where the welfare of the Army is concerned.

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ROUND THE WORLD

IN talking of the expansion of Germany or Japan, it will not do to forget the expansion of Russia. The movement upon China, like that upon the Afghan Frontier, expresses the purposeful outflowing of Russian energy which has its centre in the development of Siberia and the Caucasus. The visit from which Colonel de la Poer Beresford, British Military Attaché at the Russian Court, is just returning, will draw new attention to what is going on in the direction of Herat.

He passed through Transcaspia, and visited the mobilised battalions from the Caucasus and Aktepe on the Murghab branch of the Central Asian Railway, but it is very noteworthy that he was not permitted to pursue his investigation as far as Kushk. The line from Merv to Kushk is but one other step in the task which Russia has put before herself. Her ministers have turned the flank of the old Eastern Question, and the railway has made it possible for them, by reaching the heart of Central Asia and consolidating the Khanates, to devise a means in Afghanistan of exercising pressure on British policy. Already they have made the Ameer uncomfortable. When the boundary was fixed we rejoiced that Zulfikar was retained for Afghanistan, but now we discover that the completion of the line toKushk makes the longer Zulfikar route unnecessary for Russia. Kushk is only ninety-five miles from Herat, and the intervening country presents no great difficulties.

Thus the railway which Colonel Beresford has visited is destined to become an agent of considerable force in the aggregate pressure which Russia is able to bring to bear on British diplomacy. Colonel Beresford is visiting Marghilan and Andijan, as far as Osh at the foot of the Pamirs, and returns by way of the Caucasus and the Crimea. He has had a hearty reception from the Russian officers, as is customary among them, but their genial manners are, it may be feared, but a cloak for the hostile diplomacy of their masters.

Photo. Copyright. *Press Photographic Bureau*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

Alighting from Her Carriage after Witnessing the March Past of the Naval Brigade.

Photos. Copyright.

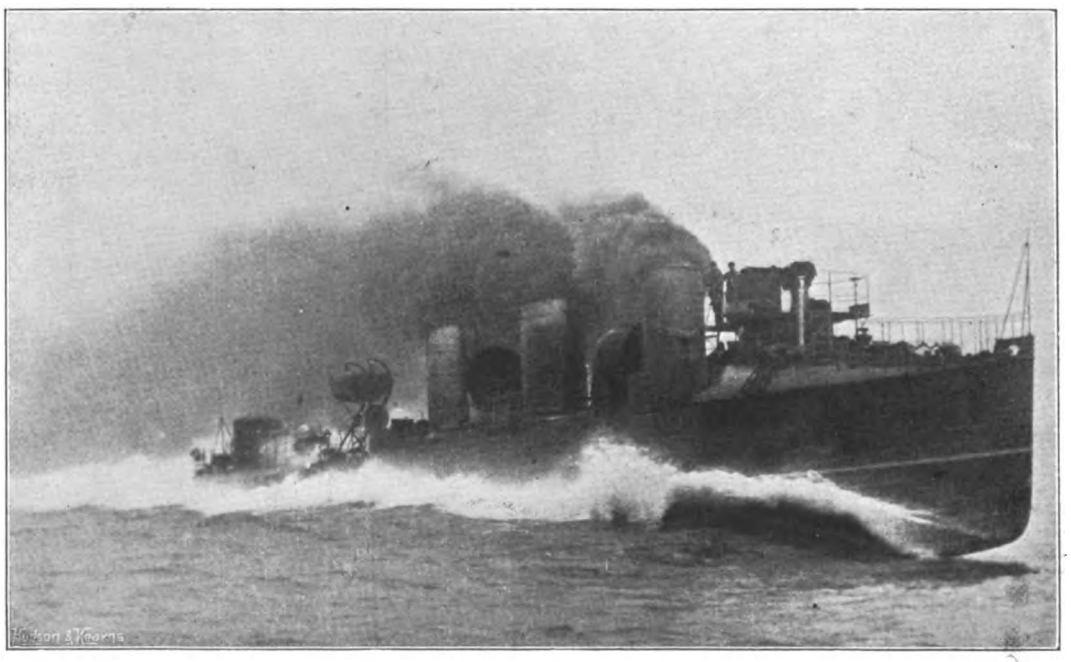
LADY POWER PALMER.

A Charming Lady, who Looks After "Tommy's" Well being.

Lafayette.

SIR POWER PALMER, K.C.B.

Nominated as Commander-in-Chief in India.



Photos. Copyright. *Mutoscope & Biograph Co.*

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "VIPER."

Driven by Turbine Engines, she is the Fastest Vessel Afloat. Our Photo. was taken when she was Travelling at 36 knots

THE party of Russian Volunteers from Orel, whom Father John of Cronstadt sent

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out with his blessing to smite the British colossus, must about now be landing, or attempting to land, in South Africa, to throw their swords into the scale against us. It is astonishing what various causes bring foreigners to the Boer side. Fashoda is responsible for much, and Frenchmen, moved by a recrudescence of hatred for *l'ennemi séculaire*, are many among our adversaries. American political wirepullers, seeking to carry their silverite candidate to the White House, are denouncing us as oppressors of men rightly struggling to be free, because President McKinley has usually been friendly to Englishmen. Germans, filled with the spirit of militarism, and seeking their opportunity in any broil, have flocked in crowds to Pretoria. The scum of Europe, whose occupations were gone, have found new ones in the laagers of the Boers. Like the riotous Irish-Americans at Brandfort, they are much of a scourge to their friends. And now we have a new party, impelled by religious fervour, rallying to the banner of our foes. Father John, the famous Military Chaplain of Cronstadt, gave them the blessing of God and the ikon of the Archangel Michael before they set forth, and charged them to defend with their lives the "unfortunate and unjustly persecuted Boers." "God grant," he said, "that you may either return with honour and delight, or fall with renown and receive the incorruptible crown from the King of Glory." One of the many remarkable things in this war is truly the complacency with which John Bull sees foreign nations careless of violence done to their declared neutrality.

Photo. Copyright. *Press Photographic Bureau.*

HONOURING THE HEROES OF LADYSMITH.

The First Lord of the Admiralty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at the Inspection of the Naval Brigade.

THE Channel Squadron is now at Portsmouth exchanging ratings and preparing for the Naval Manœuvres. The cruise from which the squadron has returned has been more than usually interesting, because it has included visits to Dublin, when Her Majesty was there, and to Belfast. The visit of the squadron to the Irish ports has given great satisfaction to large numbers of people, and added a good deal to the public enjoyment at the time of the Queen's visit. The wish is sometimes expressed that the squadron could be seen more often in the places where people congregate in the summer time, so that the fleet might become a little better known to some inland dwellers to whom it rarely falls to set eyes on a war-ship. Admiral Rawson's fleet is the finest in the world, and has no parallel in the power of the individual ships of which it is composed, or the homogeneity which is such an important factor in its strength. The manœuvres promise this year to be of an interesting character, and the war in South Africa has afforded an object-lesson of the necessity that exists for providing and organising manœuvres upon a large scale for all fighting forces, and seeing to it that those manœuvres are conducted in a proper spirit and without any approach to sham. To do the Admiralty justice, the Naval manœuvres, though they have sometimes been marred by defective rules, have always been sound and practical in character, and they are not only a valuable experience, but they have great utility as a test of the material of the fleet.

THE Italians in Rome have organised and are now holding a very interesting festival. Their great fencing expert, Agesilao Greco, has organised what is practically a reproduction of a mediæval tournament. The scheme has caused widespread attention in the athletic circles of young Italy, and several generals have taken a large part in giving effect to the suggestions thrown out by those interested. Although the entertainment is of a very showy character, the real purpose is a serious athletic meeting, and to give

Photo Copyright *J. W. Bradley.*

VOLUNTEER DEFENDERS OF LADYSMITH.

Our Photo. was taken before Provisions Ran Very Short, for the Supply of Quaker Oats was still Available.

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popularity to exercises tending to physical development. Armour of the 15th century is worn by the combatants, who are prepared for a good deal of hard hitting.

The Italians have always been masters of the art of fence, and were indeed, in a sense, the instructors of Europe. Andrea Ferrara and his brother became famous throughout the world for the sword blades which they made, and were said to have received the secret of tempering steel from the skilled Damascenes. Their trusty blades were in experienced hands, and the fencing master played a great part in the training of the young Italian nobles in the times of the Republics. Italian swordsmen went through Europe, and even in the last century were in this country prominent teachers of the art of fence. There has been a great revival of the athletic spirit in Italy, and probably of all the Latin races. The Italians have a better understanding than any other of what "sport" signifies to an Englishmen. Their cavalry officers practice horsemanship of a very special kind, teaching their animals to climb down precipices and leap off great heights in a manner which has been illustrated in these pages. Now the young Italians throw themselves heartily into mountain climbing, hunting, swimming, golf, tennis, and other games, while fencing is always with them, and gymnastics are coming greatly into vogue. Athletic meetings are now quite common in the Italian towns, and the Roman tournament is a well-considered plan for linking the new with the old.

Photo. Copyright. *Baber.*

THE WINNERS OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

The London Scottish, after being Three Times Second and Once Third, Won this Year with the Record Score of 167.

OWING to the fact that Whit-Monday falls on June 4, the famous celebration at Eton College is to take place on the next day. It is a well-worn saying that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields at Eton, and the statement has been made so often that it may have become wearisome. It contains an element of truth, nevertheless, and the college is proud to know that so many Etonians are fighting for their country in South Africa. The list is a long one, and includes famous names, while not a few Etonians have fallen in battle. The 4th of June celebration will not be uninfluenced by the war. The boats will pull up from the Brocas to Surly Hall as usual, and, after the feast there, will return, but the Eton boy will miss some of "his people" on this occasion, for not a few of them are wearing khaki.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR AT THE VICKERS-MAXIM RANGE AT EYNSFORD.

Prince Kotchito, who Stands in the Centre with the Umbrella, is Head of One of the Nine Imperial Houses of Japan related to the Reigning Family. The Gun Shown is the Celebrated "Pom-pom," of which he Witnessed the Trials.

Eton is the great school of manners "that makyth man," and the place where tone is acquired. The time has long gone by when the notorious Dr. Keate could boast that he had flogged a whole bench of bishops, and when rebellion sometimes raised the cry of "Floreat seditio." The 4th of June, as all the world may know, was the birthday of George III., who is thus honoured by the boat procession and the toast "In piam memoriam." The upper boats are the "Monarch," 10-oar, "Victory," and "Prince of Wales"; and the lower boats the "Britannia," "Dreadnought," "Hibernia," "St. George," "Thetis," "Defiance," and "Alexandra." The Naval tradition is therefore strong, and is maintained by the curious custom of the coxswains wearing the uniforms of Naval officers.

Photo. Copyright. *Murray.*

THE FUNERAL OF A COLONIAL HERO.

Colonel Royston, the Popular Commandant of Natal Volunteers, Served with Distinction throughout the Siege of Ladysmith. Exhausted by the Privations Endured, he Succumbed soon after to an Attack of Pneumonia.

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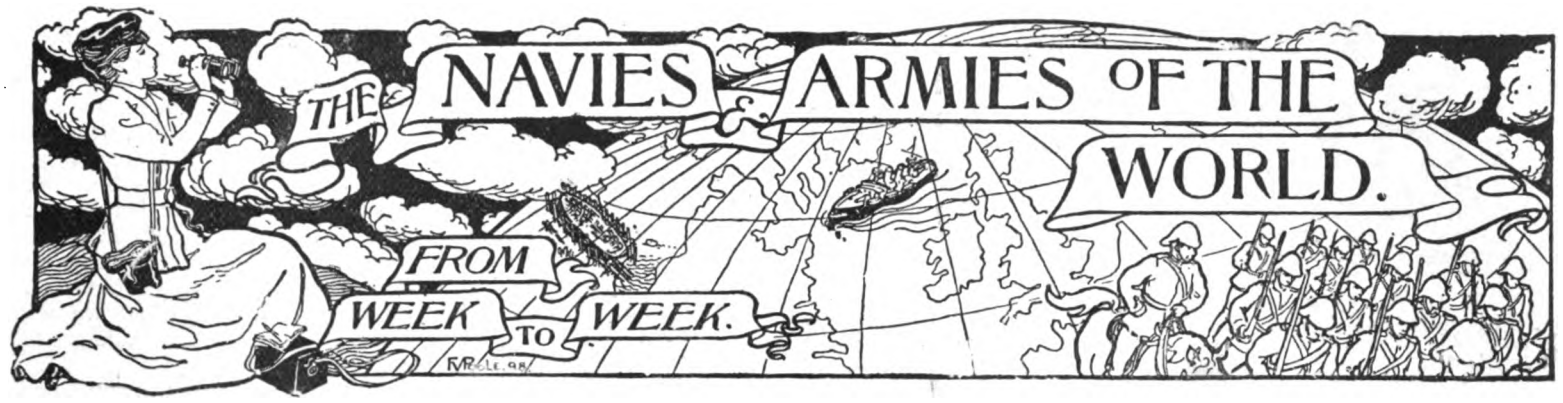

IT is possibly not a thing to be proud of, but to me there was something very surprising in the wild outbreak of joy which took place on Friday night when the news of the relief of Mafeking was spread about in London. When one has got into the habit of looking on war as a game, or a business, in which the result depends on a balance of forces and on skill, with a varying and incalculable element of luck, it becomes difficult to grow enthusiastic over events which have been seen to be inevitable for some time. It had been clear for a long time that the Boers would never take Mafeking with such means as they were using, except by starvation, while the relief was close at hand, and comparatively easy to give from the day that Lord Roberts had established his headquarters at Bloemfontein. There did not appear to be any serious danger of starvation in a town which had still plenty of horses and mules to eat, to say nothing of an occasional shower of manna in the shape of locusts. So whether the foreseen end came a little sooner or a little later seemed no great matter. But possibly this is a priggish view, and the more natural way is to look on war as an affair of personal conflict, in which victory is a credit to us all individually, and defeat is a disgrace.

* * * *

Looked at from that point of view the relief was, of course, a score for us. It was certainly so considered, and the rejoicings were on a remarkable scale. Waterloo was not so much shouted over, and Trafalgar was celebrated with sobriety; all witnesses agree that the death of Nelson damped the national rejoicing almost completely. In the middle part of this century Englishmen were rather proud of not showing their feelings. To reach such a scene as was visible in our streets on Saturday it would, perhaps, be necessary to go well back into the last century. We know how all England went nearly wild with joy when the news came of the taking of Portobello. It covered itself with sign-boards showing the head of Admiral Vernon. Tar barrels innumerable were burnt in honour of the Admiral, and a holiday was established, which, to be sure, fell rapidly into disuse. There would be injustice in comparing the two cases, for the defence of Mafeking was a far greater feat than the easy capture of Portobello, but in so far as the general sentiment of the nation on the two occasions is concerned, there is considerable similarity. Then also we had been long at peace. Sir Robert Walpole hated war, and had been bitterly attacked by the opposition for not vindicating the honour of the country. We felt that we had grievances against the Spaniards, and, to be candid, we believed not a few lies. So when a success came there was great glorification.

* * * *

It is natural that there should be a certain tendency to exaggerate the difficulty overcome by the garrison of Mafeking. Their defence has been compared rather to its advantage with that made by the Residency at Lucknow. This is one of those things which it is pardonable to say in the excitement of the movement, but not to repeat in cold blood. The Residency was a mere barricaded and entrenched house, or very little better, commanded by other houses. It could not have been held for twenty-four hours if properly attacked, but even as things were the defence was an astonishing feat. Mafeking was put where it was in order that it might be defensible, was not and could not be commanded, and, except in this one respect that the Boers had some good modern guns, was not formidably assailed. No heroism could have saved it if it had been stormed by 5,000 resolute men. One does not want to haggle over the praise due to one's countrymen; but, when one remembers what Englishmen have done, one may be excused for objecting when the siege of Mafeking is put on a pedestal a good deal higher than has ever been set up in honour of Blakeney's defence of the St. Philip at Mahon in the Seven Years' War, or Sale's defence of Jellallabad in the first Afghan War.

* * * *

It has often been said, and with truth, that the horrors of war are nowhere seen in such a concentrated form as in a siege. Tales of the defences of towns are the most dramatic in all the history of fighting, and among sieges the most terrible have been those where the townsmen have been the defenders, or have, at any rate, fought side by side with the soldiers. Purely professional defences have been grim enough. They are seen at their best when soldiers of one country are holding a town belonging to another. The French have done some notable feats in that way, for, though they have a reputation for being best in a charge and in headlong attack, they can show themselves wonderfully tough in defence. They made a famous stand at Prague in the War of the Austrian Succession against the soldiers of Maria Teresa. A still more famous achievement of theirs in this kind was Massena's defence of Genoa in the Revolutionary Wars. On this occasion their inhumanity was at least as conspicuous as their courage, for they took all the provisions and allowed both the townsmen and their Austrian prisoners to die of starvation. Marbot, who served on Massena's staff, draws an awful picture of the horrors of the siege. Remembering what men have suffered and inflicted on others in war, one is almost inclined to laugh at the "atrocities" reported from time to time from South Africa. This war has been a picnic in comparison to the fights of old times, and its horrors have been humanity itself when compared to the doings of our fathers.

* * * *

The finest example, as well as the longest, of purely professional sieges, was the defence of Ostend in the first years of the seventeenth century. It had been taken by the States of the Netherlands, and was retaken by the archduke who governed the Spanish Netherlands after a siege lasting for well on three years. Being a seaport, and the allies, Dutch and English, being masters at sea, it could not be starved out, and so had to be taken foot by foot by sap, mine, and storm. The number of the slain on the two sides was enormous. It has been put as high as 80,000. Several governors were worn out, and among them our countryman, Sir Francis Vere, who gained a great reputation during his command. The siege produced, among other things, the name of Isabella brown, for a light shade of that colour. The Infanta Isabella, wife of the archduke and daughter of Philip II., took a vow not to change her linen till the town fell, and it was of that shade before the Spaniards were masters of the heap of ruins which showed where Ostend had once been.

* * * *

Where, however, sieges have reached the highest pitch of fury, heroism, and suffering has been where the townsmen have been fighting for their own freedom, or their religion, or for both. Ancient history is full of desperate resistances prolonged long after all possible hope of success was gone. In those times the conquered side knew that even if they were not massacred they would be reduced to slavery, and they had nothing whatever to gain by surrendering. By resisting they would at least earn the satisfaction of killing the greatest possible number of their enemies before they themselves perished. There are instances in which men have killed their women and children, and have then sallied out to die fighting. In Orme's history of India there is an account of a defence of this kind made against the French general Lally by an Indian chief. Examples of similar desperation have not been wanting in Europe, and in comparatively modern time. The resistance, for example, of Alkmaar and Leyden to the Spaniards in the sixteenth century went to the utmost length of human endurance. If they fell the townsmen knew that they had nothing to expect but slaughter and torture. It was better to fight to the end. Spain in her turn supplied some examples of the same resolute defence of towns during the Peninsular War—the defence of Saragossa, of which everybody has heard, and the less famous, but not less heroic, and prolonged defence of Gerona, were only two examples among many. Nowadays, and between Europeans, matters will hardly come to such a point as this again, and, perhaps, could not, even if the townsmen were willing. Saragossa and Gerona could not stand against modern artillery and explosives as they stood against the weapons of Napoleon's army and mere gunpowder.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Side-shows of National Defence.

THE question of National Defence is one that offers the faddist great opportunities. Within the last few years he has certainly taken full advantage of them. Nearly everyone who has thought much about the subject has some pet panacea. It may be the militia ballot, or it may be, as we said last week, forts on Box Hill, or it may be submarine boats, or some special kind of torpedo, or conscription, or rifle clubs. We have had all these dinned into our ears from time to time. Generally the public remains, in spite of the din, "more than usual calm." It listens and shrugs its shoulders and leaves the matter to be settled by the responsible Naval and Military authorities. And, on the whole, this is the safest attitude for the public to take up. Sometimes it would be an advantage if it did show a little more active interest in proposals of reform. If the advocates of mounted infantry, for instance, had been backed up by public opinion, we should not have had the humiliation of the historic "unmounted men preferred" despatch; we should have made a better start in the present war. But, as a general rule, it is better that the public should content itself with looking after the broad principles of National Defence, and that it should leave details to be looked after by those who are really competent to judge of their value. Masses of people have an unfortunate habit of getting hold of the wrong sow by the ear. Especially is this the case in questions of this kind, about which they know so very little.

Just now we are in danger of having too much attention paid by the mass of people to what we may call the side-shows of National Defence. The war has turned every citizen into a military expert. The continuous discussion of means and modes of warfare has made each of us feel that we really know a great deal about them. The man on the top of the omnibus considers himself capable of deciding off hand the knottiest questions of Naval and Military policy. The inevitable consequence is that the faddist for once finds himself being listened to with respect and elevated to the position of an oracle. In fact, so much attention is being paid to side-shows that the general lines of essential policy run the risk of being forgotten. It is, of course, conceivable that in certain circumstances some of these side-shows might become important. But the public sorely needs instruction as to what these circumstances would be, needs to be made to understand the relative importance of necessaries and things which can only become necessaries by misfortune or by chance.

Take the case, for example, of submarine boats. The cry is, "The French have them, therefore we must have them too!" Even granting, for the sake of argument, that there is yet any type of submarine boat which would be of the slightest use, the cry is utterly unsound. A householder who wants to be secure against burglars sees to his bolts and bars, keeps a trusty watch-dog, fixes up electric alarms, and satisfies himself that the police force of the neighbourhood is sufficiently strong and sufficiently alert. He does not, as a rule, provide himself with a complete set of burglar's tools. Of course, if a burglar got in and locked himself into the drawing-room, the tools would come in handy for the purpose of getting him out. But this is not an event which householders, as a rule, think it necessary to consider.

Well, we in England must put ourselves in the householder's position. We must take care that our police force—that is, the Navy—is strong and active. Our watch-dogs—the Government and the diplomatic service—must be ever on the watch. Our electric alarms—the leaders of public opinion—must be ready to go off the moment there is real danger, and not before. If by chance a burgling expedition should succeed in escaping the vigilance of our police, the bolts and bars—the land defences of our ports—must be in good order. But there is no need for us to worry ourselves about possessing every burglarious tool which we see being manufactured abroad. It is unnecessary for us, in our circumstances, to be provided with certain weapons and appliances just because they are possessed by other nations, whose circumstances are altogether different. We might just as well, when we went to fight the Zulus, have taken assegais and bull-hide shields as well as rifles and bayonets.

In any Naval war our proper means of defence must be to take the offensive. France, on the other hand, engaged in a war with this country, would act on the defensive. It is obvious that France's needs, therefore, differ from ours. Forms of defence which are only useful to a country when an enemy approaches its shores are essentials in France's case; they are very far from being essential to us. Submarine boats moving in a limited area, torpedoes, like the "Brennan," which have to be steered from the shore, elaborate fortifications and mine-fields—all these things would be useful to us only if an enemy came to our shores. But our whole policy is based upon the supposition that we must prevent an enemy from coming to our shores. In the same way, the Prime Minister's curious appeal for the formation of rifle clubs is merely a plea for a side-show, not for an essential of national defence. For the members of these rifle clubs could be of no use until an enemy actually landed in England, and our whole policy is based upon the belief that we can guard against an enemy ever landing in England. Of course, if our whole policy is to be put in the melting-pot, if we are to reconsider it altogether, that will be a clear issue. But it is a pity to darken counsel and cloud our policy by laying stress upon side-shows which are not essential, instead of laying stress upon essentials and leaving side-shows to be looked after when essentials are in every way complete.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MAY 27, 1793.—Action between the "Venus," 32, and the Frencl "Semillante," 40, off Cape Finisterre. 1796.—Capture of the French "Revanche," 12, by the British "Suffisante," 14, among the islands near Ushant. 1814.—Naval action off Ushant. 1895.—The "Terrible" launched.

May 28, 1672.—The Duke of York's victory off Solebay. 1673.—Prince Rupert's drawn battle with De Ruyter off Schoneveldt. 1803.—Capture of the French "Franchise," 40, by the "Minotaur," 74. 1892.—The "Resolution" launched.

May 29, 1758.—Capture of the French "Raisonnable," 64, by the "Dorsetshire," 70. 1794.—Capture of the French "Castor," 32, by the "Carysfort," 28. Lord Howe's preliminary action with M. Villaret Joyeuse. 1869.—The "Invincible" launched. 1875.—The Nares Arctic Expedition sailed. 1897.—The "Fairy," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

May 30, 1757.—Capture of the French "Duc d'Aquitaine," 50, by the "Eagle," 60, and "Medway," 60. 1781.—Capture of the Dutch "Castor," 36, by the "Flora," 36. 1798.—Destruction of the French "Confiante," 36, by the boats of the "Hydra," 38, near Havre. 1859.—Finding of the Franklin relics on King William's Island.

May 31, 1520.—Henry VIII.'s embarkation at Dover. 1809.—Boats of the "Topaze," 38, at Demata, in the Adriatic. 1870.—The "Sultan" launched. 1878.—The German ironclad "Grosser Kurfurst" sunk off Dover. 1889.—The "Seagull" launched. The "Salamander" launched.

June 1, 1794.—Lord Howe's victory. 1813.—The "Shannon" took the "Chesapeake."

June 2, 1653.—Monk and Deane's victory over Tromp. 1773.—George III.'s review of the Fleet at Spithead. 1779.—Capture of the French "Prudente," 36, by the "Ruby," 64. 1805.—Boats of the "Loire," 38, at Camarinas. 1897.—The "Wolf," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

MAY 27, 1841.—Reduction of Canton. Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Gough and Commodore Sir Fleming Senhouse, who had made arrangements for an immediate assault on the city, received orders to cease hostilities as terms had been come to.

May 28, 1752.—Action near Volcondah. The French surrendered to Clive, and booty to the amount of £10,000 was taken. 1824.—Defeat of the Burmese on the plain of Joamoany, by Sir Archibald Campbell.

May 29, 1780.—Action at Walsaw. Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton defeated the Americans under Colonel Burton. 1804.—Submission of Holkar. Captain Gordon induced the Mahratta chief to accede to terms. 1841.—Defeat of Ghilzai rebels by Lieutenant-Colonel Wymer at Ascea Krunee. 1875.—Regimental Exchange Act passed.

May 30, 1589.—Surrender of Cascais, by the Portuguese, to the Earl of Essex, Sir Francis Drake, and others.

May 31, 1740.—Fort Moosa (Spanish Florida) abandoned by the enemy on the approach of General Oglethorpe. 1779.—Attack of Stoney Point (Hudson River). This fort was abandoned by the Americans on the approach of Sir Henry Clinton's force, and a cannonade was opened from it by our men on Fort Lafayette, the garrison of which had to surrender.

June 1, 1794.—Assault of Fort Bizzoton (Bay of Port au Prince). After four hours' cannonade, the fort was taken by assault by a landing party under Major Spencer. 1879.—Prince Louis Napoleon, while out with a reconnoitring party under Captain Carey, killed by the Zulus.

June 2, 1782.—The French defeated near Pondicherry by Sir Eyre Coote. 1783.—Daraporan taken by Colonel Fullarton. 1813.—Action at Morales (Peninsula). The French defeated by Colonel Grant.

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"The Empire's Tribute to Queen and Defenders."

A Look Round at the National Bazaar on the Opening Day.

THE history of the last few months has shown us that whilst our men are as fit as ever they were to fight and to endure hardships for their country, our women are in no way behind them in their patriotism. For all through the long months since the war began they have been working hard in one way and another to collect funds for the relief of the sufferers, whether these be the soldiers themselves, who return disabled with wounds or sickness, or the wives and children bereft of their breadwinners, or the widows and orphans who, after every defeat or victory, have been left to mourn those dearest to them who have died for the country.

Entertainment after entertainment has been successfully arranged for the benefit of these sufferers, and now to-day on our Queen's own birthday in our Queen's own birthplace is opened the great National Bazaar, which is one of the most gigantic things of the kind that has ever been organised. It is but a cursory view of the whole that can be gained at the moment of writing, just before the Princess arrives to open the bazaar, but even in a hurried glance round all the marquees I have time to admire the scene, and to wonder at the time and energy that must have been expended on the arrangements during the last six months, so that such a result might be obtained.

It is because Kensington is the birthplace of Her Majesty that the Royal Palace Hotel was chosen for the event, but it is not only for this sentiment but for the convenience of the place that the choice was a good one, since behind the hotel is a large piece of land belonging to the Board of Trade, who have kindly lent it for the occasion, and here tents and pavilions have been erected, each connected with the other by a corridor lined with looking-glasses and hung with flags, and again connected with the Empress Rooms by a passage in the wall made especially for the occasion.

Having passed through one of the turnstiles, I, together with many other early comers, walk into the flower market, where I find myself in the midst of a veritable fairyland. All around me are high banks of flowers sent from every part of the country to be sold by the Princess Alexis Dolgorouki and her bevy of assistants. In between these high floral banks are little tables covered with the finest specimens of roses, carnations, and other flowers sent from the large country seats of the United Kingdom, each collection vieing with the other in beauty, so that the floral market has in this respect been converted into a regular flower show. Down the centre of the tent are stalls and hanging baskets of flowers, whilst over all hang two huge flags made entirely with flowers, red, white, and blue, the patriotic colours that prevail on all sides wherever we go. It is at the door of this marquee that the Princess of Wales will be received by Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, by the chairman of the general committee, Lord Arthur Hill, the chairman of the ladies' committee, Lady Bective, and the hon. secretary, Mr. Arthur J. Coke. She will then be conducted round the bazaar and introduced to the president of each stall, and, maybe if Her Royal Highness be not too tired, she will sell for an hour or two at the stalls of the Household Cavalry and of the Hussars, at both of which she is acting president. To describe the stalls after this hurried visit would be impossible, but needless to say that every one of the sixty-six is a worthy representative of the regiment whose name it bears, special interest having been taken in each by the county most intimately connected with it, and beautiful presents having been received from every part of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. Every regiment now at the front is here represented by a stall, none of them being forgotten, whether Imperial or Colonial, whilst the Royal Army Medical and the Army Service Corps, the Army Veterinary Department, and the St. John's Ambulance each have a stall presided over by Lady Wantage, Lady Pembroke, the Duchess of Wellington, and Lady Knutsford respectively; whilst the Royal Navy and the Staff are also especially represented, Princess Louis of Battenberg presiding over the former and Lady Lansdowne over the latter. Other Royal presidents are the Duchess of Fife, who takes charge of the stall representing the Seaforth Highlanders, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and the Gordon Highlanders; the Princess Frederica of Hanover, who presides over that of the Essex regiment; the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz who is with the Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex; the Princess Louise still wishes her name to be kept on the list as president, of the Black Watch, the Highland Light Infantry, and the Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; and Princess Henry of Battenberg is with the Somersetshire Light Infantry, once Prince Albert's Own, this being the only regiment in which the Prince Consort was personally connected. Every stall has some special feature for which it is particularly attractive, that of the Royal Navy being the torpedo display by the officers of the "Vernon," a corner of the space given to the stall being divided off for this purpose. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's and Mr. Clark Russell's works are on sale, the "Gun-room Ditty Box" of young Mr. Bowles, and other works. Here, too, and at other stalls are the Navy and Army Illustrated, and other works issued from the office at Tavistock Street. A great deal that is literary and pictorial has indeed been presented to the bazaar. It is a very large pavilion in which all these stalls are arranged. They in themselves make a beautiful decoration for the place, but in addition to these the innumerable flags add their colour to the scene as they hang above us, reaching from one end of the pavilion to the other. Below these are the groups of bayonets from which the place is lit, each bayonet holding a light, and each group being held together by a cuirass of the Household Cavalry, whilst the whole is surmounted by two crossed swords. It is all charmingly arranged and well carried out, but I have to leave it all behind me to inspect the little corners where palmists tell fortunes to crowds of curious men and women anxious to read the book of fate, and to pass on to the post office, where already telegraph boys and messenger boys are holding themselves in readiness to despatch messages or to take parcels to their destination, some of them no doubt finding their way to the hospitals with many of the flowers.

In another marquee Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook will soon delight everyone with their tricks, and in another Mrs. Brown Potter and the Duke of Manchester, assisted by many of the well-known actresses, are ready to sell strange and curious drinks, whilst in a third Lieutenant Litchfield, of the "Vernon," will assist at the biograph from the Palace, which is showing some of the latest pictures of the war.

In another corner of the great show I came upon the Duchess of Bedford keeping guard over her dogs, and Miss Wertheimer preparing to show her performing animals. Then at last I reach the refreshment tent, where Lady Faudell Phillips hopes to do a roaring trade. With her are a number of ladies, all of whom are wearing pretty costumes, with blue skirts and white blouses tied with red ribbons and sashes, and large straw hats with red ribbons. With the exception of the programme sellers, these ladies alone wear any sort of fancy dress, the stall-holders all having appeared in black or white costumes out of compliment to that sad and numerous body of people who have lost friends in the war, the only colour about them being the rosettes or sashes that bear the colours of the regiment, etc., that they represent. On the other hand, the programme sellers are all wearing smart costumes of white silk draped with the Union Jack, and a slashing of green out of compliment to Ireland appearing on their bodices, and a general's hat with feathers completes the costume. The programmes are beautifully illustrated by Caton Woodville and other artists, each alternate page bearing the names of the stall-holders and a man of the regiment on the right side and a badge on the left; whilst on the other pages are contributions by some of the leading literary men of the country. All are beautifully printed and presented to the fund by Messrs. Langfier, and they will be sold from the low price of 2s. 6d. up to any sum that visitors may like to offer.

On all sides, too, busy sellers are beginning to offer badges for sale—national badges in commemoration of Her Majesty's birthday—each bearing a portrait of the Queen enshrined in the Union Jack and the Royal Standard, and surmounted with the words which give the title to this page.

A great feature of this bazaar is that nothing is allowed on the stalls to be sold on commission. Every shilling that is received here will go direct and without any deduction to the fund. Everyone has done his and her best to contribute to the success of the great fair, so that it has been very easy to keep to this rule of no commissions, the most valuable presents having come in from manufacturers as well as from private people, all anxious to show their sympathy.

From the tea room a passage leads into the Empress Rooms and here a large collection of pictures has been gathered together, several being contributed by our leading artists, and all offered for sale for the benefit of the fund. Then in another room concerts will be held on every day of the fair, so that when people are tired of buying they will have an endless number of amusements offered them on all sides. But for these I have no time to wait; the earliest does not begin till four, and I have to be far away from here long before that hour has struck, although I should greatly like to hear the songs on the programme for the first concert arranged by Mdme. Albani and Mrs. Ronald, with Mdme. Albani herself, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Santley, Mdme. Schrader Viborg, and Mons. Johannes Wolff.

S. C. W.

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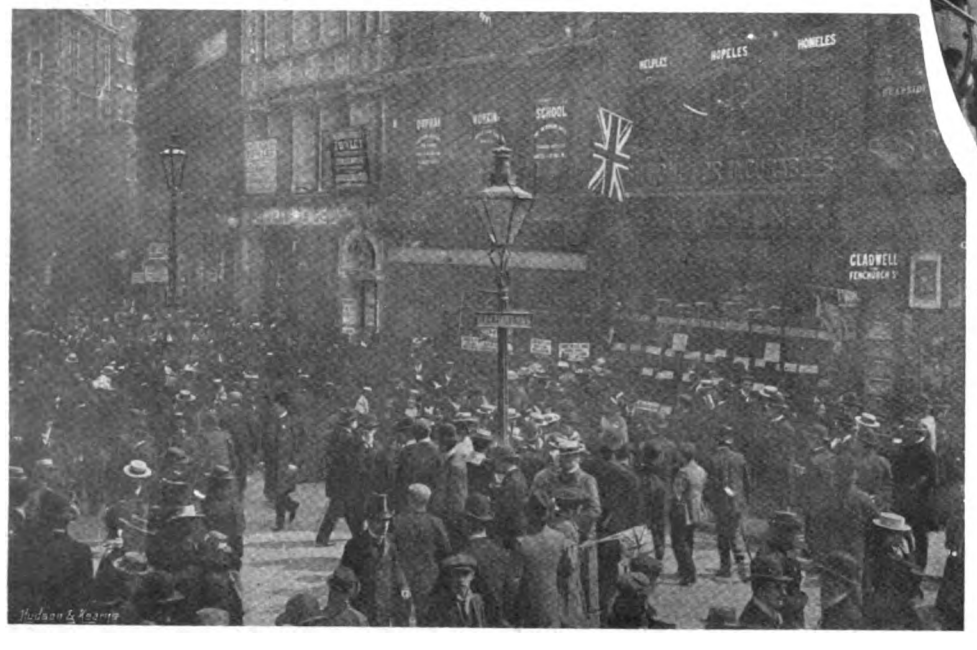
Mafeking Day.

YOUNG ENGLAND CELEBRATES.
An Ambulance Party in the Strand.

OPPOSITE THE MANSION HOUSE.
The Biggest Crowd ever seen in London.

AT BADEN-POWELL'S OLD SCHOOL.
Carthusians Celebrate the "Goal-keeper's" Relief.

Rejoicings IN THE Metropolis.



A MARVELLOUS MANIFESTATION.
Patriotic Enthusiasm in Cheapside.

IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.
The People Singing the National Anthem.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

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On the Orange River.

A WORD WITH SISTER DE MONTMORENCY.
Boarding a Hospital Train.

A LETTER HOME FROM A HOSPITAL WARD.
The Patient Dictating to a Sister.

AT THE ORANGE RIVER HOSPITAL.
A Group of Sisters and Surgeons.

RECEIVING THE WOUNDED AT THE TRAIN.
Major Russell and Sister Lines at the Car.

With the Wounded and the Sick.

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood London, W.C.

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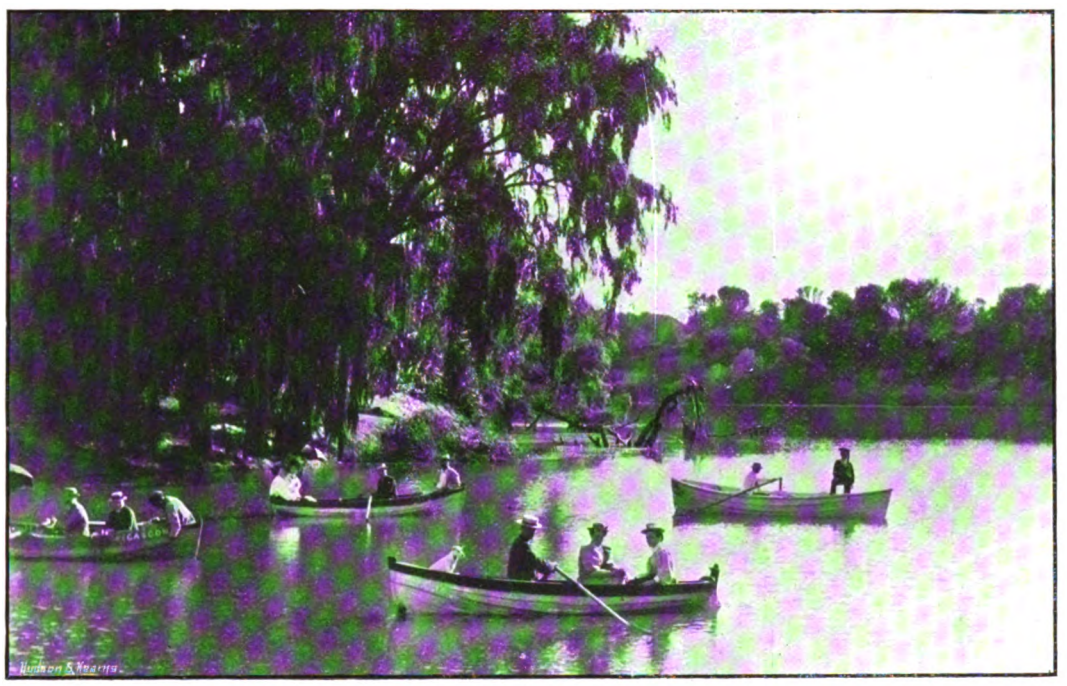
In the Orange State.

Photos. Copyright.

A PANORAMA OF THE TOWN OF KROONSTAD.



BOATING ON THE VALSCH RIVER.
The Maidenhead of South Africa.

Photo. Copyright. *Kemp.*

EX-PRESIDENT STEYN OPENING THE RAILWAY AT HEILBRON.
Now the Place Selected for his Latest Capital.

EVERYONE in this country was delighted when the news came that Lord Roberts and the British forces had entered Kroonstad with little loss, and that the attack, so well planned and so successfully carried out, had resulted in the capture of a position which it was generally believed the Boers had converted into a stronghold where they intended to make a stand. Briefly put, the reasons of the comparatively bloodless success achieved by the veteran Field-Marshal are that he possessed sufficient troops to act on a wide front, and that he was able to hold the Boers by the menace of a direct frontal attack vigorously pushed home, while, at the same time, he was enveloping their flank.

For the moment, the warlike interest of Kroonstad predominates, and there may, perhaps, be some people who will find satisfaction or significance in the statement that the British flag was hoisted by the American wife of a Scotch settler. In times of peace, however, Kroonstad is, from a climatic standpoint, one of the paradises of South Africa. It is one of the prettiest towns in the Free State. As in most other places where land is cheap, there is none of that crowding which characterises the big cities of older countries where population is more dense. Every house can stand on its own bit of ground, and streets are somewhat irregular. The place, too, is famous for its delightful climate, and consumptive patients are sent to it from all parts. Many are the stories that are told of their recovery, and it is hardly possible not to believe some of them and to ascribe the beneficial results to the Kroonstad air. Then the Valsch River, on which Kroonstad stands, offers good fishing—there are some people who are unkind enough to say that it is the only river in South Africa which does so—and affords, too, a certain amount of boating. One of our pictures shows the way in which it is utilised. Other attractions are golf links—it might easily be guessed from the character of the country, as shown in our panoramic illustration, that in these days links would not be wanting—and several good hotels. The dis-

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With Lord Roberts.

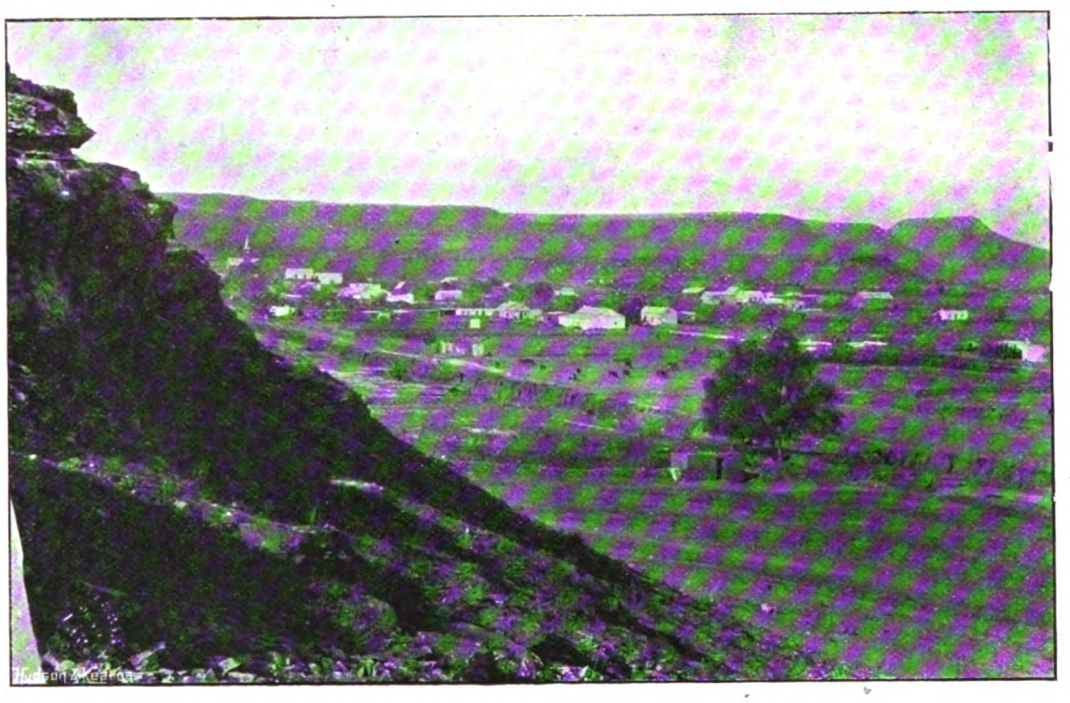
Kemp.

ENTERED BY THE BRITISH FORCES, MAY 12, 1900.

tance from Johannesburg is 137 miles, but there is a convenient train on Saturday evening, and it is a common practice for residents in that town to take this train, to spend Sunday on the Valsch—or at least in Kroonstad—and to return on the Sunday evening in time for Monday's work.

Another of our pictures shows ex-President Steyn opening the railway at Heilbron. The scene is outside the Town Hall, and Mr. Steyn will be recognised by his bald head and long beard. It may be as well to say a word about the railway system of this part of the country. Kroonstad is on what is known in the Cape Colony as the Midland system, which has its southern terminus at Port Elizabeth, and which extends through Johannesburg and Pretoria to Pietersburg. Heilbron, which was the objective of Mr. Steyn's hurry-scurry from Kroonstad, lies about 20 miles off the main line, and is 53 miles from Kroonstad. It is connected by a branch line about 20 miles in length with Heilbron Road Station, and this line will of course be permanently extended to Bethlehem, and by means of the route from Durban through Ladysmith, Van Reenen's Pass, and Harrismith will eventually connect the railway systems of the two Colonies. The importance of such a consummation stands in no need of comment. It is alike strategic and commercial, and the completion of the railway on a solid basis, will, of course, be an early incident of British rule. The fact, shows, however. the importance which attaches to Heilbron as a station on the route.

Wepener is the small town—we should call it only a village in this country — where about 10,000 Boers "held up" a portion of General Brabant's colonial forces under Colonel Dalgety from April 9 to April 24, when the relief was effected by Generals Hart and Brabant, the enemy retreating along the Ladybrand Road. Wepener lies to the south-east of Bloemfontein, and is on the Basutoland border, the Jammerberg hills, which are shown in the first of our two pictures relating to the subject, forming the dividing line.



THE LITTLE TOWN OF WEPENER.
Where the Boers Surrounded Colonel Dalgety.

Photo. Copyright. *Gribble.*

A SOUTH AFRICAN FREAK OF NATURE.
The "Woman Rock," Close to Wepener.

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The National Bazaar AT Kensington.

Photo. A. Esme Collings

LILY, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,
President.
Stall No. 6—Lancers.

Photo. H. S. Mendelssohn.

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND,
Vice-President.
Stall No. 43—The Northamptonsh re.

Photo. Gunn & Stuart.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
President.
Stall No. 7—Hussars

Photo. Barnett.

THE VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH,
Vice-President.
Stall No. 3—Household Cavalry.

Photo. Lafayette

GEORGIANA, MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE,
Vice-President.
Stall No. 39—Southern Highland Regiments.

Royal AND Distinguished Patronesses.

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In Aid of the Sufferers BY THE War.

Photo. Alice Hughes.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,
President.
Stall No. 40—Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Photo. J. Thomson.

THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY,
President.
Stall No. 26—The Leicestershire

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG,
President.
Stall No. 23—Somerset L.I.

Photo. Hughes & Mullins.

Photo. Lafayette.

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET,
Vice-President.
Stall No. 1—The Staff.

Photo. A. Ellis.

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY,
President.
Stall No. 32—The Worcestershire.

Some OF THE Ladies at the Stalls.

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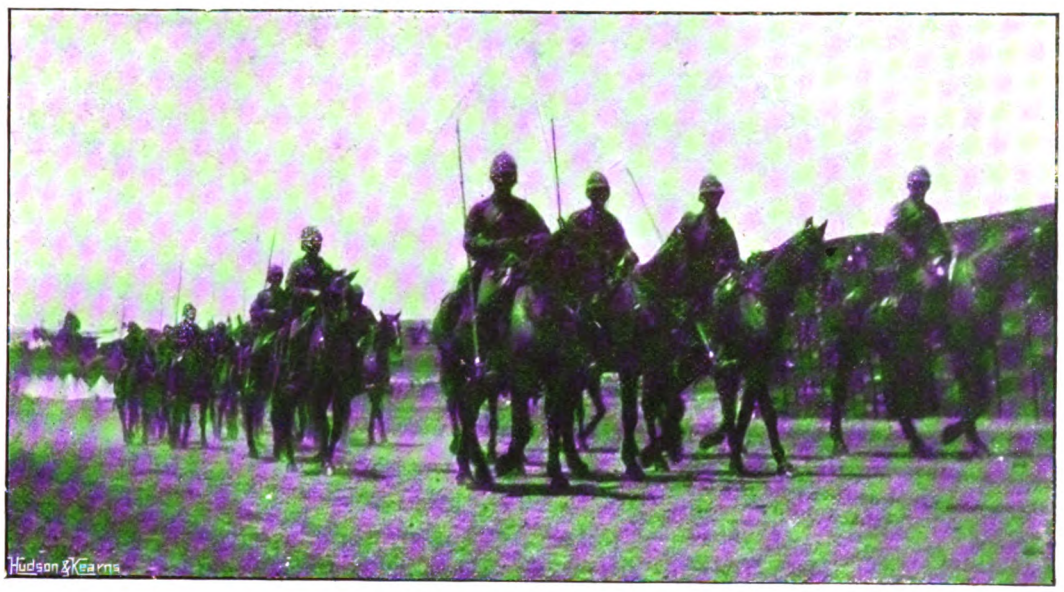
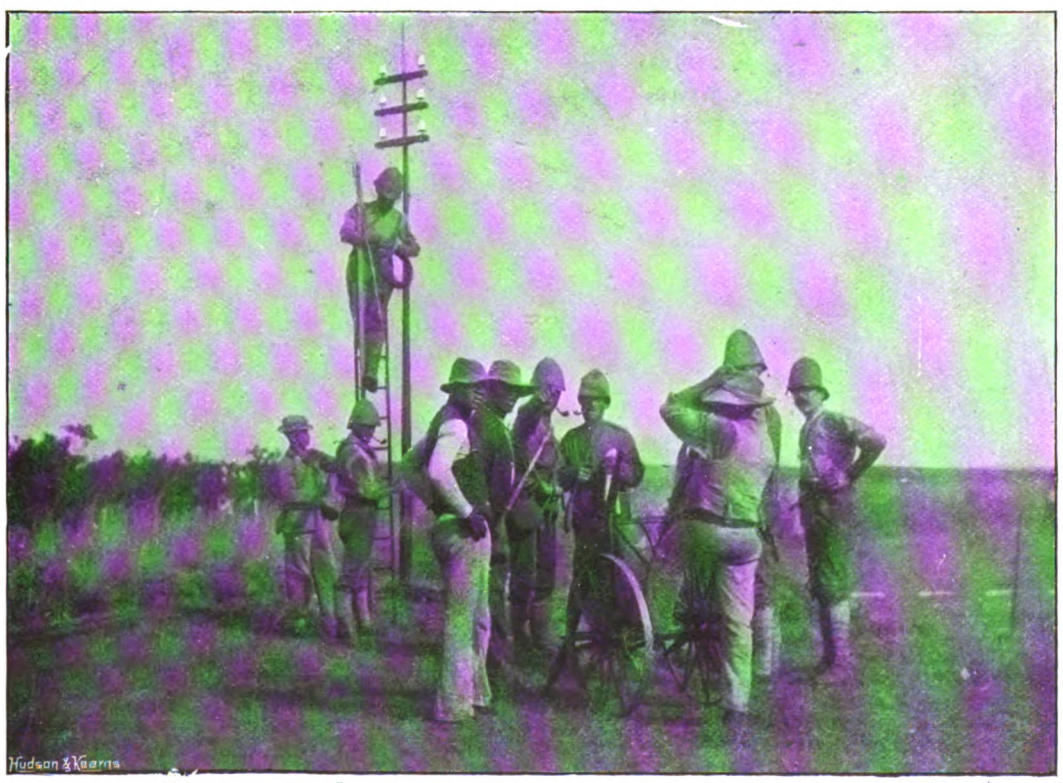
To Cross the Drakensberg.

ON TO THE BIGGARSBERG.
Bullock Teams Dragging the Naval Guns



A PATROL OF BULLER'S LANCERS.
On the Look-out near Elandslaagte.



Photos Copyright. "Navy & Army."

EXTENDING THE TELEGRAPH.
Putting Up the Wire at Elandslaagte.

THE events of the last few weeks in the Transvaal have helped to reteach an old lesson, which is just this, that there is no greater wisdom than to start on the right line. When you do not, but go on the wrong one, every trumpery obstacle is a stumbling block. You have to drag your transport instead of using it to carry what you need, and are pulled up by every barrier. When the right road is taken and the beginning is taken at the correct place, it is astonishing how things smooth themselves out, and all flows on as if by gravitation. After a start had been made at what turned out not to be the right place, Lord Roberts brought the main army back to its proper line of advance, and after a much-needed rest it has advanced again. This time one Boer line of defence after another goes down, not only at a push but as we step forward to bring our weight to bear. The change is felt as much in Natal as in the Orange Free State. In that triangle of hilly country which presented us for months with such a hard nut to crack, the case is as completely altered as it is on either side of the Bloemfontein-Pretoria Railway. There also the pressure of our forces is felt where it is not to be resisted. The Boers on the Biggarsberg were outflanked by more than the forces of Sir Redvers Buller. Lord Roberts with his army, far away to their right, was forcing them back as much as the soldiers marching directly against them. On the spot, too, there has been a change which must have brought with it an immense relief to our soldiers. The operation which turned the Boers out of the Biggarsberg was a novelty in that particular part of the seat of war. After months of weary waiting, alternating with disappointments, they have felt the joy of marching on after an enemy who falls back. It is even so a slow process enough. In a rocky country men cannot scamper ahead, and when guns have to be dragged by bullocks, as in our illustration, they must needs crawl. The Lancers may patrol ahead even a long distance away, and for some time before the advance was resumed in Natal they had been exploring the country beyond Ladysmith, and making notes of the Boer positions, but the general advance cannot be very rapid. The great thing, however, is that it should be sure, and this object has at last been obtained. We have taken possession as we went along, establishing our telegraph stations, and making the communications safe behind. If the enemy were less artful than he unluckily is, the Biggarsberg would have been the grave and the prison of the army of invasion in Natal. But he slipped out, and the work of outflanking and pushing back had to be begun again. Happily this trick of holding on till the last moment, and falling back after putting your assailant to a great deal of marching, cannot be played for ever, since the time must come when your back is against the wall.

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With the Devons UNDER Buller.

AN ISOLATED SIGNAL STATION.
Reading a Heliograph Message.

IN CAMP.
Captain P. U. Vigors, 2nd Devons.

ON "SENTRY-GO" AT THE FRONT.
An Outpost near the Enemy's Lines.

Among THE Biggarsberg Mountains.

A READY SHELTER FROM THE SUN.
Necessary in South African Campaigning

HARD AT WORK ON THE RAILWAY
The 2nd Devons Building a Loop Line.

From Photos. by a Military Officer

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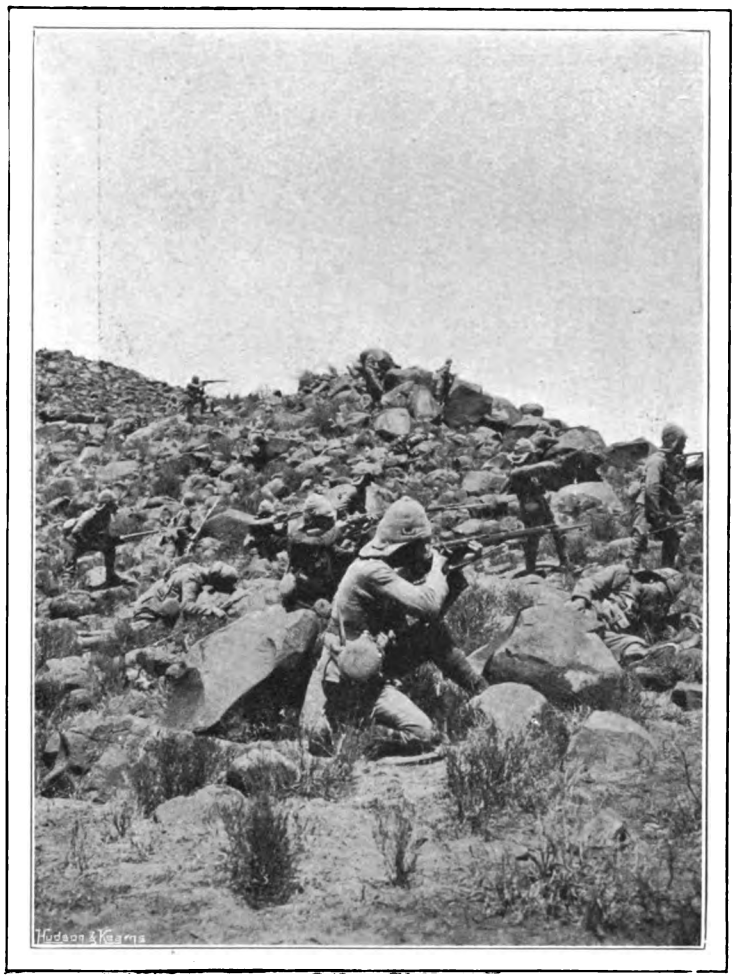
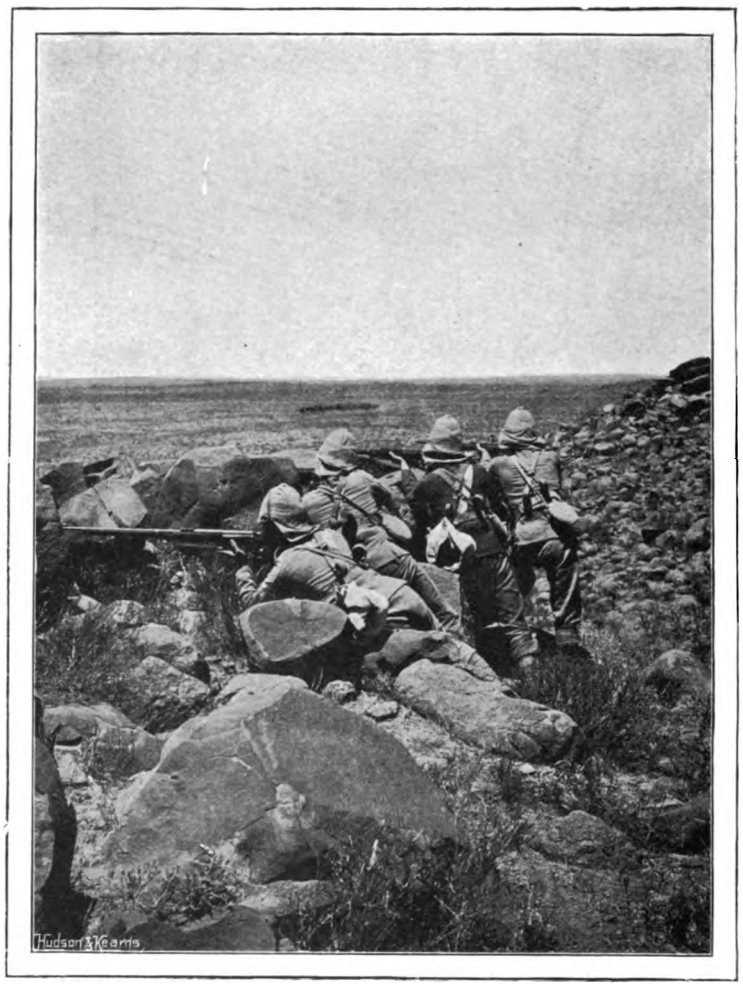
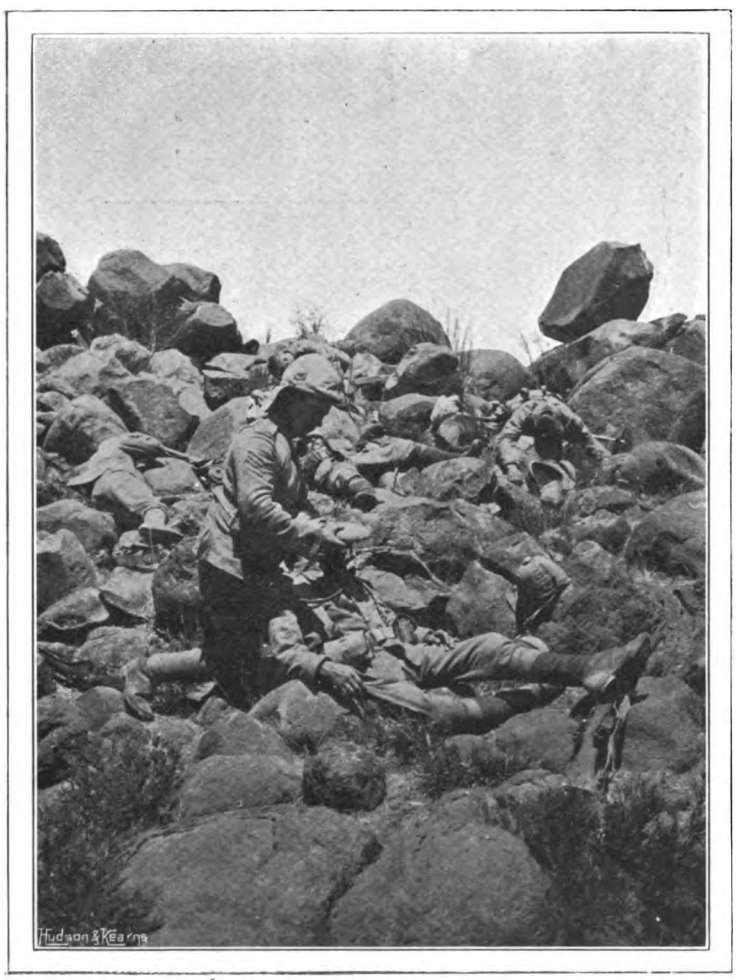
Hard Work for Fighting Men.



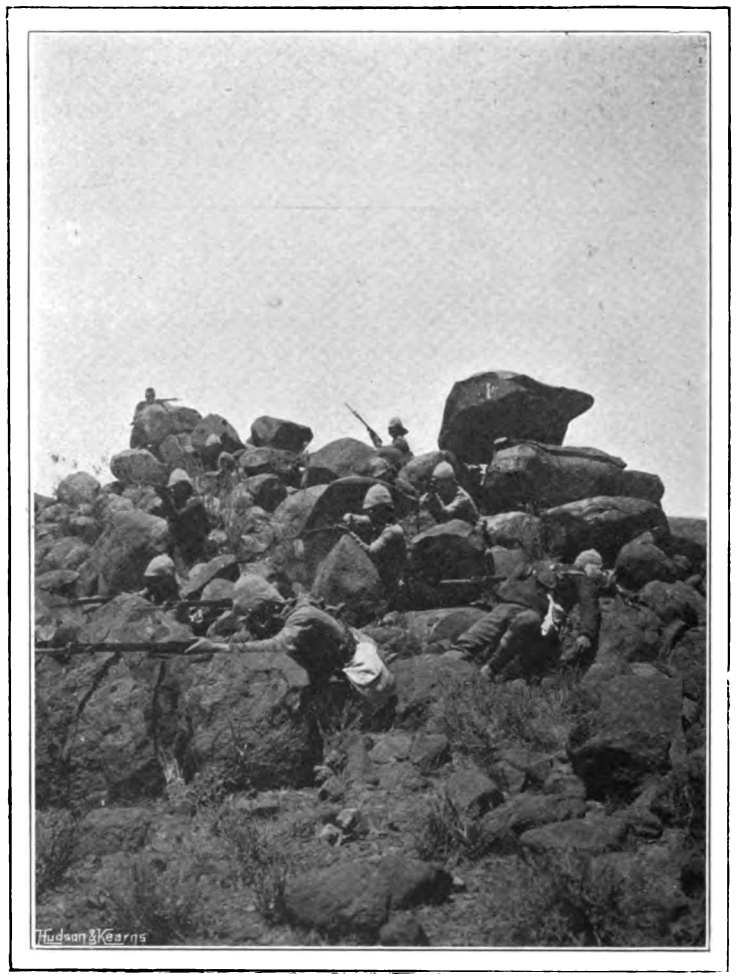
THE FINAL SCENE OF A STIFF STRUGGLE.
British Troops Carrying a Rugged Kopje.



FEW IN NUMBER BUT WELL SHELTERED.
Scouts behind Boulders Firing on a Boer Patrol.



THE LAST DROP IN THE WATER BOTTLE.
All that is Possible to Help a Wounded Comrade.



A SMALL GROUP, BUT NO SURRENDER.
A Desperate Stand by an Isolated Party.

The Life Our Troops are Leading in South Africa.

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

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The Gallant "Goal-keeper" of Mafeking.

Photo. Copyright. *Maull & Fox.*

MAJOR-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 5th DRAGOON GUARDS.

Photo. *Lafayette.*

BREVET-MAJOR LORD E. H. CECIL.
Baden-Powell's Chief Staff Officer.

"What Butler and Nasmyth were to Silistria and Fenwick Williams and his handful of British and Hungarian officers to Kars, and what Gordon was to Khartum, this Baden-Powell and his little staff have been to Mafeking. If the defence of this frontier village cannot be ranked among great military achievements, it stands unrivalled as an example of resourcefulness in most difficult circumstances, of fortitude, and of devotion to duty. Only a most able chief could have inspired the unbounded confidence and shown the amazing military resource which have saved Mafeking."—The "Times," May 21, 1900.

Photo. *Basano.*

LIEUTENANT LORD C. C. BENTINCK.
Wounded During the Siege.

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"The Village on the Veldt," and

Photos. Copyright.

A PANORAMA OF THE ONE-TIME BELEAGUERED CITY.

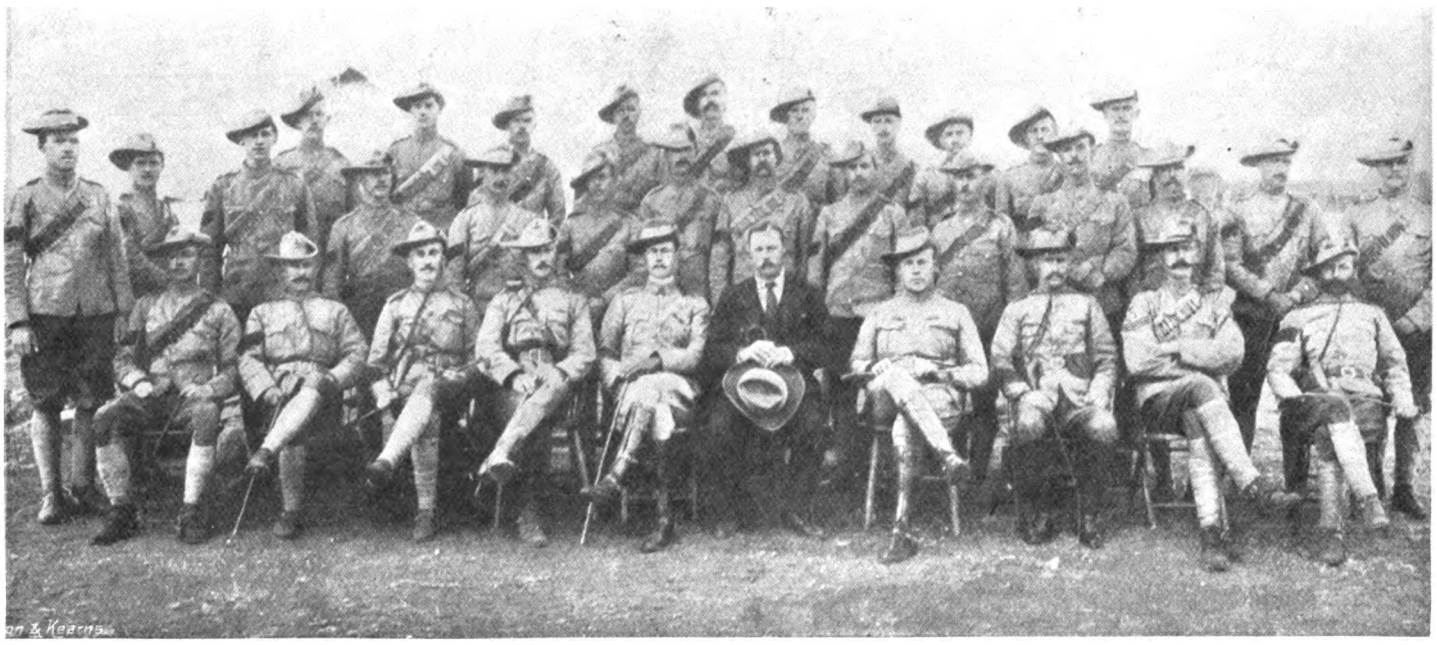

Photo. Copyright. *D. Taylor.*

SOME OF THE GARRISON OF MAFEKING.

Colonel Hore and His Protectorate Regiment, who were Assisted by the British South African Police, the Diamond Fields Artillery, and the Cape Mounted Police.

Photos. Copyright.

PART OF THE NATIVE STADT.

Severely Bombarded and Finally Burnt by the Boers. The Natives have Loyally Helped Colonel Baden-Powell to Resist the Besiegers.

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the Veterans who Defended It.

INDICATING THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE PROLONGED DEFENCE. *Tricker.*

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS FIERCEST.

Round this Fort the Boers acquired such a Wholesome Dread of the Resourceful Defenders that they latterly kept at a respectful distance from it

Tri.ker

THE HOME OF THE BARALONGS.

The Fighting Between the Natives and the Boers was of the most Sanguinary Character, and the Severest Reprisals were Inflicted on Both Sides.

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The Relief of Mafeking after a Siege of 218 Days.

THE STORY OF THE WAR.

WITH the relief of Mafeking the last challenge of the invading Boers has been defeated, and if ever there was cause for the Empire to be proud of its stock, it was when the enemy fled from their attempt to subdue that sturdy outpost of our power. Everlasting glory will centre about that heroic defence, and the shout of rejoicing that has been raised wherever the British flag flies is a worthy tribute to the gallant men, and the brave-hearted women also, who kept it flying where surrender would have been no dishonour, but where courage was to achieve its end. True to the day when Lord Roberts promised relief the happy tidings came. Suspense was at an end, and men of British race have been unstinted in their enthusiastic admiration for the gallant band. To Colonel Baden-Powell the chief honour is due as the leader and inspirer of them all, but the names of his brave comrades will shine brightly on the roll of honour, and we pay a tribute to the men who are no more, but who fought as Britons should for Queen and Empire, and never knew the hour of triumph. There were times when sore doubt must have clouded the spirits of the garrison. Hunger is more cruel than the sword. There were ruthless foes outside who did not hesitate to stoop to the dishonour and shame of shelling the women's laager and hospital; there were rumours of British reverses, there were the lengthening days in which hope deferred exerted its depressing power, there were internal troubles that might have darkened counsel in the minds of weaker men, but never, from the first day to the last, did that stout garrison think for a moment of surrender. With each call upon their endurance their resolution grew stronger; when they were assailed they struck back, and they paralysed the attack delivered against them, their resource was unfailing, and patriotism and the sense of duty nerved them and carried them through, and now the Empire hails them as worthy sons and true heroes, the history of whose great achievement will cover many a brilliant page.

Never can those who heard the shout of triumph in the heart of the Empire forget the hour at which it was raised. "Mafeking relieved!" Then through all the arteries of life rose the jubilant cry that spread like the voice of a gladsome sea. It was the note of victory. The brave garrison was saved, the truculent foe overthrown, and it was right that no bounds should be set to the enthusiasm which greeted the intelligence. The hour was growing late on that 18th of May, but the news was flashed to every part of the kingdom. Throughout British South Africa it roused men and women to the extreme of national rejoicing; it found its echo in the martial voices of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand; it was welcomed throughout the Indian Empire; and it was a new lesson to Continental Powers.

The Boers made their final attempt on Mafeking on May 12, but fell into a trap, and suffered very severely at the hands of the hard-fighting garrison. The relief column was then nearing the place. It consisted of South African Light Horse, Kimberley Light Horse, and Imperial Yeomanry, with light guns and baggage, and kept to the west of the railway, leaving Taungs and Vryburg on the right. The column covered twenty miles a day, and rested near Vryburg and Maritzani. An attempt was made to impede its progress near Kraaipan, but the Boers fell back, and the force pushed on, and entered the place so long beleaguered on May 16, the enemy falling back incapable of further effort. We may well imagine the moving scene, and the feelings of those who had kept their watch and ward so well, and of the men of the relief column, but a later occasion must be found to tell the details of a story that appeals so directly to the patriotic imagination and the human sympathies of English-speaking people throughout the world.

Admirable were Lord Roberts's plans for the relief of the garrison. The rapid advance synchronised with the capture of Kroonstad and the approach to the Vaal, and with Sir Redvers Buller's activity in Natal, while any considerable movement of the Boers to resist the relief column was paralysed by General Hunter's operations in the south-west of the Transvaal. A certain pause was imposed upon our troops in the central advance at Kroonstad in order that the railway might be made good and supplies be brought up. The Boers had managed to escape, notwithstanding the great gallantry of Major Hunter-Weston and the scout, Mr. Burnham, who, when the cavalry were spent after marching forty miles, pushed forward through extraordinary dangers, and cut the railway line north of Kroonstad, unfortunately just too late to cut off the last train of the Boers. The mounted men continued active, and on May 17 Ian Hamilton's forces, under Broadwood, occupied Lindley, forty-five miles east of Kroonstad, which Mr. Steyn had intended to make his new capital, and it was found that all the officials had fled. Wandering parties of Boers were giving trouble, and the cavalry were well employed in traversing the country. Hutton's Mounted Infantry on the 17th were thirty miles north-west of Kroonstad in the neighbourhood of Rhenoster Spruit, where the Boers were credited with the intention of offering resistance, and there one of the several commandants (Botha) was captured with a number more.

On the same day, still further to the east, Lord Methuen occupied Hoopstad, where two other commandants and forty men surrendered to him, while still more to the east, General Hunter's column, forming the extreme left wing of Lord Roberts's Army, was at Christiania on the 16th. His right wing, formed of the troops under Sir Leslie Rundle, was at the same time advancing on a broad front. The Imperial Yeomanry occupied Ladybrand on the 14th unopposed, and received many surrenders. Four days later Rundle was at Trommel, twenty-eight miles south-east of Winburg, Brabant at Clocolan, from which place the Boers had retreated to Ficksburg. Thus did Lord Roberts cast a complete cordon formed of strong and mobile columns across the whole of the Orange State from frontier to frontier, combining his operations with those of Sir Redvers Buller in Natal. The Boers were disheartened, and many were demanding peace, while large numbers of them surrendered or submitted themselves to be captured.

The time was opportune for a movement on the part of General Buller, and the operation by which he outflanked the Boers in the Biggarsberg and drove them before him to the northern apex of Natal was completely successful. The success was attained by a great movement to the east. On the 11th the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, the Second Division, and some artillery were concentrated at Sunday's River Drift, and on the next day the troops moved to Waschbank on the Glencoe road, while General Hildyard from Elandslaagte on the left occupied Indoda Mountains, and Colonel Bethune, with Bethune's Mounted Infantry, the Umvoti Mounted Rifles, and the Imperial Light Infantry marched out on the right to Pomeroy. On the next day the movement was further developed. The 3rd Cavalry Brigade under Lord Dundonald occupied the hills on each side of the main road, and Bethune attacked from his position on three sides. Thereupon the enemy retired from their strong entrenchments to the nek in front of Helpmakaar, and the berg was occupied with very small loss, chiefly owing to the excellent troop-leading of General Hamilton, Lord Dundonald, and Colonel Bethune. The position of the enemy had become impossible to hold, and on the 14th they fled from the Helpmakaar Nek, and Sir Redvers Buller drove their rearguard before him. Dundonald's Cavalry did magnificent work. They covered forty miles without drawing rein in a waterless country, riding most of the time through the smoke of grass which the Boers had fired. On the 15th Dundee was occupied, and it was learned that the enemy had retreated to Glencoe, some of their waggons proceeding north and others crossing the Buffalo at De Jager's Drift. On the same night the troops marched into Glencoe, and found that the Carolina, Lydenburg, and Pretoria commandoes had trekked north and that their last train with guns had left Glencoe at dawn. Sir Redvers Buller atttributed the success largely to the Fifth Division, which had done a very great deal of hard work in marching, mountain climbing, and road making.

But though it is necessary thus to follow the history of the war, every other event is overshadowed by the relief of Mafeking. That London went wild with delight when the long and anxiously-awaited news arrived is not surprising. The intelligence, although at that time unofficially confirmed, and from Boer sources, removed a heavy load from the hearts of British people in every part of the world. To have lost Mafeking would have appeared in the light of a national humiliation, and if "the village on the veldt," now made famous for all time, had not been relieved at the last moment, bitter resentment would have been felt throughout the Empire. That the Queen's subjects should burst into uncontrolled demonstrations of rejoicing was only natural, and telegrams from all parts of Her Majesty's dominions have shown that the manifestations of enthusiasm in the Mother Country have been paralleled by the expressions of patriotic fervour and delight displayed in her daughter States. The stubbornness of the Mafeking garrison represents the spirit of the British race. Only men and women possessed of heroic qualities could have so long endured the terrible stress which the prolonged defence entailed. All honour then to "B.-P," the brilliant commander with "the brain that could think for the rest"; honour to the plucky little garrison, officers and men, irregulars and volunteers, whose devotion to duty and military spirit against apparently overwhelming odds, was unabated to the last; and honour also to the civilians, men, women and children, whose splendid endurance in the face of untold suffering, and even when the hope of relief must have sunk to the lowest ebb, is not the least inspiriting feature of this most memorable siege.

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Snap-shots at the Paris Exhibition.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

1.—A REPUBLICAN GUARD ON DUTY AT THE EXHIBITION.

2.—A CORPORAL (CHASSEUR A PIED) AND HIS WIFE SIGHT-SEEING. 3.—A MUNICIPAL GUARDSMAN'S PARTY EN ROUTE FOR THE SHOW. 4.—AN OFFICER OF THE "LINE" OFF TO "VIEUX PARIS." 5.—A MILITARY STUDENT FROM THE ECOLE ST. CYR AND HIS BROTHER FROM LYONS. 6.—A FAIR DAME HURRYING TO THE EXHIBITION. 7.—THE SMART DRAGOON SHE INTENDS TO MEET. 8.—A JACK TAR LOOKING FOR THE NAVAL EXHIBITS.

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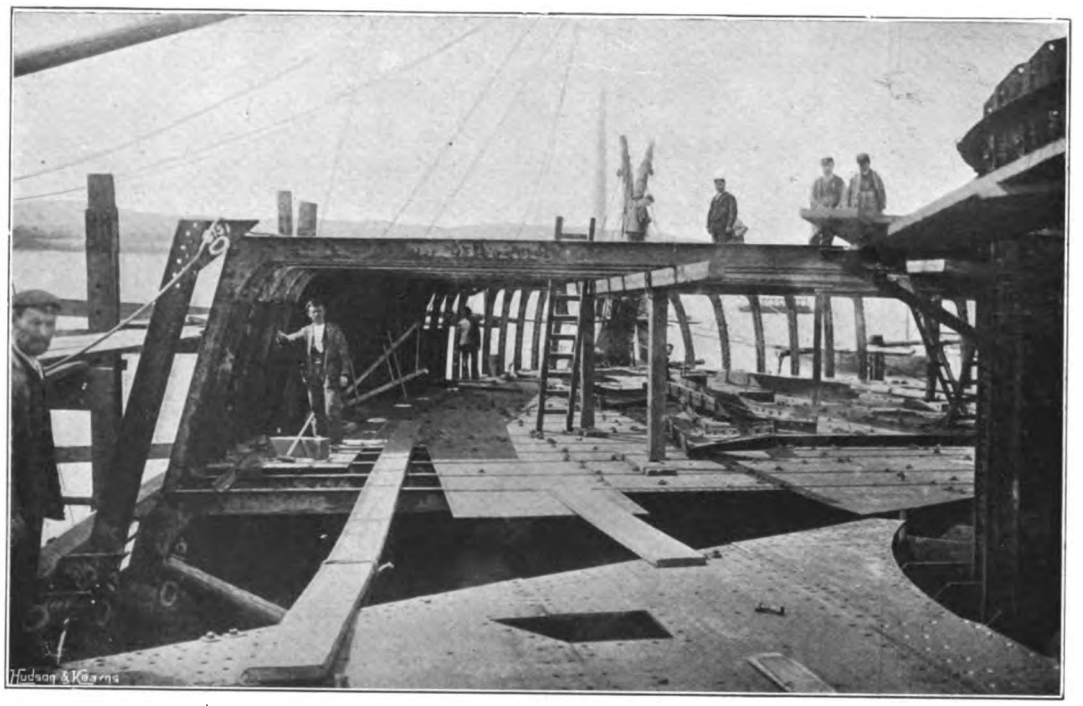
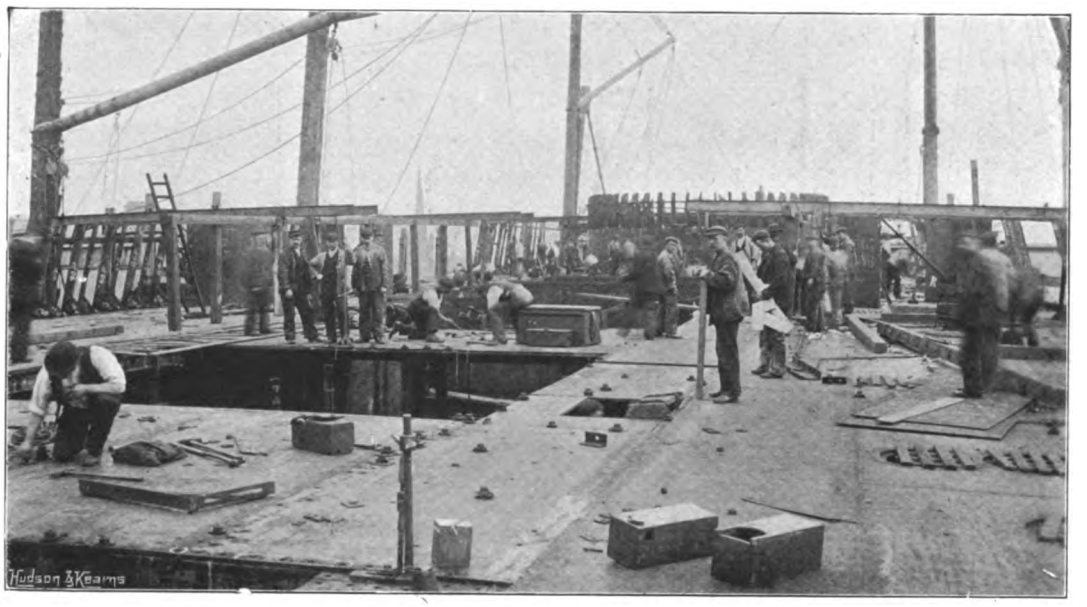
Battle-ships and Cruisers Building To-day.

THE WORK ON WHICH OUR SHIPWRIGHTS ARE BUSY.



THE STOUT STERN OF AN ARMOURED CRUISER.
And the Bulkheads that Sub-divide the Hull.



BUSY WORK UPON A GREAT BATTLE-SHIP.
Laying Down the Plates of the Main-deck

Photo Copyright. "Navy & Army."

AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF A BATTLE-SHIP'S STERN.
Showing the Plates of the Outer Skin.

AT the end of the month of May, just as that excellent volume, the "Naval Annual," appears, it is good to look round and survey the ship-building work that is going on, while we illustrate by a series of interesting pictures various stages in the building of a great battle-ship Such pictures as these teach a great deal. They reveal the structural character of those vessels which are the arm of our strength, and which are always exerting the influence of our country in every sea.

Few things are more interesting than to visit a large dockyard, and to witness the stupendous activity that characterises Naval construction. At the present time all our dockyards and the yards of private builders are very full of work, and the ships that are building have no equals in the world. At Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport the "Canopus," "Goliath," and "Ocean" have been completed, and other ships have taken their places in the yards. The "Glory," "Albion," and "Vengeance" of the "Canopus" class have been launched in private yards, and the "Glory" has been delivered and has completed her trials, while the "Albion" is in a forward state.

The six ships of the "Canopus" class (12,950 tons) are magnificent vessels, though smaller than the "Majestics" and the "Formidables." In them the main belt is continued forward in the form of a 2-in. nickel steel protection, widening out to the stem so that the ships are in a position to ram an adversary without their skin plating being ruptured. In one of the pictures a barbette is shown in the skeleton state. In the "Vengeance" these barbettes are 37-ft. in diameter, and are built up of 12-in. armour plates. In another picture we see an unfinished barbette with the 12-in. wire guns in their places. These monsters fire shells of 850lb. weight, each round requiring more than 150lb. of cordite.

More powerful are the three ships of the "Formidable" class, which are improved "Majestics" of 15,000 tons. They were launched —the "Formidable" at Portsmouth, the "Irresistible" at Chatham, and the "Implacable" at Devonport—in an incomplete state in order to make place for three sister ships which are building in those dockyards. They have made good progress, and the "Formidable" and the "Irresistible" are nearly approaching completion, though still a good deal of work is required upon them. The three sister ships of the class—the "London" at Portsmouth, the "Venerable" at Chatham, and the "Bulwark" at Devonport — are almost the last work of the Naval constructor. Their big guns have the new mountings of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, and can be loaded in any position. They are fitted with the very latest appliances, and the ventilating fans and after capstan, as well as much auxiliary machinery, are driven by electricity, so that there are no steam pipes aft, making the ships much more comfortable. The steering engines can be controlled from

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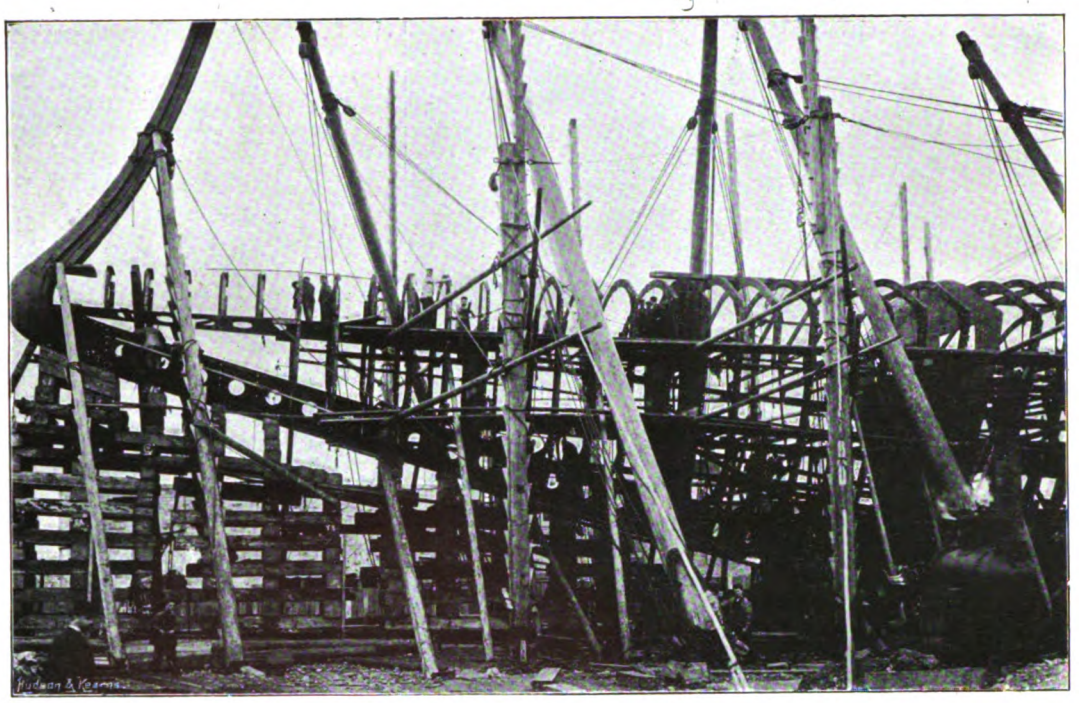
five different positions. Four battleships are also in hand known, as the "Duncan" class, of 14,000 tons—the "Duncan" and "Cornwallis" at the Thames Ironworks, the "Russell" at Messrs. Palmer's, Jarrow, and the "Exmouth" at Messrs. Laird's yard, Birkenhead. Two other ships of the "Duncan" class are the "Albemarle" and the "Montagu," which are in early stages at Chatham and Devonport, and two more are proposed to be built in the dockyards. We shall thus in the course of a few months have in hand, or just completed, not less than nineteen first-class battleships, exclusive of the "Canopus," which has gone out to the Mediterranean, and is being followed by the "Goliath" to China.

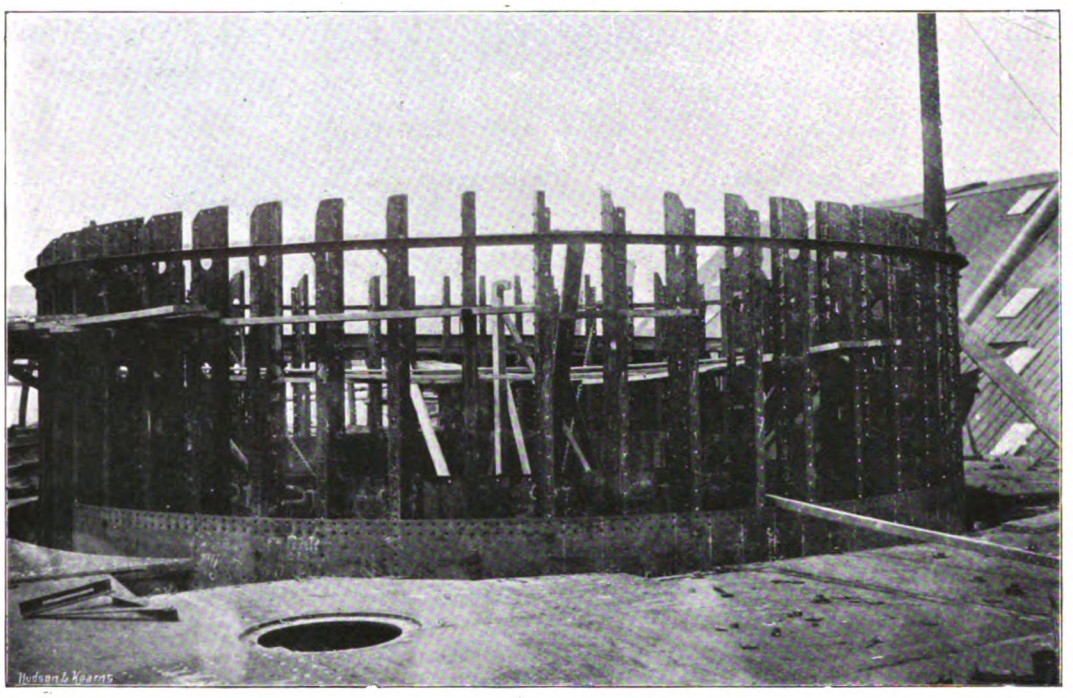
The armoured cruisers are also very numerous, and are magnificent vessels. The largest of them are the four of the "Drake" class, displacing not less than 14,000 tons, 500 feet long, with 6-in. side armour, carrying two 9·2-in. guns and twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and designed to steam at 23 knots. Such monsters are certainly well fitted to lie in the line of battle against many foreign battleships. The "Drake" is in hand at Pembroke, while the "King Alfred," "Good Hope," and "Leviathan" are building at Barrow, the Fairfield Works, Govan, and Clydebank. A smaller type of armoured cruiser is found in the "Cressy" class—smaller but yet monstrous, for they displace 12,000 tons, and have the same armament as the others, except that they have twelve 6-in. guns instead of sixteen. All these are building in private yards, and the "Cressy" has been launched at Fairfield and the "Sutlej" at Clydebank. Clydebank is also building the "Bacchante" and Fairfield the "Aboukir," while the "Hogue" and "Euryalus" are in hand at Messrs. Vickers', Barrow. Still another class of armoured cruisers is that known as the "Kent" class. The "Kent" displaces 9800 tons and is 440-ft. long, being the longest ship ever laid down at Portsmouth, where the slip had to be lengthened 100-ft. in order to take the keel. She is to be completed before the next Navy estimates are presented. The other ships of the class are the "Essex" at Pembroke, and the "Monmouth" and "Bedford" at Fairfield.

Extraordinary activity thus prevails in building armoured vessels, and so great is the pressure, that, as all the world knows, it has been impossible to spend all the money voted. Except the "Spartiate," all the first-class protected cruisers are out of hand and of second-class cruisers only one is being laid down, while no third-class cruisers are being built.

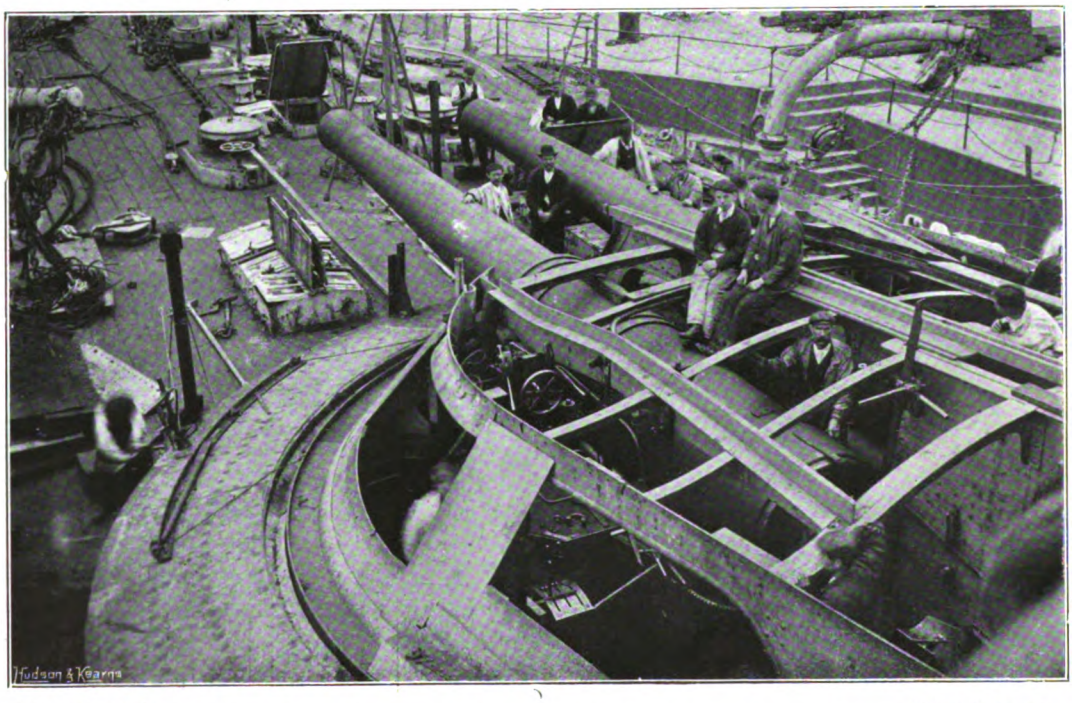
We have an enormous flotilla of destroyers, which have improved step by step since the first was laid down. This work is given out to private builders, and twelve new destroyers which have recently been ordered are building at Newcastle, Jarrow, Birkenhead, Sunderland, Glasgow, and Barrow. The total number of vessels of this class is 108, 42 having speeds of from 26 knots to 27 knots, and the others of 30 knots, and from that up to 33 knots, while the turbine-driven "Viper" has for a brief period steamed at 35½ knots.



THE RIBS AND FRAMES OF AN UNFINISHED MONSTER.
Being Principal Elements of Structural Strength.



THE STEEL SKELETON OF A GREAT BARBETTE.
Making Ready for Armour and Guns.



Photos. Copyright. A BATTLE-SHIP'S BARBETTE NEARING COMPLETION. *"Navy & Army"*
With her Two 12-in. Guns in their Cradles.

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Boer Burghers in Battle.

MANY MAUSERS READY.
Ensconced in an Entrenched Position.

ALERT AND READY ON THE WATCH.
Boer Advance Post on the Look-out.

Photos. Copyright.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT PRETORIA.
Arrival of British Prisoners.

CHANGE OF PRISON.
British Officers Remove to New Quarters.

British Prisoners at Pretoria.

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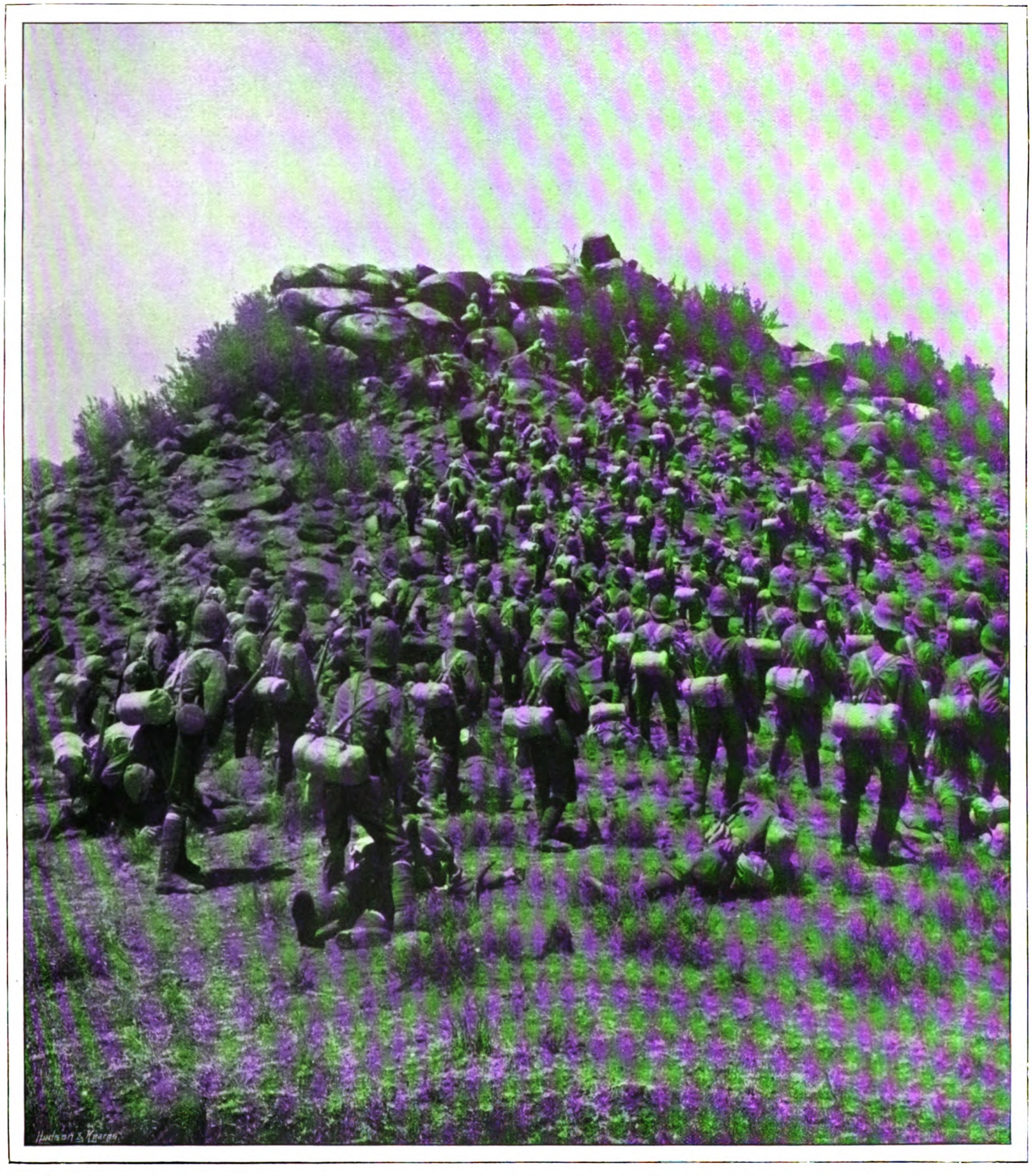
THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 174. SATURDAY JUNE 2nd, 1900.



From Stereoscopic Photograph (Copyright, 1900). *Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.*

THE SUFFOLKS STORMING A KOPJE.

It was a well-designed attack, but the men got "bunched." That is a danger when an attack has to be delivered from one fixed point to another. In this case it was a nasty kopje near to Colesberg, and the Boers played their own game. They held on up to the last minute, killed as many as they could of our advancing troops, and then bolted to the next crag.

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ROUND THE WORLD

IT is now nearly eight months ago that the two Boer Republics delivered their insolent ultimatum. We had then no quarrel with President Steyn or his Government. On the contrary, we had friendly feelings towards the late Orange Free State, in the consolidation of which many Britons had played a large part. It pleased Mr. Steyn and his little oligarchy at Bloemfontein to plunge his country into hostilities for a cause in which it had no concern, and those burghers of the Orange State who valued its independence will have cause to execrate his memory. What do we see? A State which entered with blind confidence upon a war with the greatest Power in the world, now plunged into demoralisation and a state of subjection. There is an old saying "that fools must pay for their folly," and that is precisely what the burghers of the Orange State are doing. Of course, the process will turn to their advantage in the end. It is always so where the British flag flies. Confidence is inspired, capital and enterprise are attracted to the country, and the well-spring of prosperity is opened. It will be for the Government to determine in what way the people of the late Orange Free State shall make solid restitution for the evil they have accomplished. As for the Transvaal, the dealing with that militant power will come a little later, and we may hope that President Kruger and Dr. Leyds, who together are the *fons et origo mali*, may pay in person and pocket for their misdeeds. The echoes of our rejoicing at the relief of Mafeking are ringing in their ears as a knell foreboding the end, and their own departure cannot be very far off.

Photo. Copyright. JUST OFF THE SLIPS. *Hubbard.*

The Armoured Cruiser "Aboukir" being Launched at Glasgow.

Not the Largest of Our New Armoured Cruisers, but belonging to the Medium Class, of 11,000 tons, and One of the Finest Cruisers Afloat.

Photo "Navy & Army."

MIDSHIPMAN EDWARD G. CHICHESTER.

He was in Ladysmith during the Siege, and is the Son of Captain Sir Edward Chichester, R.N., Chief Transport Officer in South Africa.

THE celebrations of the relief of Mafeking and of the Queen's birthday were the occasion for the display of a greater quantity of bunting and its imitations than has been seen within living memory. Flags are the outward mark of national joy and pride, the holiday garb, as it were, of towns and cities, and they give their touch of colour and life to thoroughfare and suburb. No man is prouder of his national flag than a Briton, but the strange thing is that he is so often content with a grotesque imitation of the real thing. Truth to tell, many of the flags that worthy citizens have flown were no more Union Jacks than

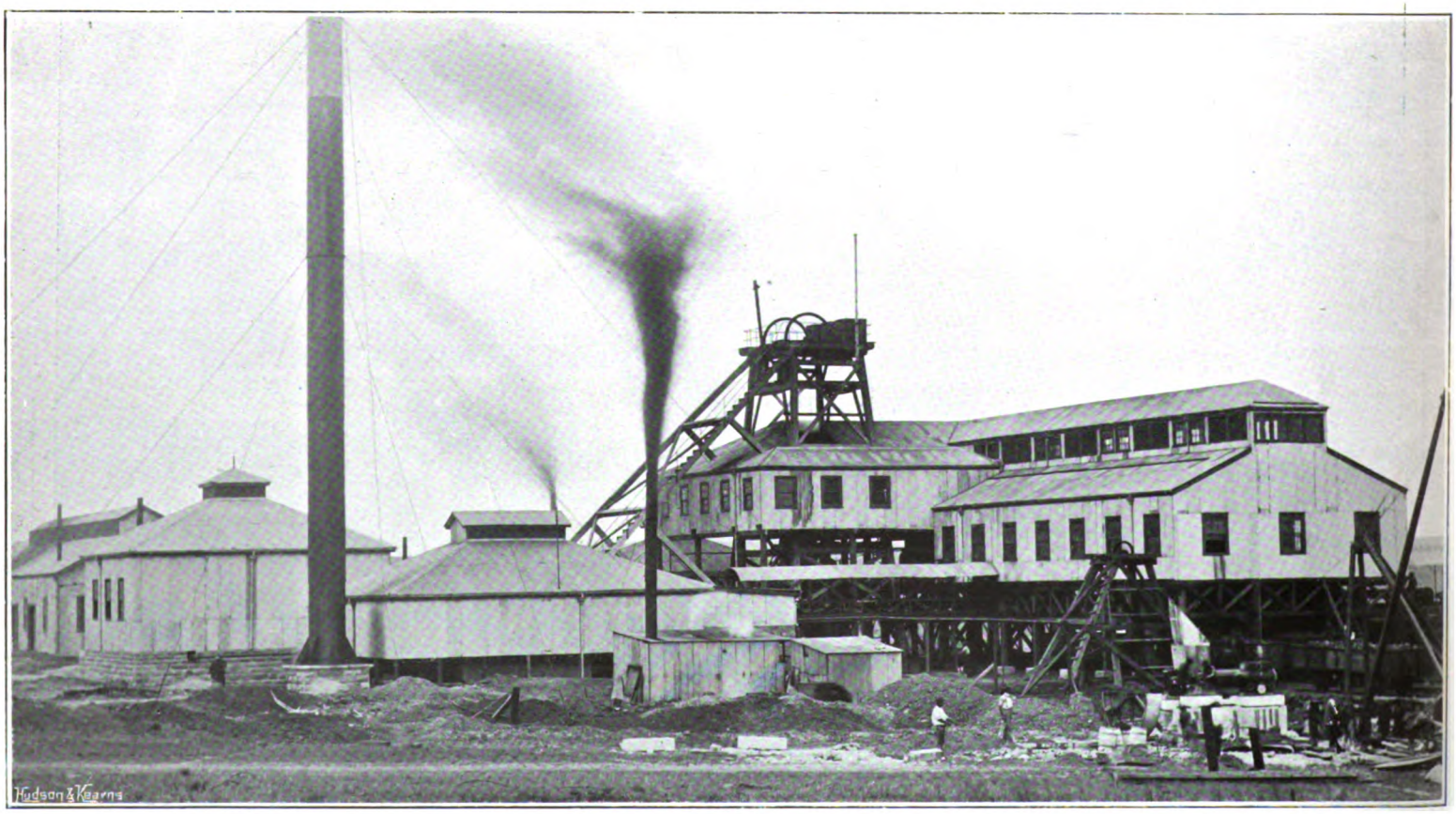

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A COLLIERY THE BOERS HAVE WANTED.

The Natal Navigation Collieries at Dundee are now Recovered and Coal is again being Conveyed to Port Natal.

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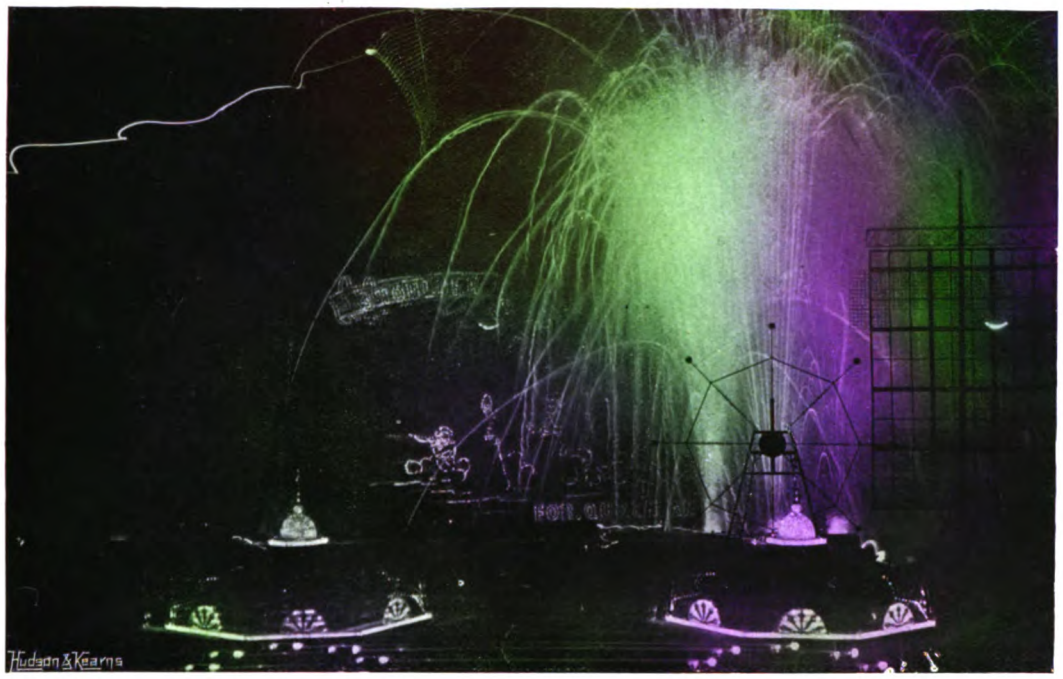
CUPS AND PRIZES GALORE.
The Rewards of Rifle Shooting at Malta.

EAGER AT THE FIRING POINT.
The Naval and Military Rifle Contest at Malta.

bright farthings are golden sovereigns. An understanding observer would note that four out of five were wrongly proportioned; their length was by no means twice their width, and the lines which mark the crosses of St. George, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew were, in very many cases, wrong in width or character. Flags manufactured by good makers are of course correct, but those sold broadcast and cheaply are often mere travesties. One monstrosity that met the eye of the writer consisted of a Royal Standard and two imperfect Union Jacks, all enframed in stripes of red, white, and blue; another was a St. George with a bad Union Jack at the end of it. A good story, and a true, is told of a certain gentleman who protested to a provincial mayor against the absurdity of a flag he was flying. He thanked his visitor and promised to hoist another, which he did—the signal calling a pilot! That pilot is much needed by the British people where flags and devices are concerned.



Photos. Copyright. *Russell & Sons.*

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
A Firework Display in Honour of the Relief of Mafeking.

IT is just six years since the weighty Government of Morocco descended on the youthful head of Mulai Abdul Aziz, the son of Mulai el Hassan, and now sinister forebodings are heard because of the menaces of France and the death of Sid Ahmed Ben Musa, the fierce and rapacious Grand Vizier. Abdul is the fifteenth of the dynasty of the Alides, and the thirty-sixth lineal descendant of Ali, the uncle and son-in-law of the Prophet. When the late Sultan died, and Abdul was proclaimed by Sid Ahmed, a tremor ran through Europe because Morocco might at any time become a bone of contention among the Powers, as Bismarck was accustomed to say. The youth was proclaimed Sultan in the Scherifian camp on June 7, 1894, being shadowed by that umbrella which is heriditary in the family of the chiefs of Tafilet, the district upon which the French appear to be encroaching. The exact movements of Colonel Bertrand have been obscure, but, when he sought to lay hands on Igli, he was poaching upon territory reserved to the Moors by treaty. He evidently belongs to that race of French colonels who take a good deal into their hands, and love the *fait accompli*. The French have long looked with jealousy upon the State of Sultan Abdul Aziz, and it may be suspected that they will welcome as an opportunity the turbulence of the tribes in Southern Morocco. They would like to extend their African possessions to the mountains, and it would please them vastly if upon the coast they could establish a

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE 1st MONMOUTHSHIRE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.
Inspected at Aldershot by Sir Evelyn Wood.

Photo. Copyright. *Kilpes.*

THE "HANDY MAN" AT "THE ROCK."
Bluejackets of the "St. George" at Field Gun Practice Ashore.

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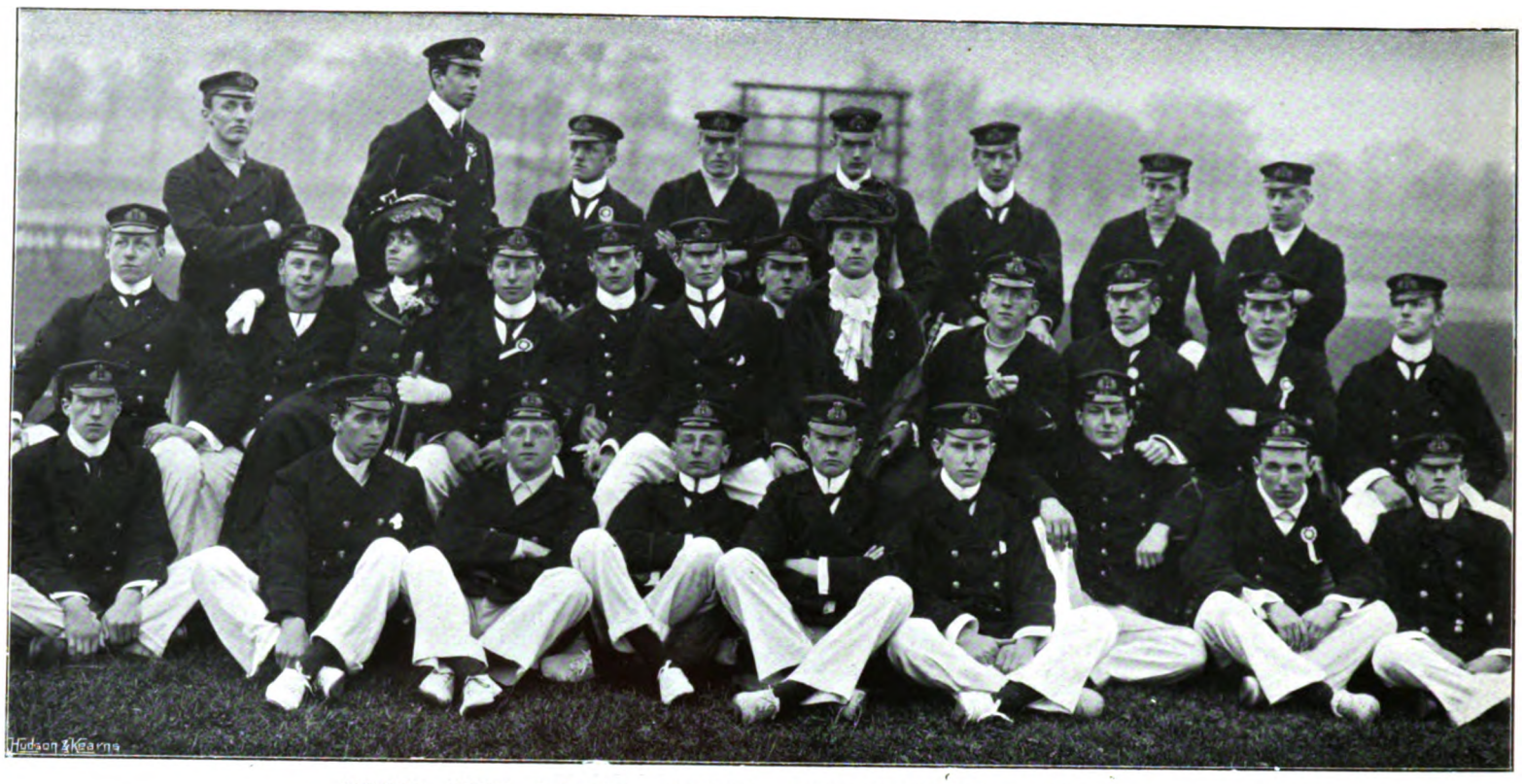

FROM THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

The Prize Winners at the Annual Sports.

counterpoise to Gibraltar. Any movement, therefore, against the territory of Morocco must be regarded with suspicion, for the time is sinister, though the death of tyrannical Sid Ahmed cannot be an unmixed evil.

MANY bouts with the foils will take place in Paris at the Trocadero these Whitsuntide holidays. The Minister of War addressed a circular to the generals commanding army corps to set afoot a grand assault-at-arms. The first trials of skill took place locally, and forty competitors remain to try their skill, each of whom receives a medal and a diploma. Of these picked men, twenty-four are to be disposed of in a competition on Sunday, and continued on Monday if that should be necessary. The final trials will take place on Tuesday.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Engineer Students in Disguise who Competed in the Hoop Race.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE FIRST OF THE NEW HORSE ARTILLERY BATTERIES.

Each Battery is given only Two Guns to Start with. The above is known as "A A," and is a Chestnut Battery. It is under Command of Captain E. T. Dixon.

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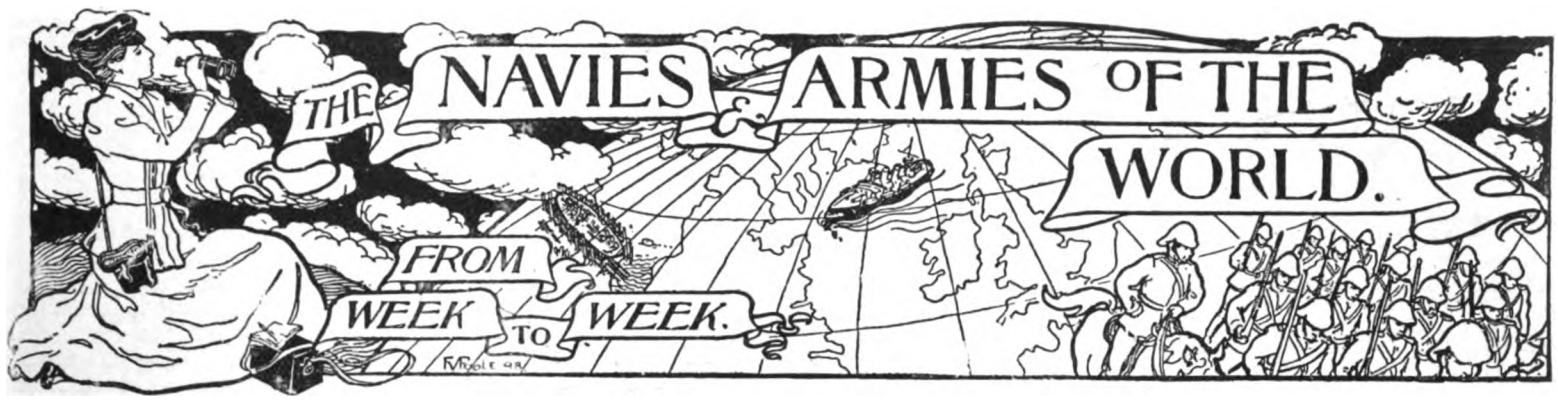

THERE is something more than a little ironical about the recent burst of letter writing to the *Times* on the subject of examinations for admission to the "Britannia." The rights and wrongs of particular cases are always obscure. Far be it from me to decide whether "a much-suffering parent" has or has not good ground to complain that entry into the Navy was made unduly difficult for his boy. The human boy is apt to disappoint his affectionate parents in the matter of examinations, in which, moreover, there is always an element of luck. A great deal depends on the quality of your competitors. Suppose, for instance, that you have the bad fortune to fall on a year in which an exceptionally large proportion of clever fellows come up. It is plain that your chance would not be so good as if the harvest of candidates was below the average. Again, luck may act in this way. An examination generally includes translation. Now it may happen, and has happened, that one competitor has translated the very pieces chosen for the examination, as part of his preparatory work with his schoolmaster or crammer, while the others see them for the first time. It is plain that in such a case the competition is no fair test. There are other ways in which fortune tells, but as nobody can deny that there is an element of luck in the most carefully organised examination one need not labour the point.

* * * *

The main interest of this correspondence lies in this, that it reduces one of the favourite arguments used to justify the raising of the limit of age to utter nonsense. It was said—and, in my opinion, rather impudently said—that the measure would tend to improve the quality of candidates for cadetships in the Navy because it would encourage the entry of boys from the public schools. The insinuation that the existing officers of the Navy were inferior persons was in reality more than a little insolent. It was adopted by the Navy officers who sat on the committee which recommended the change, out of pure modesty. But it was originally dictated by dons and schoolmasters, who have a professional snobbery of their own. Naval officers appear to me to have a quite unnecessary respect for priggery of this kind. But the absurdity of the plea was equal to its bad manners. Nobody who knew the facts, who would or could reason, can have expected that "the public schools" would send a larger proportion of successful candidates to the "Britannia" than before. They cannot alter their system of training to suit a small handful of boys; and, moreover, they do not want lads who will come to them for only eighteen months or two years. Some of us foresaw that the public schools would have no more to do with the Navy under the new system than under the old. That of itself would not have mattered much. The term "public school" is so wide and so vague that it is ceasing to possess any definite meaning. What does matter is that the change has vastly encouraged the crammer, has added to the expenses of parents, and has no other effect on the class of lads who come into the Navy, so far than this, that it has given a rather better chance to those whose fathers can best afford to spend money on giving them a special training.

* * * *

Take the correspondence as a whole, what does it tend to show? Well, just this, that in fixing the age of entry to the "Britannia" at 15½, we had put it at a period when a boy is too old for a private school and not old enough to have been at a public school for any length of time. The interval cannot be wasted, and there is no other course open to a parent than just this, to send his boy to a special trainer—that is to say, to a crammer. Observe the question is not whether the crammer is as bad as his enemies say he is. After all, what he does is to teach a boy to do what he is going to be called upon to do shortly. The point is that by raising the age of entry into the "Britannia," we have not drawn upon the public schools. We have only increased the cost of preparing a boy for the Navy, and have delayed the age at which he can begin to be turned into a seaman. In so far as the change acts at all, it does so by encouraging the sons of families which can afford to spend money. The son of a money lender has an advantage over the son of the retired officer, and this, so far, is the sum total of the social results produced by the reform.

* * * *

The account given of the scheme of—shall we call it—War Office Reform or the Revival of Army efficiency, outlined in the letter which the House of Commons Service Committee has drafted does not leave the impression that the formation of this body can do much good, or lead to very definite results. It is not that there seems to be anything very wrong in the recommendations which it proposes to make to the Prime Minister. The sum and substance of them are that the British Army ought to be sufficiently strong and properly efficient. So it ought, for unless these results are obtained every penny spent upon it is wasted. On that point there is, and there can be, no difference, for who will open his mouth gravely to maintain that the British Army ought to be inefficient? When the committee says that the defects revealed by the present war should be removed, it may be sure of our unanimous support. No man in his sober senses will commit himself to the proposition that defects ought not to be removed. Again, when the Service Committee comes to the question of responsibility, it says excellent things—as that the Secretary of State should be responsible to the Nation and others to him. Its conclusion that, as voluntary enlistment being the settled rule with us, the terms of service should be adjusted to the wants of those willing to enlist, is too obviously rational to be disputed.

* * * *

The unfortunate thing is that all these general principles do not carry us much further. It is rather idle to say that the British Army ought to be adequate to our needs—the question is just, What our needs are? And then one would like to know what the defects revealed by the present war are. It is a quite tenable proposition that the Army has been proved to be strong enough in point of numbers and equipment. Suppose that you lay it down as a rule that this country never does propose to send more than 120,000 men abroad, in what way has it failed in the present case? It has sent more than that number of men, and has sent them very quickly. In spite of all the outcry about our outranged artillery and the rest of it, our weapons have turned out to be quite sufficient when properly directed. If men and weapons were not properly directed at the beginning, was this failure due to defective organisation, or other causes which Parliament can remove? Was it not possibly due to the miscalculations of particular persons? But supposing that this is the real explanation of the miscarriages, what good can be done by going off at score on great organisation schemes? They can only serve to draw off attention from the responsibility of those very particular persons. The Service Committee appears to me to miss an admirable opportunity. Composed as it is of gentlemen who are both members of the House of Commons and connected with the Services, it could have done a patriotic thing with a good grace. It could have asked that a resolute enquiry should be made into the "miscarriages" of the war, and that all persons who could be shown to be at fault should be publicly rebuked. It is of no use reorganisating, so long as individual men know that they will not come to grief for favouritism, or carelessness, or obstinacy.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE Cavalry Depôt is at Canterbury, but a man can enlist in a cavalry regiment at the Military depôt of his county, which in your case is Carlisle. You should apply at the Post Office in your town for an "application to enlist." This form, when filled up by the applicant, will be forwarded to the officer in the district, and in due course the applicant will have to appear at the depôt of his county, and if he satisfies the authorities in the matter of health, strength, and physical powers he will be enlisted, and will be sent to Canterbury.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

To Honour the Empire's Heroes.

AMID the great outburst of national, nay, more than National, of Imperial enthusiasm which greeted the news of the relief of the heroic little garrison at Mafeking, many schemes for showing gladness in a practical form came to sudden birth. This was only to be expected. Emotion must find a channel, and such deep emotion as the situation of the beleaguered residents and their defenders had aroused, naturally demands many outlets. Thus, while some people let off steam by waving flags and blowing horns, others fell to making proposals to do all sorts of things in honour of the garrison and its chief, or in gratitude to the relieving force, or by way of compensation to those who had suffered so bravely and so long. The women and children are to have a "trip to the sea," which is rather an undertaking, considering that the sea is a good many hundreds of miles off. Major-General "B.-P." seems likely to be able to stock an armoury with the swords of honour that are being subscribed for. The first man of the relief force to enter the town is to receive £50 from a well-meaning but unwise Liverpool merchant. These are the more practical of the suggestions. What the less practical were like all readers of newspapers saw for themselves. Of course, most of them are already forgotten. Outbursts of this kind, however, generally produce one or two ideas which really do take root. In this case, the one scheme of any magnitude which seems to us to merit discussion is the Hall of Heroes proposal made by the *Daily Express*.

The idea of a public building which should commemorate the names of all who fall in defence of their country is far from new. The originality of the latest scheme lies in this—that it would be Imperial in its scope, it would bear inscribed upon its walls the name of every man, whether in the Navy or the Army, whether regular or volunteer, whether officer or private, who gives his life for the Empire. Without doubt, it is this Imperial feature which has most influence on the popular imagination. There is nothing in the world that can draw together the hearts of nations so powerfully as the knowledge that they have sacrificed dear lives in a common cause and on a common field. Remember with what a thrill we read in the autumn of last year the first lists of colonial killed and wounded. We had talked a great deal of our "colonial brothers" and of Imperial unity, but, as our eyes ran down those lists, we felt for the first time, with a sudden tightening of our heart-strings, what the phrases we had used so glibly really meant. The names we read were strange to us, and yet how strangely familiar! We knew nothing of the mothers and wives and sweethearts who were sobbing over these same lists many thousands of miles away, yet how our hearts went out to them. We longed to stretch loving "hands across the sea," to comfort them in their desolation, to let them know our pity and our sympathy, to tell them how sadly proud we were of the brave men they wept for who had fallen in our cause and theirs.

Under the influence of such feelings, how can we help being moved by this proposal of an Imperial Valhalla, of a Hall of Heroes which shall show the world our gratitude to those who are doing the work of the Empire in face of danger and death? Tennyson's noble lines in the great "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" stir us like the notes of the bugle:

> "A people's voice! we are a people yet,
> Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
> Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
> Thank Him who isled us here and roughly set
> His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
> We have a voice with which to pay the debt
> Of boundless love and reverence and regret
> To those great men who fought and kept it ours."

As it is, we acknowledge our debt on many a memorial and tablet and roll of honour, by many a painted window and sculptured monument. Some may think that it is best to go on as we have done hitherto, letting local effort keep alive the memories of our brave sailors and soldiers. Before we can get a final expression of public opinion on the scheme, it must be outlined a little more clearly. A plan of this nature must depend very much upon its details. The idea, so far, has met with a wonderfully unanimous response. At the same time warning notes are heard amid the general chorus of assent. Mr. R. C. Carton, for instance, puts in a timely reminder that "exquisite taste will be needed to prevent the hall becoming vulgarised into a glorified graveyard," and the Governor of Malta says the hall would have to be "erected by a competent architect, and decorated by skilled sculptors." It would never do to have what Matthew Arnold called "the grand name without the grand thing." For this reason and for others, until we know more exactly what form the Hall of Heroes is to take, we must suspend our judgment. Whether the scheme ever comes to fruition or not, there is little danger that we shall forget what we owe to the men who serve the Empire by sea and land. At the same time, it would give our remembrance and our sorrow a noble and lasting form if "in streaming London's central roar" we were to erect a beautiful memorial to our gallant dead, where we could feel that—

> "The sound of those they wrought for,
> And the feet of those they fought for
> Echoed round their names for evermore."

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 3, 1752.—End of the war in the South of India. The French force of 800 Europeans and 2,000 Sepoys, with thirty-one guns, four mortars, and large quantities of ammunition and stores surrendered.

June 4, 1794.—Reduction of Port au Prince by Brigadier-General Whyte. The town was abandoned by the French troops, and there was little resistance offered to our advance.

June 5, 1563.—Action near Havre. The French attacked the English garrison, and were repulsed with the loss of 1,000 men. 1758.—Landing at St. Malo. A battery having been silenced by our ships, a portion of the 14,000 men under Marlborough disembarked in perfect order.

June 6, 1761.—Capture of Dominica by Lord Rollo. 1813.—Action at Burlington Heights. The Americans were surprised and defeated by Brigadier-General Vincent. 1896.—Matabele defeated near Buluwayo.

June 7, 1598.—An expedition under the Earl of Cumberland having landed on the Island of St. Juan de Puerto Rico, on June 6, were beaten back, but the next day a ship of the expedition so battered the enemy's works that they abandoned them, and a landing was effected. 1761.—Surrender of Belleisle to Commodore Keppel and Major-General Hodgson. 1813.—Surrender of Fort San Felipe by the Spanish to Colonel Prevost. 1879.—British troops withdrawn from Afghanistan 1896.—Defeat of the Dervishes at Firket by General Kitchener.

June 8, 1758.—Landing effected at Louisbourg under heavy fire The French were driven from their posts, leaving behind seventeen guns, two mortars, and fourteen swivels. 1776.—Americans repulsed at Trois Rivieres. 1896.—Capture of Suarda, by Colonel Burn-Murdoch.

June 9, 1781.—Two successful sorties from the Fort of Ninety-Six, where the garrison under Colonel Cruger was besieged by the Americans under General Greene. 1818.—The town, fort, and district of Ajmere surrendered to Brigadier-General Knox.

JUNE 3, 1665.—The Duke of York's victory off Lowestoft. 1666.—Monk and Rupert's three days' fight with De Ruyter off the North Foreland. 1895.—H.R.H. the Duke of York born. 1886.—The "Cossack" launched.

June 4, 1673.—Prince Rupert's second indecisive action with De Ruyter off Schoneveldt. 1805.—Boats of the "Loire," 36, captured the French "Confiance," 26, and destroyed a battery and fort in Muros Bay. 1812.—Boats of the "Medusa," 38, at Arcachon, cut out the French "Dorade," 14. 1898.—The "Highflyer" launched.

June 5, 1758.—Commodore Howe landed the Duke of Marlborough's expedition at Cancale Bay. 1761.—The "Centaur," 74, and "Hampshire," 50, captured the French "Ste. Anne," 64, near Port au Prince. 1877.—The Duke of York entered the Navy.

June 6, 1650.—The Duke of York appointed Lord High Admiral. 1756.—Admiral Boscawen's fleet captured the French "Alcide," 64, and "Lys," 64, off the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. 1758.—Commodore Howe destroyed the French shipping and storehouses at St. Malo. 1762.—Lord Anson died.

June 7, 1576.—Sir Martin Frobisher set sail northwards. 1761.—Capture of Belleisle by Commodore Keppel. 1780.—Action between the "Isis," 32, and the French "Hermione," 36. 1842.—Vice-Admiral Sir H. F. Stephenson born. 1887.—The "Calypso" launched. The "Immortalité" launched. 1897.—The "Spitfire," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

June 8, 1522.—Lord Surrey made head of the fleet. 1796.—Capture of the French "Tamise," 40, and the "Tribune," 36, by the "Unicorn," 32, and "Santa Margerita," 36, off Scilly.

June 9, 1799.—Admiral Sir Lockhart Ross died. 1796.—Capture of the French "Utile," 24, in Hyères Roads, by the "Southampton," 32. 1799.—Cutting out of the "Bella Aurora," 10, by the boats of the "Success," 32. 1801.—The "Speedy" (Lord Cochrane) destroyed French gun-boats and convoy at Odessa. 1889.—The "Medea" launched.

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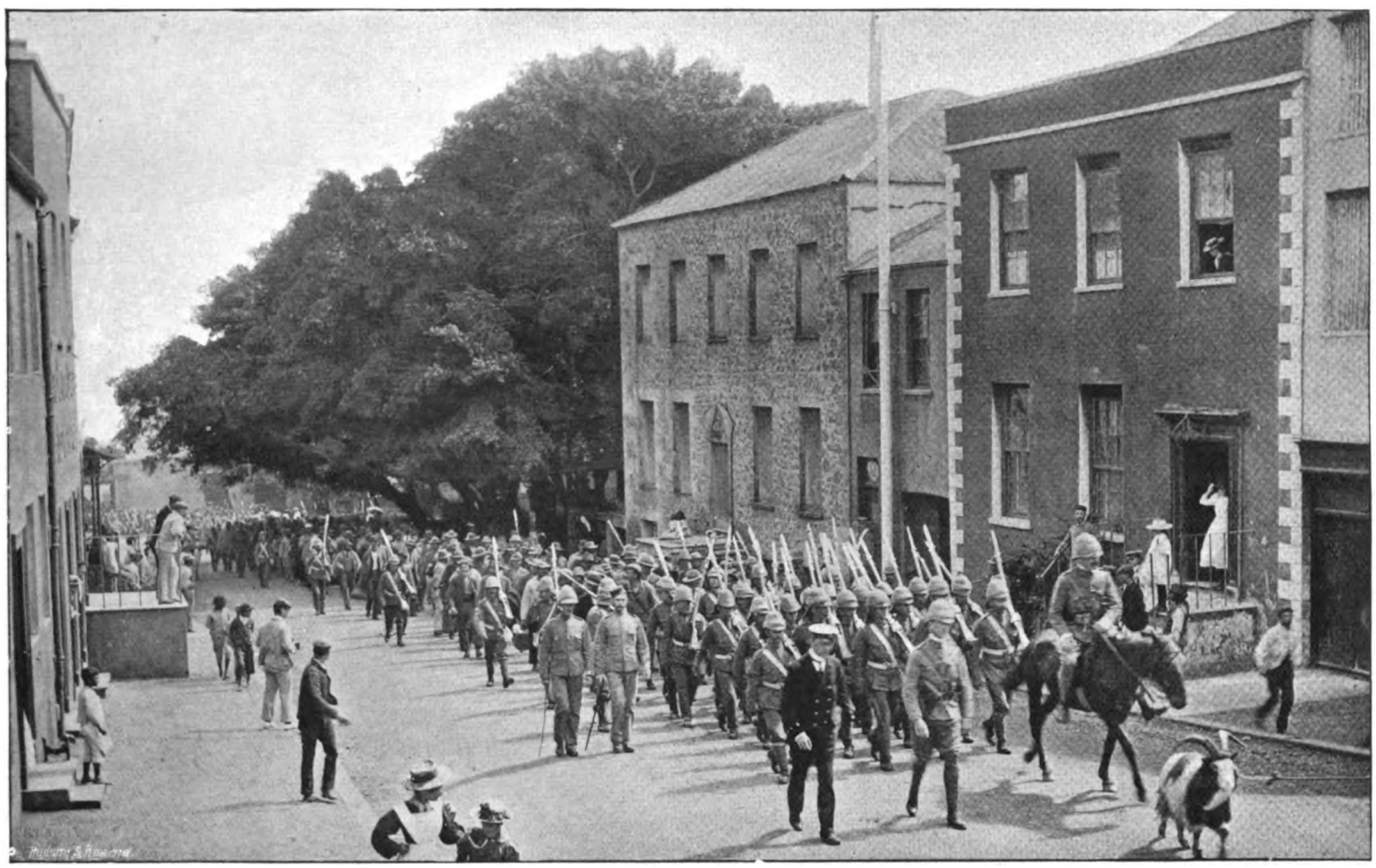
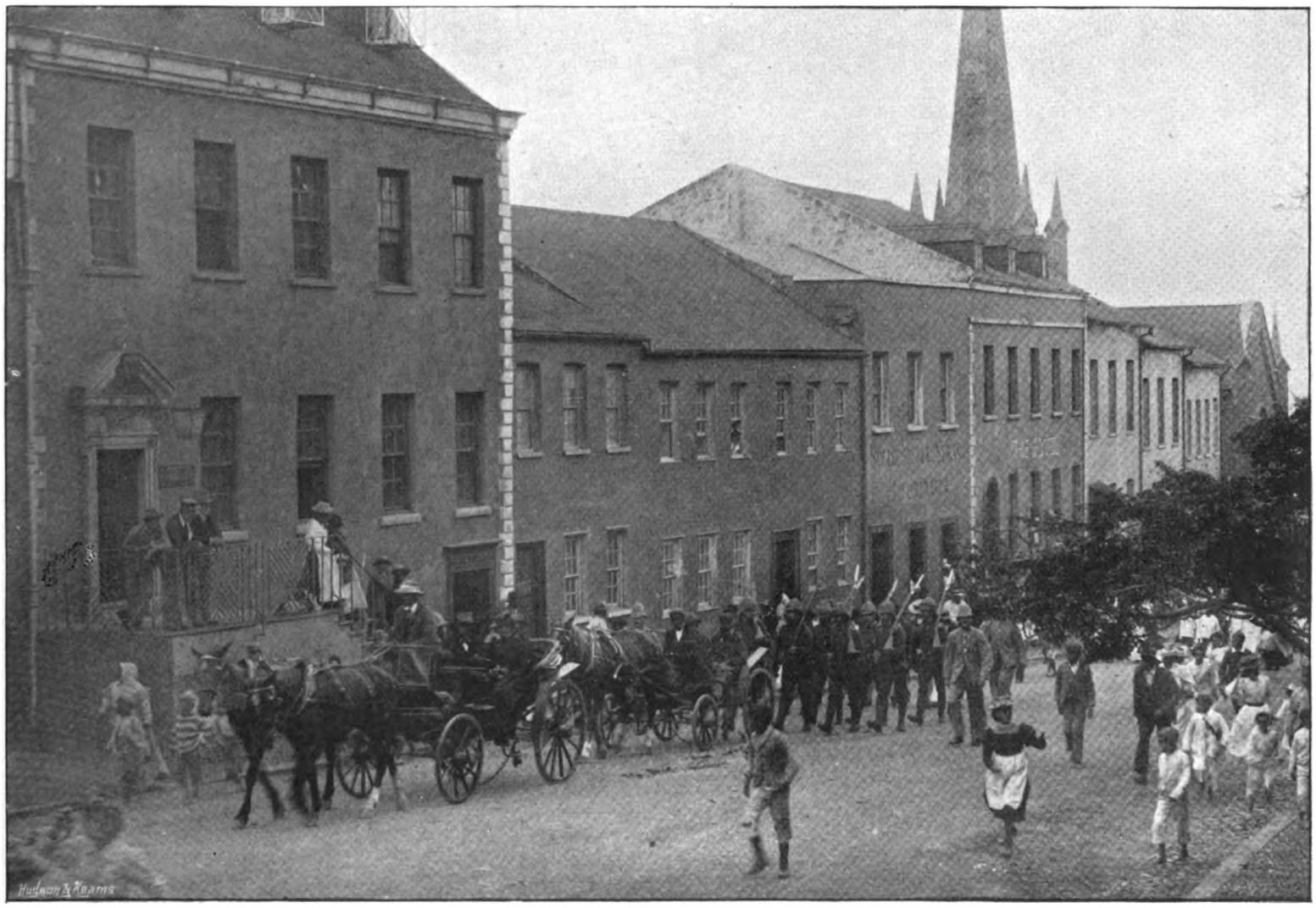
General Cronje and His Fellow Prisoners at St. Helena.



ON THE WAY TO THE BARRACKS.

Boer Prisoners Escorted through Jamestown by a Detachment of the 4th Gloucesters with their Goat.



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THE BOER GENERAL IN CAPTIVITY.

General Cronje in the Leading Carriage Driving through Jamestown with his Wife.

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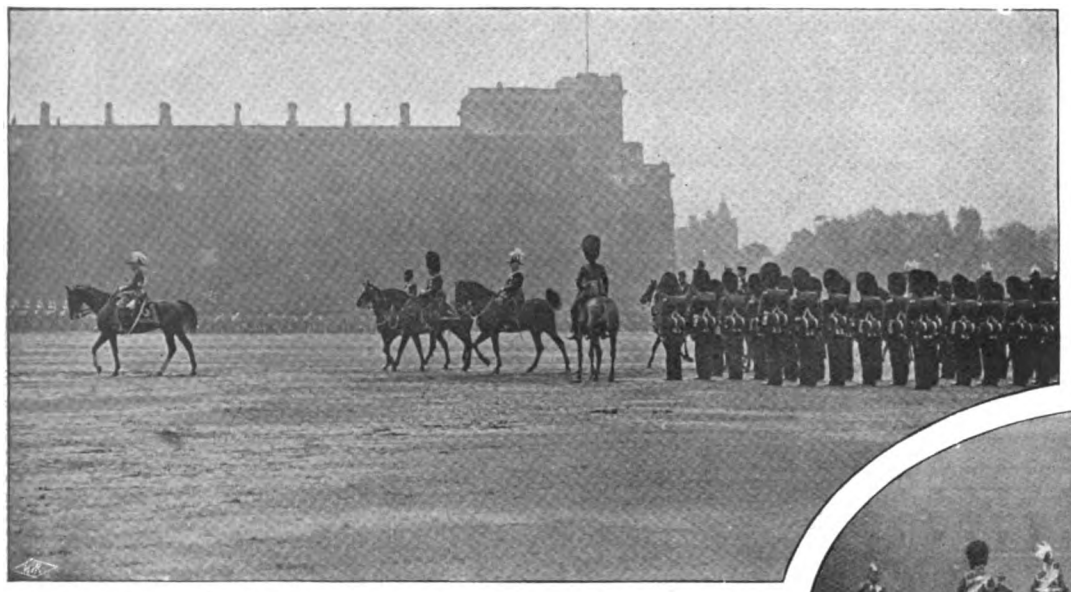
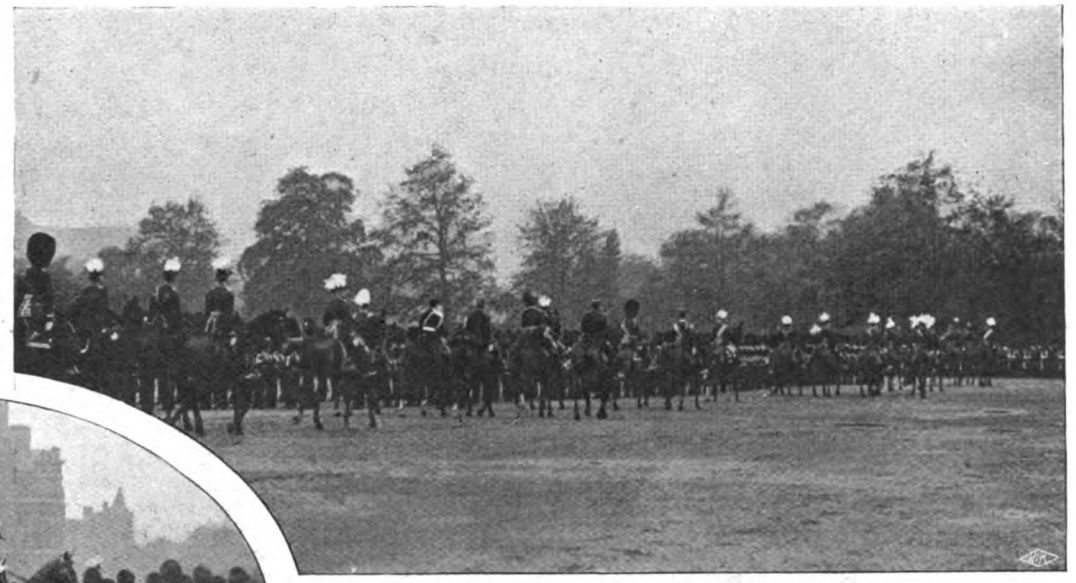
Celebrating the Queen's Birthday in London.



ARRIVAL OF ROYALTY.
Lord Wolseley Leads the Way.



INSPECTING THE TROOPS.
The Royal Party going Round the Lines.

THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKES THE SALUTE.

WELL KNOWN TO LONDONERS.
Colonel Ricardo Heading the Grenadier Guards.

A GAILY CAPARISONED TROOP.
The Household Cavalry March Past.

The Trooping of the Colour on the Horse Guards' Parade.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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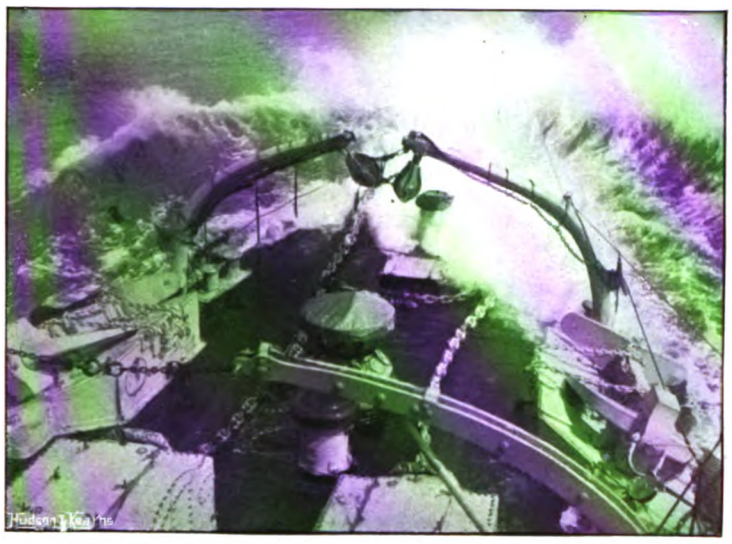
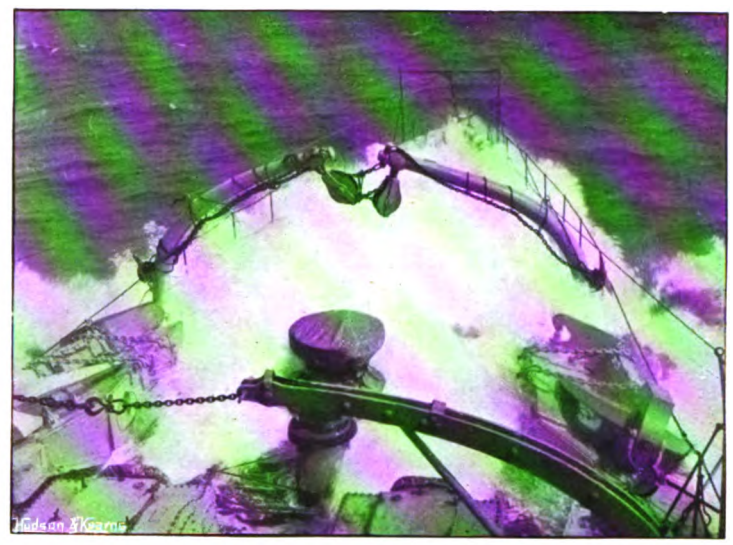
The "Polyphemus" Homeward Bound.



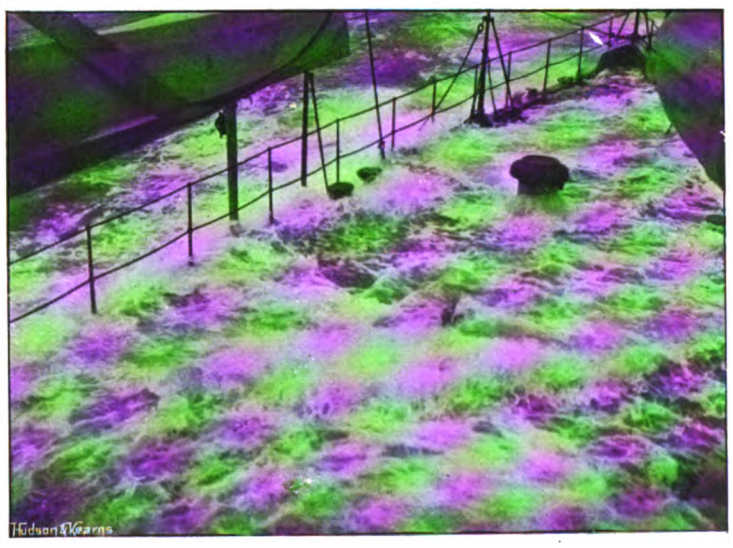
A PLUNGE
The "Polyphemus" Dipping her Nose.



AND AFTER.
The Sea Smothering its Way Aft.

THE return of the "Polyphemus" to Plymouth on April 29 was duly chronicled by the various daily papers; and as the ship is a Chatham ship, she of course proceeded to that port to pay off. Few people, however, recognised the significance of her return, or the fact that in type and in many arrangements she is unique in the British Navy. She is, in fact, an example of a ship built for ramming, and for nothing else. Without armour, her armament consists of only six 6-pounder quick-firers, and her offensive powers lie in her own weight. She is of only 2,640 tons displacement, but at the time of her construction, in 1881-82, her speed of 18-knots was unusual, and that there was something in her power of going through an obstacle was proved when, in the early days of Naval manœuvres, and before quick-firing guns had come to the assistance of the defenders, she steamed calmly through the boom which had been so laboriously constructed at Berehaven. There are idealists who still believe that, in the days to be, we shall dissociate the gun, the ram, and the torpedo, and allot each weapon to its proper vessel. In such a case the gun-squadron would bear the brunt of a fleet action, the rams would lie near ready to sink lame ducks, and the torpedo flotilla, would, it may be presumed, hover on the flanks for an opportunity of attacking unobserved. We may see something of the sort in the future, and all Naval Powers have already differentiated the torpedo to some extent by the construction, first, of torpedo-boats, and, secondly, of torpedo-boat destroyers. But though our ships are provided with rams, and many Naval officers express a preference for the weapon in single ship actions, history renders it quite clear that, up to the present, the ram has not, in the days subsequent to the invention of the gun, been altogether successful in warfare. It has been used with most damaging effect, when least intended. At Lissa the "Ancona" accidentally rammed her consort the "Varese," and the "San Martino" her consort the "Maria Pia." In our own Navy, the cases of the "Vanguard" and the "Iron Duke," the "Osprey" and the "Amazon," the "Ajax" and the "Devastation," and the sad heart-rending case of the "Camperdown" and the "Victoria," will recur to mind. All these, however, were accidents. The records of actual battle tell a different tale. They show very few records of even approximate success, and absolutely none of absolute triumph. Take, for example, the case of the "Covadonga" and the "Independencia" in 1879. The "Covadonga" was a small ancient gunboat, which ought never to have gone into action. Her speed was about 5-knots. The "Independencia" was an ironclad—a good one as things were understood in those days—and could do nearly 12-knots. Nevertheless, the "Covadonga" avoided her on three occasions, and manœuvred so cleverly that, on the third occasion, her big opponent ran ashore and was burnt to save her from capture. The records cannot, of course, be brought down to recent years, because there has been practically no Naval war. As they stand, we have seventy-four cited attempts at ramming. In forty-two of these attempts there was effectual collision, and in seven the ramming ship did herself about as much harm as she did to her opponent, while in seven other cases she injured herself more severely than she did her enemy. There is not a single case where the rammed ship was disabled or sunk. This is an important point to remember when we are considering the possibilities of a ramming action. In the future, however, the ships specially designed for ramming—if there are any—will probably be more powerful than the "Polyphemus," not, perhaps, in order that they may be able to deliver a more powerful blow, but that they may be better able to manœuvre with a squadron. The failure to be able to do so has been one of the great defects of the "Polyphemus." She was well designed for her work, but she was too small. Shaped like a cigar, she is always under water forward even in the smallest seas—as our pictures well show—and her superstructure gives in reality very little protection from the waves. She was an experiment, and it is one which is not likely to be repeated except on a much larger scale.

HARD AT WORK.
Life Lines are a Necessity in this Craft.



ALL AFLOAT.
The Quarter-deck when a Sea comes Aboard.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer

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Picked Corps for the Front.

TIRED OF GARRISON DUTY.
The 2nd Royal Berkshires Leaving Queenstown, Cape Colony.

Photos. Copyright. *Furmidge.*

JUST AFTER STABLES.
A Troop of Imperial Yeomanry taking a Stand Easy.

TWO things more than any others have forced themselves upon public attention during the war in regard to the actual composition of the fighting force. The one is the extent to which reliance may be placed, not upon Colonial troops—because no one ever doubted that—but upon the willingness—shall we say the eagerness?—of the Colonies to furnish troops in an Imperial cause; and the other is the way in which Yeomanry and Volunteers have proved that they possess the traditional qualities of Englishmen. The Yeomanry have been persistently decried in the House of Commons, and ignorant spouters have asserted over and over again that the force was simply the exposition of the desire of the landowning class to dress itself in tawdry uniforms, and that, as a fighting arm, it had no real value. The Volunteers, again, have never yet quite reached their definite position in the Empire's line of defence. At times they have been subjected to coddling and being made a fuss of, and have been asked to believe that they were the potential saviours of the country. At other times they have been treated by the War Office as if they had no value whatever in the scheme of national defence. It would be interesting to know something about that scheme, by the way, and to learn what is the precise position which each unit is intended to occupy. No one desires to know the details, but it would be satisfactory to have an assurance that they have been worked out. The ideas, however, which were conceived in relation to home defence have been proved to be absurd in regard to South Africa. When the time came that men were wanted, when appeals were made to the Yeomanry and to the Volunteers, both responded abundantly, and the records of fighting show that both have proved themselves worthy of their nationality. Deficient in training in the first instance they may have been—nay, must have been—but they have had the sense to pick up the stern teaching of the battle-field,

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

FRESH FROM PARADE.
A Squadron of Lord Loch's Horse Leaving Duty.

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and have learnt their lessons in the best of all schools—by contact with the foe. Mounted troops are so sorely needed that the Yeomanry in particular have had a chance of proving that they are worthy of the land of their birth; but the Volunteers have also done well, and, in fact, it has been a fair fight between the Regular Forces and their assistants, home and colonial, as to which as a body should prove itself most worthy of the Empire that is common to all. How great is the latent strength here displaying some small manifestation it must be for others to judge, but it is clear that it embodies that unity of purpose, that self-reliance, which makes for Empire. The future of the world is for the race which knows how to grasp it.

Our pictures show several of the component parts of which Lord Roberts's Army is composed. We have representatives of the recognised Regular Army of the Empire, and of—we will not say—irregular forces, but troops who are attached to the better trained units. It is easy to understand the delight of a battalion ordered to the front after a long period of garrison duty, and quite as easy to understand that a troop of Imperial Yeomanry is not seen in its most advantageous light immediately after stables. It is a cruel time to photograph any mounted force. However, fatigue duty has to be performed by somebody, and, as it is part of a soldier's work at the front, it deserves recording. Another picture shows us a group of Oxford Volunteers detrained for lunch, while the activity of the men of the Bedfords grouped round the fire gives a vivid portrayal to stay-at-home Englishmen of the effect of a soaking march. Finally, the picture of the Camerons on their way to the front from Egypt is representative of the spirit which animates every Briton who has the luck to be called upon to face his country's foe.

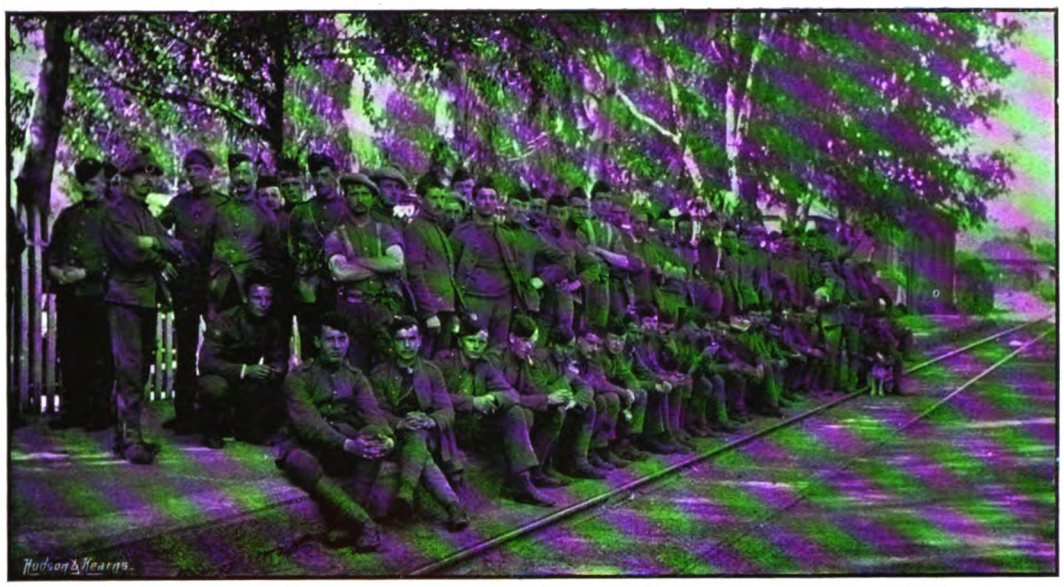

Photo. Copyright. *Furmidge.*

"TURN OUT, EVERYBODY."
Oxford Volunteers Detrained for Lunch

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

WET, WEARY, AND UNDRESSED.
The Bedfords after a Soaking March.

Photo. Copyright. *Furmidge.*

COME FROM NORTH AFRICA.
The 1st Camerons on their Way to the Front from Egypt.

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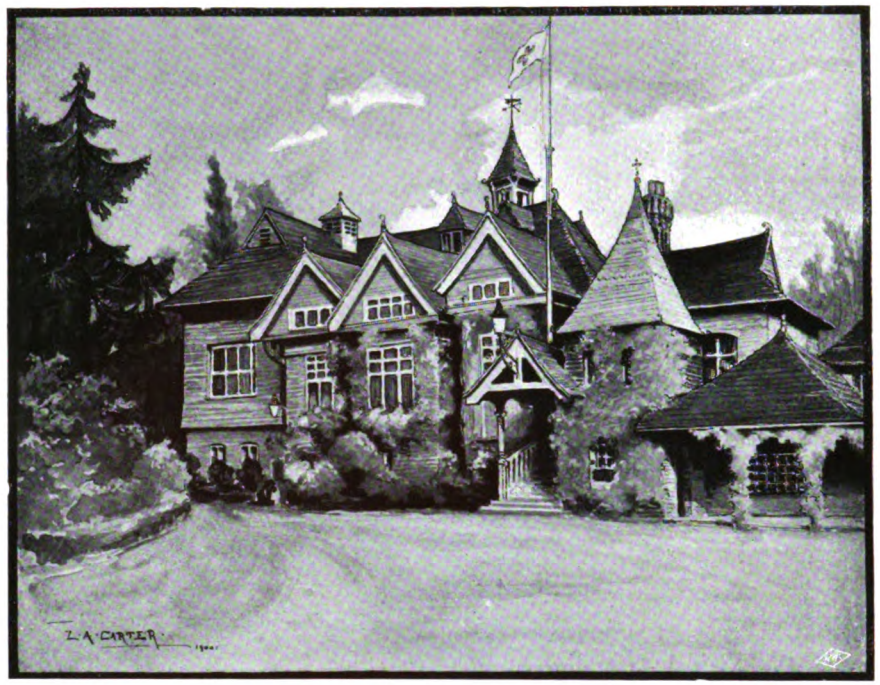
Care for Convalescents from the War.

GOLDER'S HILL, HAMPSTEAD.

Lent by the London County Council, and supported by subscriptions. It has about fifty beds, used for Household Troops and Guards only, equipped by the inhabitants of Hampstead.



GABLES THEATRE, SURBITON.

Familiarly known as Daw's Hill. A very pretty place, lent and supported by Earl Carrington, for the reception of Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

HILL FARM, HIGH WYCOMBE.

A pleasant Convalescent Home, benevolently lent for the Good Work and supported by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cooper.

THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL, BASINGSTOKE.

Not exclusively Military. The Authorities offered a certain number of beds to the War Office, and these are occupied by men from Netley.

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Round About Bloemfontein.

HARD WORK ACROSS THE VELDT.
Pushing the Big Gun to the Front.

A GOOD LOOK ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
A Small Lancer Patrol and Prisoners.

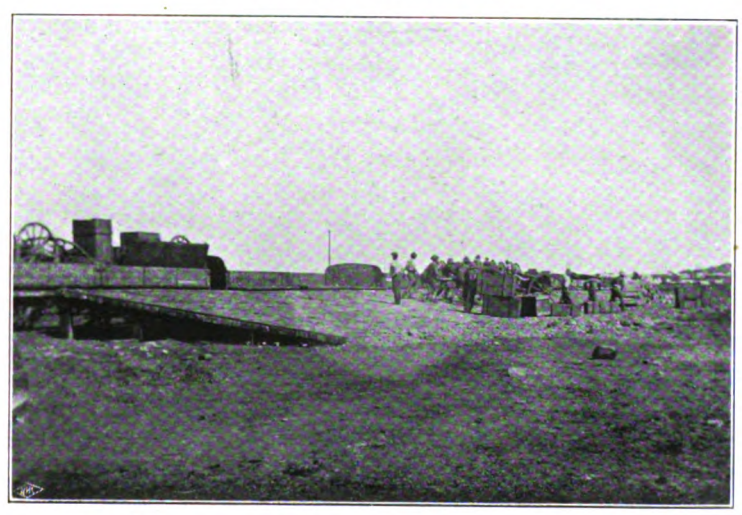
WORKING ACROSS THE MODDER RIVER.
The 9th Lancers Crossing Fraser's Drift.

THANKS TO THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.
An Excellent Pontoon Bridge.

A STIFF COUNTRY IN FRONT.
Waiting to Cross at a Doubtful Point.

THE LIFE AND SOUL OF AN ARMY.
Transport Waggons Crossing a Ford.

THE WHITE MULES OF THE CARABINIERS.
A Team of Beauties.



UNLOADING ENEMY'S GUNS AT BLOEMFONTEIN.
Very Welcome Work.

From Photos. by Officers at the Front.

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With the Royal West Surreys in Natal.

AN AL FRESCO SHAVE.
Greatly in Danger of Cutting Himself.

FORTY WINKS.
In a Rough and Ready Shelter.

A HARD CAMPAIGNING COUNTRY.
A General View from Our Camp Looking North Across Little Tugela

OFFICERS' QUARTERS.
Composed of Tins of Meat and Compressed Hay.

The "Queen's" in the "Garden Colony."

AFTER A STORM.
The Officers' Tents are Considerably Damaged.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

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The Advance from Ladysmith.

REMINISCENT OF THE SIEGE.
The One-time Headquarters of Captain Lambton, R.N.

W. KENNEDY LAURIE DICKSON AND STAFF.
Representing the Biograph and Mutoscope Co.

THE GRAVE OF G. W. STEEVENS.
The Resting-place of a Brilliant Correspondent.

FROM A WELL-KNOWN AGENCY.
Mr. J. Cumming, representing Reuter's Telegram Co.

THE MORNING OF BULLER'S ADVANCE.

The Main Street of Ladysmith from the Verandah of the Royal Hotel.

From Photos. by Cotts and Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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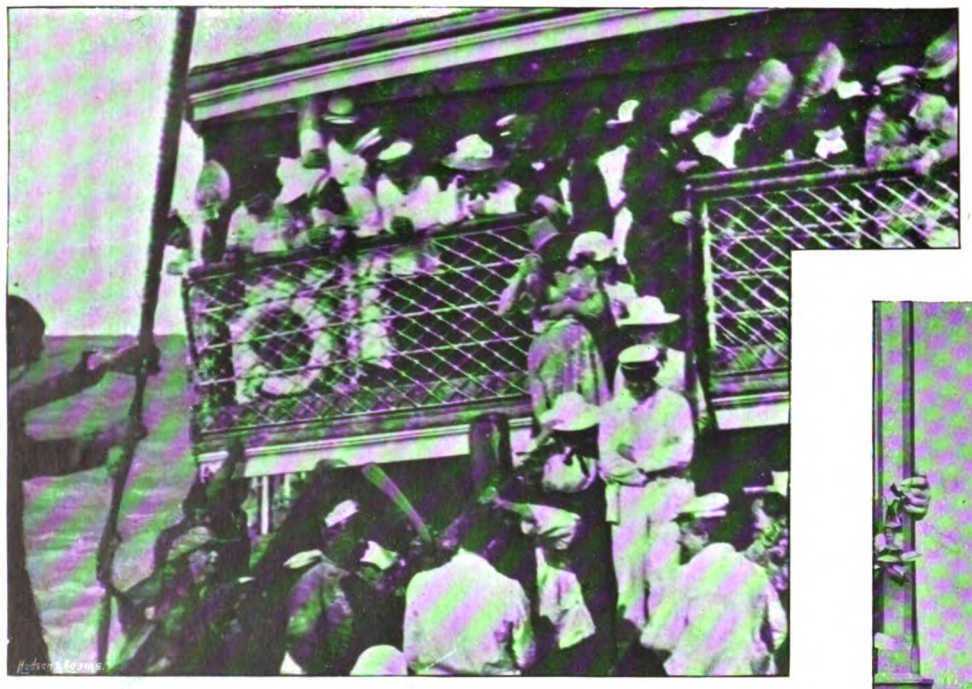

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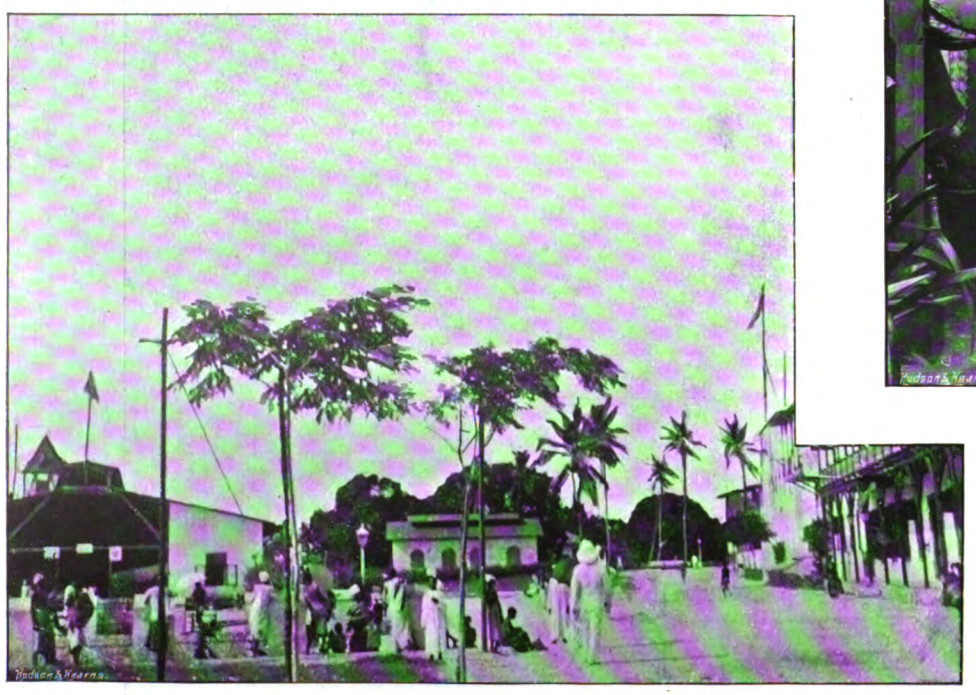
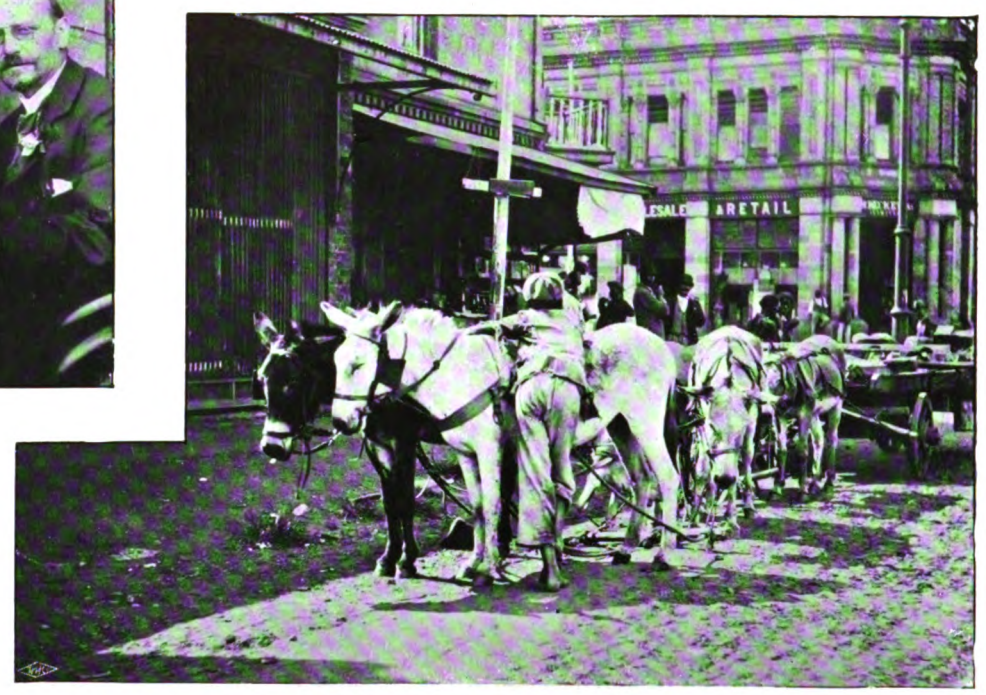


Boer Laager.



Photos. Copyright'. *"Navy & Army.'*

It is impossible to attach any other title than this to this group of pictures, for, in truth, it tells the story belonging to them. They were found between the pages of a book picked up in an abandoned Boer Laager, close to Fort Wylie, during the relief of Ladysmith, and they were taken immediately after the Boers had left. Apparently they owe their origin to some French or German officer in Boer employ, and it is interesting to note that the fragments of a shell were lying alongside the book from which they were taken. We have the scene on board the ship which conveyed the mercenary, and then we see his place of landing. The central picture looks like a peaceful South African scene; then we have an evening on the veldt and a mule team ready to depart. Altogether they are interesting mementoes of the impressions of one of our paid foes.

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Celebrating the Queen's Birthday.

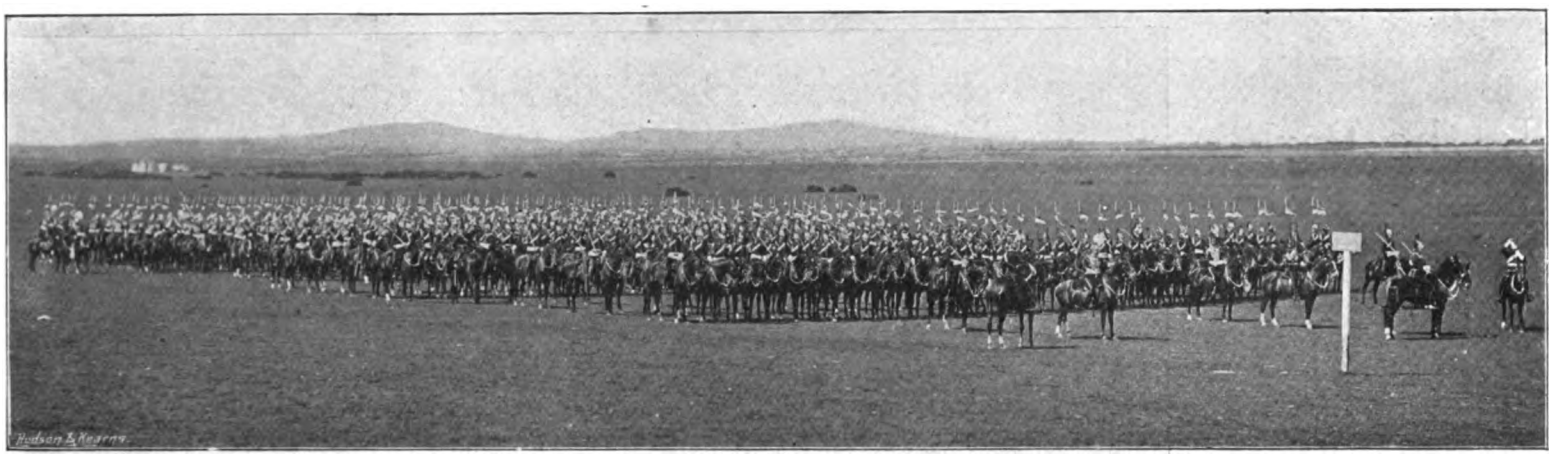

Photo. Copyright. *Charleton.*

A MARCH PAST AT THE CURRAGH CAMP, IRELAND.

The 3rd Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards Parading.

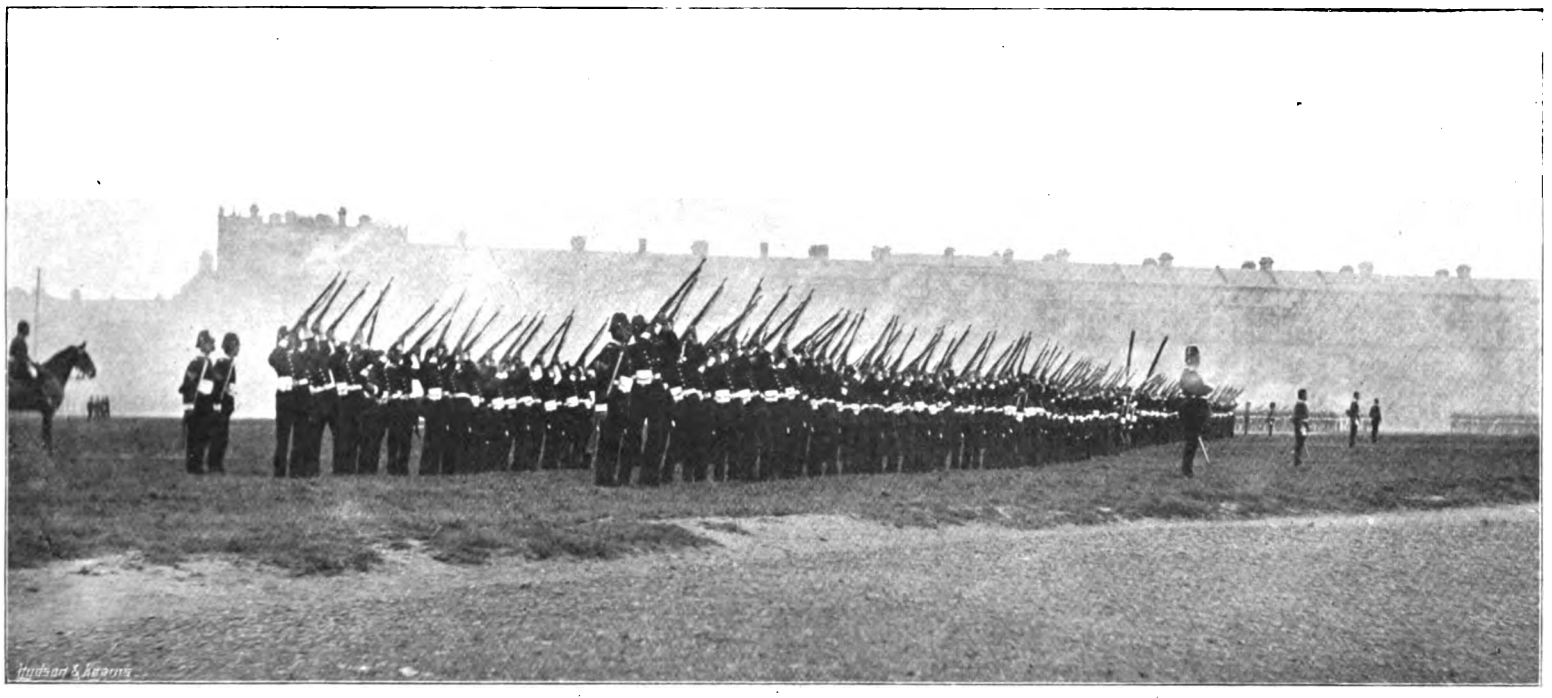

Photo. Copyright. *S. Cribb.*

A RECORD MILITARY PARADE ON SOUTHSEA COMMON.

In Addition to 1,200 Bluejackets and a Battery of Six Guns from the "Excellent," 11,000 Marines Regulars, Royal Reserves, and Militia took Part.

Photo. Copyright. *Wyrall.*

THE CELEBRATION AT ALDERSHOT.

The Royal Field Artillery Passing the Saluting Point.

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The Meet of the Coaching Club.

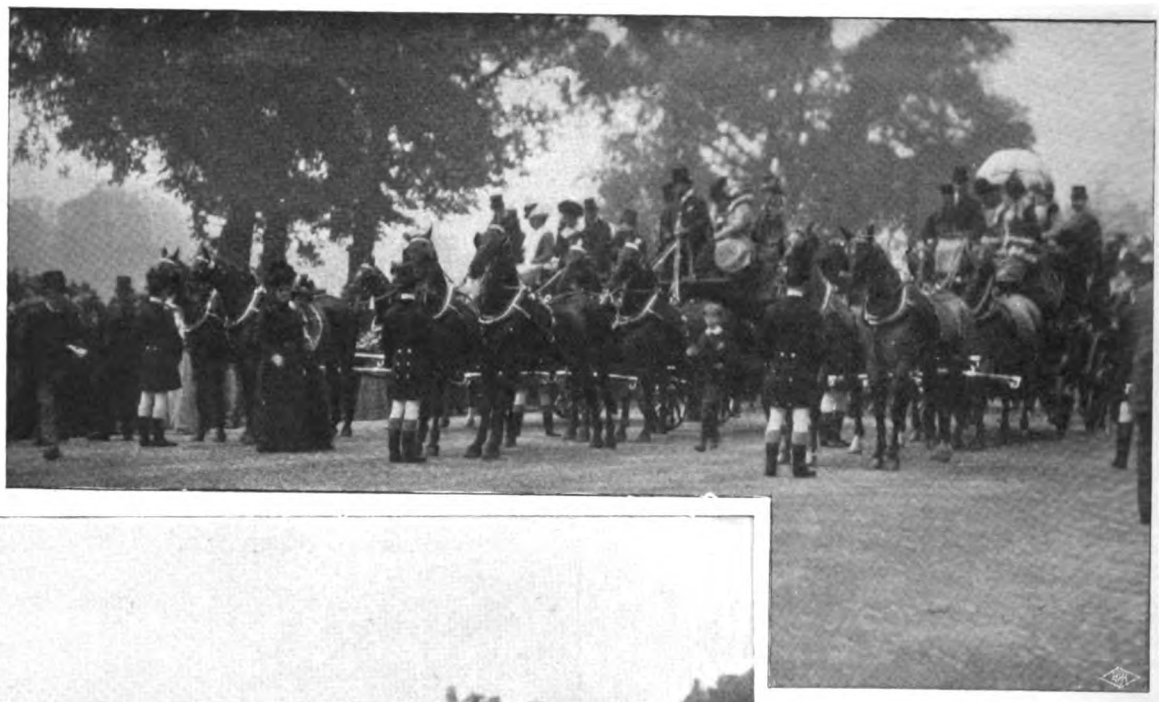
In the Park.

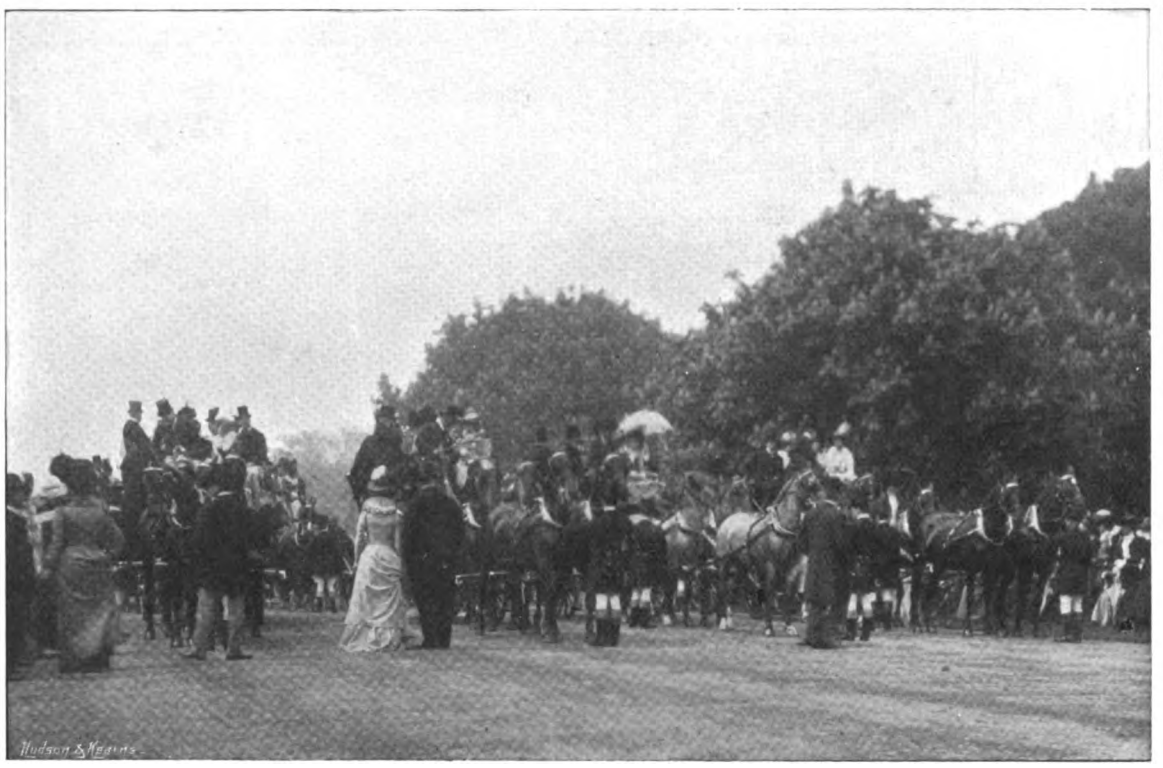
* * *

Preparing

FOR THE

Parade.





About to Leave

FOR

Ranelagh

AND

Hurlingham.

The Queen's Return to Scotland.

Photo. Copyright. *W. J. Johnstone.*

HER MAJESTY ENTERING THE ROYAL CARRIAGE AT BALLATER STATION TO DRIVE TO BALMORAL.

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Places of Interest in South Africa.

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

IF there is one thing in South Africa which is more important at the present moment than any other, it is, of course, the preservation of the lines of communication. We may advance as far as we please, but unless we have means of communication and transport, we shall find that all our attacks have been uselessly delivered.

The war, in fact, is a war of transport—as are most wars—or, in other words, no Commander-in-Chief could make an advance in force until he was quite certain that his transport was sufficiently well protected.

Our three pictures show the possibilities of transport and its difficulties. Mr. Steyn chose to call Heilbron his new capital. We need not discuss his policy, nor his military knowledge, but it is open to everyone to admire the beauties of the bridge, and to recognise how fully they assimilate to the well-known attractions of the little town of Heilbron. No one who was acquainted with the place would ever have thought of it as a possible capital of the State. Heilbron is a small place, and probably the recently-built bridge—Mr. Steyn opened the railway—is a great attraction in South Africa. It is a place in the veldt, with a railway to it certainly. But possibly Mr. Steyn exercised a wise discretion. By-and-by there will be a railway from Heilbron to Bethlehem, and Natal and Cape Colony will be united. By that time the man who made Heilbron an ephemeral capital will not be there to see.

There are numerous other bridges which possess an interest of their own. One of these is the beautiful bridge over the Little Orange River at Rouxville, a place which was well known in the middle stages of the war, but is now being forgotten. This bridge, with its four spans so brightly designed, would be an ornament to any town. If we knew the name of the architect we would mention it, so as to give him an unexpected advertisement. As it is, we are content to give a picture of his bridge as its own advertisement, and it stands in need of no other. The four spans speak for themselves; but they speak also for the country which they are traversing.

In the West of England—or is it because the present writer knows the West of England best?—one sees such bridges, and one always wonders at the engineering skill. But Rouxville is an important strategical centre, and it is from this point that it must be regarded at the present moment.

The picture of the bridge at Norval's Pont shows one of the pieces of serious destruction by which the Boer campaign has been characterised.

The enemy sought to impede our progress by destroying a main approach to the Orange State, and, in a measure, they succeeded, but they did not reckon with our Royal Engineers, who made good the damage with exceeding rapidity and skill.

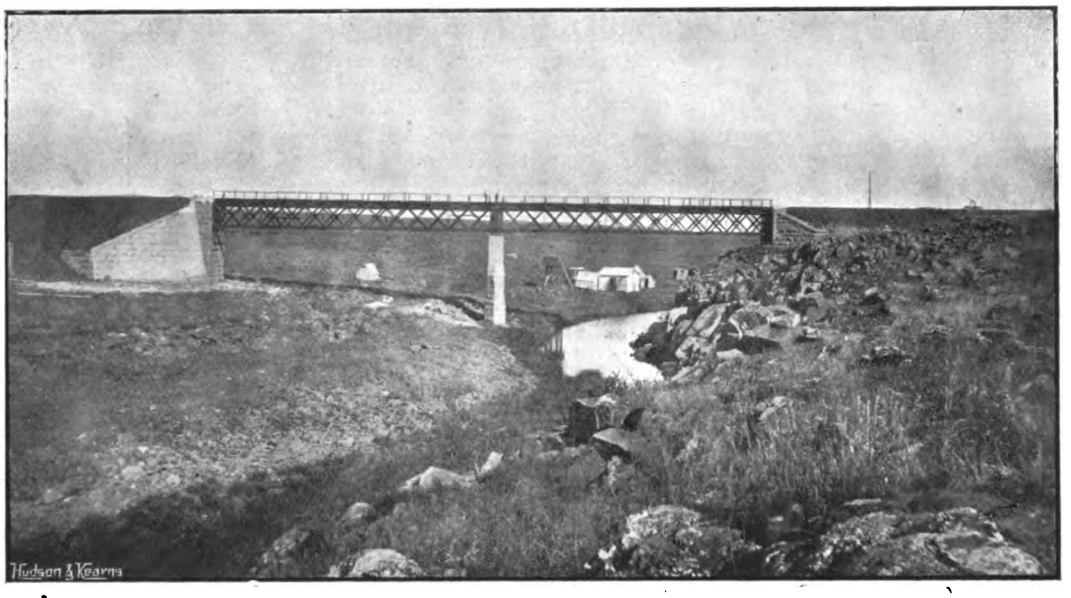


Photo. Copyright. *Kemp.*

A NEW CAPITAL AND A NEW BRIDGE.
The Recently Built Bridge at Heilbron.

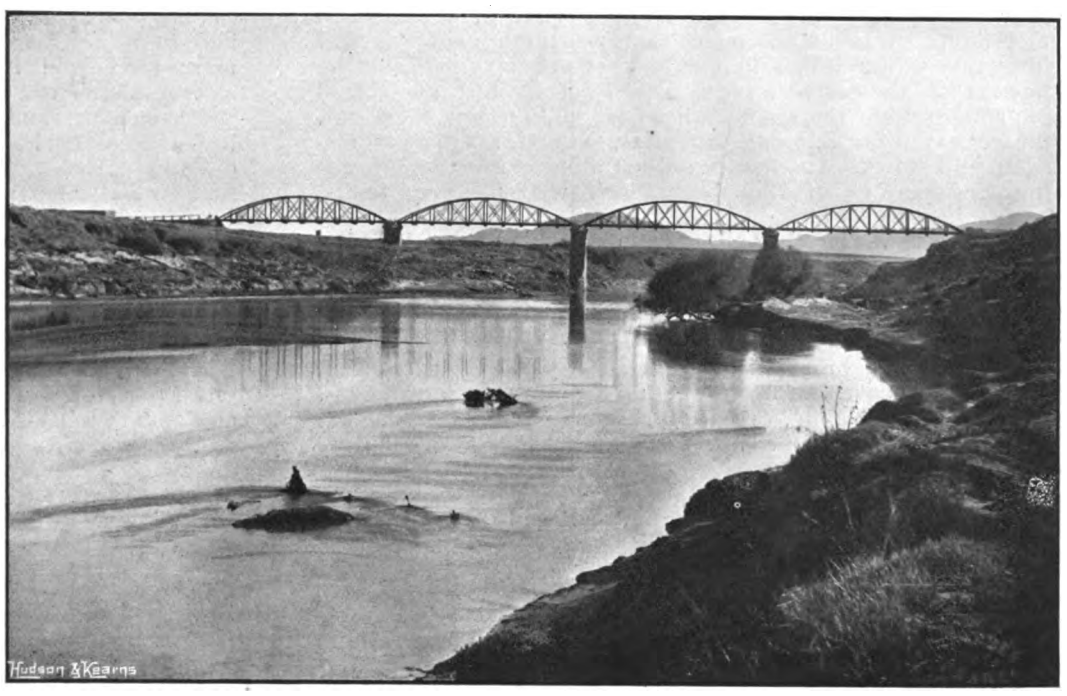
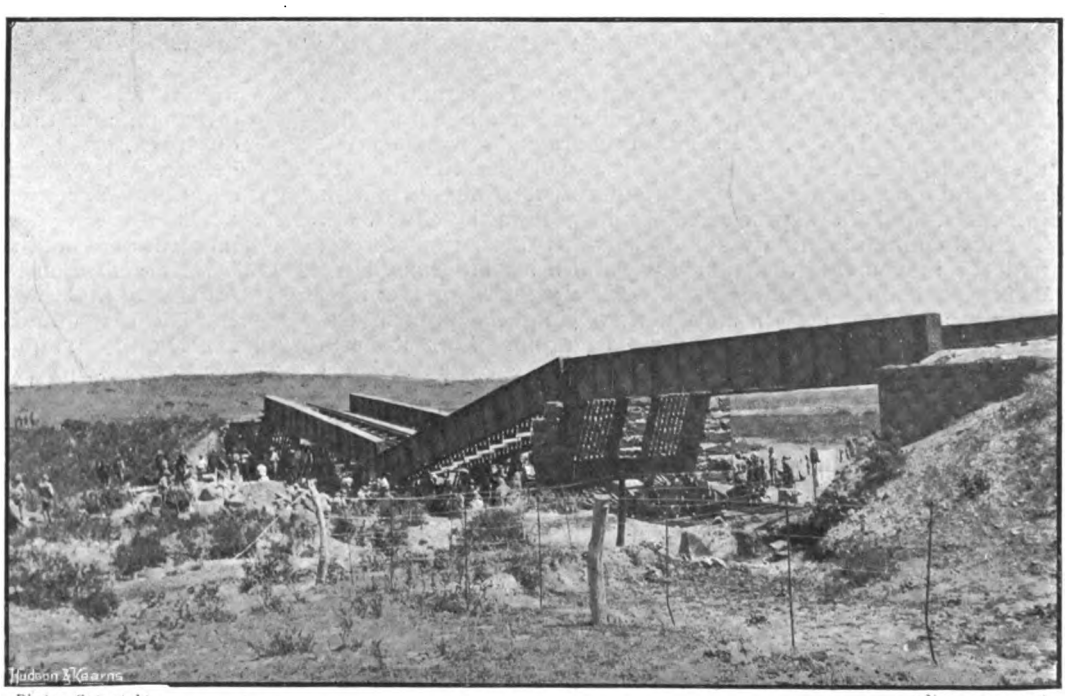


Photo. Copyright. *Gibble.*

AN APPROACH TO THE ORANGE STATE.
The Bridge Over the River near Smithfield.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A SERIOUS DEVASTATION OF THE WAR.
The Bridge at Norval's Point Destroyed by the Boers.

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The Story of the War.

THE news from the seat of war is, as we write, full of encouragement. Lord Roberts's advance has begun, and his great combinations are beginning to bear their fruit. The relief of Mafeking not only removed from him a great anxiety, but provided the means for another approach to the Transvaal capital. Colonel Mahon's relieving force marched into the town on the morning of May 17, after accomplishing the difficult and rather hazardous task of moving round the flank of the Boer position. It was an admirable column, well fitted to achieve its result. It was made up largely of colonial troops, but there were British infantry and Horse Artillery, and it has been pointed out that the representatives of the Fusilier Brigade came from every part of the United Kingdom. Colonel Mahon marched from Vryburg on the 10th, and on the 13th was attacked with determination while the column was marching through dense bush. The Kimberley forces supported their well-earned reputation, and the assailants were driven off. On the next day the column reached Jan Massibi's, eighteen miles west of Mafeking, and there found Colonel Plumer with a detachment of Canadian Artillery, which had arrived after a forced march, coming northward from General Carrington's force in Rhodesia, and which did most admirable service. Then it was that the reliever heard of the great attack which the Boers had made upon Mafeking, when Commandant Eloff and a great force were captured by the troops under General Baden-Powell. That officer's promotion to Major-General has given great satisfaction, and was well earned by his magnificent service. The work was not done, for the relieving column was vigorously attacked nine miles from Mafeking, and had scarcely marched into the town than the united force marched out again and delivered an assault upon the enemy's head laager, shelling them out, nearly capturing Snyman, and seizing a gun, much ammunition, and stores. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent fighting powers of the troops, and well deserves to be remembered.

The railway is being rapidly completed between Mafeking and Kimberley, and is on the point of being reopened to traffic. A high official has stated that President Kruger's great dread is of an attack from the west, and that is likely to be delivered, for Sir Archibald Hunter has already moved forward to Vryburg, his advanced guard having made a marvellous march of forty-five miles in thirty-four hours. A very respectable force is therefore operating on the western frontier, and forms the extreme left of Lord Roberts's advance.

On the Vaal River important operations are imminent as we write, and will almost certainly have occurred before these lines appear. General Ian Hamilton made a rapid march from Lindley to Heilbron, driving Piet de Wet before him and being stoutly opposed at the passage of the Rhenoster. The enemy was completely disconcerted by the appearance of Smith-Dorrien's brigade on their flank at the decisive moment, and the troops reached Heilbron on the 23rd.

The advance of Lord Roberts in the centre was rapid, and the Rhenoster was crossed without opposition on the 23rd. It was discovered that the Boers had abandoned their position on the 20th, and that they were trekking towards the Vaal, taking with them a Creusot gun, which they had brought down. The position on the north bank had been carefully entrenched and might have been defended, but the enemy were alarmed at the appearance of Ian Hamilton at Heilbron, and the passage of General French across the Rhenoster on Lord Roberts's left completely disconcerted them. In fact, their position for something like twenty miles on our front had been rendered tenable only with difficulty, and they proceeded rapidly towards the Vaal. Tactical communication was kept between the various forces, and the movements took place without a hitch. They have destroyed about two miles of the railway north of Honings Spruit, and this action may perhaps slightly impede the advance, which, nevertheless, must be rapid. Lord Roberts telegraphed on the 26th from Wolvenhoek that the advanced guard of his forces crossed the Vaal on the Queen's birthday near Parys, which is about twenty miles west of the railway line, while the scouts had pushed forward on the 26th to Viljoen's Drift on the Vaal in the immediate front. Ian Hamilton at the same time was at Boschbank. Lord Roberts is operating on a very wide front, and ample preparations have been made as he goes forward to turn the enemy's flanks or to envelop his force entirely. President Steyn was at the Boer camp south of the Vaal on the 14th, and addressed the burghers. General Louis Botha holds the Boer command, but it is reported that, upon intelligence reaching him of the intention of the Boers to blow up the mines at Johannesburg, he hastened to Pretoria to protest to President Kruger that the burghers were soldiers and not brigands, and that if the intention to work this destruction was not abandoned, he would march with all his force to Johannesburg to prevent such a breach of the principles of civilised war.

Very little has latterly been heard of Generals Rundle and Brabant, but as some of the latter's forces entered Ficksburg on the 22nd, there can be no doubt that both officers are doing excellent work in the district between Heilbron and Ladybrand, and that the spirit of the Boers in that region is completely broken. They have with them excellent forces which may be expected to take part in the general advance. Many of the burghers are returning to their farms and refuse to fight any more.

Sir Redvers Buller secured a comparatively bloodless victory in turning out the Boers from the Biggarsberg, and from what they had styled the "Gibraltar of South Africa," and his advance had a tremendous moral effect on the enemy. Dundee, Glencoe, and Newcastle were occupied, and the force was extremely well handled. The mounted troops were always one day's march ahead of the infantry, and the marching of the whole force was splendid. Lord Dundonald with the cavalry pushed forward to Laing's Nek, where they were in touch with the enemy. There have been very contradictory reports as to the intention of the Boers at this important point. While some report the position to have been abandoned, others state that a vigorous defence is to be offered by a force of something like 10,000 if General Buller should attack. General Hildyard was at Glencoe on the 19th, and the work of repairing the railway was going forward, but all the large bridges, of which there are a considerable number, had been destroyed. General Lyttelton, advancing on the main road from Ladysmith to Newcastle, has made considerable progress, but Sir Redvers Buller's plans have been well concealed, and, as we write, it is even uncertain by what line of approach he will advance to take part in Lord Roberts's operations.

A very unfortunate incident occurred on May 20. Colonel Bethune had been ordered to protect the right flank, having been detached from Dundee to march by Vant's Drift and show his force in Nqutu, and then to rejoin the main body at Newcastle. He had been given a brigade command, and his column was composed of Bethune's Horse, the Imperial Light Infantry, the Umvoti Mounted Infantry, and certain Naval and Hotchkiss guns. In the course of the return march one squadron was ambushed, and lost twenty-seven killed and about twenty-five wounded and eleven prisoners. Captain Goff was in command, and when the enemy opened fire he dismounted the men, who made an attempt to clear a kopje. But the Boers working round the right flank poured volleys from a Maxim gun and many rifles at the horses at close range, and nearly all were killed or wounded. The men, though mown down by a deadly fire, fought to the last, neither asking nor giving quarter. An attempt was made by another squadron, under Captain Ford, to relieve the party involved, but the murderous fire made succour impossible, whereupon Colonel Bethune, seeing that the position could not be forced, ordered a retirement under cover of Hotchkiss fire, which was well carried out. Captain Goff was among the killed, and Lord De la Warr, many excellent pictures from whose camera have appeared in these pages, was wounded, but after passing the night under the shelter of an ant-hill he managed to return to the British camp in the morning. He had displayed great intrepidity in carrying despatches under fire. This unfortunate episode has led to a good deal of criticism, and the actual reasons for it have not yet been disclosed. It is, perhaps, impossible to avoid surprises altogether, and certainly Colonel Bethune's men are enthusiastic admirers of their leader, and have the utmost confidence in his sagacity and military knowledge. Of course, the incident does not in any way affect the course of the operations.

Therefore, in every theatre of war the intelligence is very satisfactory. Between Hunter's position on the extreme left and Lord Roberts, Lord Methuen is advancing. On the right is Ian Hamilton, and Rundle and Brabant are in the rear, while Sir Redvers Buller, on the extreme right in Natal, is operating decisively. The ubiquity of our forces is astonishing the Boers, and they are completely losing heart at the success which inevitably attends our movements. Rumours of peace are many, but in regard to this nothing is certainly known.

Sir Charles Warren is conducting successful operations in the neighbourhood of Douglas for the settlement of the rebellious colonists and to drive out their Boer allies Douglas was occupied on May 21, after a running fight, in which all the troops behaved splendidly. The operation is having a most useful effect in that much-disaffected district. Sir Charles Warren has with him some of the Munster Fusiliers, Mounted Infantry, Imperial Yeomanry, Cape Police, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, Warren's Scouts, and two guns of the Canadian Artillery.

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Died in His Country's Cause.

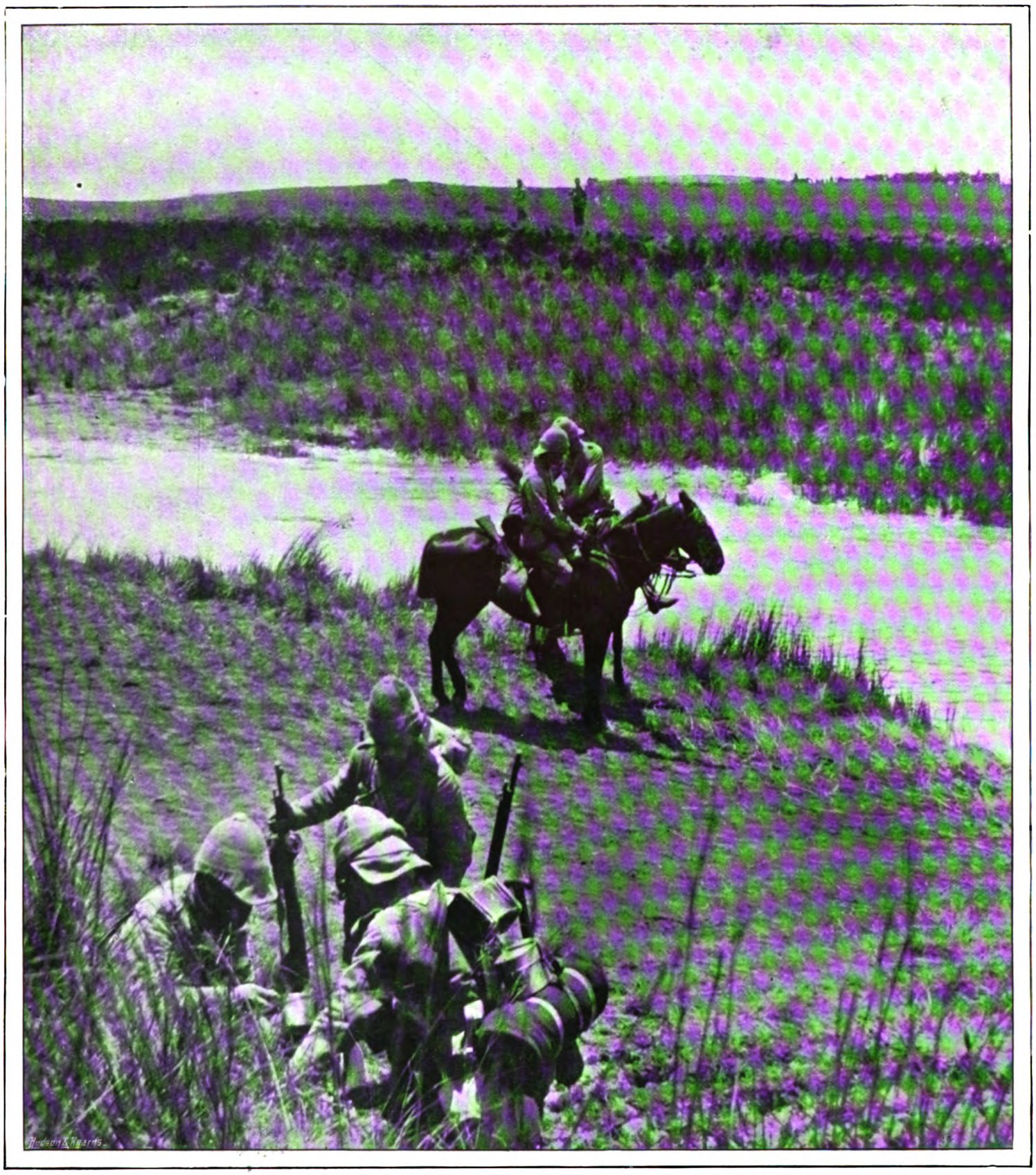

Photo. Copyright. *W. D. N. Cotts.*

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD R. P. WOODGATE.

Melancholy interest attaches to this picture in which the late Major-General Sir Edward Woodgate is seen with his Aide-de-Camp on the banks of the Tugela. Our artist took the snap-shot in the last days of General Woodgate's campaigning in Natal. The unfortunate termination of the gallant officer's career was one of the many sad incidents of the present war. Wounded in the head on January 25 at Spion Kop—when he was relieved in command by Colonel Thorneycroft—he was operated on by the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Treves, but never seemed to recover consciousness, and finally passed away. The brain had been affected and paralysis brought a merciful end. General Woodgate had had a distinguished career, and had done his country good service. The son of the Rev. Henry Arthur Woodgate, the Rector of a Worcestershire parish, he was born in 1845, and educated at Radley and Sandhurst. He joined the 4th King's Own in 1865, and three years later he served with it in the Abyssinian Expedition and received the medal. Then came the Ashanti War—another medal, a clasp, and a mention in despatches. After passing the Staff College Woodgate got his company. The Zulu War followed, in which he served as staff officer. More staff service in the West Indies was followed by regimental service in India, and then came promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel and the command of the 1st Battalion of his regiment. The command of a regimental district followed in due course, and from this position he was sent on special service to Sierra Leone. The subjugation of the rising left him free for service in South Africa, where his death has deprived the country of the services of an exceedingly able officer. His rank of Major-General was only local.

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THE Navy AT Islington.

IN CHARGE OF THE DETACHMENT.
Lieutenant Thesiger, R.N., off to the Agricultural Hall.

ALWAYS READY TO HELP.
The Navy does the Army a Good Turn.

OFFICIALS AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.
The Hon. Treasurer, Major C. W. King, and the Adjutant, Captain C. H. Burt.

TO WORK THE FOUR-POINT-SEVEN.
Not Long Home from Africa.

To Assist Military Charities.

From Photos taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

AS AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.
But rather more Impromptu.

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Military Islington.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE TOURNAMENT.

SOME HAPPY DAMSELS.
Specially Invited to Visit the Show.

JOLLY SAILOR BOYS.
The "Warspites" are Heartily Cheered.

THE GLITTER AND GLAMOUR OF THE GUARDS.
Participants in the Musical Ride.

ON LIBERTY FROM THE "POWERFUL."
The "Handy Man" as a Sightseer.

Two Notable Naval Constructors.

SIR W. H. WHITE, K.C.B.
Director of Naval Construction, who, it was Reported, had Decided to Resign Owing to Ill-health. Happily the Story was without Foundation.

MR. PHILIP WATTS.
Chief Constructor of the Elswick Yard, who was named as a Probable Successor to Sir William White, when it was Rumoured the Latter Wished to Retire.

From Photos. taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

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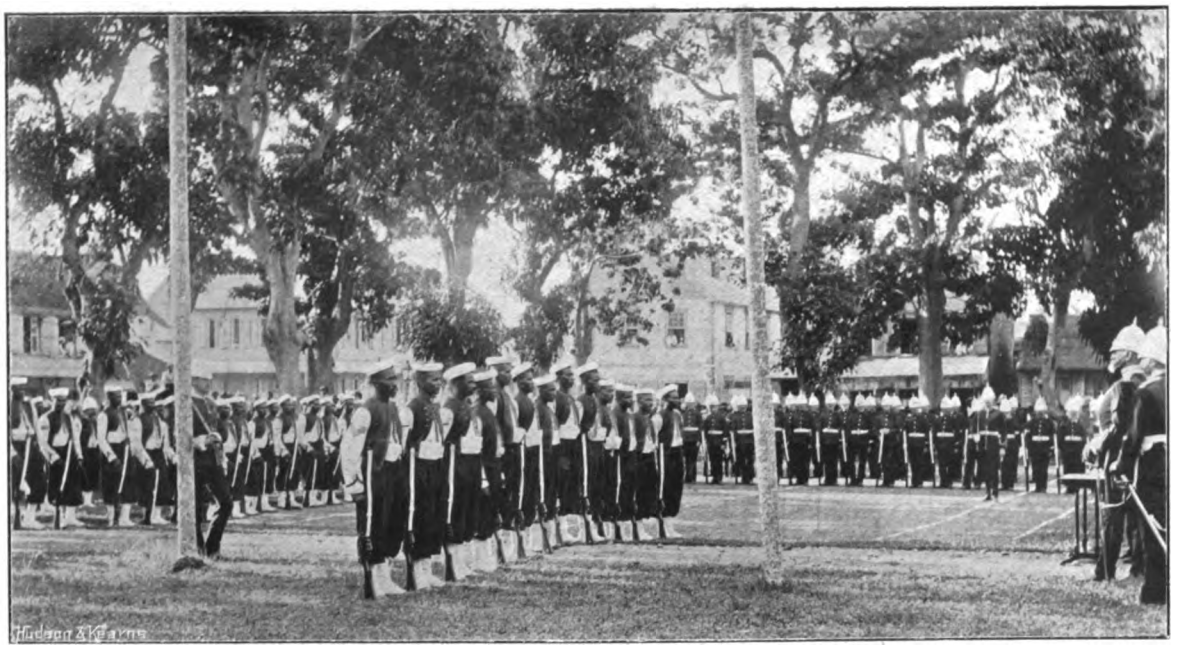
Honours for Gallant Black Troops.

AWARDS AT ST. LUCIA TO THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

The Governor Pinning on the Medals.

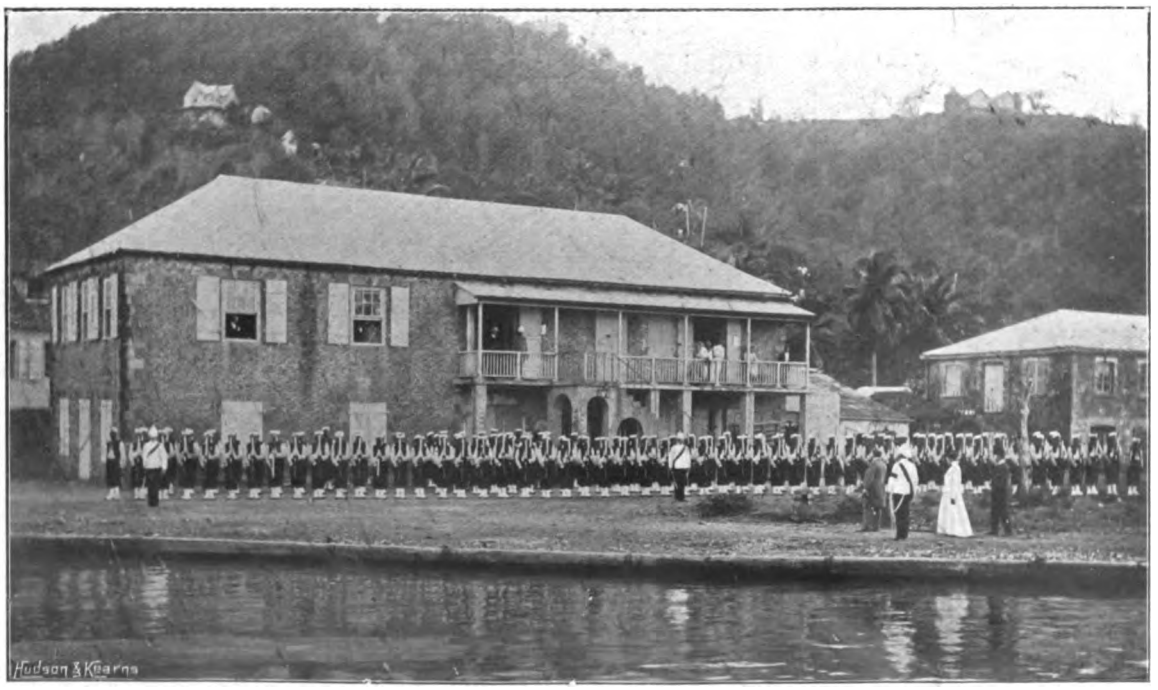
Starting from the left, the troops in white helmets are a detachment of the 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment. Then we have the St. Lucia Company, Royal Artillery. His Excellency, Sir Alfred Moloney, K.C.M.G., is pinning on a Medal. Next to him is Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, the Officer Commanding the troops in St. Lucia, and behind him is Captain Reeve, Leinster Regiment, Garrison Adjutant. The Medals were given for Service in Lagos, 1897-98.



DRAWN UP ON PARADE TO BE DECORATED.

The Fortunate Recipients Awaiting the Ceremony.

The men of the West India Regiment in the centre are those who are to receive Medals. The Officer in rear of them is Captain Beamish, Commanding the Detachment. The Officers to the right are Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton and Captain Reeve. These West Indian soldiers have shown most excellent qualities.



"PRESENT ARMS."

The Black Troops Saluting the Governor on His Arrival.

The Officers in the front of the line, from left to right of the picture, are Captain Beamish, Lieutenant Prideaux, and Lieutenant Chill. Sir Alfred Moloney heads the party which has just landed, and he is followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, Lady Moloney, and Mr. M. N. D. Beresford, Private Secretary.

Photos. Copyright. *E. G. Garraway.*

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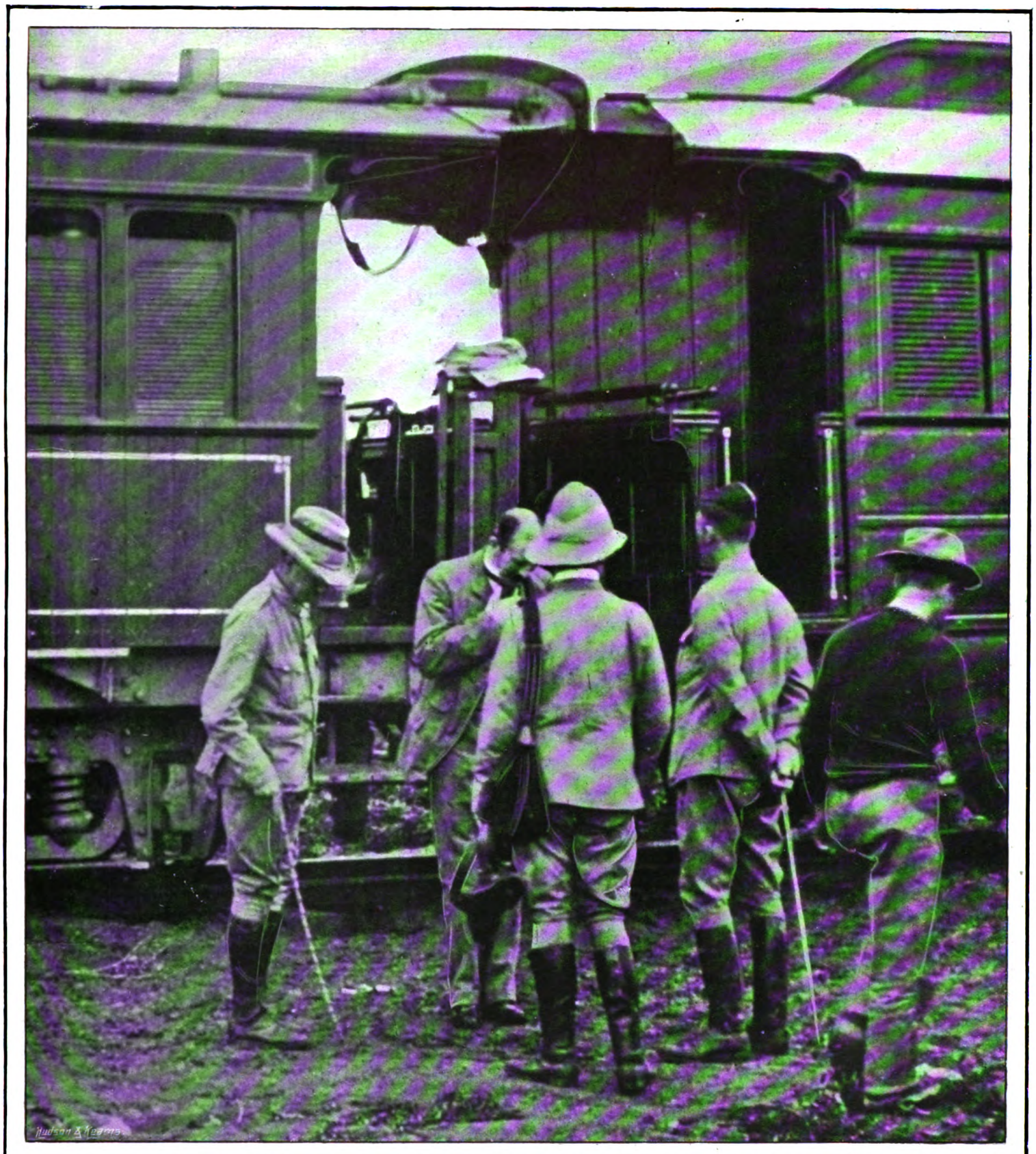
THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 175.] *SATURDAY, JUNE 9th, 1900.*



From Photo. *By a Military Officer.*

SIR ALFRED MILNER'S VISIT TO LORD ROBERTS.

Our picture was taken on an important occasion that is now about to bear greater fruit for the settlement of South Africa. Sir Alfred Milner is a quiet and unassuming man, yet there is a reserve of power, as those who have been brought in contact with him have discovered. He has had to play a difficult part during a great crisis in the history of the Colony and the Empire, and it is to his credit that the High Commissioner has won the respect of all parties if he has not secured the love of those who are not Imperialists.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE approaching visit to this country of the Khedive, who is now journeying through Europe, is an event of much significance, and must be regarded in the light of the Islamic revival, which is one of the most prominent factors in European and North African politics. The Khedive entered upon his rule with many prejudices against England. He is Oriental in his very fibre, and his Austrian education, amid a ring of flatterers, did nothing to prepare him for a ready acceptance of conditions which, to his mind, must certainly have been strange and unwelcome. At Cairo in the early days of his rule he was under strong anti-English influences, and the very delicate relations which existed between the representative of Great Britain and His Highness were a good deal strained. His visit to England may be taken as a sign that a better state of things now prevails, though it bears no diplomatic character. He will receive the welcome due to his high position, and to the fact that he is a ruler in direct relations with this country. His coming among us is the more significant because for some time back there has been evident in Egypt a strong tendency among the people to identify Mahomedanism with politics to a greater degree, perhaps, than Islam has ever before sanctioned. In the dangerous excitement that has resulted, fermented by the Mussulman press and by injudicious Frenchmen who do not see the peril to their own interests, there is a menace for the future; and we may see clearly in the Khedive's visit a desire to allay the agitation. He recognises the great work done by our diplomatic and military administrators for his country, and at his own request will be attended by Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar. Abbas Hilmi was last in England as a boy of twelve in 1886, when he was received with his brother by the Queen at Windsor.

Photo. "N & A."
LIEUT.-COLONEL C. W. DRURY.
Who Commands the Canadian Field Artillery in South Africa. One of these Batteries, Landed at Beira with Carrington's Force, made a Record March, and arrived in time to be of Signal Aid in the Relief of Mafeking.

Photo. Knight.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. C. O. PLUMER.
Working from the North with a scanty Force and against immense difficulties, he almost Relieved Mafeking. He kept open the long Line of Rail, and was able at once to Provision the Town.

Photo. G. Lekegian, Cairo.
BRIGADIER-GEN. R. G. BROADWOOD,
Who command the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division, and has shown himself to be a dashing leader in many brilliant operations. He was at the capture of Lindley and pushed on to the Vaal.

Now for nearly twelve years has the Imperial crown rested on the brow of the Emperor William, and a proud man is he when he surveys the great State he rules with the spirit of a mediæval baron, and yet with the eye of a man who anticipates the twentieth century. We congratulate him and his promising son, who has just been inducted into his military service at Potsdam. Mr. Gastrell, our commercial attaché in Berlin, says that Germany has yet to fulfil her destiny as a "World Power," and has prepared herself with national "thoroughness" to do so. "Imperial Expansion," he says, is the watch-word of 1900, and when the magnates of the Empire congratulate the Emperor, next week, on his accession day, we shall hear more of the *Welt-Politik*. Germany's strength, like our own, rests upon trade, but there is this difference, that while we have many unemployed, there is such a demand for labour within the German Empire that emigration is greatly restricted. But this condition will change, for Germany has probably now a larger population than that of the United Kingdom, and it increases through the excess of births over deaths, at the rate of 850,000 annually, as compared with 450,000 for England, and only 35,000 for France. If these figures be correct, Germans are increasing far more rapidly than Englishmen and Frenchmen put together, and the plan of adding to the character of the leading territorial Great Power the status of a great Naval and Colonial Power may not therefore be a dream, though it cannot be realised for some years to come.

But German thoroughness foresees and prepares, and Mr. Gastrell bids us take note. Is there room in the world for at least two World Powers? Up to the present time German military expenditure, which is prodigious, has progressively increased; but it is anticipated that no further augmentations on this head will be necessary at any rate for some time.

The ordinary military expenditure has risen from £13,339,000 in 1872, to £27,074,000 in 1900, or at the rate of about 103 per cent. The ordinary naval expenditure shows an increase in the same period of nearly 400 per cent., though its total sum is comparatively small — £3,967,000 in 1900.

These figures do not represent the whole fact, however, for it is estimated that in this year Germany will expend over £41,000,000 upon her army and navy together, being over 53 per cent. of the whole Imperial expenditure.

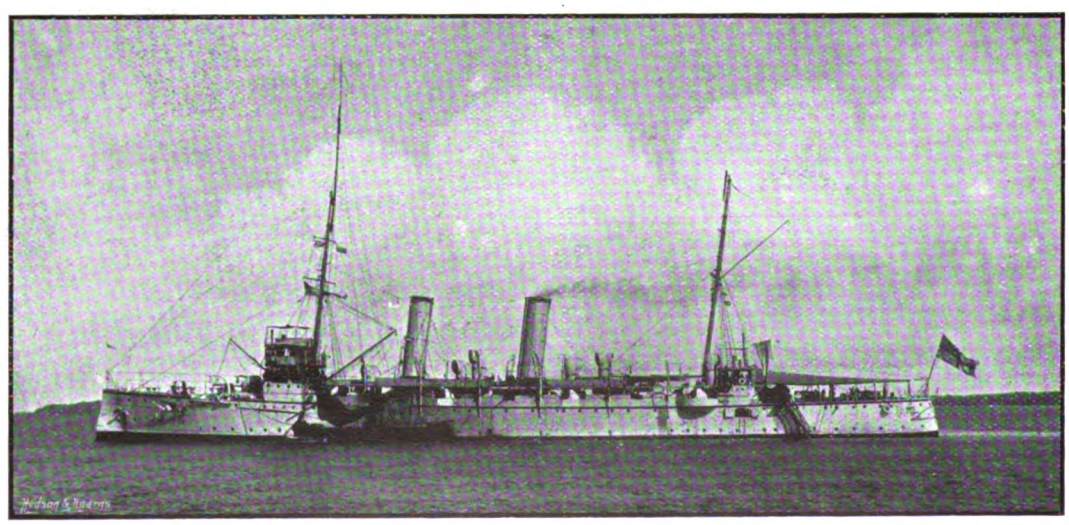

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
THE "FORTE" AT LORENZO MARQUEZ.
The British Guard ship at the Boer Sea Outlet. The Long Spar on the Foremast carries the Marconi Apparatus. Five Cruisers on the Station are thus Fitted, and Communicatson has been carried on at Sixty Miles Distance.

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This is a fact that gives point to the remark concerning the "mailed fist" made by the Emperor when Prince Henry went out to China. Under the old Navy law of 1898 nearly £50,000,000 were to be expended for naval purposes up to 1903; now the new bill is for the outlaying of considerably over £90,000,000 within sixteen years. It would appear that the German "World Power" is to be established by the year 1920, for it is at that time that the fleet will be constituted, and will consist of thirty-eight modern battle-ships, and twenty large and forty-five small cruisers, besides great numbers of torpedo-boats and gunboats. Truly, as Mr. Gastrell says, statesmen will do well to consider attentively both the remarkable position in Europe already attained by Germany, and the still more prominent part that she will assuredly play on the world's stage in the near future. The Emperor has proved himself a man of capacity and force, and to him must be given the credit of having seen much further than most of his subjects in naval affairs.

Photo. *Russell & Sons.*

CAPTAIN EARL DE LA WARR.

He went out to South Africa as a War Correspondent, but Joined the Irregulars and was Wounded when acting as "Galloper" to Colonel Lethune in carrying a message through heavy fire.

NEXT week there will be two very interesting gatherings in London, and, as is customary among us, they will take place round the dinner-table, at the Café Monico and the Whitehall Rooms. Lord Glasgow will preside over the New Zealand celebration, and Sir Sidney Shippard, that ardent Imperialist, over the dinner of the Colonial Institute, to be followed most appropriately by an address by Mr. Lionel Phillips on "The Outlook in South Africa." New Zealand has done splendid work in this war, and the Empire can never sufficiently acknowledge the value of the service. In the ratio of population the New Zealanders are more numerously represented in South Africa perhaps than any other Australian Colony. This was the first-born of our Colonies, and it was the first to come forward with help, and the New Zealanders have been very prominent in the field. Two contingents had been sent by the middle of January, and when the movement was set on foot in Canterbury to form a corps of rough riders it was taken up in Otago and Southland, and men came forward in such numbers that the real difficulty was one of selection. Money flowed in in large quantities, and nothing was wanting to the efficiency and completeness of the corps despatched. When it was thought that Otago could do no more than provide remounts, the flood of her manhood rose, all anxious to serve for Queen and Empire, and the departure of the Colonial troops marked, as Lord Ranfurly said, truly "epoch-making events." Therefore any New Zealand gathering in London must be the forging still more strongly of the Imperial chain.

Photo. Copyright. *Robinson.*

SINGAPORE WELCOMES THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

The "Powerful's" Men got their Reception at Home, and an equally cordial one was given to their comrades of the "Terrible" in the Far East. Our picture shows the Brigade marching through Singapore to the Reception Banquet.

THE outlook in South Africa will find a trenchant exponent in Mr. Lionel Phillips, who knows the political conditions there most thoroughly, and is particularly well acquainted with the crooked dealings of Mr. Kruger. Mr. Campbell, the militant ex-Governor of Ohio, recently told the British Schools and Universities' Club in New York that there is always a tendency to "sympathise with the dog underneath." It is a tendency strong in John Bull, and may account for much of his zeal in favour of Dreyfus, but, after recent disclosures of the settled and long-standing determination of President Kruger to destroy British power in South Africa, there cannot be much sympathy with the gentleman who promised to "stagger humanity." The *Times* has lately demonstrated in quite convincing fashion the character of the settled policy which has worked through the oligarchy at Pretoria, long before the Jameson raid, of appropriating the fighting power of the Orange State, subjugating that State to the Pretorian dominion, undermining the loyalty of Cape Colony, and finally of ousting the British flag, and creating a Dutch confederation under the hegemony of the Transvaal. Happily, through the zeal, loyalty, gallantry, and tough endurance of our troops that old flag has been kept flying, and now flies victoriously. The truth is that Messrs. Kruger and Steyn have been found out, and we rejoice that this interesting discovery results in the creation of what is really a British South Africa, to be federated one of these days.

Photo. *Russell & Sons.*

LIEUTENANT SIMS, R.N.,

Is the Third Warrant Officer who has been Promoted to Commissioned Rank for Gallant Service. His predecessors won their laurels in the Soudan; his were earned in South Africa, for Splendid Service with the "Powerful's" Brigade at Ladysmith.

AUSTRALIAN Federation will greet the twentieth century, and the splendid Colonial troops have done much to bring it about, for the tide of loyal feeling that rose when they were despatched has swept away all difficulties. To send forth these brave Sons of Empire was truly a federal act, and the year 1901 will witness the foundation of an United Australia. They are momentous times we live in, for no Englishman and no Colonial ever realised the strength of the Empire united in the Imperial cause. Captain Mahan was lately replying in New York to the somewhat sublimated toast of "The Element of Empire," which he described happily as the "element of sea power"—that force with which he has dealt so luminously, and which is recognised to be a lever for moving the world. The British Navy must, indeed, be the prime agent in larger movements of federation, as foreign Governments now clearly recognise.

WHILE the "Powerfuls" have had a rousing reception in this country, the officers and men of the "Terrible," whom some thought rather "out of it," have been enthusiastically welcomed on the China station, and their passage from the Cape was somewhat triumphal. When it became known that the "Terrible" would visit Singapore a committee of residents was formed to consider the best means of giving Captain Percy Scott,

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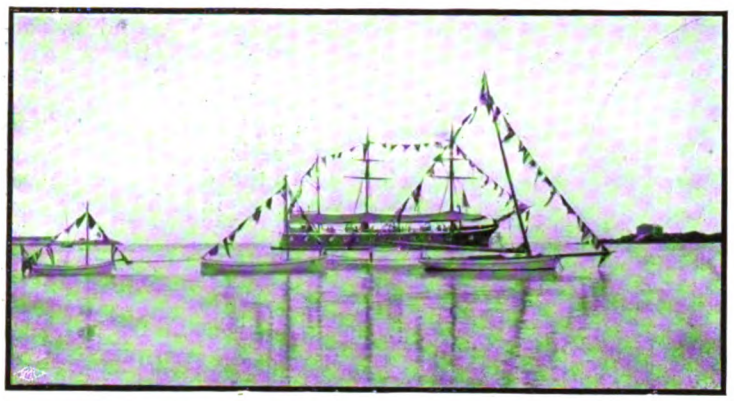

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy and Army."*

IN HONOUR OF B.-P.

The "Terror," the Receiving Ship at Bermuda, is an Armoured Floating Battery launched during the Crimean period. Our Illustration shows the old hulk celebrating Mafeking Day.

the man who sent the Naval guns over veldt and kopje with the troops, and his officers and men a "warm reception." Many set to work, and when the "Terrible" arrived the committee were able to lay before Captain Scott their plan. It is needless to say how gratified that gallant officer felt at the proposal to entertain his ship's company. The festivities began on April 28, when the Acting Governor (Sir Alex. Swettenham) invited half the officers to dine at Government House, and the other half for the following night.

On the next day the members of the Singapore Club entertained the officers at tiffin, and April 30 was "Jack's" turn. Between 400 and 500 seamen and marines landed at Johnston's Pier, and formed up in line along Collyer Quay. They then marched through the principal part of the town, which was gaily decorated with flags, to the esplanade, where the Acting Governor addressed them, and proceeded to the Singapore Volunteer Artillery Drill Hall where dinner had been provided at 6.15 p.m. After dinner each man was presented with a silver-mounted briar pipe and a quarter of a pound of tobacco. That hall never resounded with such notes as shook its roof when the "Terribles" drank the Queen's health and sang the National Anthem. They revelled in the feast with all the buoyancy of the "Handy Man," wondering all the time why there was "such a fuss about our little bit of work," and wound up the enjoyable day by witnessing a performance of "In Town" at the Town Hall.

A VISIT to the Royal Academy reveals some artists dealing carefully with khaki. True, the walls in Piccadilly do not bear so many naval and military pictures as one would desire, and they flush with the florid tints of earlier campaigns more than with the dull ground of South Africa; but there are a few good pictures devoted to subjects that are topical. Among the best is Mr. John Charlton's "Routed: Boers retreating," which should certainly be popular at the present time. The Boers are past masters in the art of making off just in time to save their bacon, and Mr. Charlton shows us a gun-team going at headlong pace, the men depicted in khaki being full of action, and relief to the prevailing dull browns and yellows is found in the white riderless horse, and the blue sky and storm-clouds. Mr. George Harcourt has a spirited and animated canvas, with figures approaching life-size—"Good-bye! The 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards leaving Waterloo Station, October 21, 1899"—wherein the military scarlet has its place. It is a free and vigorous work full of movement and expression. Another effective military picture is of "Wishford Bridge on the Wily River," in which that clever artist, Mr. J. P. Beadle, shows us a column of infantry marching over the bridge during manœuvres in a cloud of dust, while troops water horses by the stream. The hanging committee have hoisted aloft beyond the range of effective critical vision Mr. Allen Stewart's "The Charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman." Mr. R. Hillingford hangs two admirable pictures of the Napoleonic wars, full of action and fire, and most vigorously drawn—"A Critical Moment at Quatre Bras" and "The Flight of the French through Talavera." At the Academy banquet many things were said against khaki, but the truth is that the artist, in the majority of cases—though there are exceptions at the Royal Academy—has not felt his power in the new conditions set up. A khaki uniform is no more monotonous than are successive green fields. It will lend itself to artistic treatment, and it has not yet encased the wearer, as is often the case with military scarlet, as if in a stiff and half conventional framework. Next year, we may be sure, the academy and the other galleries will reflect the war, and will give us many good things in khaki. Now is the opportunity for the rising man, and the students yet in the schools will catch the spirit of the thing, and picture real men fighting in the country's cause. Art is the image of history, and these are historic times we live in, worthy to be pictured in scenes of striking interest and boundless attraction, full of great artistic possibilities.

Photo Copyright. *"Navy and Army."*

THE MAPLE LEAF.

With Compliments to the "Navy and Army Illustrated" comes the Badge of the Royal Canadian Artillery, the Corps that so Distinguished itself in the Relief of Mafeking, as its comrades of the Infantry did at Paardeberg.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

"MERIT MEETS ITS MEET MEED."

The Presentation of Prizes at the Navy and Army Sports, Malta, by Lady Fisher.

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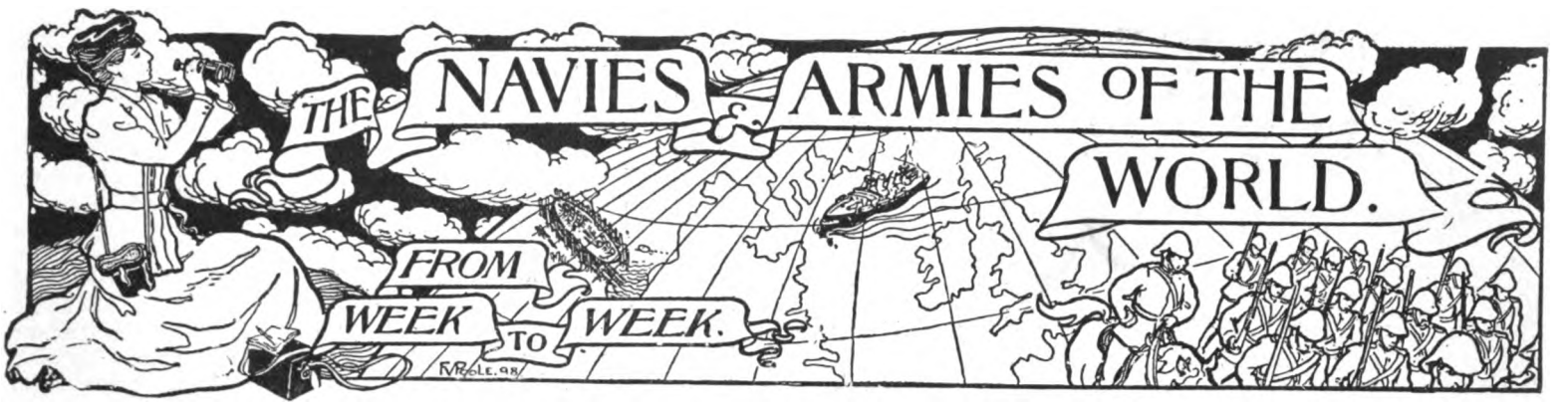

WE shall know later on what the experiments with the "Belleisle" really prove as to the offensive powers of modern guns and shells, and also as to the defensive powers of modern ships. Not very much can be fully established, seeing that the "Belleisle" is an antiquated craft, and one of those which are already condemned. If she were not she would hardly have been sacrificed as a "worthless body," on which experiments may be made without waste. The cause of science would have been better promoted by making one "Majestic" fire into another. But there are limits which even the most wealthy nation does not care pass, and rich as the British Empire is, it draws the line at knocking one of its best new battle-ships about in the pursuit of knowledge. Meanwhile, the experiment has incidentally confirmed an old truth, and that is the little value of the testimony of eye witnesses. Everybody—so far at least as I have seen—believed that she had caught fire. But she had not. There may have been some who doubted whether she had, and they may not have come to that conclusion out of sheer contradiction. But the rule was that the spectators at Selsey believed the ship to be on fire, whereas that was not the case. They honestly thought it and they said it, but they were wrong, though they were competent observers, and had no motive not to tell the truth.

* * * *

Now this mistake of theirs is directly of value to the student of history. Of course we all know the proverbial untrustworthiness of human testimony. There is the well authenticated story of Sir Walter Raleigh, who from the window of his prison in the Tower saw a scuffle outside. A few moments later some other persons who had either been in it or had seen it gave their accounts of what had taken place. They neither agreed with one another nor with Sir Walter's own observations. And this, said he, is the evidence on which we have to write history! In the case of the witnesses they agree in the main and yet are wrong. Whoever has read accounts of old sea fights must have met many peremptory assertions in logs and narratives that such or such things happened. We are bound to go by their word, because we have no other testimony. And yet how little it is to be trusted we see from this universal mistake of the newspaper correspondents who reported the experiments on the "Belleisle." They were far better placed to see the truth than an officer engaged in an action. They knew beforehand what to look for and where to look for it. Nothing called off their attention, and there was no danger to excite their nerves; yet they were wrong, because they expected the "Belleisle" to catch fire, because they saw smoke, and because they went on the old rule, where there is smoke there is fire. And after that we may be called upon to believe that a Spanish or French ship sank in some action because English observers not nearly so well placed to see accurately as the correspondents at Selsey thought they saw one go down, when as a matter of fact they only lost sight of her in the smoke. To distrust the evidence of others and of one's own eyes is perhaps the most necessary, as it is the most difficult, of all lessons to learn.

* * * *

The courts in South Africa have, it seems, vindicated, or confirmed, or justified, or in some other phrase have said a good word for "martial law." It was to be supposed that they would do something which could be described in this way, but of course martial law is a figure of speech. The Duke of Wellington once defined it as the will of the officer commanding in the district for the time being, and he showed his usual power of going to the root of the matter. Of course, martial law means the reverse of law. It comes into force when the usual machinery of government is wholly suspended, and is replaced by the despotic will of a military officer in command of the troops occupying a district. By the very nature of things his authority is outside of the law, and he acts without rule, and purely according to his own idea of what is necessary and right. He is allowed to do this because the circumstances are such that there is no choice between his arbitrary authority and anarchy or national disaster. That what he does is not "law" is shown by the fact that indemnity acts and general pardons have always to be passed or issued to cover his responsibility in case he has done anything very irregular. Martial law, in fact, is nothing but what in the old German term is called "fist law" (faustrecht), or, in other words, the will of the strongest for the time being.

* * * *

Once it was a word of terrible import. We were never quite so brutal in England as some of our neighbours have been in all times, or as we ourselves have occasionally been when acting out of our land. At least, if one is to judge by the petitions presented to King Charles II. upon his restoration, our great Civil War was not a time of very bad brutality; and though ugly stories are told of Colonel Kirke and his Lambs after the Monmouth rebellion, they are in many cases certainly very much exaggerated, and on the whole it does not appear that the Colonel, though a most undeniable brute, did ever approach the level often reached by French and German military officers in foreign and civil war. Abroad, that is to say, outside of England proper, there is not so much to be said for us. It is to be feared that some of the acts committed by our officers and men during the suppression of the Indian Mutiny were not very fit to quote. But there is no need to go so far afield as Hindustan, nor to take our dealings with black people. The sad truth is that many of our pacifications of Ireland (for we have pacified that restless country over and over again) do not, from the point of view of the humanitarian, compare very much to our honour with the Spanish conquest in America, or any other passage in history usually quoted as an example of military barbarity. Wholesale hanging, massacres of women and children, refusals of quarter, and the hunting of fugitives down with bloodhounds went on for years together, and they are alike described by the compendious and convenient title of processes of "martial law."

* * * *

The worst of this kind of law, so called, is that it comes necessarily to be administered by heated, angry men, who have probably been subject to injury and attack themselves, and who know their own lives to be in peril, or when that is not the case, then they know that their friends have been hurt and have suffered. They act from revenge, and you cannot administer anything properly to be called justice in that mood. Meanwhile, if military officers are sore about the severe things now and then said concerning their occasional appearance in the judicial capacity (outside of courts martial), they may console themselves by reflecting that the most ferocious things done under martial law have not always been done by soldiers. The notorious "flogging Fitzgerald," of the Irish Rebellion in 1798, was not a soldier. In fact, a military officer who has been trained to act by rules, and who is bound to think how matters will look to his superior, and who, moreover, may be and probably is a stranger to the feuds of the district in which he acts, is on the whole less likely to go to extremes of ferocity than a civilian partisan.

* * * *

An indignant colonist has lately written to the *Times* to complain that a relation of his who had served in a Canadian regiment, and had been wounded in South Africa, has been required, when in hospital, to wear the uniform of a soldier in the Regular Army and to take a soldier's pay. Reduction of one's pay is a grievance which goes home to the universal human heart, but this complaint about the obligation to wear the uniform is not nice to read. The colonist says that his relation descends from Naval captains, and even from an exalted admiral. Therefore, he ought not to have been subjected to this indignity. Is it worth while to grow enthusiastic over the Queen's uniform, to wave the British flag (usually either wrongly marked or wrongly placed), and to grow enthusiastic about soldiers of the Queen, if at the end of it all Her Majesty's uniform is still to be looked upon as a discredit to the man who wears it? Colonist is as bad as the worst Philistine among ourselves, and ought to change his tone.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

The Problem of Naval Warfare.

IF we labelled periods of time nowadays as we label the early ages of the world's history—the stone age, the iron age, and so on—we should certainly have to call this present time the scientific age. It is only within the last fifty or sixty years that science has really modified to any extent the conditions of life. But in these fifty or sixty years what enormous advances have been made! The steam engine revolutionised the world of our grandfathers. Electricity is now working another revolution. In every direction the increase of knowledge and the increasing control of man over the forces of nature have already brought about changes that make the world of to-day quite different from the world of fifty years ago. And, at our present rate of progress, it looks as if twenty-five years hence there will be just as much difference again. Nowhere has there been a greater alteration than on the battle-ground, whether it be on land or at sea. The skill and energy that have been employed, on the one hand, in inventing destructive machinery, and, on the other, in devising means of counteracting its effects, have completely changed the conditions of war. What fighting on land has come to be we see in South Africa. But what would a Naval battle be like? Here we are reduced almost to guess-work. The Naval warfare of recent years has not supplied us with the right kind of object-lessons. Both in the war between China and Japan, and in the war between Spain and the United States, the forces were so unequally matched that we could learn very little from their engagements. What has the battering of the "Belleisle" taught us? Very little yet, for we have no trustworthy account of the result of the experiment. The Admiralty may possibly issue some account, though they did not do so in the case of the "Resistance," which was battered in the same way many years ago, when lyddite had just been invented. Unless the Admiralty do fell us, we shall be just as much in the dark as before, except for knowing one important fact—the fact that the "Belleisle" did not catch fire.

For months past the gentlemen who think they know so much more about Naval matters than Her Majesty's Naval advisers have been dinning into our ears the danger of having any wood at all in our battle-ships. Vessels with wood in them were no better than "floating death-traps." They would "blaze like tar-barrels" as soon as fire was opened upon them. Well, there was plenty of wood in the "Belleisle." She was made a target for a terrific fire at short range. If ever a ship was given a good excuse for burning, it was this ship. Yet there was only "a little smouldering fire in one of the cabins among some clothes." It is a pity this was not made known at once. The correspondents of the daily papers, watching the experiments from the shore two miles away, believed the "Belleisle" was on fire. On Monday morning, therefore, we all thought that the "Naval expert" was right for once. But on Monday afternoon came Mr. Goschen's statement in Parliament, and then we knew that, as usual, the "Naval expert" was wrong. But it is a pity to give a lie even a day's start. If the Admiralty had been reasonable enough to allow half-a-dozen trained and intelligent correspondents to be in the "Majestic" and to inspect the "Belleisle" after her battering we should have had the truth at once. However, the main thing is that we have it. Perhaps we shall hear a little less now about the "criminal apathy" of our rulers in continuing to build ironclads with wood fittings. If the critics of the Admiralty are not yet satisfied, it would be a good plan to build them a ship after their wish, to man it entirely with "Naval experts," and to arrange a duel between it and another ship of the present type with its ordinary crew. The experiment could not fail to have a valuable result.

As to the other questions which interest students of Naval battles, they, as we said just now, have had no light thrown upon them, so far as the public are concerned. One thing, however, seems pretty clear. This is that the loss of life in a big engagement between well-matched fleets is bound to be enormous. It is curious that while land battles become less bloody as new death-dealing inventions come into use, sea-fights seem likely to cost more and more in human life. "Open order" is impossible on ship-board, and, unless we cover in our ships with armour and so give the crew protection, they must inevitably be killed off in heaps. Ever since the Russian War the makers of guns and the makers of armour have been working hard one against the other. As quickly as the vulnerable parts of ships were protected, guns were made to pierce through the protection; then the armour was made more protective; then the guns were made to throw a more formidable shell; then the armour was improved again, and so the contest went on. Now the armour of our ships is calculated to resist any fire except that of the heaviest guns, and we trust to being able to prevent our enemies from ever bringing their heaviest guns into play—that is to say, we hope with smaller, quick-firing guns used at long range to disable a hostile fleet before it can get close enough to use its heavy guns with effect. But we have also to consider whether our own crews can live through the fire of an enemy's smaller guns. Unless we are satisfied on this point, we shall have to consider how we can provide them with effective "cover." It is possible, therefore, that the battle-ship of the future may need an armoured roof for its deck, as well as an armoured hull and armoured protection for its guns. What a lot we shall have to learn from the next big Naval war!

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 10, 1796.—Loss of the "Arab." 1800.—Boats of Sir J. B. Warren's squadron, off Rochfort, destroyed a French convoy in St. Croix Harbour, Penmarch.

June 11, 1808.—Boats of the "Euryalus," 36, and "Cruiser," 18, cut out two Danish gun-boats, and destroyed two Danish troopships in the Great Belt. 1847.—Sir John Franklin died.

June 12, 1652.—Action with the Dutch off the Lizard. 1685.—Boats of the "Lark," "Greyhound," and "Bonaventure," destroyed two Sallee men-of-war off the Morocco Coast under heavy batteries. 1745.—The "Fowey," 24, destroyed the French "Griffen," 20, off St. Malo. 1813.—Boats of the "Narcissus," 32, cut out the American War schooner "Surveyor," under heavy fire in the Chesapeake. Boats of the "Bacchante" cut out seven French gun-boats off Gela Nova, Adriatic, and captured two field guns on shore.

June 13, 1591.—Sir George Carey's fight with the Spaniards. 1776.—The "Dryad," 36, captured the French "Proserpine," 42. 1805.—Boats of the "Cambrian," 40, cut out the Spanish "Maria," 14. 1889.—The "Vulcan" launched. 1893.—The Navy Records Society founded.

June 14, 1809.—Boats of the "Scout," 18, captured seven French storeships, driving off two gun-boats near Cape Croisette. 1809.—Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Harry Keppel born. 1892.—The "Cerce" launched. The "Hebe" launched.

June 15, 1779.—Prince William Henry (King William IV.) entered the Navy. 1780.—Capture of the French "Stanislaus," 26, off Ostend, by the "Apollo," 32. 1815.—Boats of the "Superb," 74, destroyed American shipping and storehouses, Buzzard's Bay, Connecticut. 1836.—Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle born. 1870.—The "Swiftsure" launched. 1881.—The "Polyphemus" launched. 1885.—The "Benbow" launched. 1893.—The "Fox" launched. The "Charybdis" launched.

June 16, 1778.—Action between the "Arethusa" and "Belle Poule." 1812.—The "Swallow," 18, engaged the French "Renard," 16, "Goelan," 16, and several gun-boats. 1892.—The "Hasty," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

JUNE 10, 1761.—Indians in the heart of the Cherokee country defeated and forced to sue for peace, by Major Hamilton. 1796.—The French Island of Grenada capitulated to Major-General Nicholls. 1796.—Surrender of the New Vigie, St. Vincent. 1824.—In the advance on Kemmendine (Burma), a small stockade was carried by assault by Sir Archibald Campbell. 1841.—Badamee, a strong fort in the Belgaum Zillah surrendered by insurgent Arabs to Major A. Johnson. 1897.—Mr. Gee, Political officer in the Tochi Valley, and his escort attacked by Waziris, at Maizar. Several officers killed.

June 11, 1420.—Surrender of Sens, in Burgundy, to Henry V. 1762.—Fort Moro (Havannah), captured by Colonel Carleton.

June 12, 1791.—Fortress of Gungestoh surrendered by Tippoo's troops to the Nizam's forces and a British detachment. 1813.—Defeat of the French under Reille, at Hormillas (Peninsula).

June 13, 1783.—Battle of Cuddalore. The French and a force of Tippoo's cavalry, under the Marquis de Bussey, defeated by General Stewart. 1794.—The French routed at St. Jean, Guadaloupe, by General Dundas. 1873.—Defeat of the Ashantis near Elmina.

June 14, 1645.—Battle of Naseby. Charles I. defeated by Fairfax. 1658.—Battle of Dunkirk. The Spanish under Don John, of Austria, defeated by the French and British under Turenne.

June 15, 1745.—Surrender of Louisbourg to Colonel Pepperell and Commodore Warren. 1768.—Capture of Fort Vencatigherry.

June 16, 1815.—Battle of Quatre Bras. The British and allied army, under the Duke of Brunswick, Sir Thomas Picton, and the Prince of Orange, were attacked by the French, under Marshal Ney, whose attempt to throw himself between the Prussians and the British was frustrated.

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Places of Interest in South Africa.

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

WITH the incessant changes of the war kaleidoscope, it is rather difficult to define on one day what will be the places of most interest on the next. There can be no question, however, as to the value of the three views which we are glad to be able to give this week. Boshof is a station in what was once the Orange Free State, and gave its name to a whole district, to an area, in fact, about half as large as Wales. The interest of it, however, to most Englishmen lies in the fighting that occurred there. A certain soldier of fortune, one M. de Villebois Mareuil, had taken service with the Boers.

Considering our own past—remembering how many Britons have served with the Russians, with the Turks, with the Confederates, with half a dozen South American States—we can hardly complain of the fact that so many foreign adventurers have taken service with the late Republics in South Africa. Still, a man does that sort of thing at his own peril, and if he is put with his face to the wall and a firing party behind him, he has very little of which to complain. War is not made with rose water now, any more than it was in the days of "Hector and Lysander and such great names as these." M. de Villebois Mareuil, who was a colonel in the French Army, appears to have imagined that the British post at Boshof was weak. He tried experimentally to ascertain, and he paid the penalty for his mistake with his life. Klerksdorp, which forms the subject of another of our pictures, is well within the Transvaal. It is the centre of a mining district which may or may not be as rich as the Witwatersrand—we have nothing to do with financial matters here—but which is at least capable of development.

For this reason alone, if for no other, Klerksdorp would be important, but it also acquired importance as a point in the advance. It is the terminus of a railway, and was on the flank as Lord Roberts pushed forward from Kroonstad to Johannesburg and Pretoria. Strategically, Potchefstroom is much more important. It lay nearer to the line of advance, and, moreover, it is a town placed among the hills. It is essentially Dutch, and if this war were to degenerate into a mere guerilla struggle, it might easily become a focus of trouble. No doubt the local authorities who will be appointed in due course will attend to this as well as to other matters, but it would be idle to ignore the existence of the danger. Necessarily, a considerable amount of police work will have to be done for years to come in the territories of what were the Republics in South Africa, and probably a good deal of attention will have to be shown to that district which takes its name from the town of Potchefstroom. If the Boers heed the words of their Continental advisers, they will take to the *guerre de partisans*, and may give a good deal of trouble without affecting the end.

CHURCH STREET, BOSHOF.
A Typical South African Street in its Expansiveness.

THE MAIN STREET, KLERKSDORP.
A Mining Centre of Which We are Likely to Hear Much.

Photos Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

PRINCIPAL STREET, POTCHEFSTROOM.
Where the Growing Grass Shows the Lack of Traffic.

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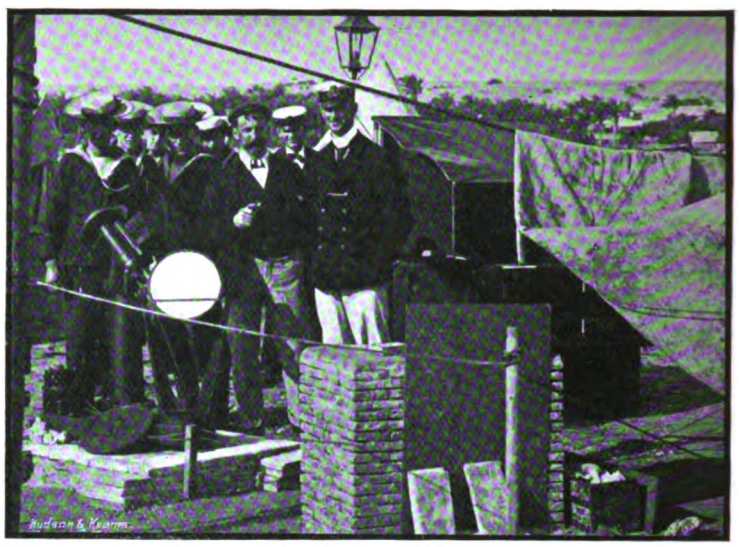
HAIL TO MAFEKING AT ECLIPSE CAMP.
The Way the News of the Relief was Received and a Very Good Way Too.

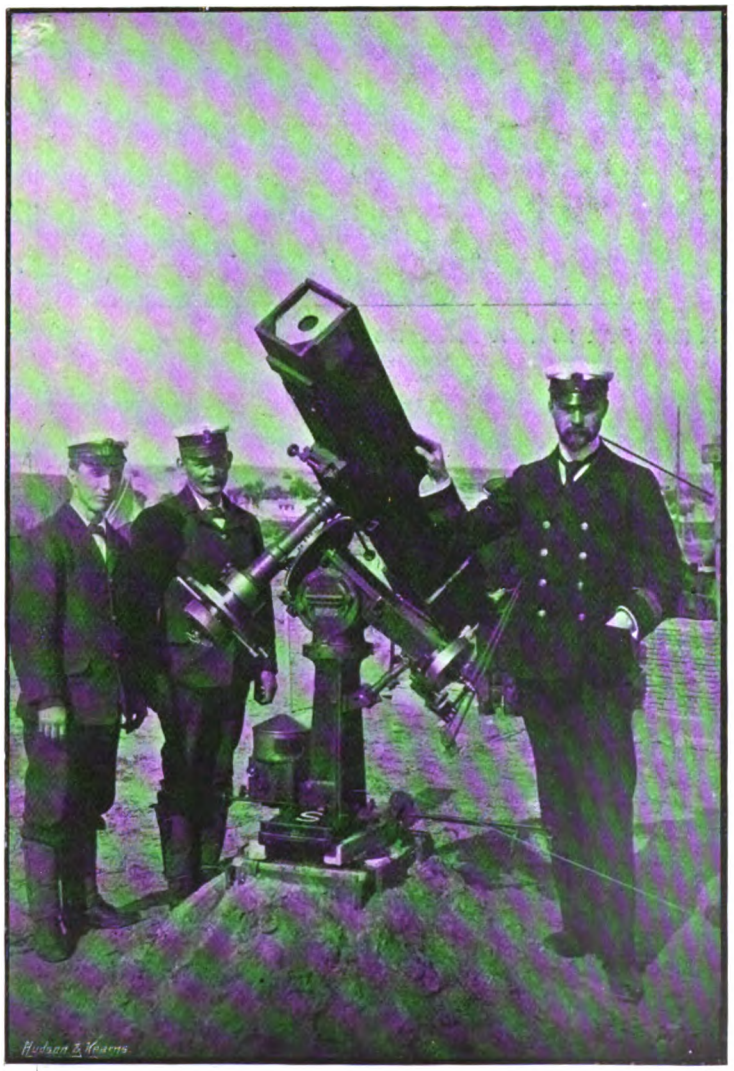


WORKING A PRISMATIC CAMERA.
The Operators of the Cœlostat.

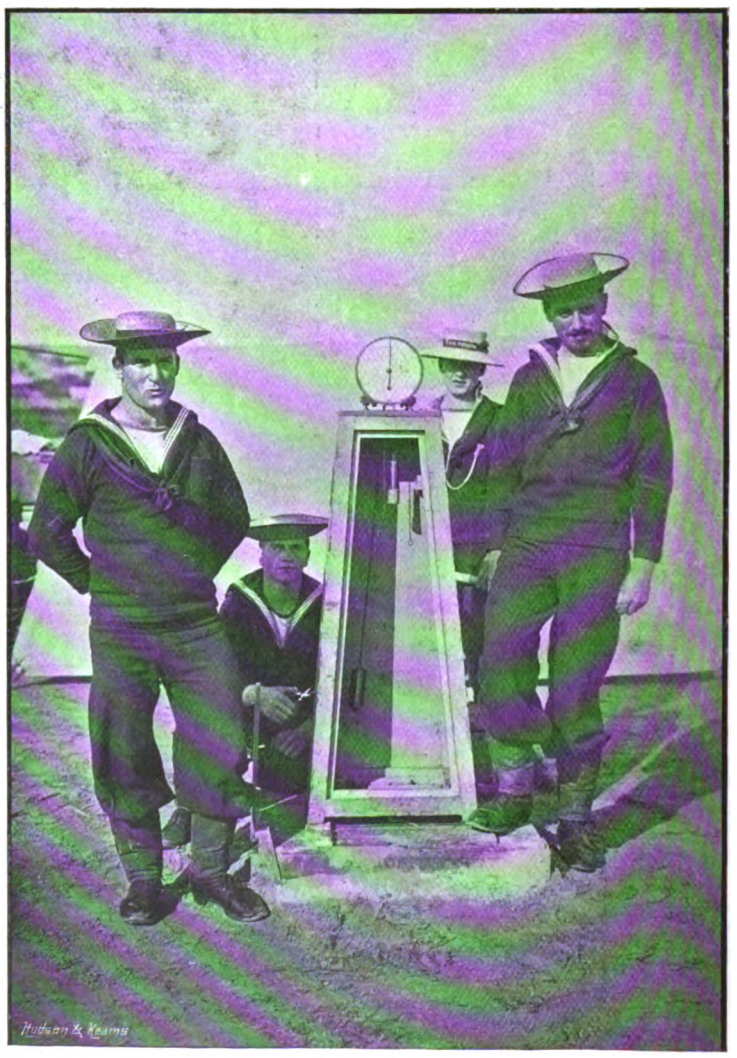
THE "Handy Man" Finds an Old Trade.

LANDING AT SAN POLA.
The Astronomers are Thankful for a Smooth Sea.

At Work ON THE Eclipse Expedition.



WAITING TO RECORD THE CORONA.
A Coronograph and its Skilled Crew.



WATCHING THE SUN—WITH THE SCISSORS.
Waiting to Cut the Thread and then Count Seconds till Totality is ended

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

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Auxiliaries at the Front.

IF there is one thing in the course of the present war which has made itself more prominent than anything else, it is the good service which has been rendered by that portion of the representatives of our home defence which has hitherto been described under the comprehensive title of "The Auxiliary Forces." It has been amusing to sit at dinner after dinner, and to hear the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces," or "Auxiliary Forces." Sometimes it has been one title, sometimes the other; and when one has had to reply to it, one has wondered whether the people who framed the toast list had the smallest idea that they were transposing the position of the two Services—which may be a minor matter—and that the Auxiliary or Reserve Forces, or both, are not something apart from the defensive life of the nation, but are an integral part of it. Only the present war was needed to bring this to the fore. Whatever the future may hold in store for us in the way of reorganisation, it will not be denied that our Army, as the country knew it, broke down, and that as a nation we had to fall back upon men who were outside what the nation had regarded as its first line of defence ashore. It is needless to interpolate that when we say that the Army broke down, we cast no imputation upon its efficiency or its valour. We simply mean that the Army—as the term was understood in this country—was insufficient in numbers for the work cast upon it. In point of fact, it was not the Army but our thoroughly rotten system that gave way. Be that as it may, the authorities recognised that a largely increased number of men were required in South Africa, and that it was desirable to spread the demand over as wide an area as possible. The result was, that we have Yeomanry at the front, and Volunteers in two or three forms, but, not least, in the form of what are really Volunteer auxiliary companies to battalions actually serving. Both are shown in our illustrations. In the first case, we have a contingent from the Sussex County Imperial Yeomanry, which is now serving at the front, with the Hon. T. A. Brassey in command. Mr. Brassey is the son of Lord Brassey, the popular Governor of Victoria.

The Volunteer Active Service Company of the 1st and 2nd West Kent Volunteers is another proof of the strength of patriotic feeling. It is far more than an ordinary company, and there are many who will remember the scene when the men were grouped, with the planked building and the leafless trees to form a background.

Another scene which will be remembered by those who saw it is the inspection of the 58th Company of the Berks Imperial Yeomanry at Burnham Court by General Trotter, commanding the Home District. Once more bare boughs form an effective background, and we see in the front the men who sailed on March 16 to take their share in the war of righteousness and justice.

Photo. Copyright. *Lambert Weston & Son.*

SUSSEX SENDS A CONTINGENT.

The Sussex Company Imperial Yeomanry, Captain the Hon. T. A. Brassey in Command.

Photo. Copyright. *J. White.*

A STRONG COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.

The Volunteer Active Service Company of the 1st and 2nd West Kent.

Photo. Copyright. *Walton Adams, Reading*

AMID THE TREES AT BURNHAM COURT.

The 58th Company Berks Imperial Yeomanry, who have recently been Inspected by General Trotter.

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On the Looper Berg.

A COSILY CONSTRUCTED SHELTER.
With a Picket in the Mountains.

A FREQUENT AND NECESSARY TASK.
Drying Clothes after a Wet Night.

A FRIENDLY CHAT AND AN ALERT EYE.
Taking Our Ease in the Schansje.

PARTLY PROTECTED AND WHOLLY READY
A Naval 12-pounder Commanding the Enemy's Position.

With the Army to Bloemfontein.

From Photos. by a Military Officer

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Colonel Bethune and His Irregular Horse.

COLONEL BETHUNE, whose fine regiment of mounted infantry is much in the public mind, having suffered the mishap to which we referred last week, was born on January 23, 1855, and is the son of Admiral Bethune of Balfour, County Fife. He entered the Royal Artillery as lieutenant in September, 1873, and in September, 1875, joined the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, proceeding at once to India with that regiment. He went through the Afghan Campaign, 1877-79. In 1880 he proceeded to the Cape with his regiment and fought in the Boer War. In 1881 he returned home and passed through the Staff College in 1885. Shortly afterwards he exchanged into the Carabiniers, and joined them in 1886 out in India. From 1887-94 he acted as D.A.A.G. at Bangalore, having been seconded from his regiment.

Photo. Copyright. *Earl De la Warr.*

A NOTED CAVALRY LEADER.

Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Bethune.

During that period he had the misfortune to lose his right hand, an accident which would have incapacitated most men from continuing service in the cavalry, but Colonel Bethune stuck to his work, and is still a dashing and active cavalryman. In 1894 he came home and rejoined the Carabiniers, who were then stationed at York. He was promoted Major in the 16th Lancers September, 1895, and returned to India and to Lucknow, subsequently serving on the staff at Bombay as A.A.G. until September, 1899, when he proceeded to South Africa as Brigade-Major to the Cavalry Brigade from India, consisting of the 19th Hussars, 9th Lancers, and 5th Dragoon Guards. On arriving in South Africa, after acting as commandant at Durban, he raised Bethune's Mounted Infantry at the request of the Governor of Natal and General Sir Redvers Buller, then Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa. At the present moment Colonel Bethune is acting as Brigadier with General Buller, having under his command, besides his own regiment, the Imperial Light Infantry, two Naval 12-pounders, two Hotchkiss guns, two Field Artillery guns, and the Umvoti Mounted Rifles. His officers and men are devoted to him; they have absolute confidence in him; they know that he will strike hard at the right moment; and recognise him to be an ideal leader of mounted men. He works out every detail himself, and is rarely at fault; firm but considerate with his men, a strict disciplinarian when on duty, always genial and cheerful, every man under him is happy and contented. He is a man of untiring energy; but he does not expect that every man should be like him, and he always knows when a man has done a fair day's work. He will often give away his last drop of whisky and water to anyone whom he thinks wants it more than himself. Complete absence of red tapeism is one of his chief characteristics.

Photo. Copyright. *Crampton.*

FROM ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

A Group of the Sergeants of Bethune's Horse.

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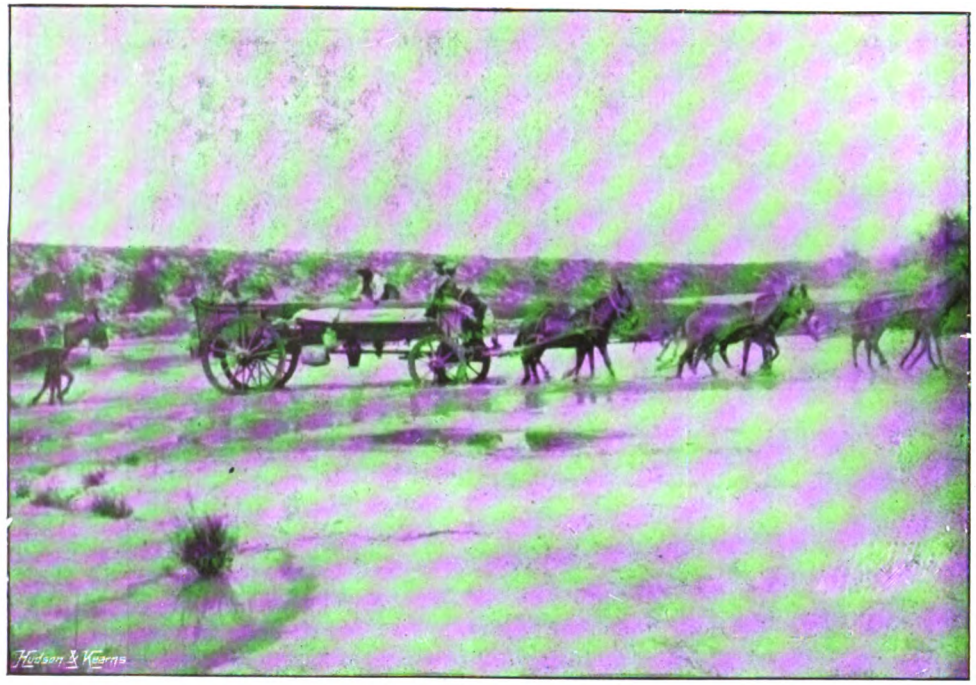
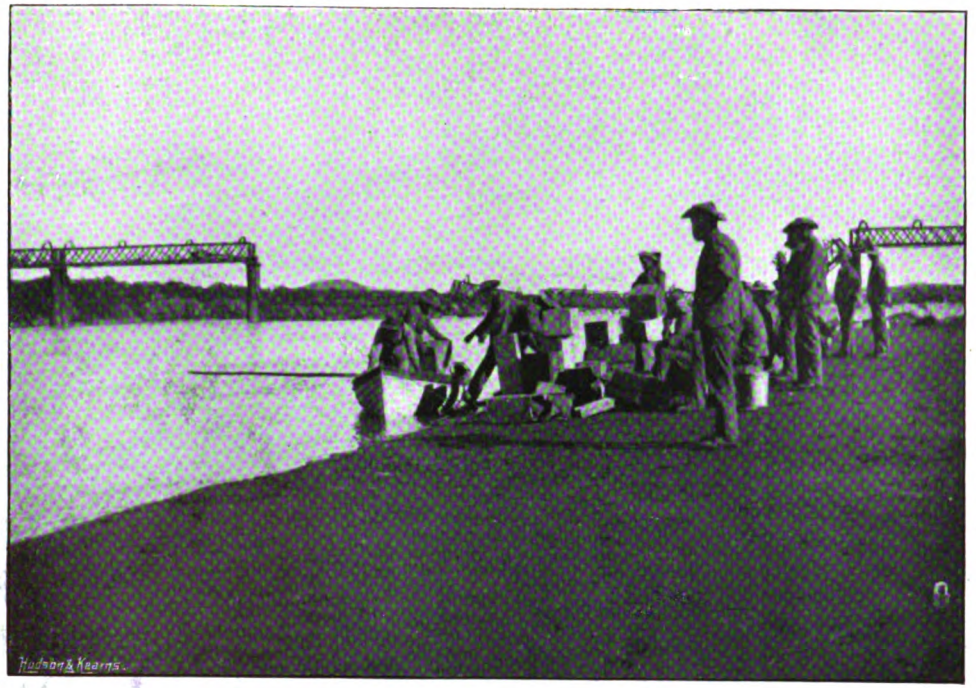
With the Telegraph Corps IN South Africa.



MARCHING WITH MULE TRACTION.
Telegraph Stores Crossing a Drift.

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK.
Sergeant Cadwell, First Division Telegraph Battalion.



AN INSTANCE OF BOER DESTRUCTIVENESS.
Norval's Pont Bridge Blown up by the Foe.

TWENTY MINUTES AFTER OUTSPAN.
Shelters Up and Fires Lighted.

A Necessary Adjunct OF Modern Warfare.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

TIRED AND HUNGRY AFTER LONG WORK.
A Halt for Refreshment for Man and Beast.

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In the Capital of the Orange River Colony.

GENERAL VIEW OF BLOEMFONTEIN.
The Widespread and Rustic Town.

ON THE BRITISH LINE OF ADVANCE.
Preparations for a Regimental Officers' Mess.

GETTING WATER FOR THE TROOPS.
A Pump at Work in the Gardens at the Back of the Presidency.

A STREET SCENE IN THE TOWN
Wounded Brought in by Mule Waggons for Treatment.

Photos. Copyright.

AN INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE.
The Maxim Gun of Lumsden's Horse Mounted in a Transport Cart.

"Navy & Army."

ANOTHER WORK OF MERCY
A New Ambulance Cart to be Used by Native Indian Bearers.

Before and Since the Occupation.

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With the City Imperial Volunteers.

A QUIET CAMP AT THE STARTING POINT.
The City Imperial Volunteers Under Canvas.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

FAIRLY UNDER WAY FOR THE FIGHT.
On the Road to the Railway Station at Cape Town.

Photo. Copyright. *J. Watson.*

UNDER THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.
Awaiting the Order to Start.

WHEN the time came and the War Office admitted its readiness to accept from various sources assistance outside the Regular Army, one of the first forms in which help was tendered was the formation of a corps of Volunteers, specially organised by the City. The City of London—for that is what everyone means by the City—has a great historical record. It stood in the forefront of freedom in the days when civic life was merely beginning to make headway against the oppressive power of kings who had still feudalism on their side. It aided materially in carrying through the emancipation from feudalism, and it has always shown itself ready to help to the utmost degree any movement which has been set on foot on behalf of national sentiment. Nor is this all. It has upon innumerable occasions taken the lead in such movements, and everyone knows that a "Lord Mayor's Fund" means a successful appeal to the charity of the country on behalf of some worthy object. What is this but a recognition of the power of the City? It is a tribute to London as she was, and we are not so rich in the present that we can afford to forget altogether that which has been. Nor are we so assured in our modern life that we can undertake to ignore altogether the methods by which that life grew up, or to consign to oblivion the steps by which it has been reached. These are not props to be thrown away now that the eminence has been attained; they are helping posts—if the phrase may be used—to a still greater development. Sound impulses are needful in our national life, and most certainly in this respect the City has never been found wanting. By means of its accredited representatives it has always stood in the forefront of the physical, moral, and intellectual progress of the metropolis, and the extent to which it is in touch with the general feeling of the country was never shown more forcibly than when it was proposed that a corps of volunteers should be raised in the City for service in South Africa. Of course, the precaution had been taken to obtain the consent of the Queen through the War Office, and when it was known that this was secured and that the corps was really to be raised, the enlistment officer found a difficulty in dealing with the number of those who were anxious to serve. Man after man who was well qualified was turned away simply because someone better was to be had without asking. But does not this tell its tale? Does it not bear eloquent and abundant testimony to the abiding power of "the City"? And suppose that a greater emergency were to arise, and that it became necessary to appeal to the manhood not merely of the City but of that agglomeration of some six million of inhabitants that we call the Metropolis, can anyone suppose that the response would be less hearty or less enthusiastic? But—and here comes in the weak point—six mil-

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lions of people constitute a State of their own, and to embody the manhood of a State is no early thing. Yet, where patriotism calls, the way would no doubt be found. It is sufficient now that the City Imperial Volunteers were raised; that they were entrained in two detachments at Nine Elms; and that they duly reached Cape Town. From that point they were sent to the front in the closing days of February, and more than one telegram has since told of the good service that they have rendered. Lord Roberts himself has borne testimony to their fighting powers, but this is only equivalent to saying that they are Britons. There is a certain inherent love of fighting in the British race which developes itself when the occasion arises, and there is a certain power of adaptability to circumstances which may be seen in our pictures. As a matter of fact, in our sixth picture our citizen soldiers were actually shedding tears over their work. Let anyone who would say that it is not to their credit remember that they were peeling onions for mess. The smartness with which they are preparing to stand to arms says much for their drill, while the rest they are taking while waiting for the order to advance, says at least as much for their knowledge of how to make themselves comfortable.

Let us make no mistake, however, as a nation. In our volunteers we have an invaluable force, and the men who have gone to South Africa have shown it. But, in the first place, the conditions of the war which is now going on are peculiar, and in the second place we have picked our men. We must not count heads and reckon that the bulk of the force is like the C.I.V., for it is not. You cannot skim the cream and then have the milk of the same consistency as the cream. At the same time, there is not the smallest doubt that the services of the City Imperial Volunteers, and of the other volunteers who have gone to the front ought to open wide the eyes of the Government as to the value of the force in the future. All this, however, is for the period when the war is over. For the present it is sufficient to know that the men have done remarkably good service at the front, and have behaved in a manner worthy of the country that gave them birth and the City that sent them. London is proud of her "Civies," and justly so.

Naturally they have not escaped unscathed. They have paid toll to bullet and to shell, as well as to that scourge which has already cost us so many lives in South Africa, enteric fever. But, under their very able and popular commanding officer, Colonel W. H. Mackinnon, they have done good work at Bloemfontein and Karree Siding, as well as at Thaba Nchu, Brandfort, and other places. By this time they are seasoned campaigners, and they may be relied upon to accomplish any task that is set them. When the war is over the nation must not allow itself to be turned from the determination that our organisation for war must be perfected. And representatives of the City and other volunteers have rendered it clear that in the organisation a very definite place must be found for properly trained volunteers.

PREPARE TO STAND TO ARMS.
A Sudden Call Finds the Men Ready.

WAITING FOR THE ORDER TO ADVANCE.
And Wisely taking a little Rest in the Meantime.

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900. *Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.*

THE BIVOUAC—PREPARING A MEAL.
London's Citizen Soldiers in the Open.

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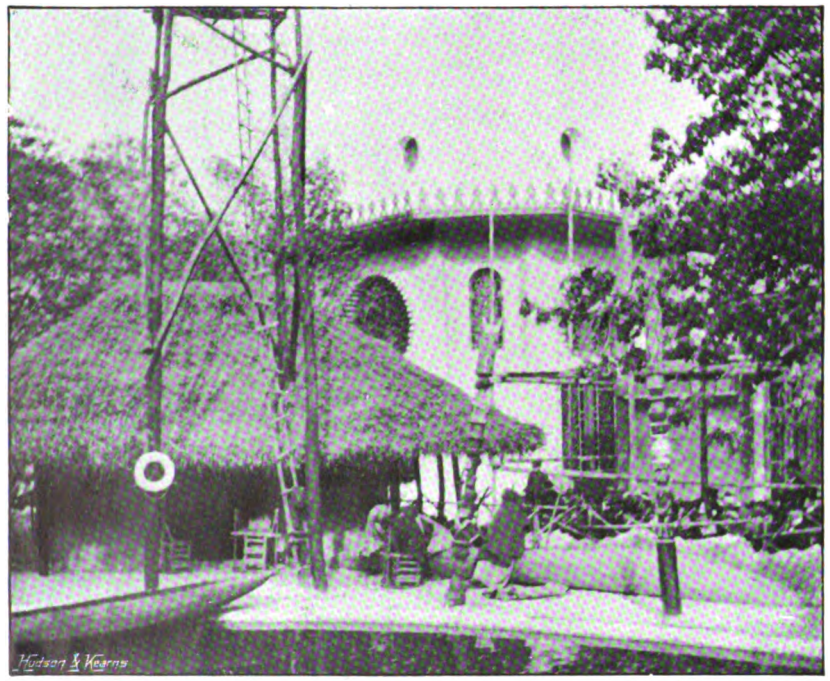
A few of the Attractions.



FROM FRANCE'S NEWEST COLONY.
A Corner of the Dahomey Village.

LA VILLE LUMIERE IN THE DAYS OF OLD.
A Glimpse of Vieux Paris.

CIVILISATION AND PEACE.
The Palace of Arts and Crafts.

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.
The Industrial Section.

At the Paris Exhibition.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

MODERN SCIENCE.
The Palace of Electricity.

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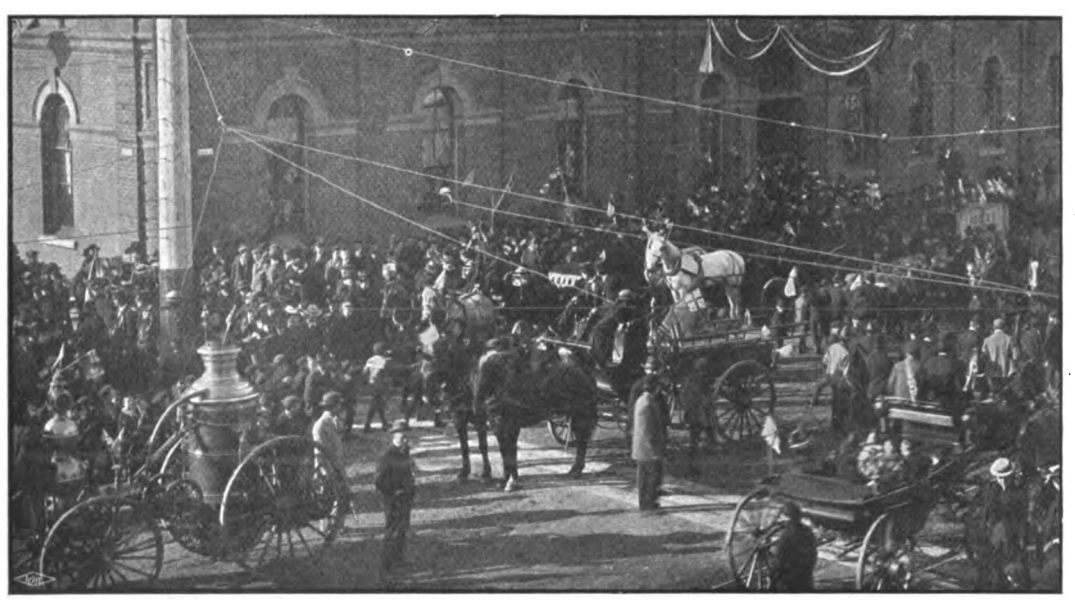
How British Columbia Celebrated Mafeking.

MAFEKING DAY is one of those occurrences which no one who witnessed it would readily forget. It was not a great victory, but the relief of the little town took an intense weight off the national mind—and in this case, the word "national" is used in its widest sense. From the Land's End to John o' Groats, from the shores of the Pacific to Tasmania, there was that sympathy which spoke of unity and Empire, of a common origin, and of the loyalty which the younger Powers feel to the "grey old mother." Are we not right in saying "the younger Powers"? Is not each of the great Colonies, or groups of Colonies — Canada already; Australia soon to be; South Africa in a not remote future—preparing itself for that destiny and unity for which the Mother Country is also unconsciously getting herself ready? Such a mighty scheme of Empire is not carried out haphazard. It must be matured, and the sure foundations must be laid. But who can doubt that those foundations are now being put in from day to day? Who can question the desire of "the grey old mother" and of her offspring alike to find some means of closer relationship? If any man doubts, let him assuredly not look at our pictures telling of how Mafeking day was celebrated in far-off British Columbia, for they will bring a pang to his heart. Here in the centre of the Empire, who can fail to be stirred at these evidences of the loyalty and of the enthusiasm of this distant portion of the country to which we all belong? The crowds are as enthusiastic in Victoria as they were in London—and that is saying a great deal, as everyone who endured Mafeking day in London well knows. Moreover they are as large—allowing for the size of the place. An outlying part of the Empire, Vancouver's Island may be; but it knows how to celebrate, and, as our second illustration shows, to produce half-a-mile of humanity. Look at the crowd, with traffic altogether suspended; look at the gathering in front of the City Hall, a gathering which would have in it every element of burlesque if it were not that the idea of anything comic is dominated by the intense earnestness of everyone to do due honour to the occasion. Victoria is the westernmost town of the Dominion of Canada, looking out across the biggest of the Seven Seas. It is reputed to be phlegmatic, reserved, undemonstrative. These are the characteristics ascribed to the Anglo-Saxon race in general. How far they were manifest in London on Mafeking day let Londoners tell. They do not seem to have been much more evident in Victoria. But when an undemonstrative race lets itself go, the result is generally in inverse ratio to its ordinary calmness. It simply breaks out, and Victoria did not escape the effect of its racial inheritance.

The barriers of stolidity fell down and the place rejoiced and was noisy and gloried in it. The motto of the City is "Semper Liber," and if Victoria was free this time, it certainly showed its alliance with "the Grey Old Mother of the North Sea."

BESIEGING THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
An Early Morning Scene in Victoria.

HALF A MILE OF HUMANITY.
Traffic Suspended and the Streets Crowded.



Photos. Copyright. *Cameron.*

THE GROWTH OF THE PROCESSION.
The Scene in Front of the City Hall, Victoria.

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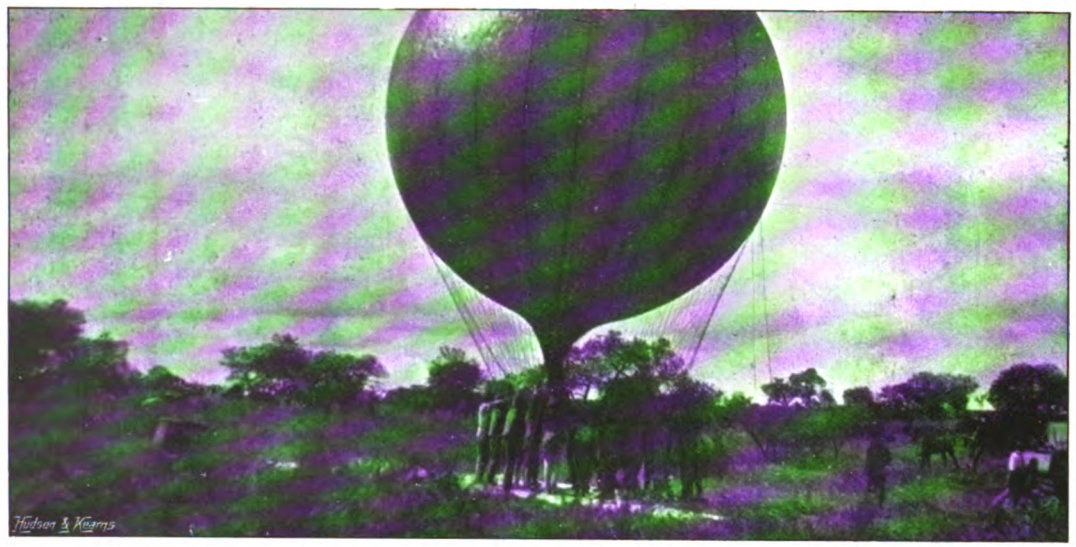
Towards the Front in Natal.



"UP SHE GOES," AND UP IT IS.
A Military Balloon Just About to Start.

"BODY SNATCHERS" TO THE FORE.
A Wounded Man Being Taken on a Stretcher.

Photos. Copyright.

AFTER THE COLD STEEL.
A Rest After a Bayonet Charge.

THE "HANDY MAN'S" WEAPON.
A Naval 12-Pounder and Its Protection.

"Navy and Army."

With Sir Redvers Buller.

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Beating the Bounds at the Tower of London.

Photo. Copyright. *Ball.*

A TIME-HONOURED OBSERVANCE.

This Ceremony takes Place on Ascension Day once in Every Four Years, all the Tower Warders attending in Full State Dress.

The Prince's Derby.

A VIEW FROM THE ROYAL ARTILLERY TENT.

A Notable Scene in a Memorable Year.

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The Story of the War.

Lord Roberts at Pretoria.

THE advance of Lord Roberts to the capital of the Transvaal may not mark the final act of the Boer War, but it is the close of its most important chapter. The annexation of the Orange River Colony to Her Majesty's dominions must be followed by that of the South African Republic, and the flight of President Kruger and his Government is the beginning of the end. A great work of final conquest beset with difficulties, and of internal reorganisation, lies before us, for the spirit of the Boers is not yet altogether broken, and the recalcitrants will no doubt give trouble. But Lord Roberts has made a bold move and has secured a great triumph, which has entirely disconcerted our adversaries, has given the gold reef city into our power, and has placed the capital within our grasp. He has shown the highest qualities of a military commander by his great combinations, his daring advance, and the sound appreciation which he has displayed of difficulties and dangers.

His great success has been brought about by a series of movements of extreme military interest, and the advance from the Rhenoster to the Vaal, and thence to Johannesburg and Pretoria, was conducted with masterful celerity, which took the Boers completely by surprise, and defeated all their projects of defence. There was great danger of an extreme party among the Boers destroying the mines on the Rand, and Lord Roberts lost not an hour in his successful effort to forestall any effort in this direction. General French, on his left, pushed forward to the Vaal without opposition, and Dickson's Cavalry crossed the river at Pary's Drift on the Queen's Birthday. At the same time General Ian Hamilton, whose troops formed the right wing of Lord Roberts's main advance, was marching by way of Lindley and Heilbron, and, having a severe encounter with Piet De Wet near the Rhenoster, was proceeding direct to the Vaal. The Boers, to the number of 4,000 men, were expecting him at Englebrech Drift, where they were prepared to resist the passage, but Lord Roberts had made a strategic redistribution of his front, which was of the utmost service in securing the passage of the troops in force without fighting. Colonel Broadwood's cavalry played a large part in this matter. After engaging the rear of the enemy's column at Heilbron, and capturing fifteen ammunition and supply waggons, Broadwood's forces crossed the front, and passed over the Vaal at Wonderfontein Drift. Ian Hamilton took the same route, joining Lord Roberts at Vredefort, and marching north to Boschbank, and followed Broadwood across at Wonderfontein on the 26th.

This rearrangement of front brought the column moving by the railway on Viljoen's Drift to the right of the main advance, and General Gordon's brigade was swung out to the east to protect it. On May 26 Colonel Henry's mounted infantry, with the Bedfordshire Yeomanry and Lumsden's Horse crossed the Vaal at that point in advance of the main column. Thus the Vaal Bridge was saved, except for the northernmost span, which the engineers soon made good. The coal mines were also protected from destruction. Meanwhile, on the 25th, General French had crossed at Lindique's Drift to the left of Wonderfontein. Lord Roberts continued with the main advance on the right, and was on the north bank of the Vaal on the morning of the 27th, and despatched the intelligence from Vereeniging.

The occupation of the river frontier had been triumphantly conducted, and the enemy retreated to the Klip River Berg. They were hotly pursued by the troops. Lord Roberts himself had advanced twenty miles beyond Vereeniging on the 28th, and was within eighteen miles of Johannesburg. The Boers only just succeeded in getting their five guns into a train at Klip River Station and steamed out as the West Australians dashed in. Our main force did not advance straight on Johannesburg, the purpose being to envelop the place, and Lord Roberts arrived at Germiston, about ten miles east of the town, on the 29th, the Boers being completely outmanœuvred and compelled to abandon their strong positions. A cordon was drawn round Johannesburg on the 30th, when Ian Hamilton had pushed forward to Florida on the west, while General French had got round to the north, with General Tucker's Division on the same side, and General Pole-Carew was on the south. The movement had been exceedingly rapid, and the Boers were surprised at Elandsfontein Junction, near Germiston, where many locomotives and a large quantity of rolling stock were captured. Our advanced troops succeeded in stopping one train just as it was moving off, and the Boers took refuge in a mine. The seizure of the railway was a most important success, for it stopped the communications of Pretoria altogether with the south, and cut off the Boers at Wakkerstron and Laing's Nek.

The brunt of the fighting that marked the circling round Johannesburg fell upon Ian Hamilton, who was hotly engaged with a strong force of the enemy among some kopjes about three miles south of the Rand. The Gordons attacked on the right, capturing a position, and, wheeling round, advanced along the ridge, clearing out the enemy after an obstinate struggle with great gallantry, while the City Imperial Volunteers were on the other flank, and, as Lord Roberts put it, "would not be denied." This success enabled Hamilton to reach Florida and pursue his circling march.

Lord Roberts sent a flag of truce into Johannesburg on May 30, demanding the surrender of the place, but the commandant begged him to defer entering the town for twenty-four hours because of the fact that there were many armed burghers still there, and, opposition in the neighbourhood not yet being completely quelled, Lord Roberts consented. The troops, however, marched in on the next day, when the British flag was hoisted over the Government buildings. Great excitement had prevailed in the town, but Commandant Kranse kept the turbulent well in hand, and Mr. De Souza, Secretary for War at Pretoria, issued his definite instructions to repress outrage. Customary ceremony was observed, and the 7th and 11th Divisions, the heavy artillery, the Naval Brigade, and two brigade divisions of field artillery marched past in the main square.

These events marked a rapid collapse of the Boers, whose Government was utterly disorganised, and the situation was desperate. President Kruger fled with the members of his Government, and the confusion was so great that any organised action on the part of the enemy appeared impossible. By striking at the heart of the Boer confederacy, Lord Roberts had paralysed the action of the outlying commandoes. Resistance may, indeed, be offered locally, but unity of action is scarcely possible. The forces of Commandant Snyman, on the west of Pretoria, like those who have opposed Sir Redvers Buller at Laing's Nek, are now isolated bodies without power of concentration. Johannesburg was a symbol to the Boers of foreign influence, and the hoisting of the British flag in the place where Englishmen suffered so much in their political rights, and were taxed so heavily for the purposes of the neighbouring oligarchy, has had a demoralising effect throughout the Transvaal. Many burghers have laid down their arms, and the formed bodies of the enemy tend to melt away, while many men of the late Orange Free State, now the Orange River Colony, have seized the opportunity to return to their farms, having at length, it may be hoped, realised that they will have peace and serenity under the Government they so blindly and insolently flouted some nine months ago.

As we write much intelligence is needed to clear up the exact situation. Effective measures have been taken to make Johannesburg secure, and General Wavell has been left in occupation, while Lord Roberts moved to Orange Grove some four or five miles north of the place, and his patrols were despatched through the country. Panic is reported to prevail in Pretoria, and the President and Mr. Reitz escaped towards the Lydenburg district with large quantities of bullion, much of which was sent on and shipped at Lorenzo Marquez.

The purposes of the Boers are obscure, but their last chance of securing any great success is in attacking Lord Roberts's communications, which they show some disposition to do from the east of the railway. They have not, as we write, been thoroughly cleared out of the Heilbron and Lindley region. On May 29 Sir Leslie Rundle fought a six hours' battle in the neighbourhood of Senekal in order to cover the advance, and on the same day the Highland Brigade arrived at Heilbron after fighting its way from Ventersburg. There is some evidence to show that the Boer leaders have counted on a great blow being struck in this quarter, but it is an eventuality that Lord Roberts has considered, and he has no doubt taken adequate measures to protect his communications. Meanwhile, General Baden-Powell and Colonel Mahon are moving on the western side.

Among the Boers opposed to Sir Redvers Buller recent events have had a demoralising effect, and the measures he has taken have rendered their opposition futile. General Clery followed Lord Dundonald to Laing's Nek, where the enemy were variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. They are holding the Nek and Majuba Hill, but we have occupied Inkwelo, commanding the former, and the Naval 4·7 guns have been doing good work from the top. Sir Redvers Buller's turning movement has had an excellent effect. The enemy having formed a laager at Dornberg on his right rear, General Lyttelton was ordered to move on that place, while General Hildyard crossed the Buffalo at Wool's Drift, and occupied Utrecht without opposition. His further movement in this direction will turn the Boers' flank; and the railway behind them being in Lord Roberts's hands, their power of resistance is rapidly disappearing, and a perceptible falling-off in their strength is reported to be perceptible as we write.

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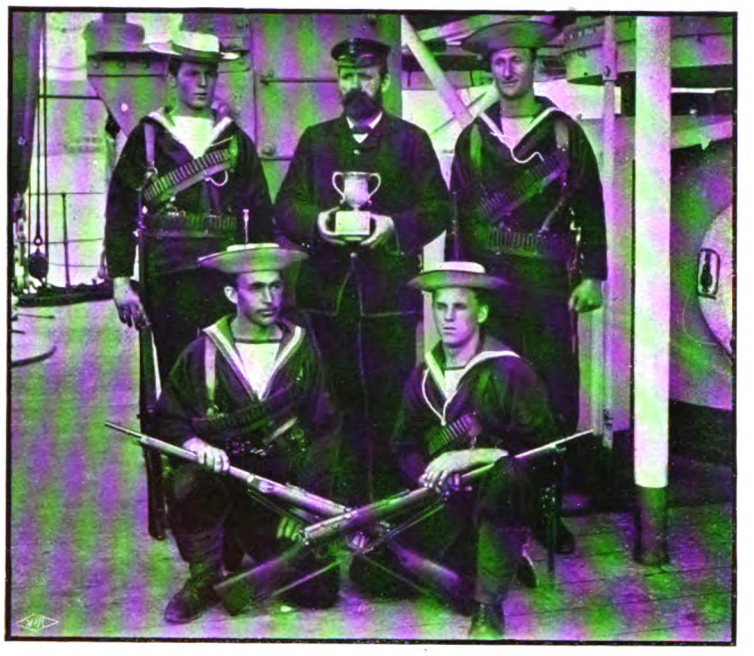
Navy and Army at Malta.

ROYAL GARRISON GUNNERS TO THE FORE.
Officers of the Western Division who won the Governor's Challenge Boat Race.



A NEW SHIP MAKES HER MARK
The "Canopus's" Team Win the Admiral's Cup.

HURRAH FOR OLD "HIBERNIA."
The Winners of the Pembroke Cup, the Principal Shooting Event.

THE WINNERS OF THE FLEET CHALLENGE CUP.
A Worthy Win for Lieutenant Doughty and the Team of the "Theseus."

AT THE ROYAL NAVAL SPORTS ON CORADINO.
The Tug of War goes to the Officers of the Gunners

RESTRICTED TO SERGEANTS ALONE.
Won by the Royal Engineers from Floriana.

Some of the Winners at Shooting and Sports.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

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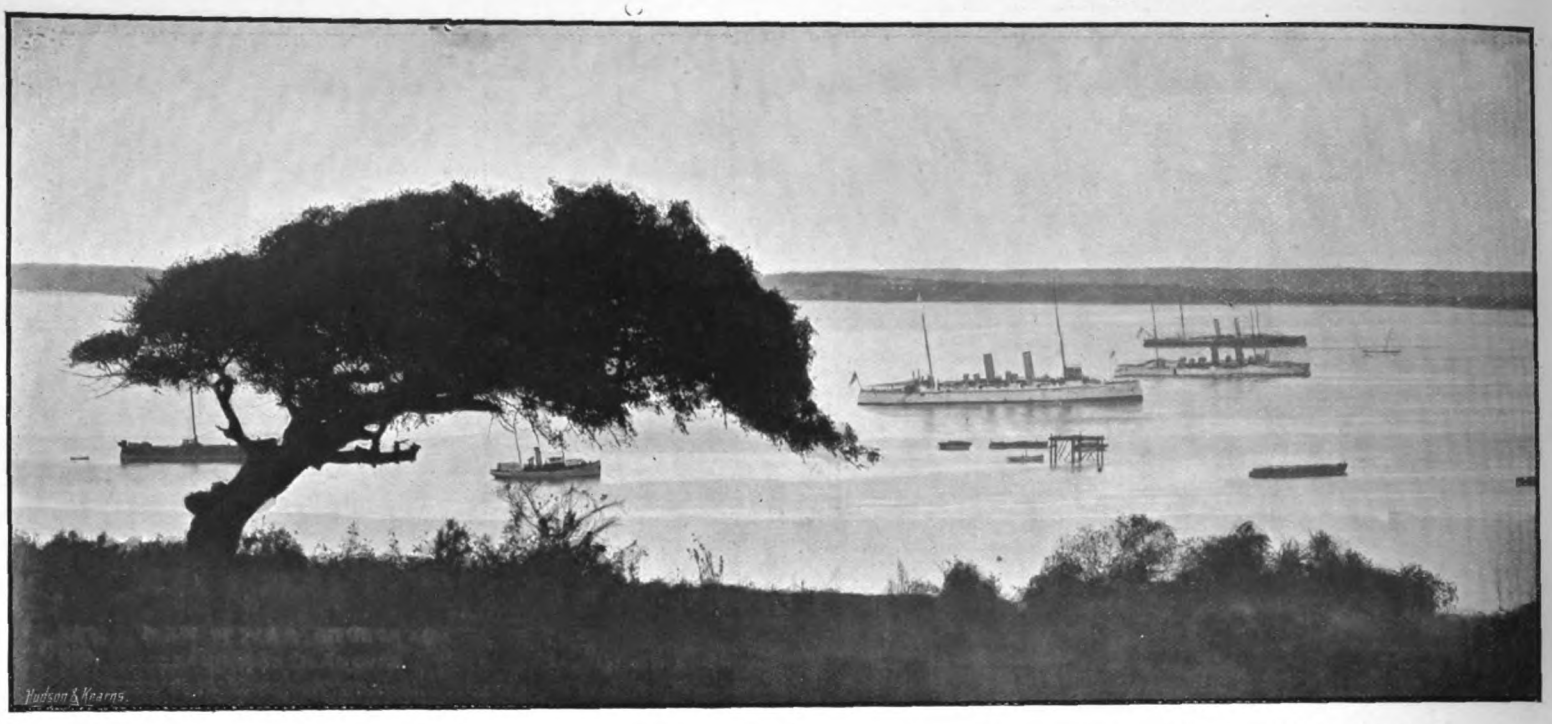
A Portuguese Port,



Photos. Copyright

H.M.S. "Forte" (British). H.M.S. "Thetis" (British). H.M.S. "Magicienne" (British).

A NOTABLE PORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo. Copyright. Kemp.

LINDLEY, VERY PROUD OF ITS HONOUR.

One of Mr. Steyn's Capital Inventions.

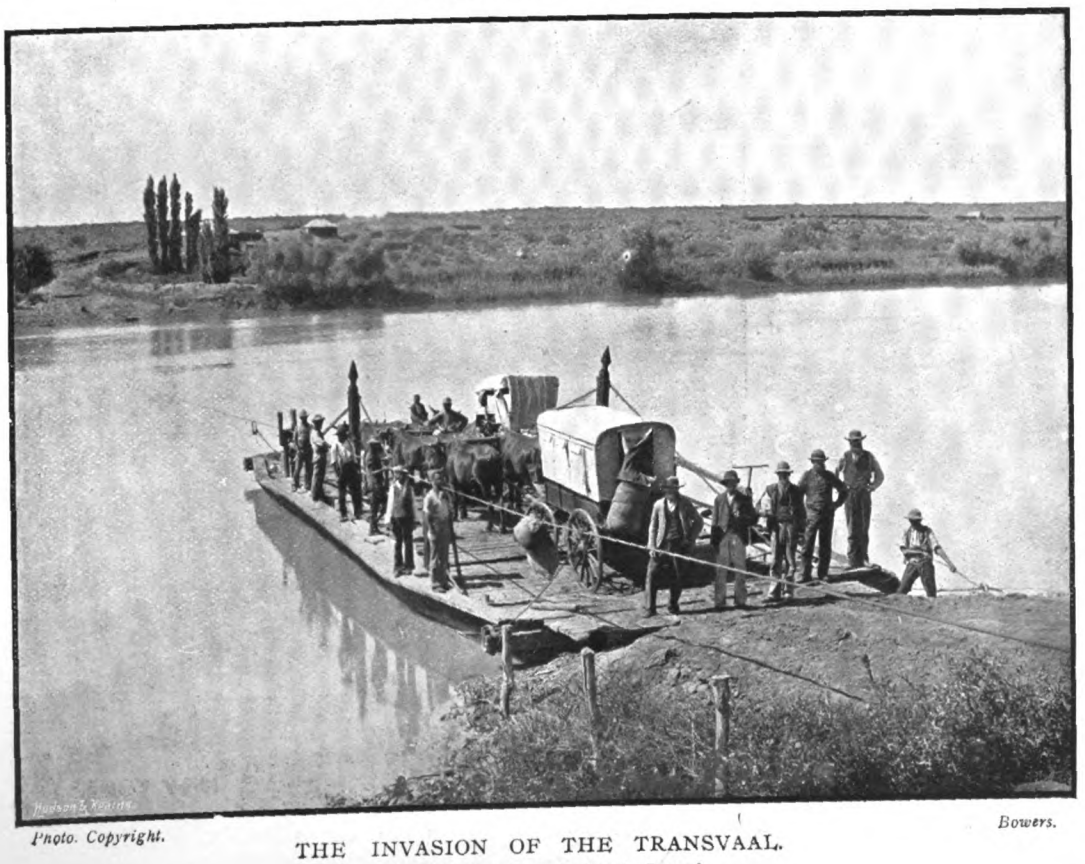


Photo. Copyright. Bowers.

THE INVASION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

The Spot where French's Troops Crossed.

IT would probably be incorrect to say that Lorenzo Marquez is the finest port in Southern African waters. There are people, doubtless, who would give the palm to Diego Suarez, in Madagascar, a port which is one of the spoils which France won from her conquest of the island. We may find occasion to regret her possession of it, if ever war should happen between the two Powers, unless, indeed, a convenient cruiser or two, with some aid from the Australian squadron, and a contingent of colonial forces, who will be nearer at hand than Imperial troops, should happen to hoist the British flag. At any rate, Diego Suarez apart, Lorenzo Marquez is the finest port in South-east Africa. It lies at the northern extremity of Delagoa Bay, at the mouth of the Olifants, or Krokodil River. Up this river steam launches can proceed for a considerable distance. It is true that the district is swampy and malarial, but when did such difficulties interfere with trade? There is no reason, moreover, why the malaria should continue if the district were under a more enlightened administration than the Portuguese rule which now controls it. Given intelligent government, and a generation — even a decade — would see an enormous difference in the conditions of life in the Portuguese settlements in East Africa, as well as elsewhere. Delagoa Bay, on which Lorenzo Marquez is at present the sole port, is large enough to contain the whole of the British Navy. There was a time when there was a talk of a portion of it coming under British control. There was a squabble between this country and Portugal on the matter of boundaries, and the decision was referred to the President of the French Republic. He decided in favour of Portugal—naturally—but even more recently the place could have been bought for £20,000, and the British Government refused to possess itself of the key to the Transvaal at this price. It has paid the penalty, and now our

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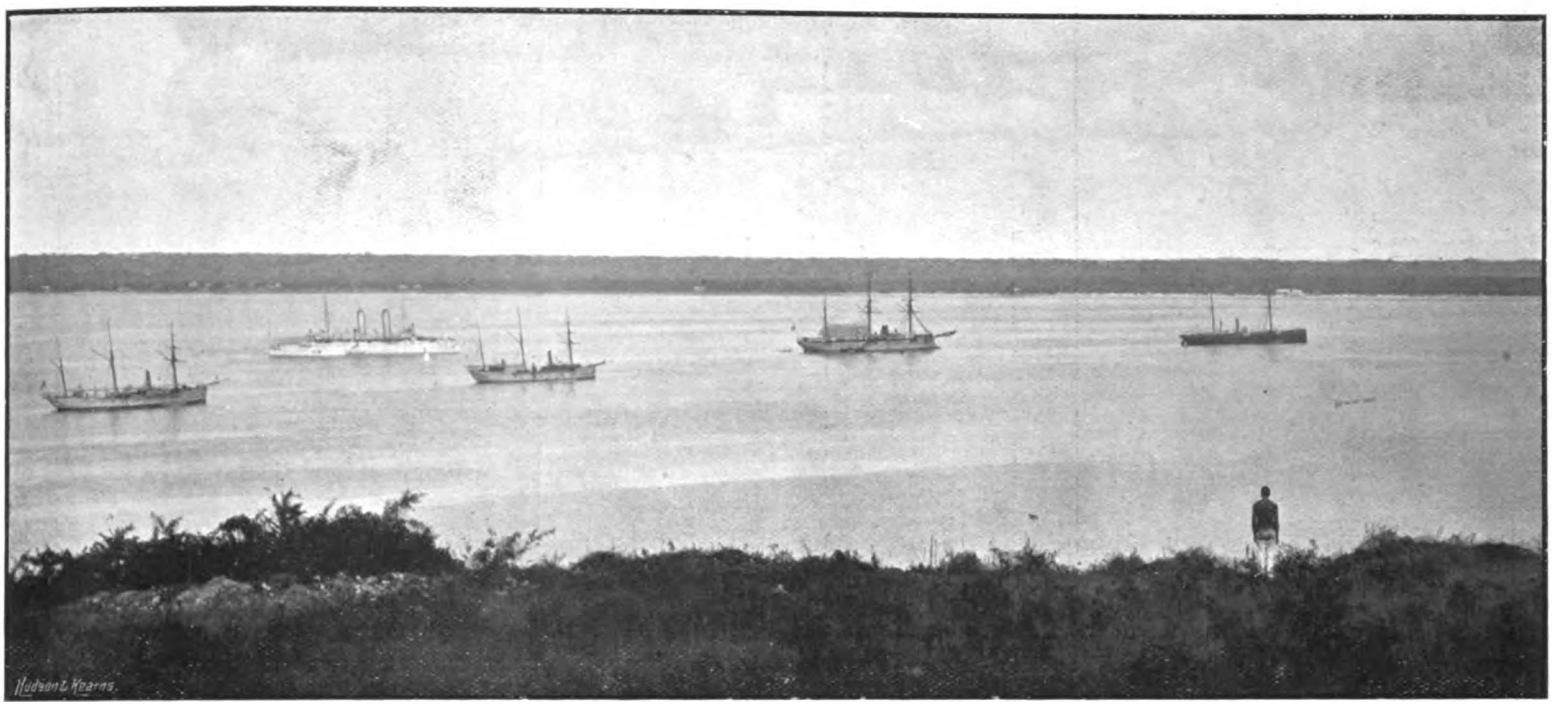
And South African Scenes.



H.M.S. "Widgeon" (British). *"Friesland" (Hollander).* *H.M.S. "Thrush" (British).* *"Neilly" (French).* *"India" (Portuguese Transport).* *"Navy & Army.*

AND A WAR SQUADRON IN IT.

panorama shows no fewer than five British ships lying at anchor at Lorenzo Marquez. Ordinarily there is only one ship, but circumstances alter cases, and it is sometimes convenient to have one ship relieving another, while a third is cleaning boilers, and a couple of gunboats are coaling. It does not then look like concentration. In our panorama of the placid bay, the ships, starting from the left, are the Forte, Thetis, Magicienne, Widgeon, Friesland (a Dutch ship which is destined it is said to take Kruger to Holland), Thrush, Nielly (a French vessel), and India (a Portuguese transport.

Lindley, so flat, with the hills falling softly away in the distance is one of the places which Mr. Steyn selected for his capital after he ceased to be President of what was the Orange Free State. He changed his mind, however, and chose Heilbron, but both were speedily occupied by our troops. Another of our pictures shows the steadily flowing Vaal at the drift where French managed to get across and to establish himself in Transvaal territory. The scene looks peaceful enough, and is calculated to suggest anything except the grim possibilities of a stern struggle for the right of passage. The extent to which we are sometimes befooled by names because they appear on maps, and because we have no home standard available to which to refer them, is shown by our picture of Ladybrand, The ordinary Englishman has heard a lot of it, and probably thinks it is quite an important place, but, after all, it is only a quiet little village—one might almost say a hamlet. Clocolan stands on a different footing so far as importance is concerned. It is a great industrial centre. Clocolan is to the north-east of Ladybrand, between it and Fricksburg, and the whole country is grain-producing, and is well worth our holding. This is doubtless the reason why so much attention was devoted to clearing it, and to getting it thoroughly under British control.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy and Army."*

LADYBRAND, A QUIET LITTLE VILLAGE.

But in the Centre of the Grain District.

Photo. Copyright. *Edwards.*

THE PRETTY SITE OF THE GREAT CORN-MILLS.

Clocolan, where so much Corn Fell into Our Hands.

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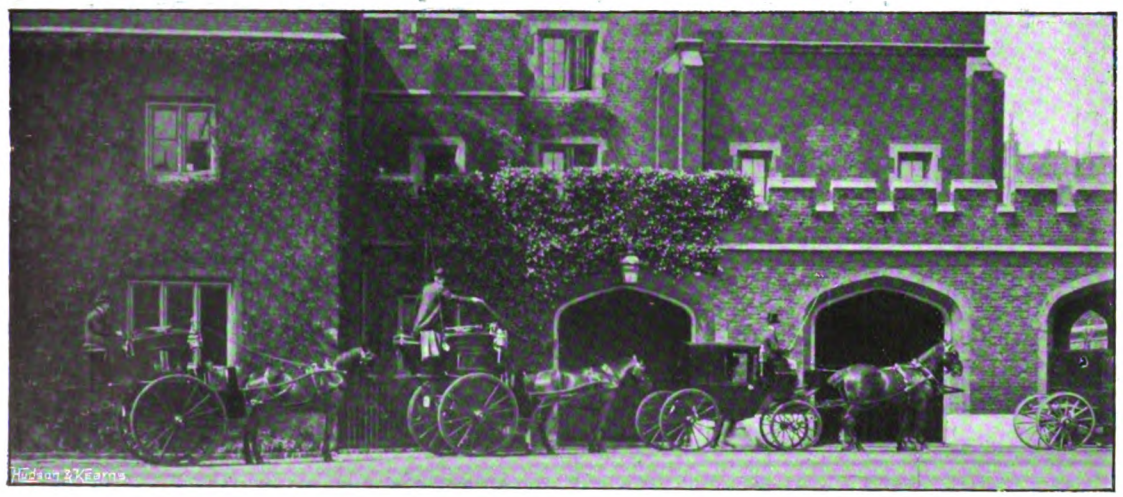

AT ST. JAMES'S.
Early Arrivals at the Palace Portico.

IN THE MALL.
Guard of Honour of Household Cavalry.

By Command of Her Majesty.

POPULAR PUBLIC SERVANTS.
Indistensable and Imperturbable.

The Prince of Wales's Levee.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGES.
The Prince and Escort of Life Guards.

GORGEOUS AND GALLANT.
The Band of the Royal Horse Guards.

From Photos taken Specially for "Navy & Army."

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 176.] *SATURDAY, JUNE 16th, 1900.*

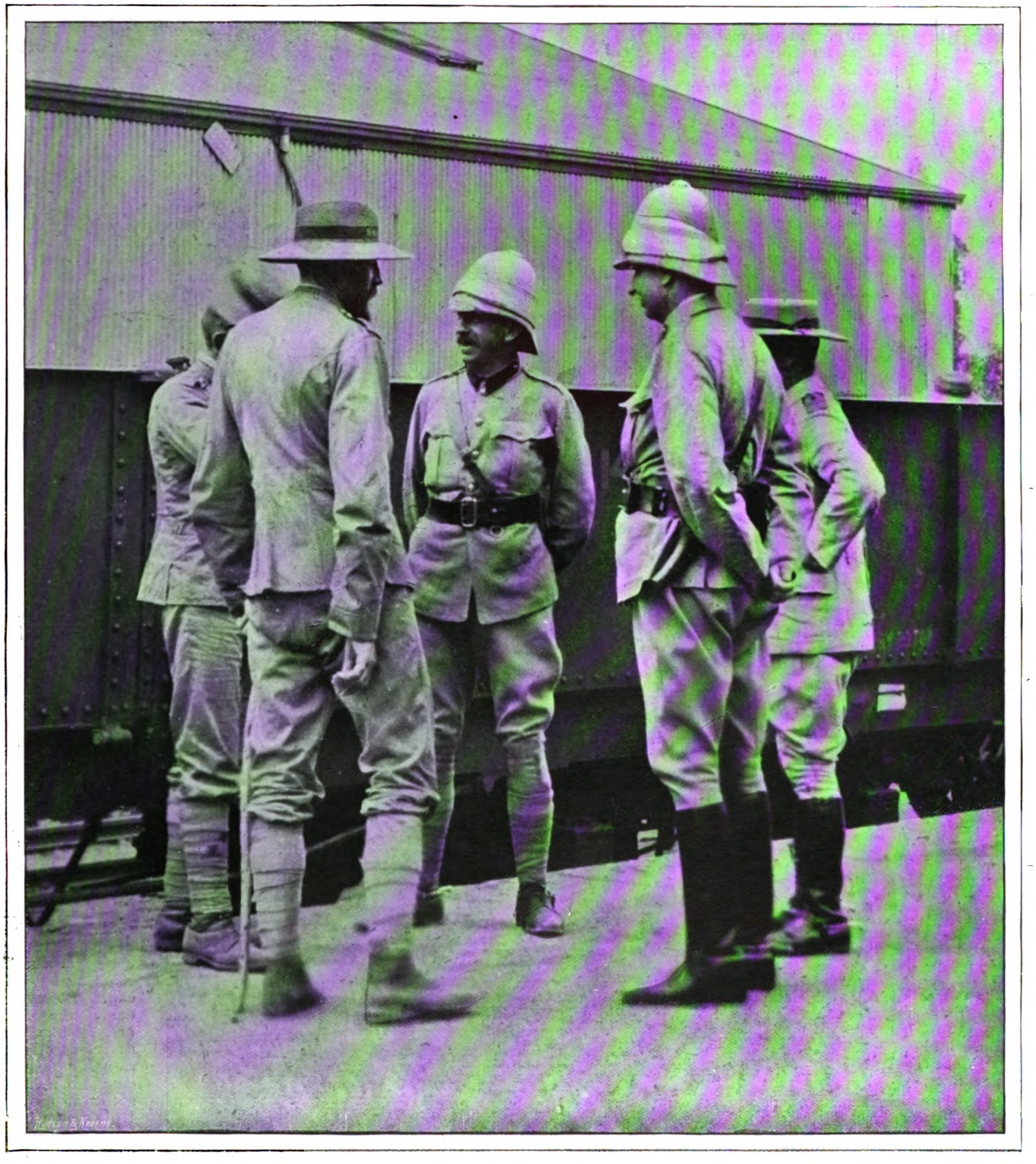

Photo. Copyright. *S. S. Watkinson.*

SIR REDVERS BULLER IN NATAL.

The burly presence of the officer who commanded the force that relieved Ladysmith will be easily recognised on the right of our picture. Surrounding him are some of the officers of that Naval Brigade which has done such splendid service in Natal, for the three officers, whose khaki straw hats contrast so strongly with the regulation helmets, belong to the senior service. The one on the right of the picture, whose face is hidden by Sir Redvers Buller's shoulder, is Captain Jones of the "Forte," who commands the Naval Brigade.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE fall of Pretoria, the chaos that has fallen upon the Boer administration, the expiring efforts of the defence, the flight of President Kruger and the prominent members of his Executive with gold from the Transvaal treasury, and the end of Krugerism are all the prelude to a vast work of reorganisation. While England is ringing with the praises of Lord Roberts and of the qualities of our soldiers, statesmen are looking forward to a tough business, the magnitude of which can scarcely yet be appreciated. Never since the beginning of the world has military business of the same kind been done, never has anything even approaching the same number of soldiers been sent anything like the same distance, and no other Power in the world could have achieved such a task in the same time. We have been fighting, too, for months in a country larger than central Europe from the Pyrenees to the Russian frontier with a most incomplete set of railway lines. Let Frenchmen and Germans, therefore, sneer at our management if they will, and reflect upon Madagascar, while they measure up the vast network of lines that is to facilitate their operations when they next come to blows. We have lost about 2,400 killed and 11,000 wounded, including about 600 who have died of wounds in South Africa, but the loss has occurred in some twenty battles or very considerable operations, while it is useful to remember that 6,250 were killed and wounded at Talavera, 4,000 at Albuera, 3,380 at Salamanca, 6,932 at Waterloo, and over 2,000 each at Quatre Bras, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, the Alma, and Inkerman. Even in Lord Methuen's much-discussed action at Modder River on November 28, when, with a force about 6,500 strong, he attacked 11,000 Boers strongly posted, his losses were only something like 7·3 per cent., while at Albuera the figure was 48 per cent., and at Talavera 30 per cent., while at Waterloo we lost 29 per cent., at Quatre Bras 20 per cent.; at Barrosa 27 per cent., and at Ferozeshah and Chillianwallah 15 per cent. The proportion fell to 9 per cent. at the Alma. All which goes to show that M. Bloch's contention is falsified.

GENERAL H. H. SETTLE, C.B., D.S.O.
Who was in Command of the Column against the Rebels in Cape Colony.

Photo *Ball.*
SERGT. G. HILTON, 1st Scots Guards
Who has just been Given a Commission for Gallantry in South Africa. In Egypt he won the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field.

ONE effect of the war has been to bring forward young men, and it is an effect that might have been anticipated. At Waterloo all Napoleon's marshals were in the prime of life, and not one of them was over fifty. The *petit caporal* himself was only forty-six, like Soult and Ney. The seniors were Drouet d'Erlon and Grouchy, who, at the age of forty-nine, did much to wreck the plans of their chief. Davout, Lobau, Lamarque, and Kellermann were forty-five; Reille and Vandamme, forty-four; Rapp, Clausel, Suchet, and Pajol, forty-three; Gérard, forty-two; Drouot, forty-one; and Exelmans, forty; while several generals of division were under the last age. The age of Wellington was forty-six. The effect of a long peace is to provide for the retention of older men, and fortunate is the country that produces such veterans as Lord Roberts. But our great commander in South Africa is an exception to the rule that vigour rests solely with the young, only needing experience to fit them for the higher duties of command. Nothing good can, however, come out of a bad system or defective origin as Napoleon's own marshals suffice to prove, for they were men more conspicuous for physical strength and military talents than for the necessary confidence in triumph of their cause.

Photo. *Russell.*
CAPT. J. E. B. SEELY, Imperial Yeomanry.
The Hampshire Yeomanry Officer who has been Elected M.P. for the Isle of Wight. Whilst his Constituents were Electing him he was Earning Special Mention in Despatches.

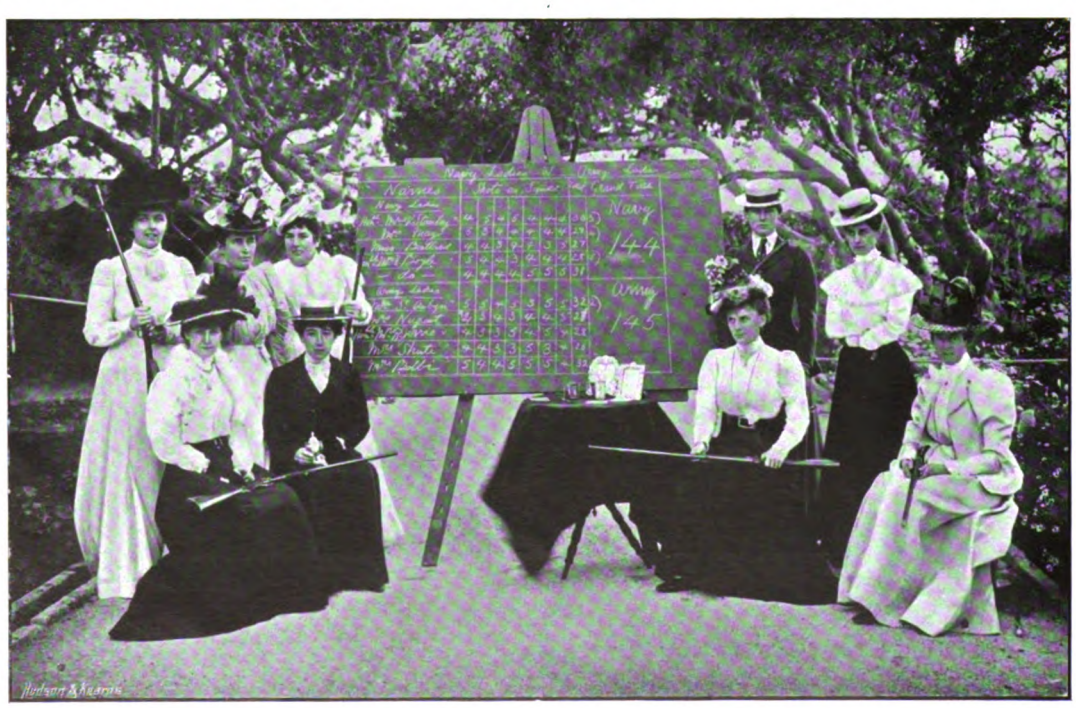

Photo. Copyright. *J. Mallia.*

A GROUP OF FAIR MARKSWOMEN.

Rifle Shooting is a Popular Sport with the Ladies of both Services in Garrison at Malta, and our Picture shows the Teams that Contested in the Recent Army v. Navy Competition.

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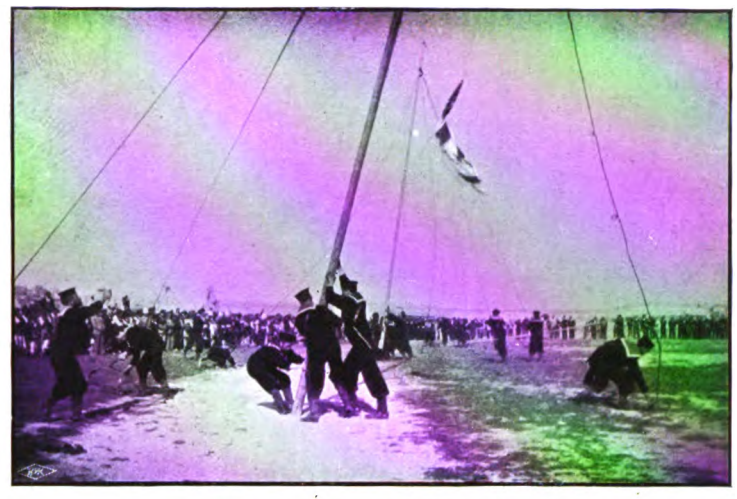
EN ROUTE TO SOUTH AFRICA.

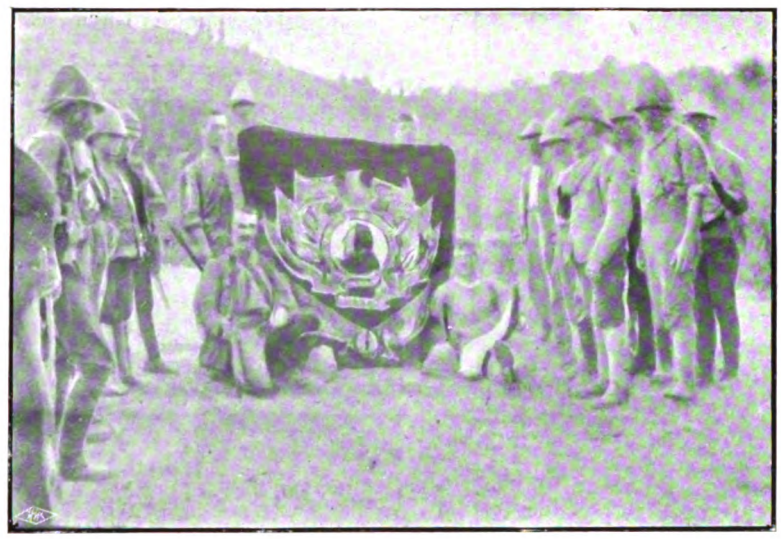
Sports on Board the "Cymric," one of the big White Star Cargo Liners that Make our Best Transports.



A NOVEL NAVAL COMPETITION AT MALTA.

Teams of Eight Run to where Masts, Stays, Flags, and Halliards are Placed, Carry them 100-yds., Hoist and Fix them all Shipshape, and finally Race to the Winning Post. The Final was Won by the "Astræa."

THE Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society have shown their confidence in youth by appointing Lieutenant Robert F. Scott to the command of the National Antarctic Expedition. Mr. Goschen also had confidence in that brilliant young officer, for he was one of two offered by the Admiralty to the committee. Lieutenant Scott is only thirty years of age, but he has had the experience of fifteen years as a Naval officer, and has a record that proves his competence. He possesses the qualities of "go" and energising force, combined with the power of discipline and command that come from experience in Her Majesty's Fleet. All officers under whom Lieutenant Scott has served testify to his qualities, and he is known to be an equally good sailor under steam or canvas. Many will envy this young officer his splendid opportunity of treading in the steps of noted Naval officers who have laboured in the field of Polar exploration—men like Sir Leopold McClintock, Sir Erasmus Ommanney, and Sir Vesey Hamilton, who have contributed so much to the work of adding to the store of human knowledge. Nearly twelve months must elapse before Lieutenant Scott can leave our shores with his command, but the time will be well filled with the work of selecting officers, collecting stores, and providing instruments and appliances. The scientific head of the expedition will be Dr. J. W. Gregory, once of the Natural History Museum, but now Professor of Geology at Melbourne University, who has devoted much thought to the question of Antarctic exploration and the physics of the Southern Pole. He is coming home to undertake the work of organisation, and no doubt the two gentlemen selected will have the advantage of the experience of Mr. Borchgrevink, who has recently reached England after navigating for twelve months in the Antarctic.

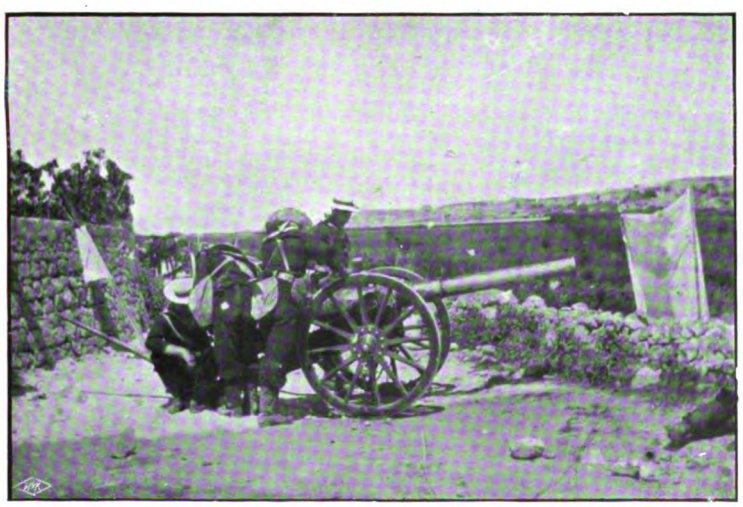


THE SPOILS OF WAR.

A Boer Flag Captured by the Royal Dublin Fusiliers at Pieter's Hill during the Advance for the Relief of Ladysmith. "Oom Paul's" Portrait Decorates the Trophy.

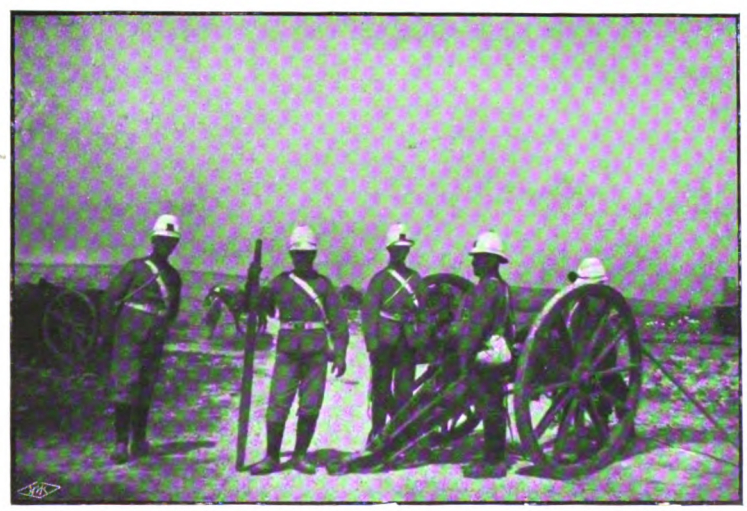
THE National Bazaar has found a successor in that which is to be opened next Tuesday by Princess Christian at Olympia. The great success which attended the great Bazaar has evidently encouraged the committee to a great effort, and Mr. Goschen and the Marchioness of Lansdowne, who are to perform the opening ceremonies on the following days, cannot but be gratified by what has been done for the Services they will represent. Fifty stalls are to bear the names of ships and regiments, and the C.I.V. and the Imperial Yeomanry, with the "A.M.B." Relief Corps will all be represented, as well as certain of the colonies. The ladies who represent the Household Brigade are to sell flowers, those of the 1st Life Guards books, and of the 2nd Life Guards, such very unwarlike implements as umbrellas and walking sticks—unwarlike at least in reputable circles. There will also be a military canteen, where tea will be dispensed, and Kneller Hall will be prominent with a band of excellent boy instrumentalists trained in its classes. The object of the bazaar is an excellent one—to raise a substantial sum for the Bisley Homes Fund, and everything points to success.

THOSE curious gentlemen the "Boxers" are likely to give a vast deal of trouble in China. They are not like those "reckless fellows who band together and create riots," described by Her Majesty the Empress Dowager, but were recognised as "submissive and loyal subjects who learned gymnastic drill for the protection of their families." This does not prevent them from being the tools of political



THE "HANDY MAN" AND HIS GUN.

The 12 pounder is Jack's Field Gun, though as we now know the "Handy Man" can with ease do Field Service with a 45-pounder or 100-pounder.



ACTION FRONT.

The Royal Malta Artillery do Garrison Duty in their Island as a rule, but in War Time like the rest of the British Army they go a long way. Some of them are now Looking after the Northern Terminus of the Cape to Cairo Railway.

From Photos. by Military Correspondents.

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desperadoes who operate through the agency of a secret society. It seems quite uncertain whether the Empress is alarmed at a Frankenstein she has raised by her mild patronage of the "Righteous Harmony Fists," or is secretly fomenting their agitation for the undoing of the Barbarians. In any case, we have but one course—to assert our position and to take efficient steps to protect our interest. There can be no doubt that the Manchus did encourage and support the Boxers, and the Chinese Government must bear any evil consequences that result. At the same time, we must not overlook the fact that the stability of that Government is a very important factor in the peace of the Far East.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

MAJOR-GENERAL IAN HAMILTON, C.B., D.S.O.

The Gallant Commander of the Mounted Infantry Division, whose exertions Contributed so Largely to the Success of Lord Roberts's advance through the Transvaal, the Occupation of Johannesburg, and the Capture of Pretoria.

THERE has been a tendency to exaggerate the importance of Ko-je-do—or as some people call it Cargodo—that island which has come into prominent notice through the aggressive policy of Russia in Korea. Great strategic importance has been assigned to it on the assumption that it commands the Korean Straits and lies midway between Port Arthur and Vladivostok. The truth is that the importance of the place depends entirely upon the ability of its possessor to make use of it, and, like every other position of a similar character, it must lie ultimately at the disposition of the superior Naval Power. In itself it can command no more of the sea than is within range of its guns. The Russians are doing a great deal to strengthen their Naval position in those waters, and in particular are sending out a number of their new destroyers, so that it is perhaps possible they may contemplate making Ko-je-do a nest for craft of that kind. In that case, such a position might become a very convenient—or even a necessary—secondary base or port of supply. It does not indeed appear likely that for some time to come Russia will be able to make use of the position, but the danger is that, recognising this fact, we may be content to acquiesce in her policy, finding later on that what she has secured may prove much to her advantage.

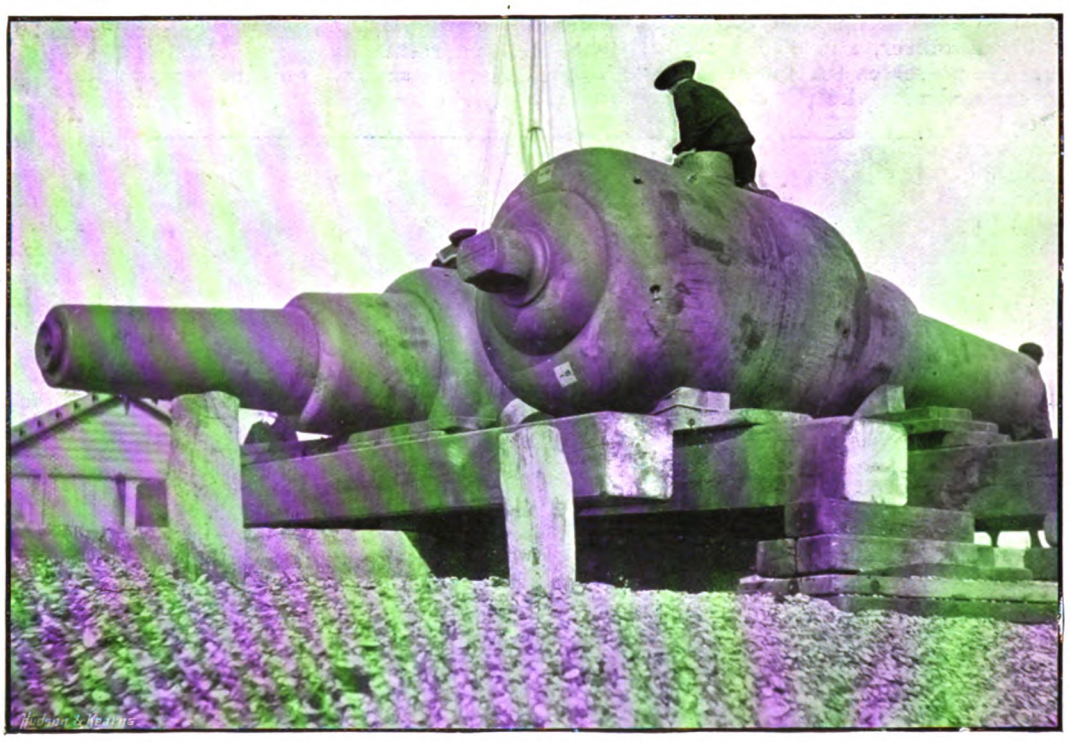

Photo. Copyright. PAST THEIR PRIME. *Cribb*

The Woolwich Infants—Now Grown Old—are the 12-in. 25-ton Muzzle-loaders, such as formed the Main Battery of the "Belleisle" when she Served as a Target to the Guns of the "Majestic," the Flagship of the Channel Squadron.

OUR policy is undoubtedly to make a friend of Japan, and the interests of the two countries happily run together. In the rise of Japan as a Naval Power we have witnessed one of the most remarkable events of the century, and the great fleet which took part in the manœuvres at the beginning of May, and of which particulars have been received, was a very significant sign of the position of this new Naval Power. Not less than fifty vessels were engaged, including five battleships, thirteen cruisers, and ten destroyers, all, with a single exception, of modern construction, and representing a fleet equal to any three squadrons in the Far East, that of Great Britain excepted. No mishap of the smallest importance attended the manœuvres, and, although a veil of secresy was thrown over the course of them, it is announced that everything worked smoothly. In this connection it deserves to be noticed that the Japanese, unlike the Russians, display great skill in the handling of their ships, as is testified by the fact that not a single vessel has been lost owing to faulty seamanship since the National Navy began to be formed thirty years ago. When the Emperor, on board the Elswick-built armoured cruiser "Asama," steamed down the lines of the ships at Kobe he witnessed such a spectacle as the Orient has never seen before. There can be no doubt now as to Japan's great position as a maritime power of the first magnitude in the Far East.

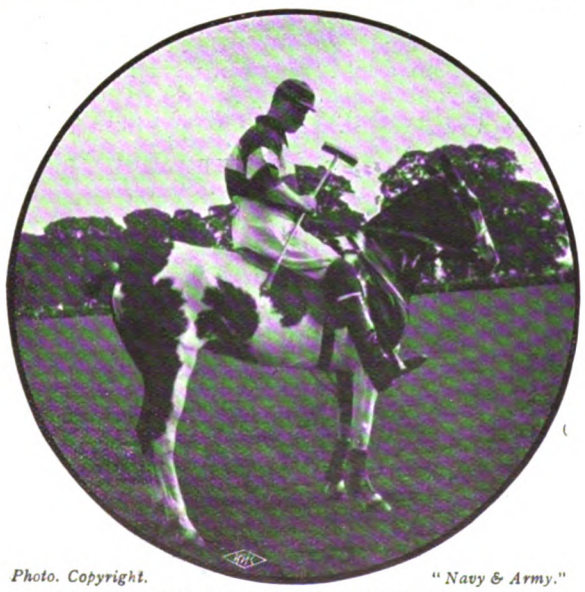

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

LIEUTENANT NEIL HAIG, Inniskilling Dragoons.

Lieutenant Haig and his Skewbald Pony are amongst the most Noted of Service Polo Players. He was taken Prisoner on May 10, but is now free at Pretoria. One more Victim to Boer "Slimness," for his Capture and the Death and Wounding of several others was the Result of another "White Flag" Treachery.

THOSE who visit the French Exhibition should certainly not fail to spend some time in the Naval Pavilion near the Champs de Mars. The French have always been noted for originality in ship-building, and the array of models will be exceedingly attractive to all interested in Naval matters. The collection has only just been completed, and it reflects very great credit upon all concerned. It is noteworthy that models of modern French battleships are not exhibited. The exhibits include ship machinery and guns of many kinds. The Vickers-Maxim Pavilion, however, surpasses the official exhibit in the matter of ordnance, and is itself built in the form of the turret of a battleship, and includes quick-firing guns of many kinds. The curious in Naval matters will find a great many interesting things scattered about the Exhibition. On the military side there is also a great deal of interest, and the past and present of the French and some foreign armies may be pretty thoroughly studied in its external aspects. It is at length possible to say that the Exhibition is completed, and is an undoubted success. The French are excellent in the arrangement of displays of all kinds, and they have never done better than in the present Exhibition. The blots on the great show have disappeared, and the Naval and Military sections abound with interest. Englishmen who shake off the prejudice thrust upon them may enjoy the show very much.

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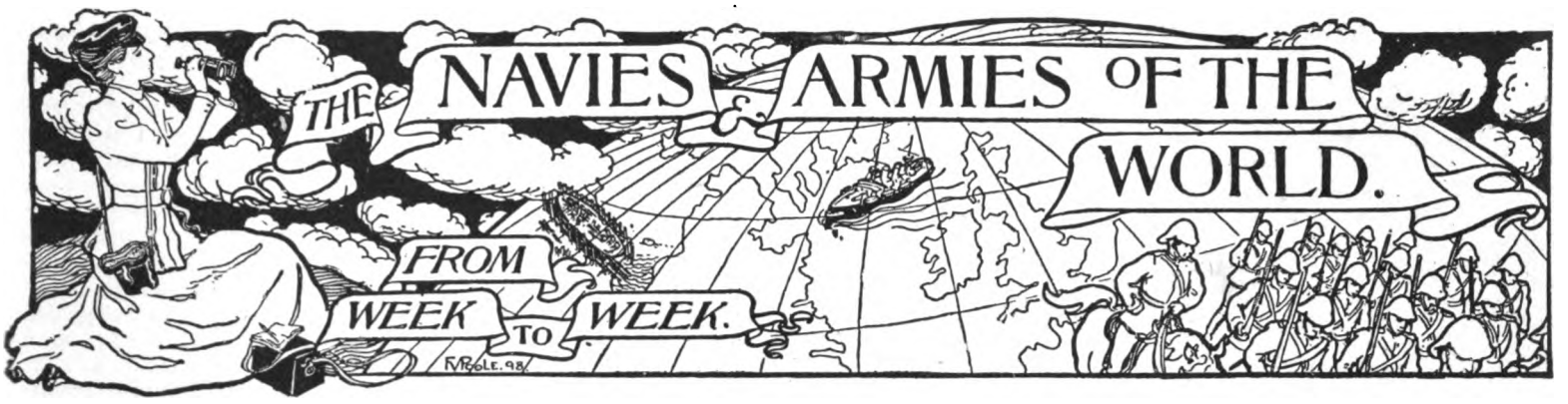

IT is more than probable that the Naval question immediately before us is that of the training of seamen. In the improbable case that a great Naval war comes along we shall have other things to think of, and the whole matter will perhaps settle itself in the course of the fight. But in the meantime, and if peace lasts, as it is most likely to do, we have to think and argue the training question out. There is to be a set field-day shortly at the United Service Institution, when all views will have a chance to be fully considered. Meanwhile, contributions to the debate are not wanting. The most notable of these is an article by Rear-Admiral C. C. P. Fitzgerald in the current *National Review*. No one is better qualified to speak on the subject, and, it may be added with all respect, no one is better fun in a discussion. Admiral Fitzgerald arguing the point always brings before one's mind's eye the vision of a very big, black-bearded, and intrepid buccaneer leading the boarders on to a Spanish galleon, or storming forts on the way to Panama. There is no nonsense about him, and though there is no hitting below the belt, it is good cut and thrust work, meant to tell, and to abolish all opponents utterly. It is, perhaps, pedantry to wish that the admiral would not use such phrases as "that seems to go without saying," which is not English. A man might as well say "that lets itself lightly to understand." French and German are fine languages, but our noble mother tongue can do without their help. But apart from this concession to a bad habit the admiral is in great form. He has been nettled at finding himself included by Sir Gerald Noel, and by implication, in the list of "those officers whose day is passed, or of men possessing a very limited knowledge of what is best for the Navy." Less would make Admiral Fitzgerald hit out, and he carries the war into Sir Gerald Noel's country in fine style.

* * * *

It is to be feared, too, that he is in the right, or in what is the practical equivalent in this world—that is, on the winning side. Admiral Noel has argued in favour of re-establishing the masted training. His case is one with which all who remember and admire the past must sympathise, for sentimental reasons. Sentiment is a word which is held to express a certain contempt nowadays, but after all there is a great deal of it at the back of all good work and all heroism. The British seaman of the old type, who was one of the finest and most capable of men, was trained by handling ships under sail. We know that this schooling produced excellent men. We have yet to learn by experience that another kind of life will do equally well. It is natural that we should be unwilling to part with what we know was good before being sure that we can find its full equivalent. Perhaps, too, there is this also to be considered—that for the man on the deck, officer or bluejacket, the handling of a ship under sail is an art and a constant pleasure. He parts from it reluctantly when he does the work well. If I may speak on the strength of a very limited experience, I should say that there is something peculiarly delightful in the mere motion of a ship under sail never approached by the steamer which goes by a succession of jerks.

* * * *

Unfortunately, this is "sentiment," or sport, and is not business. Admiral Fitzgerald goes to the root of the matter when he says: "Why, for the last thirty, or even forty, years the great majority of our men-of-war have been full-powered steamers, and as soon as they got into difficulties under sail they just got up steam and steamed out of those difficulties." And, according to good authority, this may be said with equal truth of the masted training squadron itself. It also got up steam in a difficulty and steamed out. But from the moment that this is the case its value as a school of training is almost wholly gone. It was precisely the necessity of fighting with difficulties by the use of sails which formed the characters and developed the capacities of the old seamen. Take away that stern schooling, reduce work under sail till it is done only in those circumstances in which it is easy, and the handling of a ship under sail becomes a mere amusement—a thing to be done only in fine weather and with plenty of sea room. It is a fine healthy amusement, no doubt, but an amusement.

* * * *

The practical business is whether there is any advantage in giving a part of the crews of our war-ships a brief period of this exercise in their youth. Nobody proposes to give it to all. It has not of late years been given to more than a part even of the Bluejackets. It is hard to believe that there is. The value of the training depends on its thoroughness. To be fully obtained, the training given by a sailing ship, besides being thorough, must be prolonged for some time. It is not said that the things he learns to do in a masted ship will be of use to the seaman when he comes to the modern battle-ship or cruiser. It is the character and the habits alike of mind and body which are of value. But habits of mind and body are not formed in a few months. The work of years is required to make them, whether by sea or land. What then can the masted training squadron give? The knowledge it imparts is not practically valuable, and it is not allowed to shape the character. It would seem to be too much and too little at once. The lads who go to it are taken from the conditions in which they will have to live, and they do not stay long enough, nor are they so tested as to get the full education which the masted vessel has to give. Therefore it is easy to believe that the much-quoted officer of the "Excellent," who found that the men who had passed through the training squadron were nowise superior, but, on the contrary, rather inferior, to those who had not, was in the right. For the work they had to do in the "Excellent" they probably were none the better.

* * * *

No respect whatever is due to the cant which calls the working of modern machines scientific, and denies the name to seamanship in the old sense. It is scientific to control and direct the forces of Nature with the most appropriate tools, and nothing is more slovenly than to apply the name to one process using one power, and not to another employed on a different force. But, catch-words aside, there is real truth in the contention that the seaman in the old sense is not necessarily the best man to handle a modern ship. There is even a case for maintaining that he is rather the contrary. By sailor in the old sense I do not mean the young fellow who has had a trip and a promise of training in a masted ship. I mean the thoroughly formed "sailor man," with his strong character and his settled habits. He was and is a very fine type, but he is out of place in a vessel such as has been elaborated by the inventions of the last two generations. He is in his way an artist, and loves his art, but for that very reason he does not love indifferent training. Suppose, now, that we do make sailors in the old sense in our training squadrons; it follows that they will have much to unlearn when they go into the battle-ships and cruisers. The point is not that they will have to unlearn knowledge. Nothing is easier for all of us than to do that. We are always doing it with horrible facility. They will have to unlearn settled habits and ways of thinking, which is quite another business. But if the masted training squadron must give either an education which is a sham, or one which is a disqualification, what case is there for its retention?

DAVID HANNAY.

THE strength of our standing Army has increased some fourfold within the last couple of centuries. In 1792, for instance, it was only 57,300 men, and the annual expenditure was then about £8,000,000. It was never stronger before or since than in 1810, when it numbered 306,700 men, and in that year the expenditure was no less than £26,700,000. The reason of the sudden and enormous increase is to be found, of course, in the wars between England and France, lasting from 1793 to 1815. In 1850 the Army numbered 138,800 men, and ten years later stood at 229,500. In the meantime the Russian War had been carried through. In 1661 our regular Army numbered only 5,200 soldiers.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Literature of the War.

THE "boom" in war books has not lasted long. Already they are hanging heavy on the booksellers' hands. Nor can this be wondered at. The number of them and the poor quality of most made it certain that the public would soon be tired of hasty, jumbled volumes telling them no more than they knew already. When the newspapers are so full of long telegrams and still longer letters, a book must have something to recommend it other than the information it gives. If the writer has an individual talent and the power of bringing events vividly before the reader, like the brilliant George Steevens, or a personality that attracts public notice, like Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, then his book is sure to be read. But mere reprints of ordinary war correspondence have no attraction or value for anyone except the author's friends, and not much for them. In the newspapers you find plenty to read about the incidents of the day before yesterday. This is much more interesting than a book about the events of the month before last, events which the newspapers described fully at the time, and of which you probably read in the very words of the book. No, the republication of war correspondence is played out. As they have so often done before, the publishers misjudged the public taste. At first they were ready to accept anything they could get hold of in the nature of a war book. Now they are beginning to shake their heads at everything "khaki," whether it has any special quality to recommend it or not.

When the war is over there will be a crop of complete histories of the campaign. These will be bought to be read and kept. Will any new historian reveal himself, to be the Kinglake of the war against the South African Republics? The campaign itself and the events that led up to it offer great chances to a powerful writer. It seems almost a pity Mr. Kipling is not an historian. It is an immense advantage to a chronicler of military operations to have been at the actual theatre of war. Our regular historians at present are mostly of the stay-at-home order. There is, by the way, a possibility of a complete history of the war by a combination of pens that would command universal confidence and would cover the ground thoroughly. Of this more will be heard before long. Then it is only to be expected that a number of military works will be written on the war and its lessons. The literature of the Franco-German War went on producing itself for many years after peace had been signed. The patient, painstaking Germans have hardly finished writing about it yet. But military works appeal to a small class, not to the general reading public. What seems certain is that this public is quite content with the numerous war columns of the daily papers, and has no desire to read bound-up extracts from these columns long after date.

The war correspondent, therefore, unless he is a writer of exceptional powers, must be satisfied to shine in the newspaper. And he certainly ought to be satisfied with this. Never has he played so prominent a part. During the final Egyptian Campaign against the Dervishes—for last winter's *coup de grace* can hardly be counted as a campaign—it was said that the war correspondent's day had already passed. Lord Kitchener's strict Press censorship and his dislike of the methods of journalism, which the strictness was supposed to imply, seemed to many observers to mean that the war correspondent was to be squeezed out. The prediction has been notably falsified by the South African Campaign. There were never so many correspondents in the field, and they never before managed to see so much—or to give the impression that they had seen so much. Contrast the activity of the journalist in khaki, who must judge of the effect of every action for himself, and who does not consider he is doing his duty unless he is in the firing line or very little behind it, with the "peaceable citizen" manner in which one of the earliest war correspondents did his work. When Henry Crabb Robinson was sent to Spain for the *Times* in 1808, it never entered his head that he ought to be anywhere but at a safe distance from any fighting that might be in progress. In January, 1809, the French were known to be approaching Coruña and to be engaging the British troops. This was, in fact, the celebrated battle of Coruña, at which Sir John Moore was killed. When Mr. Crabb Robinson heard that a battle was going on, he strolled out of the town, heard firing at a distance, gathered from its seeming to roll further off that the enemy were driven back, and then hurried off to the harbour and put himself on board a ship bound for England lest a worse thing might happen to him. He heard nothing of the details of the great battle or even of the death of the British general until he got back to England. What a chance for a war correspondent to miss! Everyone knows the famous poem, and what a striking picture Charles Wolfe conjured up of the hasty committal to earth of Sir John Moore's body.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

Only think what Archibald Forbes, George Steevens, or E. F. Knight would have made of such a scene!

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 17, 1748.—Assault by the French, under Dupleix, on Cuddalore repulsed. 1775.—Battle of Bunker's Hill. A hardly-earned victory over the Americans, our losses being 226 killed, and 828 wounded. 1896.—Successful reconnaissance by Captain Mahon to the third cataract of the Nile.

June 18, 1815.—Battle of Waterloo. The strength of the French under Napoleon was 80,000 men, and 252 guns, that of the allied army, under Wellington, was 72,000 men, and 186 guns. The first gun was fired at eleven o'clock, and at about five o'clock 16,000 Prussians, the vanguard of Blücher's force arrived. Blücher himself, came up two hours' later with 50,000 men in time to turn the defeat into a complete rout, and the final overthrow of Napoleon was accomplished.

June 19, 1781.—Siege of Ninety Six (a fortress in South Carolina) raised by the Americans after a final attempt to take the place by storm.

June 20, 1779.—Americans under Lincoln repulsed at Stoney Point and St. John's Island by Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland. 1812.—Djojocarta (Java) carried by storm by Colonel Gillespie.

June 21, 1690.—Surrender of St. Christopher's. 1704.—Battle of Donauwerth. The confederate army, under Marlborough, routed the French and Bavarians, under Count d'Arco. 1813.—Battle of Vittoria. Wellington with 78,000 British, Portuguese, and Spanish, utterly defeated 70,000 French, under Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Jourdan; 151 guns, 415 caissons, a quantity of stores, and five and a-half millions of dollars were captured, and the French total loss was 6,000 men.

June 22, 1803.—Morne Fortunée carried, the reduction of St. Lucia being thereby completed.

June 23, 1757.—Battle of Plassey. Clive with 1,000 British troops and about 2,000 Sepoys overthrew Surajah Dowlah's army of 55,000 men.

JUNE 17, 1704.—The "Romney," 60, captured the French "Sybille," 46, in Minconi Road. 1795.—Cornwallis's retreat. 1813.—Landing party from the "Saracen," 18, defeated the French garrison of Zapano, in the Adriatic, with the bayonet. 1813.—Admiral Lord Barham died. 1815.—Action between the "Pilot," 18, and the French "Legère," 22, off Cape Corso.

June 18, 1778.—Capture of the French "Pallas," 32, by the "Foudrovant," 80, and consorts. 1793.—Capture of the French "Cléopatre," 40, off the Start, by the British "Nymphe," 36, Captain Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth. 1805.—The "Ariadne" and consorts in action with Napoleon's Boulogne flotilla. 1855.—Bombardment of Narua, by the "Blenheim" and consorts.

June 19, 1799.—Lord Keith's fleet, off Minorca, captured a French squadron intended for the relief of Malta. 1809.—Boats of the "Bellerophon" at Hango Head, Finland, the seamen and marines storming the heavy Russian batteries. 1864.—The "Alabama" sunk off Cherbourg.

June 20, 1743.—Anson's "Centurion" fell in with and captured the "Manila Gallcon." 1746.—Commodore Fox captured the French West India merchantman fleet off Cape Ortegal. 1783.—Battle off Pondicherry between Hughes and Suffren. 1854.—Mr. C. D. Lucas, mate of the "Hecla," in the Baltic, won the first V.C. gazetted. 1891.—The "Intrepid" launched.

June 21, 1596.—Capture of Cadiz by Howard and Essex. 1891.—The "Albion" launched.

June 22, 1372.—The Earl of Pembroke's battle with the Spaniards off La Rochelle. 1839.—Vice-Admiral Hon. St. John B. Palliser born. 1893.—Loss of the "Victoria." 1894.—Prince Edward of York born.

June 23, 1795.—Lord Bridport's battle off Belleisle. 1812.—Action between the "Belvidera," 36, and the "American President," 60, and the "Congress," 40. 1813.—Boats of the "Castor," 32, cut out the French privateer "Fortune," under a strong fort, coast of Catalonia.

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Places of Interest in South Africa.

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

ZEERUST, when the war cloud does not rest upon the land, is a quiet little place with 800 inhabitants, in a very rich agricultural district of the Transvaal lying north of the Malmani goldfields. In ordinary times we should hear little of it, but it lies in the Marico Valley about forty miles north-east of Mafeking, and was the place chosen by the Matabele after they were driven out from Zululand, only to be driven out again by the Boers in 1837. The place came into note at the time of the Jameson raid, for it lies upon the way from Pitsani Potlugo, whence the raiders started to Doornkop, where their adventure ended. During the siege of Mafeking it was an important point for Commandant Snyman, because from that direction he could draw supplies, and some danger existed that Colonel Plumer might advance by that route.

Zeerust is now active once more with the marching and provisioning of troops, for some of our forces pass that way from the west in their advance to Pretoria, and from the Zeerust district large supplies can still be drawn. The place at one time was extremely unhealthy, for it lies in a valley several hundreds of feet lower than the road leading north from Mafeking, but drainage and constant labour have done much, and the Zeerust district is now one of the most fertile in the Transvaal.

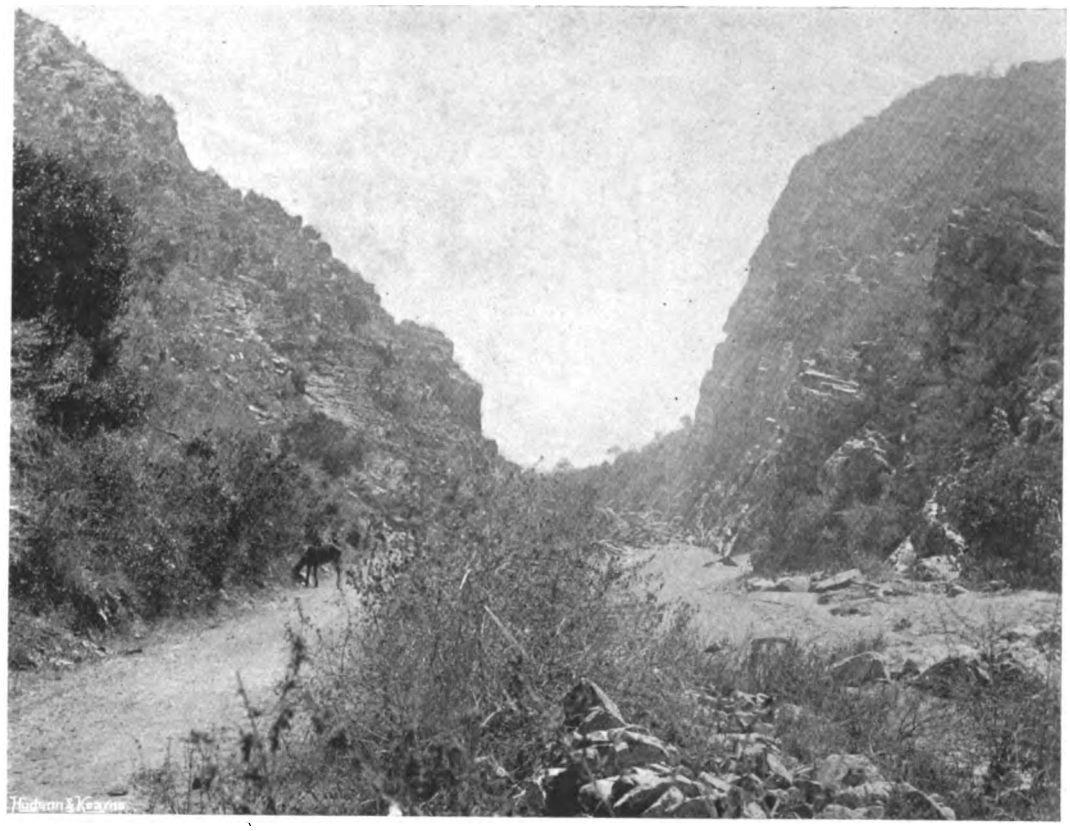
President Kruger has left all these riches and potentialities behind — for the mineral resources of Zeerust have yet to be developed — in order to betake himself to Lydenburg, which we also illustrate. His future movements are indeed obscure, but when he fled from Pretoria to the east it was assumed that he proposed to establish the semblance of a government in the mountains. Lydenburg has seen a Boer Government before, for, having been established in 1847 by a party of burghers from the abandoned town of Origstad, it was for eleven years the capital of an independent republic which amalgamated with the Utrecht Republic, 1858, and was ultimately merged in the Transvaal. This, again, is a gold-bearing district, the land over which Oom Paul has ruled being a veritable El Dorado. There is evidence that the alluvial goldfields were worked by the Portuguese centuries ago, but they were rediscovered about 1869 by Mr. Button and Mr. M'Lachlan, two enterprising gentlemen, who, nevertheless, failed to gain the government reward of £500 for the discovery of the first paying goldfield in the Transvaal.

The Lydenburg District is a sort of Switzerland. The valleys are fertile but malarious, and the hills constitute a real fastness from which it might be difficult to dislodge the stalwarts of President Kruger, if they should choose to establish themselves there.

The deep valleys and precipitous hills, craggy heights, and many caverns in the district, adapted for defence and the purposes of secretion by the natives, would be the refuges of Kruger's men, while the malarious approaches would constitute serious difficulty in our dealing with them. However, even if this kind of warfare be attempted, there can be no doubt as to its end.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF ZEERUST.
An Interesting Neighbour of Mafeking.

LYDENBURG IN THE MOUNTAINS.
The Contemplated Capital of Kruger.



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ON THE LYDENBURG ROAD.
An Approach to the Rugged Fastness.

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Inspection of the London Scottish.

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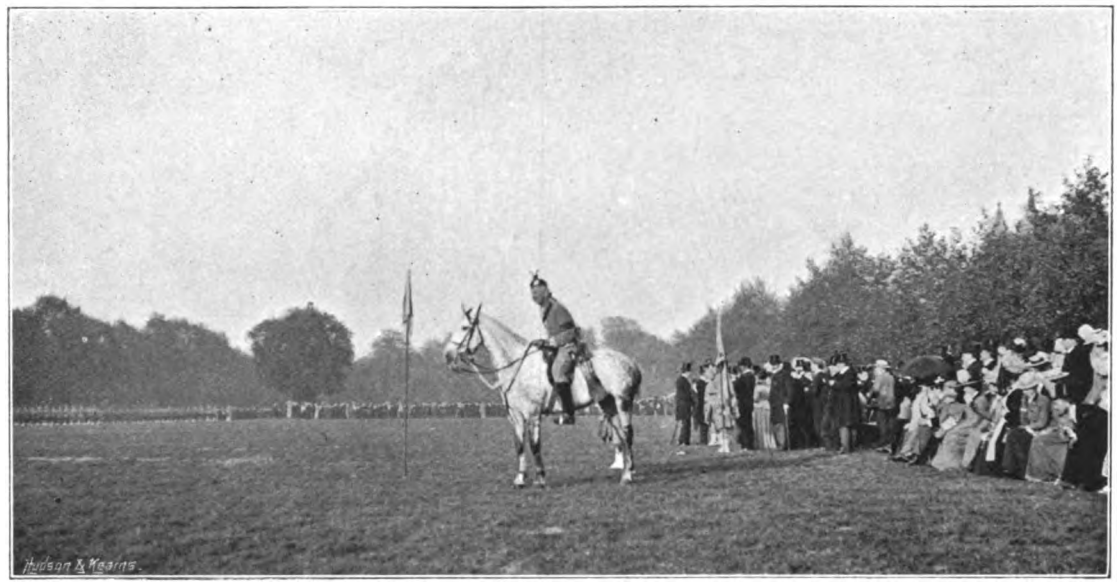
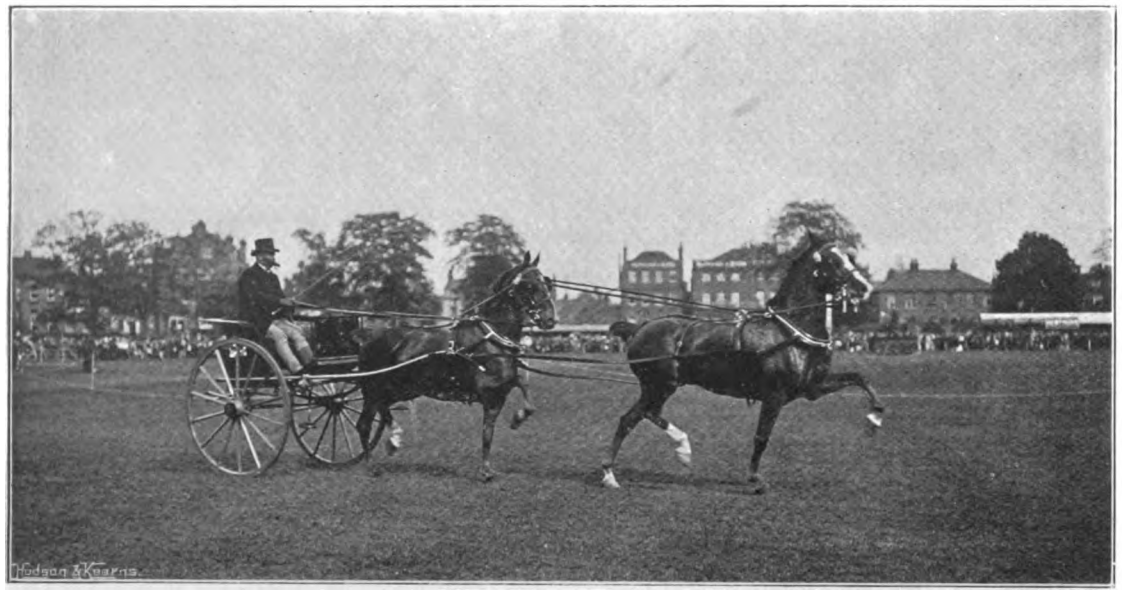
THE MAJOR-GENERAL ARRIVES.
Colonel H. Fludyer Indicates the Saluting Point.



"Navy & Army."

READY FOR THE MARCH PAST.
Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Balfour Gives the Word of Command.

Richmond Horse Show.



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MR. C. J. WERTHEIMER'S WINNING TANDEM.
Hopwood Squire and Jubilee King.

W. A. Rouch.

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S PILOTEER.
The Champion for Pace and Action.

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Combined Manœuvres at Malta.

EN ROUTE FOR THE SHORE.
A Naval Picket Boat Landing West Kent Militiamen.

A GREGALE HAS DONE ITS WORK.
All that Remains of a Landing Stage.

THE "HANDY MAN" AT HIS WORK.
To Get a Naval Field Piece Ashore.

A FURTHER STAGE IN THE OPERATIONS.
The Gun Nearly Ready for the Landing Party.

THERE can scarcely be any question as to the utility of operations in which the forces of the Navy and Army are combined in the vicinity of any naval port. Troops are always available in such a case, for a naval port is invariably a military station, and conjoint action gives a certain appearance of reality to the operations and prepares both Services for what we hope would happen in war. We have no desire to see an enemy's troops on British territory, but it is quite conceivable that there might be a number of small operations involving the placing of British landing parties on hostile soil, and it is well that the difficulties of such an operation, carried out under the guns of the fleet, should be thoroughly understood. For this reason, the combined operations of the Navy and Army at Malta in the early days of May were both valuable and realistic. A point which is worthy of note is that two of the militia battalions which volunteered for service abroad—the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers and the 3rd Royal West Kent—took part in these manœuvres. Of course, the Navy was called on to go outside its own work afloat, and to furnish a landing party with 12-pounder guns. Two mules were attached to each gun to aid the ordinary gun's crew, and the poles for the mules were made afloat, as it was found that the ordinary fittings would not answer. When a sea was running, the difficulties of landing the guns were great, as the wheels were run on two narrow baulks of wood over the stem of the launch. Nevertheless, the attack was made—in spite of the fact that one of the landing-stages had been destroyed by a gale—and Melleha Bay, at the north-west of the island, witnessed the landing of a large body of troops. Probably the spot chosen is the best that could have been selected for a hostile descent, though some people would perhaps vote in favour of Marsa Sirocco. At any rate, the manœuvres were carried through with a good deal of enthusiasm and hard work on the part of both the nominally opposing parties, and they were certainly not devoid of lessons either afloat or ashore.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

HARD WORK FOR ROYAL ENGINEERS.
A Landing Stage Carried from a Lighter to the Shore.

WITH THE MILITIA TO THE FRONT.
The West Kent Militia Marching Off.

FROM A LAUNCH IN MELLEHA BAY.
A Party of "Blue Marines" Landing.

FIELD BATTERIES AFTER A LONG DAY.
A Weary March Home when the Mules are Dead-beat.

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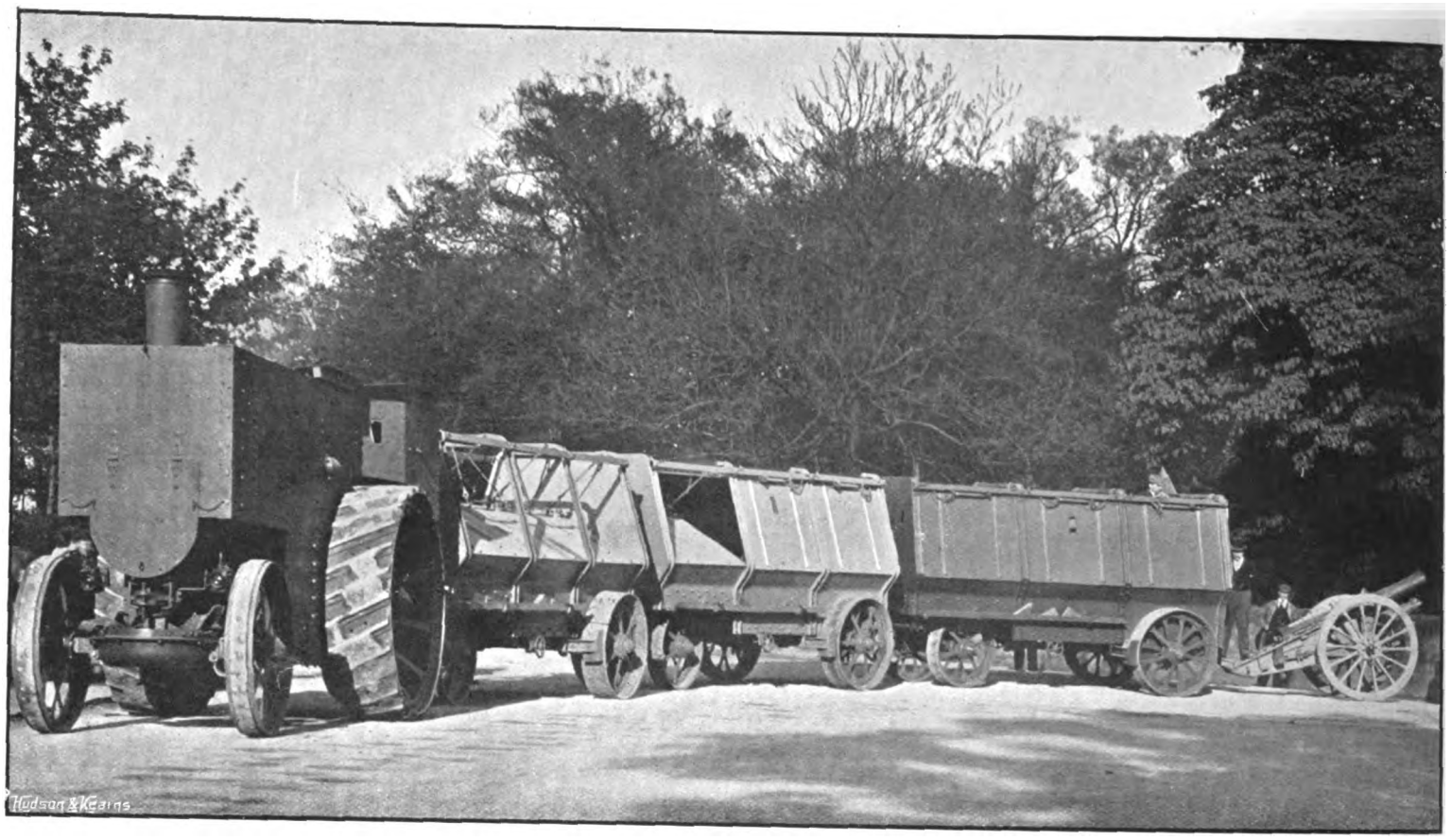
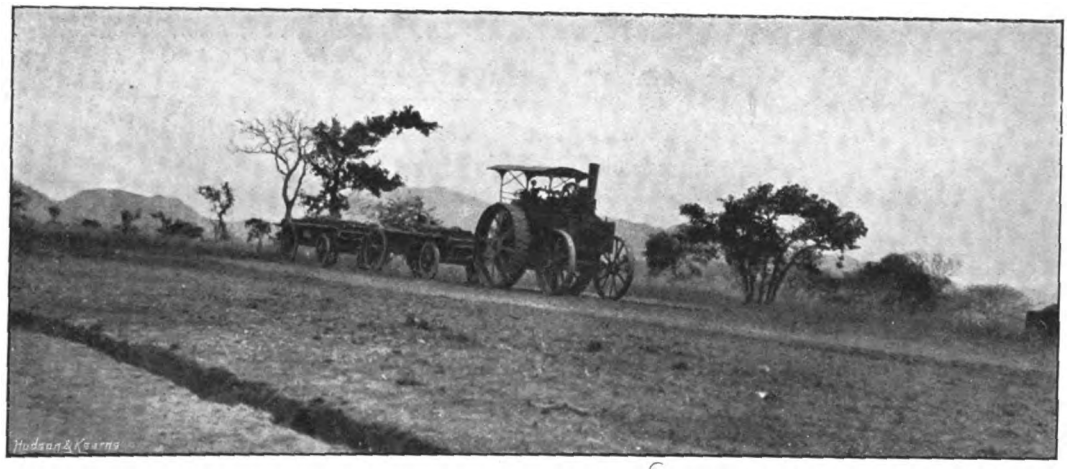
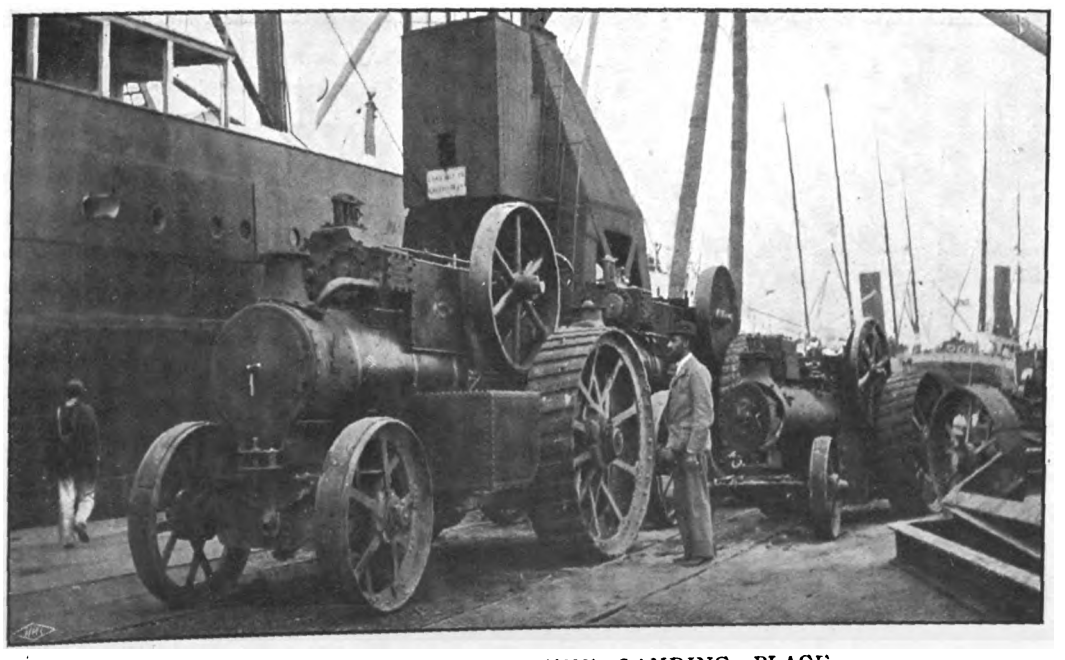
With Traction Engines



MESSRS. FOWLER'S NEW ARMOURED TRACTION TRAIN.
To be used in Future Wars.



ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.
Drawing a Load in Far Natal.



AFTER HEAVY WORK AT THE LANDING PLACE.
A Scene at the Port of Durban.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

OUR pictures show the traction engine, with accompanying trucks or waggons, as it has been used for military purposes in South Africa, and as it will be used, if not in this war, in many future military operations.

To put the matter bluntly, before this war began the idea of using traction engines for military purposes had not been considered seriously, and it was not by any means the only idea with something in it which had not been considered as it ought to have been. Then, when war was declared, it occurred to somebody at headquarters here that traction engines might be useful, that there were a certain number of them in loyal hands in South Africa already, and that more might be obtained. They were secured and they were sent, and after sundry misadventures of the most natural kind—due mainly to the fact that a traction engine weighs a good deal—they were delivered and brought into use. But, with the best intentions in the world, it cannot be said that the ordinary traction engine is an entire success for military purposes. It will do wonderful things in the way of dragging heavy guns; it can operate away from a railway line and even from a road with advantage, so long as it is not more than twenty-five miles distant from serviceable fuel, but it has its limitations. It cannot carry enough water to serve its needs for long in a waterless country; it is liable to get stuck fast in deep ground, or even, as our picture shows, to break down bridges which are not built to carry, in the common phrase, "more than the ordinary traffic of the district."

But none the less the first trials of traction engines in South Africa

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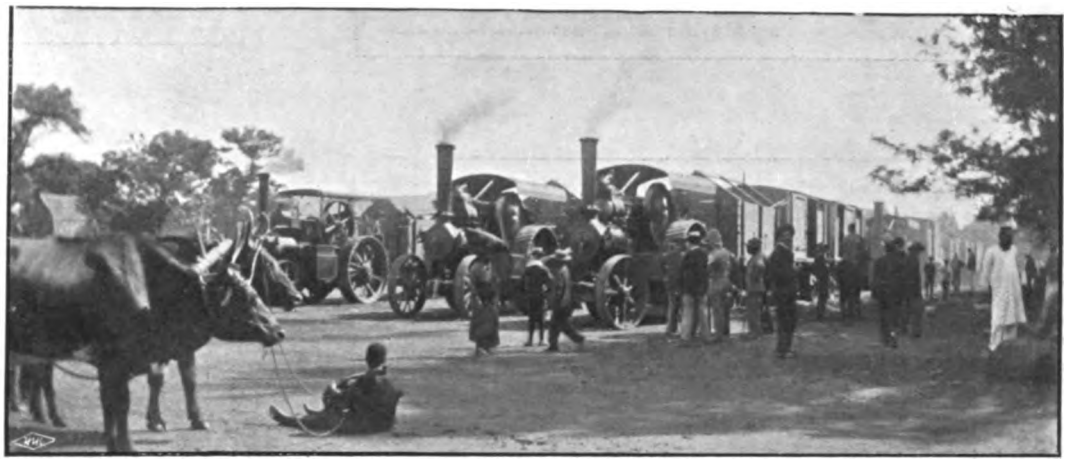
In South Africa.

A BAD SMASH AT AN AWKWARD PLACE.
A Broken Bridge on the Road to Bloemfontein.

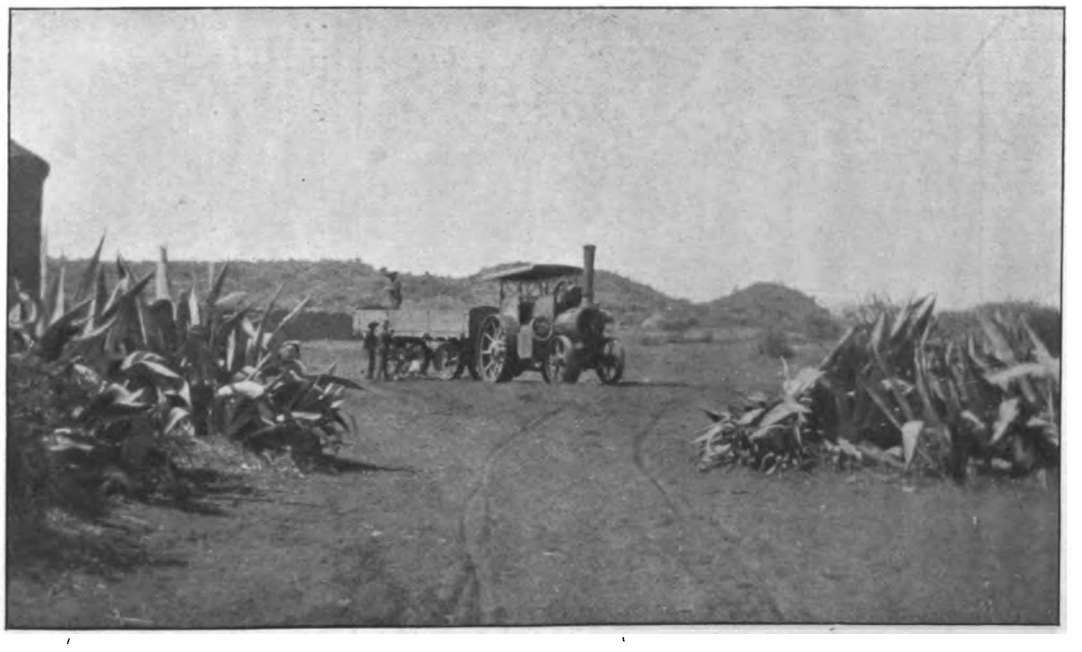
showed that the germ of an idea was there, and that it needed only cultivation and development; and the War Office is to be congratulated upon having taken it up. In a word, they set a problem to be solved before Messrs. Fowler, of Leeds, and they left them, the men who know more of traction engines for South than any other engineers in the world, to work the problem out to the best of their ability with the help of Captain Nugent, R.E., Inspector-General of Iron Fortifications. The result is the armoured engine and traction train seen on the opposite page. For the armour, it is bullet-proof nickel steel so arranged on the trucks that it may be elevated, so as to afford a safe shield to fighting men, or depressed so that the trucks become, having regard to angle at which the steel would be likely to catch any projectile, better than bullet proof. Into these trucks, too, a heavy gun, a howitzer for example, can be hauled with ease. In fact, one was so hauled up and put away privily during the official trial near Leeds, at which a large number of war office officials were present, and by which they were hugely delighted.

It was in hauling up of this howitzer that use was made of the apparatus which is the life and soul and principal merit of the new military traction engine. Ample water storage there is, and abundant horse-power, but the winding apparatus, a steel-wire cable attached to a drum, which can be revolved with all the force of the engine, is the great thing.

It can be used also for hauling trucks out of a sticky place or for winding up the engine itself, the cable being affixed to some firm purchase forward.



IN THE MARKET SQUARE, MARITZBURG.
Military Engines en route to the Tugela.



A TRACTION ENGINE AT WORK NEAR THE VAAL.
With Food for Roberts's Fighting Men.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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The Exiles of St. Helena.

CHANGING COLONEL SCHIEL'S GUARD.
The Royal Artillery Replace the North Stafford Militia.

DEADWOOD CAMP, WITH LONGWOOD IN THE DISTANCE
Quarters for Prisoners and Guards.

THE COOKING SHED AT DEADWOOD CAMP.
The Place where the Prisoners Cook Their Food.

EXPATRIATION CHEERFULLY BORNE.
These Prisoners are Happy under the British Flag.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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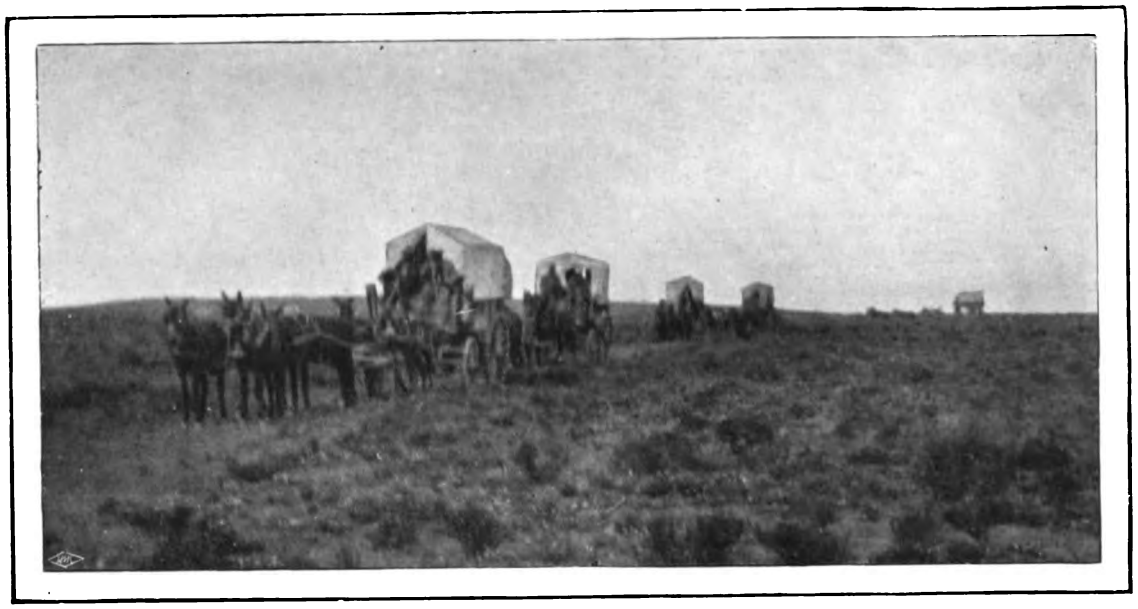
The Irish Hospital in South Africa.

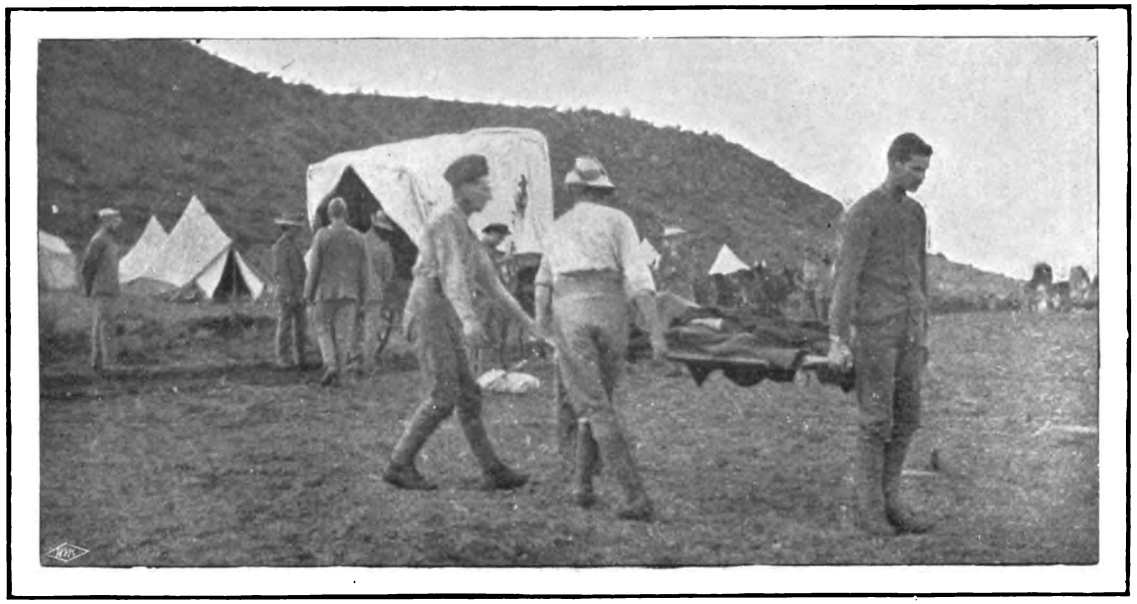
MULES ARE VERY USEFUL HERE.
An Irish Hospital Water Cart en route for the Front.



A WIDE AND PATHLESS VELDT.
Trekking from Naauwpoort to Bloemfontein.

Photo. Copyright.

READY TO RECEIVE SUFFERERS.
A Hospital Tent Waiting for Occupants.



"Navy & Army."

THEY HAVE NOT LONG TO WAIT.
Patients Arriving at the Irish Hospital.

Lord Iveagh's Contribution to the Cause of Mercy.

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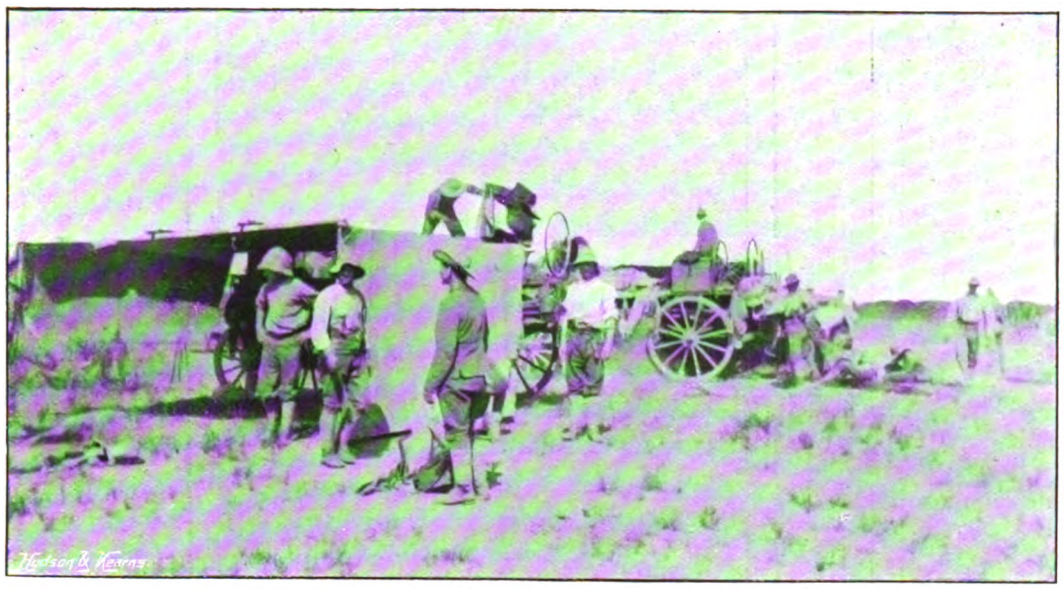
With Kitchener Across the Karoo.



SHELTERS UP AND FIRES LIGHTED.
Twenty Minutes After Outspan.

FOOD IS THE ESSENTIAL OF LIFE.
Cooking in Bushman's Hoek, Stormberg.

TOMMY ATKINS HAS A REST.
And Needs it After a Long March.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

NOTHING has been more remarkable in the course of the present campaign—or ought it to be called the late campaign?—than the certainty with which the blows have been delivered. Every possible credit is due to Lord Roberts for his prescience in this respect. He has timed to the day the period when his movements would be completed, when his plans would be carried out.

Other generals, however, have done good work, and it is a characteristic of "Bobs" that he gives every possible credit to those who work with him, and that he never seeks to "crib," as schoolboys say, the glory of their exploits. He is, indeed, bounteous in this respect, and no man need desire a more loyal chief than the Field-Marshal who now commands in South Africa. Nor, it is not necessary to say, need any man seek a better leader than Lord Kitchener. Little has been heard of him lately, because his work has been of that unostentatious kind which does not lend itself to the descriptive display of telegrams or correspondent's letters. Our pictures show him engaged, however, in work which is perhaps more congenial to him than the rather humdrum duties of Chief-of-the-Staff. They show the work that was done to suppress the rebellion in Griqualand—work, be it said, which demanded no less than three columns, and which was carried out under the personal supervision of Lord Kitchener, who accompanied the column from De Aar. This is one of those minor operations of war which gains little credit, and means some self-sacrifice on the part of the man who commands it.

There is none of the rush of a fight at the front, no blazonment of names, no publicity. One of our pictures, the trek oxen at Houwater, shows the only means of crossing the great Karoo Desert. But the oxen will only feed by day; they can be used for transport purposes only at night, and hundreds have died on the veldt. The irrigation of the Karoo has been a most important question, and our picture shows the famous Houwater dam—an inland lake some five miles in length which has been formed for irrigation purposes. Omdraai Vlei is also famous for its bathing facilities, and is a celebrated sanatorium. Another picture shows the celerity with which our men after a certain experience of campaigning accommodate themselves to circumstances. It is only twenty minutes after outspanning — after, that is, the rigours of the discipline of the march were relaxed. But what has happened? Already shelters are up to shield from the wind, and fires lighted, and there is every prospect of a good meal. "Mr. Atkins" at home is one person; when it becomes a question of campaigning the lesson is driven into him that he has to take care of himself, and he is not slow to learn it. The rest of our pictures will speak for themselves.

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TREK OXEN OUT TO GRAZE.

They only Feed by Day, and have to be Used by Night.

JUST OFF TO PRIESKA.

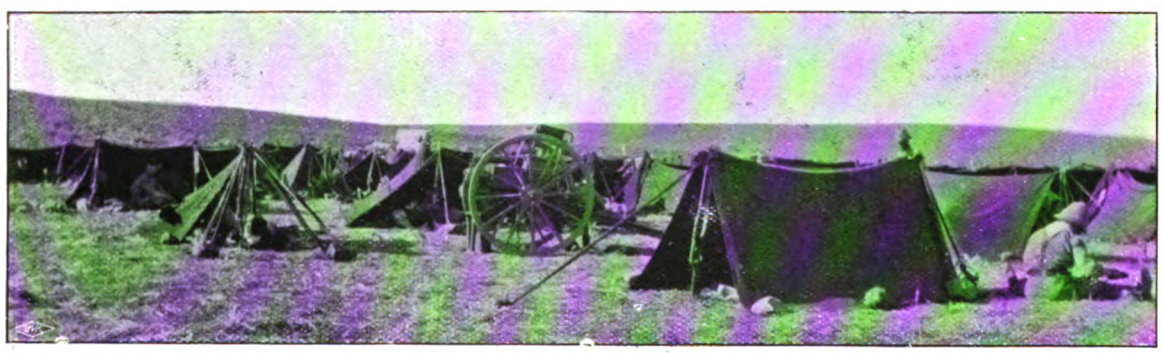
Lord Kitchener about to set out from De Aar.

SOME QUESTIONS ON THE MARCH.

Lord Kitchener Consulting a Guide.

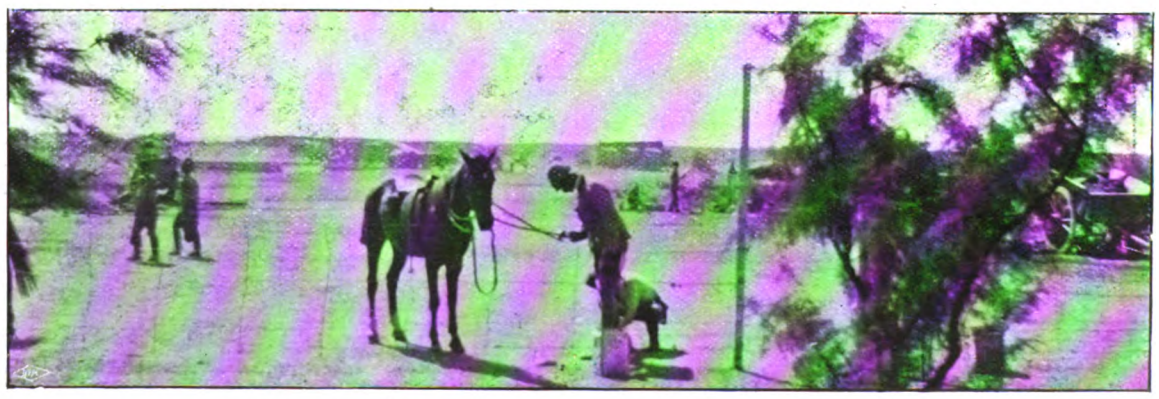
HEADQUARTERS AT OMDRAAI VLEI.

This is a well-known Sanatorium in the back Veldt.



NOT FOR WARMTH BUT FOR SHELTER

Blankets are Used to Keep Off the Sun.



COLONEL ADYE AT PRIESKA.

Just Off to take Duty

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent

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Two Very Important Commands.

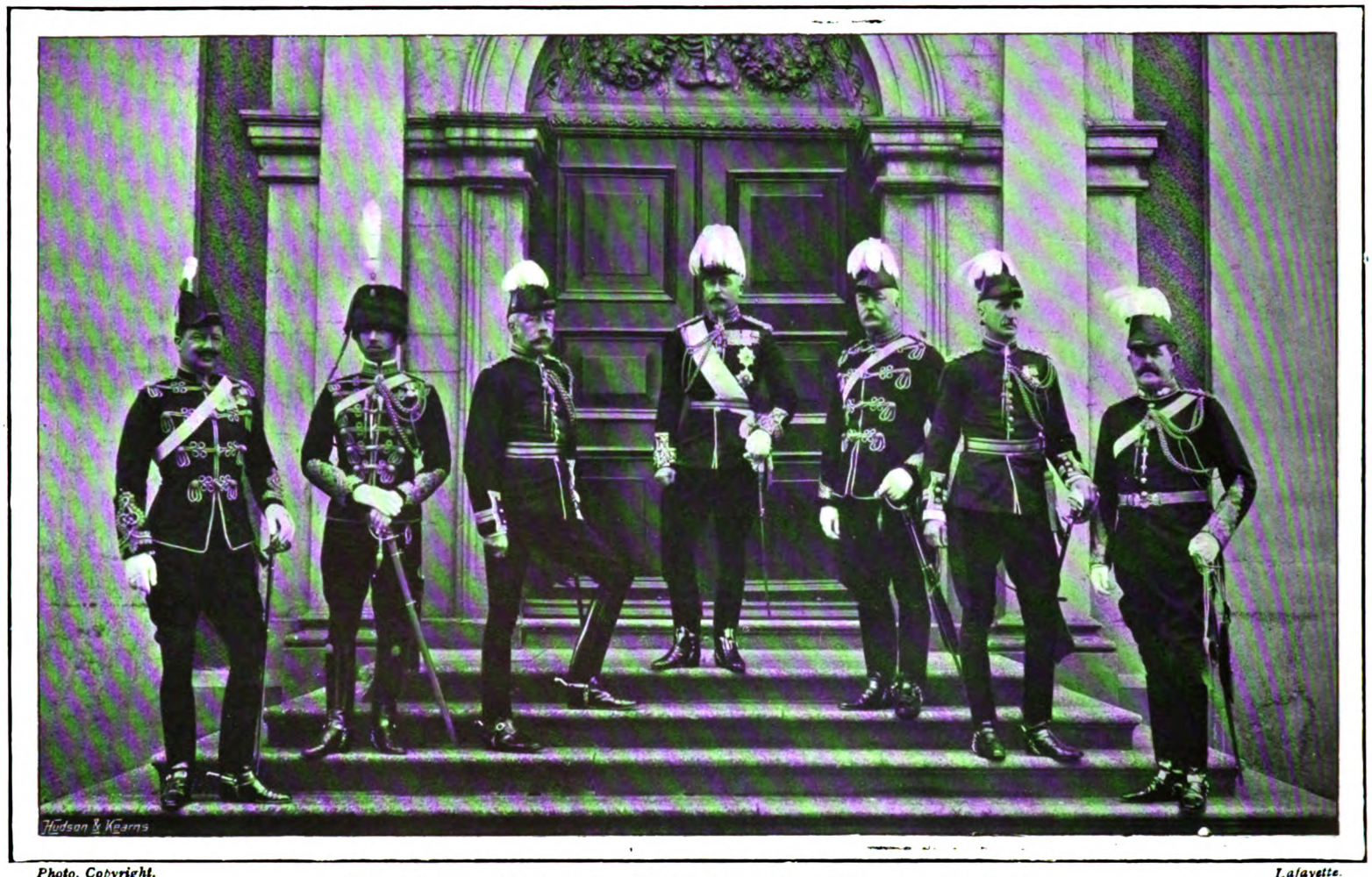

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette.*

IRELAND'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AND HIS STAFF.

The Duke of Connaught at the Royal Hospital, Dublin.

Col. E. E. Markwick. Col. W. R. Purchas. Major F. J. Trench. Capt. C. E. Higginbotham. Col. G. Poignand. Col. M. O. Johnston. Lieut.-Col. C. G. Knocker.

Photo. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett*

Col. Baldwin. Sur.-Gen. G. J. H. Evatt, M.D. Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. F. Butler, K.C.B. Col. W. S. Clarke. Col. N. L. Walford. Capt. H. P. De la Bere.

IN THE OLD WEST COUNTRY.

General Sir William Butler, who Commands the Western District, and His Staff.

Apart from service at the front, two of the most able Generals that this country possesses are shown in the above pictures. Everyone knows that the Duke of Connaught, who is Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, is a thorough soldier, and everyone shares the regret he feels that he has not been allowed to go to the front. General Sir William Butler, who Commands the Western District, is a distinguished officer, who is doing invaluable work in the organisation of the Forces in the West of England.

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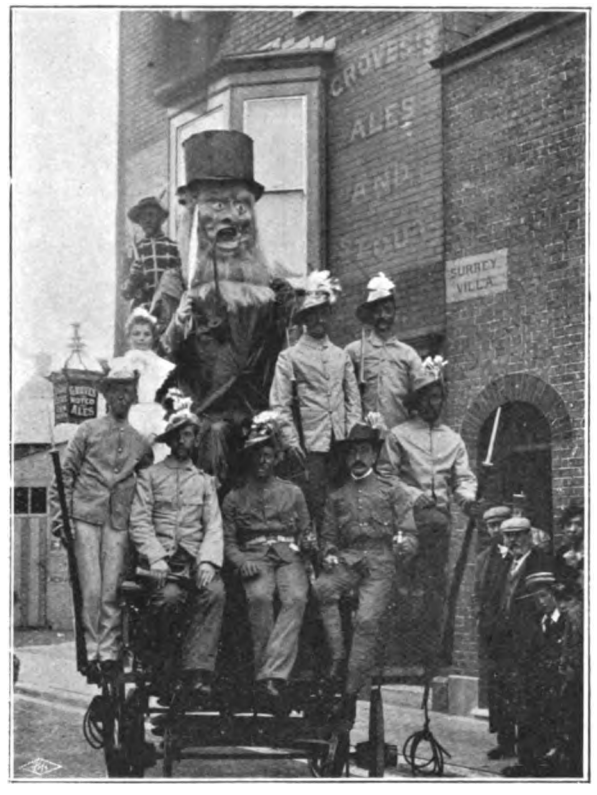
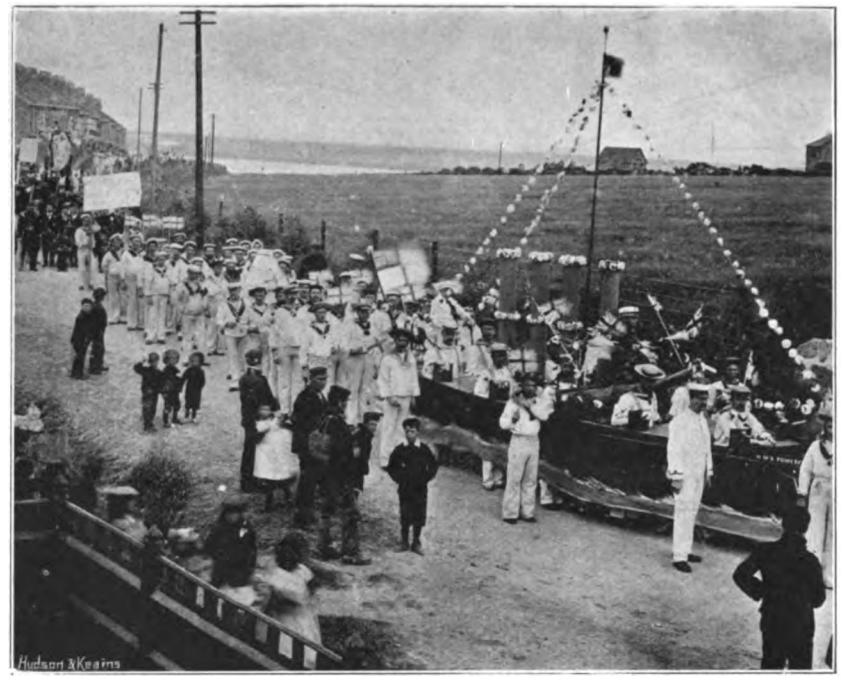
Celebrating AT Portland

THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.
British and Colonial Troops with Generals Cronje and Elgff.



THE BIG FLOAT.
Kruger's Body Guard.



A MODEL OF THE "POWERFUL."
Manned by Bluejackets Firing the Guns by Electricity.

THE LARGEST TORPEDO EVER MADE.
In Charge of Officials and Artisans from Whitehead's Factory.

The Occupation OF Pretoria.

THE TAIL OF THE CORTEGE.
Boys of the "Boscawen" in Various Fancy Rigs.

Photos Copyright C F. Hewitt.

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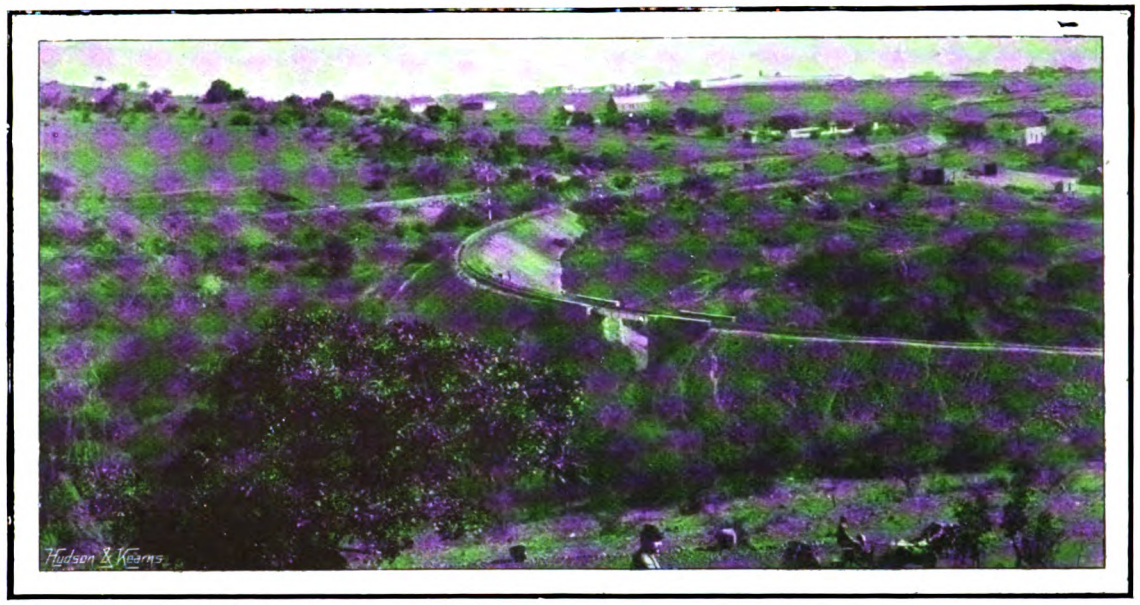
On the Fleet Foot.

Photo. Copyright. *Edwards.*

THE PRESIDENT'S VACATED HOUSE IN PRETORIA.

A Place that Knows Kruger no More.



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FROM DELAGOA BAY TO THE CAPITAL.

The Railway from Lorenzo Marquez.

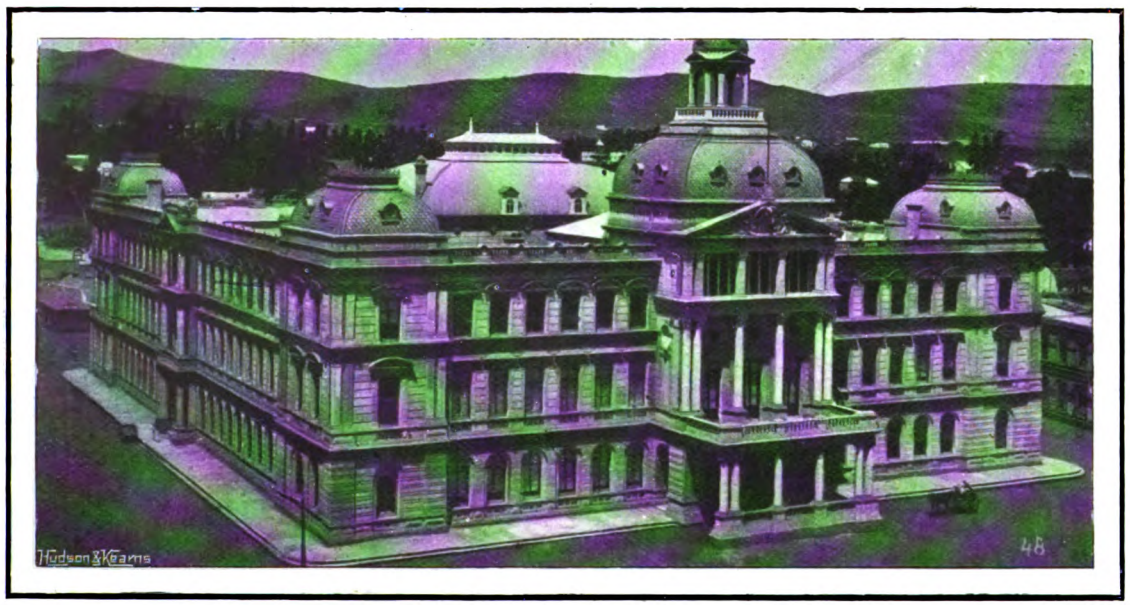

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE CLASSIC GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

Where the British Flag Victoriously Flies.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy and Army.*

A QUIET STATION BY THE WAY.

Quite Typical of the Line.

With President Kruger.

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Old and New.

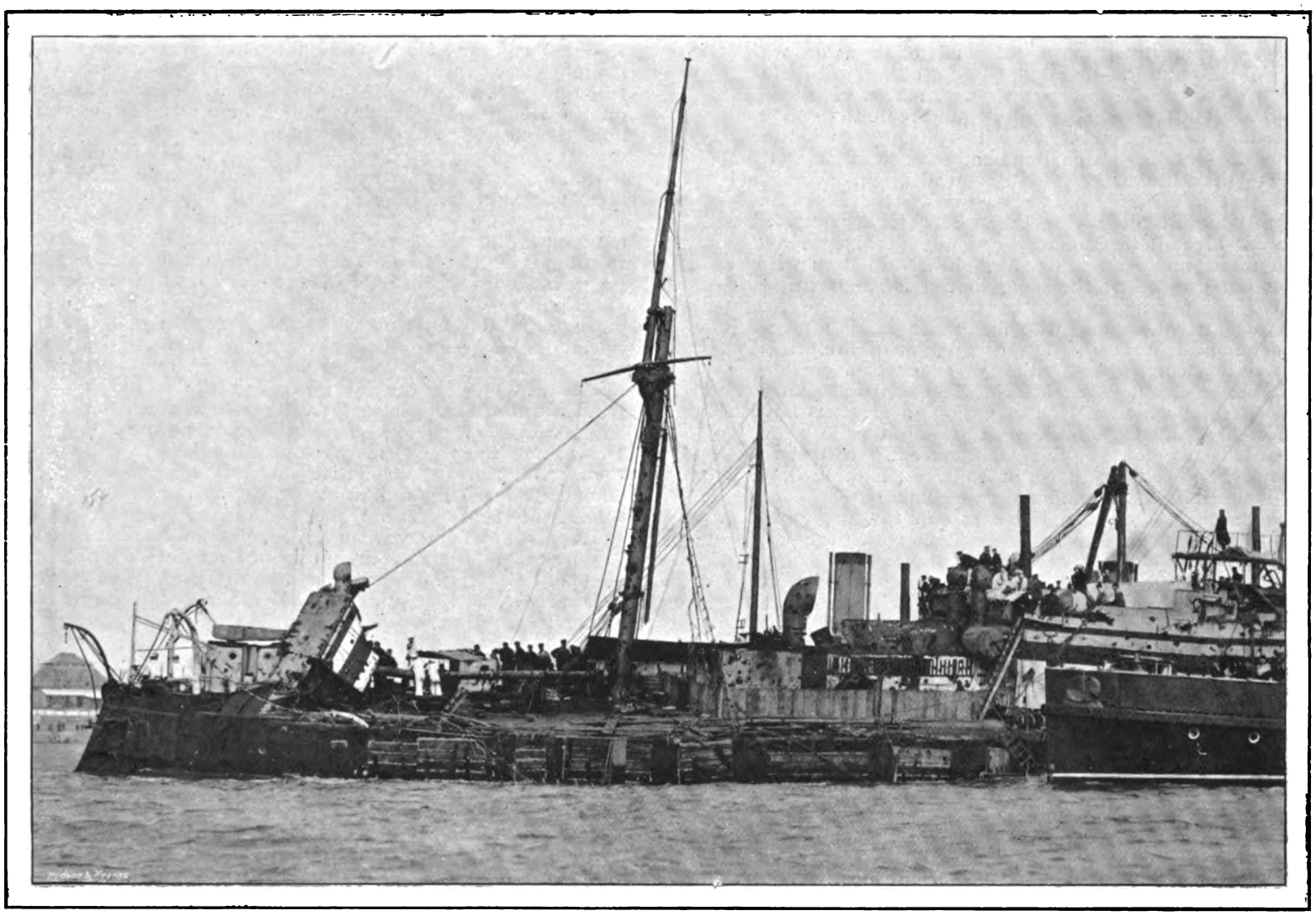

Photo. Copyright. Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

AFTER THE SMASHING.

The Fore Part of the "Belleisle" when the "Majestic" had Finished Her Work.

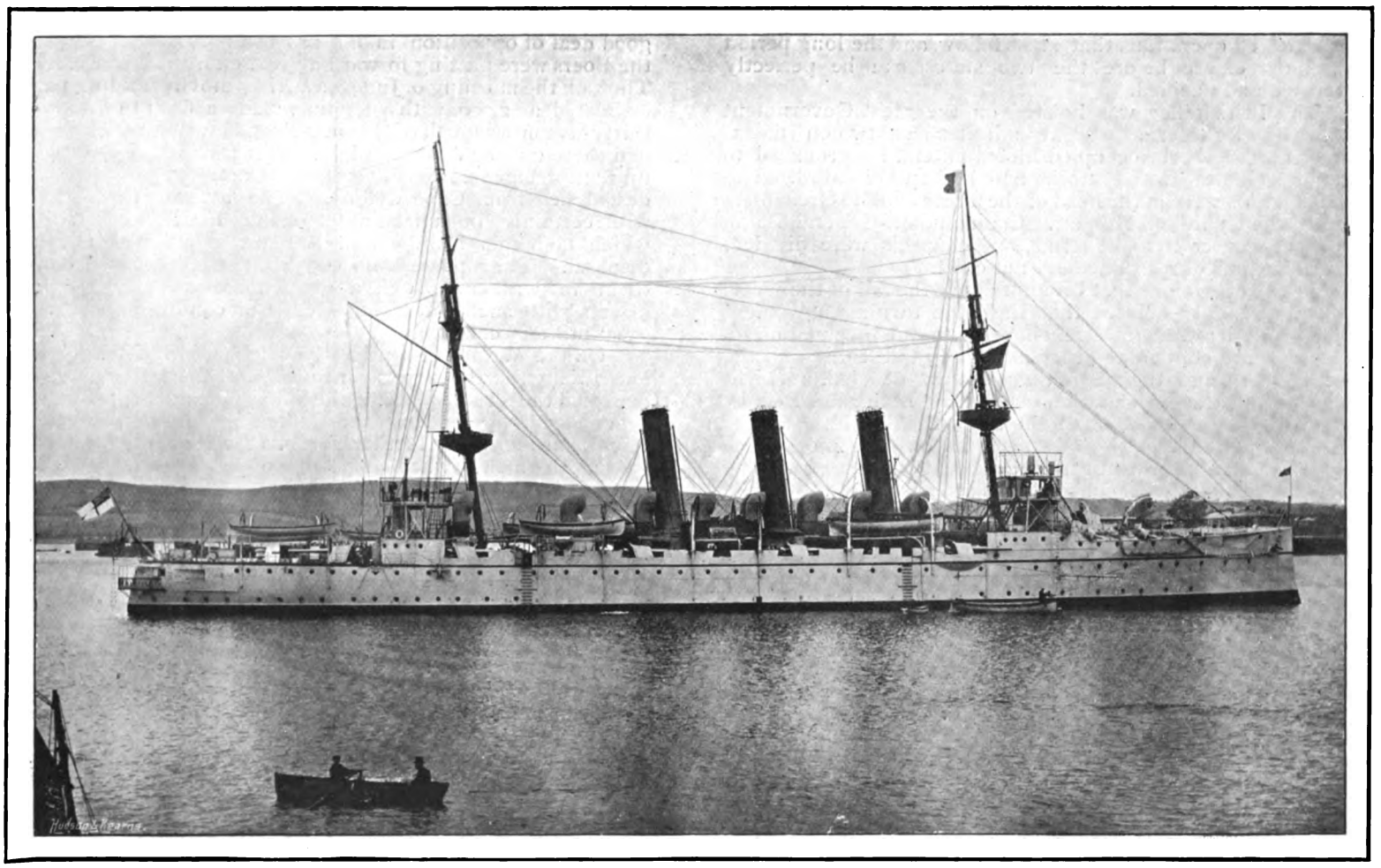

Photo. Copyright. Pittuch.

THE NEW FLAG-SHIP ON THE EAST INDIES STATION.

The "Highflyer," Second-class Cruiser, Proceeding to the Far East.

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The Story of the War.

THE occupation of the capital of the South African Republic, and the flight of the President with his Executive, mark the end of the war with the Republics—the end, that is, of war with the fully-organised forces of the two states. Hostilities are not over, but they must tend more and more to partake of the guerilla character, and this would be true even if the attack upon Lord Roberts's communications should become more severe than the incident of Roodeval might indicate. It is true that in all our recent engagements the Boers have not been brought to decisive action. They have contrived, with remarkable mobility, to elude our pursuit, and their convoys and more important guns have nearly all been withdrawn from our grasp. At the same time it is sufficiently evident that a belligerent who always stands on the defensive, with raiding interludes, and who flies when he is attacked, can never hope to prevail. The occupation of Pretoria, though it was unaccompanied by the surrender of a great force of burghers, was a double triumph. It placed in our hands the capital from which all the operations against us have been directed, and that was the outward sign of the Boer dominion. It was a strategic triumph also, because it gave us possession of the focus of the Transvaal railways, making difficult or impossible effective combined operations on the part of the separate and scattered commandos of the foe, and of the magazines and Government stores from which the supplies of the enemy have chiefly been drawn.

The success of Lord Roberts has been, therefore, both political and military, and its effect will be far-reaching in breaking down organised resistance. A great deal has been said about the possibility of guerilla war, and the opportunity which this might open to the Boers. It has been assumed abroad—even by military critics of discernment—that by abandoning field operations, and gathering in smaller bodies and in advantageous situations to threaten our communications and maintain centres of disturbance, the Boers might yet have some chance of success. But the conditions do not altogether favour such an hypothesis. In every case in which guerilla war has been practised with anything like success, as, for example, in the Peninsula, the fighting men have been in the main independent, and have based their operations upon some adequate basis; but the burghers are mostly driven away from the farms which are their substance, and their cattle and horses are held as security for their good behaviour, while the disappearance of the Pretoria Government must soon carry conviction to most of them that to continue the struggle would be hopeless. We are therefore justified in regarding the occupation of Pretoria as marking in a real, if only in a partial, sense the close of the war, and this notwithstanding the scattered operations that must follow, and the long period that must elapse before the two states can be perfectly subjected and pacified.

The British flag was hoisted on the great Government Buildings of Pretoria at twenty minutes past two on June 5. When Lord Roberts occupied Bloemfontein, he promised to lead the Guards into Pretoria, and he kept his word. The Scots Guards were at the head of the forces and the Grenadiers formed the Guard of Honour. Commandant-General Botha had endeavoured to make terms, but counsels were divided, and the means of resistance did not exist.

In the operations that brought about the fall of the place, it is increasingly evident that the wide turning movement carried out by General French prior to the occupation of Johannesburg contributed very materially to the discomfiture of the Boers, and the fate of the place was decided, notwithstanding the brave declaration of Generals Botha and Delarey that it would be defended to the utmost. The immediately decisive operation of the advance was on June 4, on which day the general movement from Orange Grove began. The enemy were found well concealed on both banks of the Spruit, but the mounted infantry and Imperial Yeomanry soon caused them to abandon the southern position, and pursued them for some distance towards Pretoria, thus drawing the fire of the main defensive position. Lord Roberts had his heavy guns near the head of the column, and they were rapidly brought up and got into action, supported by two brigades of infantry. The effect was rapid, for a few rounds sufficed to drive out the Boers, whose efforts to turn the flank of our forces were completely defeated by the mounted infantry and by the approach of General Ian Hamilton's column. The days are short at the present time in South Africa, and no further advance could be made that night, so that Lord Roberts encamped in the position he had occupied at Six Mile Spruit, where the road crosses the Hennops River.

Meanwhile the mounted forces had circled round the place. French's three brigades had got round to the north in the direction of Waterfall, and near the railway to Pietersburg, which, after leaving Pretoria, passes through the Daspoort and Magaliesberg Ranges on its way to the north. On the west of the town was Ian Hamilton's column, with Broadwood's cavalry stretched out to join hands with French. On Lord Roberts's right was Gordon's mounted force near Irene Station, six miles from the town. There was a gap, however, in the ring on the east, through which Botha was enabled to retire on the Delagoa Bay Railway which here strikes north-east, and passes through Koodoospoort in the Daspoort Range.

In the meantime, Colonel De Lisle had sent in a flag of truce in Lord Roberts's name to demand surrender, and soon after midnight two officials presented themselves at Lord Roberts's camp to endeavour to treat, but the Field-Marshal announced that the surrender must be unconditional. Before retiring from the place, General Botha sent intelligence that no defence would be offered, and early on the morning of June 5 three officials came out to meet the troops and to arrange for their entering the town. The road from Six Mile Spruit passes west of Groenkloof, and then takes a sharp turn to the right between Schanzkopfort and the powder magazine, entering the town between the station and the barracks, and leading straight to the Government buildings. The occupation passed off satisfactorily, and the flag was hoisted and the troops marched past amid more enthusiasm than might have been anticipated. Some of our officers who had been captured were present at the ceremony. A number of them had been liberated on parole and had gone to Waterfall on the day when Mr. Kruger and his Government left, in order to pacify our imprisoned soldiers, who showed signs of turbulence owing to shortness of food. The story of these prisoners will undoubtedly be extremely interesting; but at the present time it cannot be written, and the withdrawal of a number of them by the Boers to the eastward when our troops were close by needs yet to be explained.

Although there can be no doubt that large numbers of burghers have seized the opportunity to return home, there is a considerable body, of which the number cannot be estimated, yet intact under the command of General Botha, whose only purpose can be to develop some movement threatening Lord Roberts's communications. It is clear that the Boers are in force east of the railway in the northern part of the Orange River Colony, and a most unpleasant incident was the capture of a battalion of Imperial Yeomanry under the command of Colonel Spragge near Lindley on May 31. Information did not at once reach Lord Roberts of this untoward affair, but Lord Methuen, who was then proceeding to Heilbron, was directed to move on Lindley, where the Boers were in great force. After a very fine forced march he inflicted a defeat upon the enemy, though he arrived too late to rescue Colonel Spragge, whose discomfiture is not a little humiliating.

Sir Leslie Rundle was at Senekal, and had met with a good deal of opposition in his proceedings, so that evidently the Boers were putting forward a great effort in this direction. Thus, on the morning of June 8, a swiftly-moving raiding party, estimated at 2,000, with six guns, made a dash to Roodeval, thirty-five miles north of Kroonstad, and due west of Heilbron, and there cut the telegraph line. General Kelly-Kenny sent up reinforcements from Bloemfontein, and further troops were despatched from Cape Colony. The attempt of the Boers will certainly be unavailing, owing to the great force which Generals Rundle and Brabant now have at their disposal. They possess no organisation that could enable them to withstand such a great force as Lord Roberts directs with such sound knowledge of conditions and such great military command.

On the Western Frontier the pacification of the Zeerust and Lichtenburg districts continues, and Colonel Plumer has occupied the former place, while Major General Baden-Powell is engaged in settling the Mafeking district, and Sir Archibald Hunter is further south. Sir Redvers Buller has at length made what appears to be a decisive move. The Boers opposed to him have offered no resolute resistance, and on the 6th inst. General Coke, with the South African Light Horse, was able to seize Van Wyk Hill, to which position two Naval 4·7-in. and some 12-pounder guns were brought up, while two 5-in. military guns came into action on the south-western spur of Inkwelo. Under cover of this fire, General Hildyard, on June 8, made a well-planned attack upon the spurs of the mountain between Botha's Pass and Inkwelo. A dashing advance was made, apparently without much loss, and the result was the gaining of a position from which Sir Redvers Buller thought he could turn Laing's Nek and render it untenable. The enemy were in force at the Nek and on Majuba and Pongwane, and there was a brisk interchange of artillery fire. They were, however, discouraged, and on June 8 intimated their readiness to surrender on conditions, to which Sir Redvers Buller replied that any surrender must be unconditional. His forces should now play an important part in crushing opposition in the eastern districts of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal.

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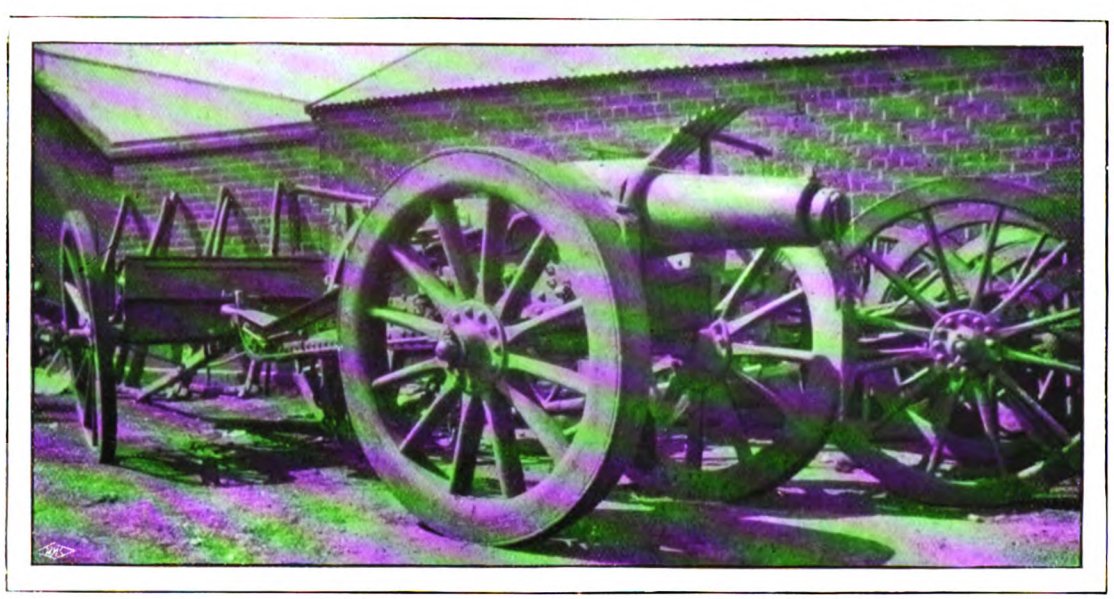
Some Interesting Guns

TAKEN AT BLOEMFONTEIN.
A 6-pounder Field Gun in the Fort.

AN ANCIENT RELIC OF NAVAL ORIGIN.
A British Carronade 9-pounder of 1814.

A RELIC OF JAMESON'S RAID.
Recaptured at Elandslaagte and Used Again.



A MORTAR OF ANCIENT DATE.
Sent to Ladysmith from Port Elizabeth.

And their Curious Story.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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Forward with the Troops

AFTER A WET NIGHT.
How a Man's Bivouac Looks.

BLOEMFONTEIN TO AN OUTSIDER.
How the Square Looks.

GUNS READY FOR THE FIGHTING.
Artillery on Their Way to the Front.

In the Orange River Colony.

Photos. Copyright.

A FIELD BATTERY ON THE MARCH.
Stiff Work Upon the Road.

"*Navy & Army.*"

MOUNTING A SIEGE GUN.
Putting in Position the 4·7-in. Gun.

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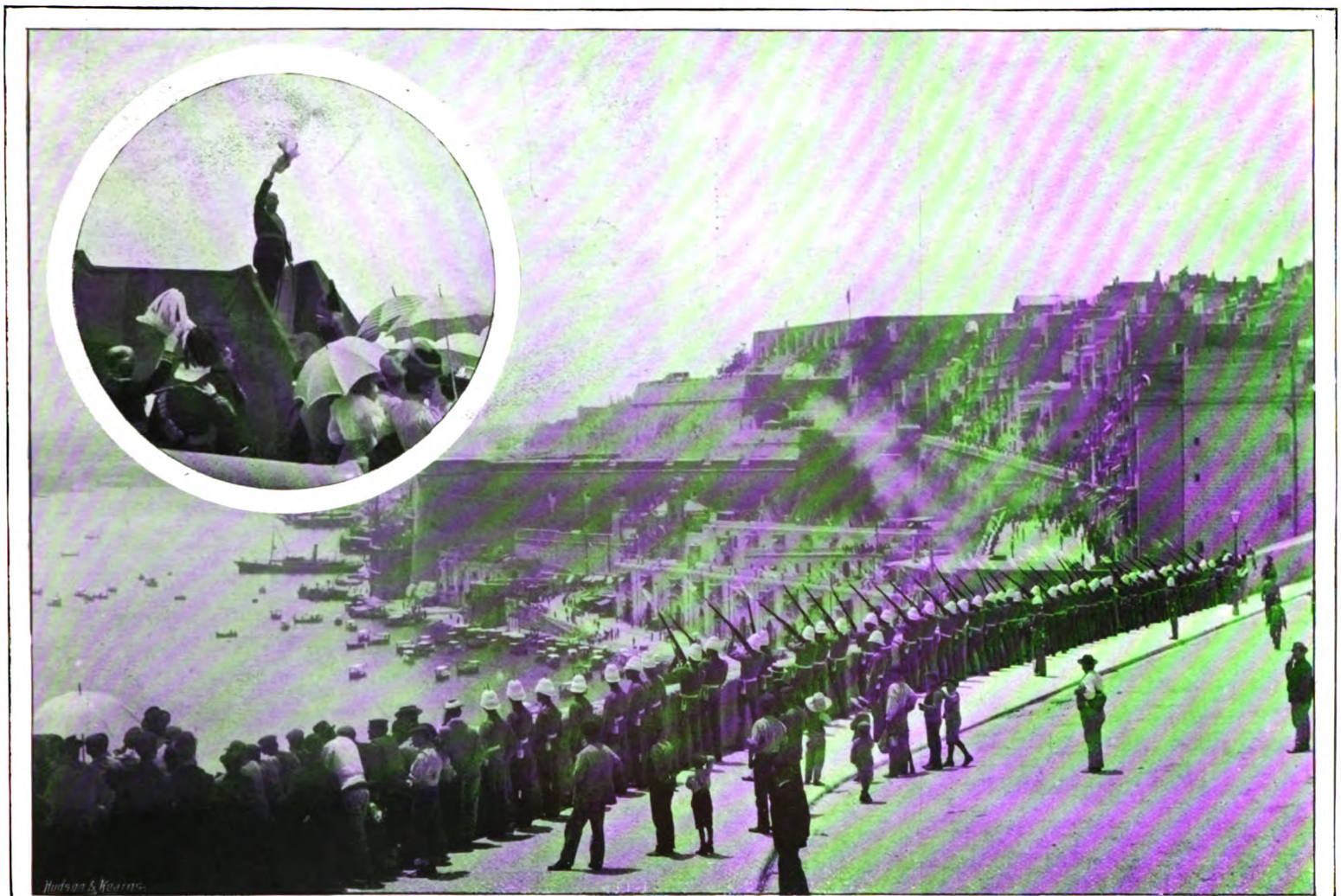
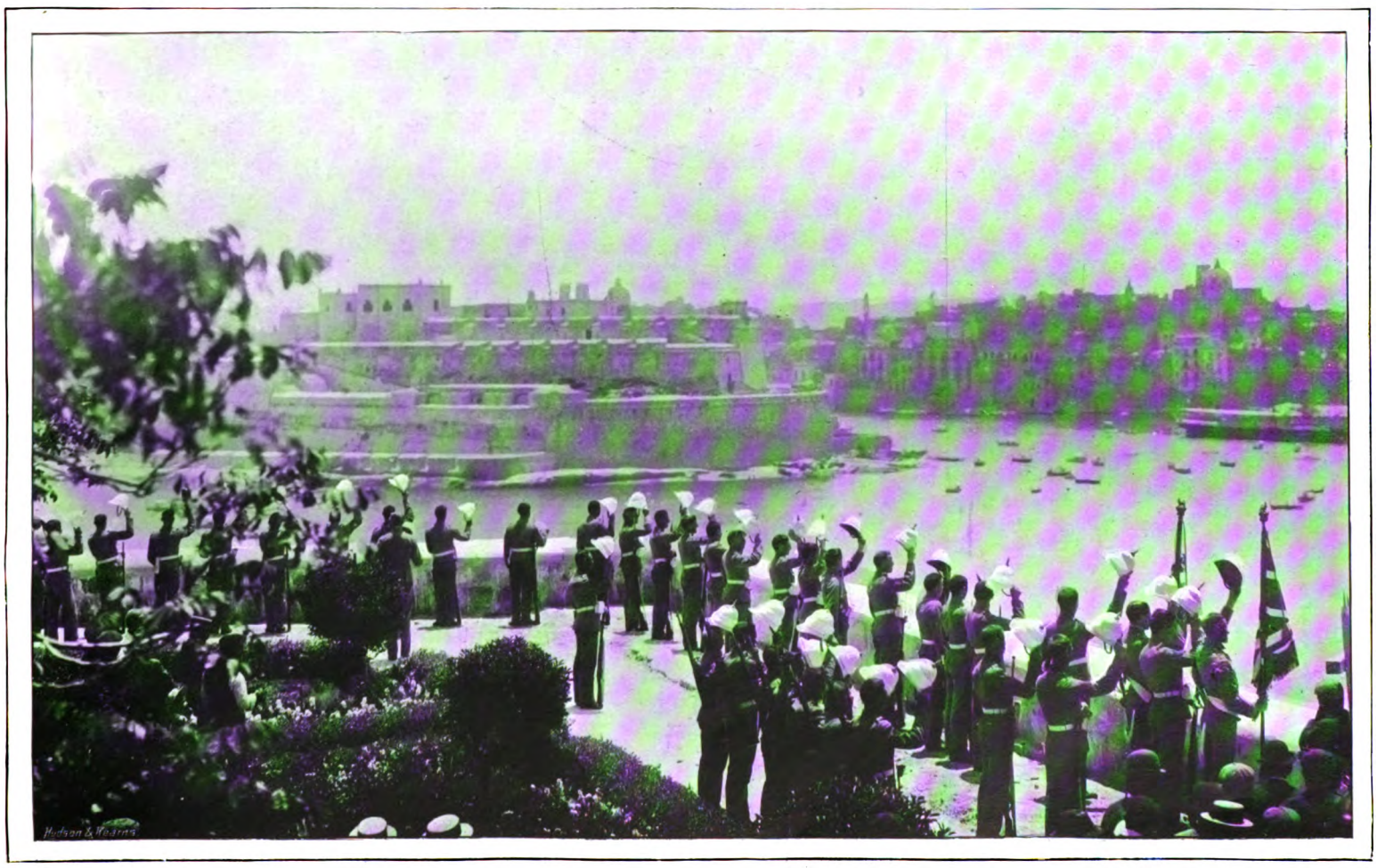
The Queen's Birthday at Malta.



THE GOVERNOR LEADING THE CHEERING.
Firing the Royal Salute.



Photos. Copyright. THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN. *R. Ellis.*
Overlooking the Grand Harbour.

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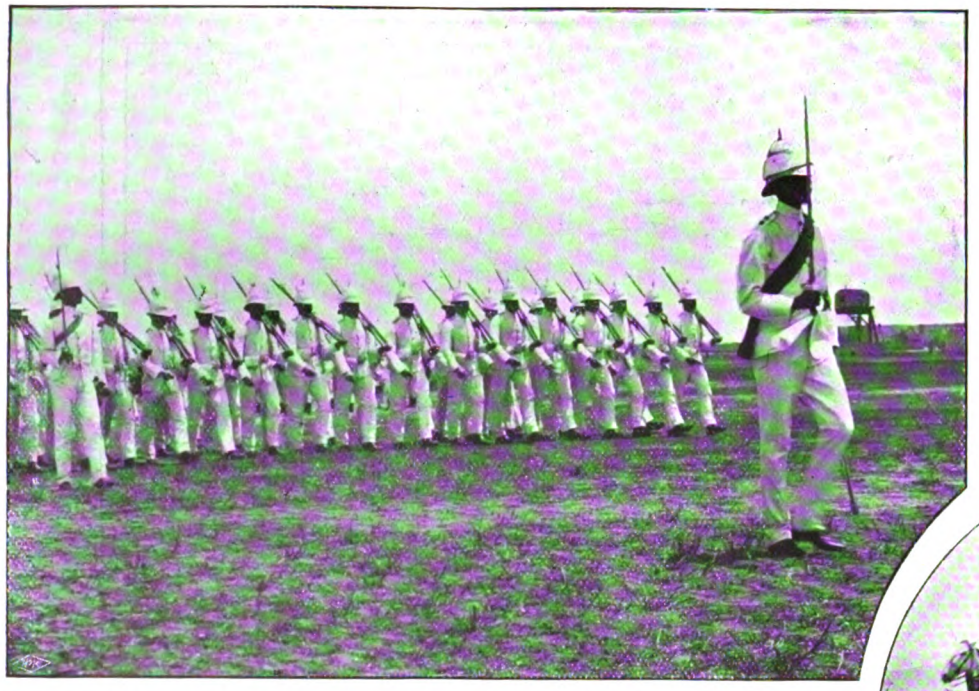
Keeping the Queen's Birthday



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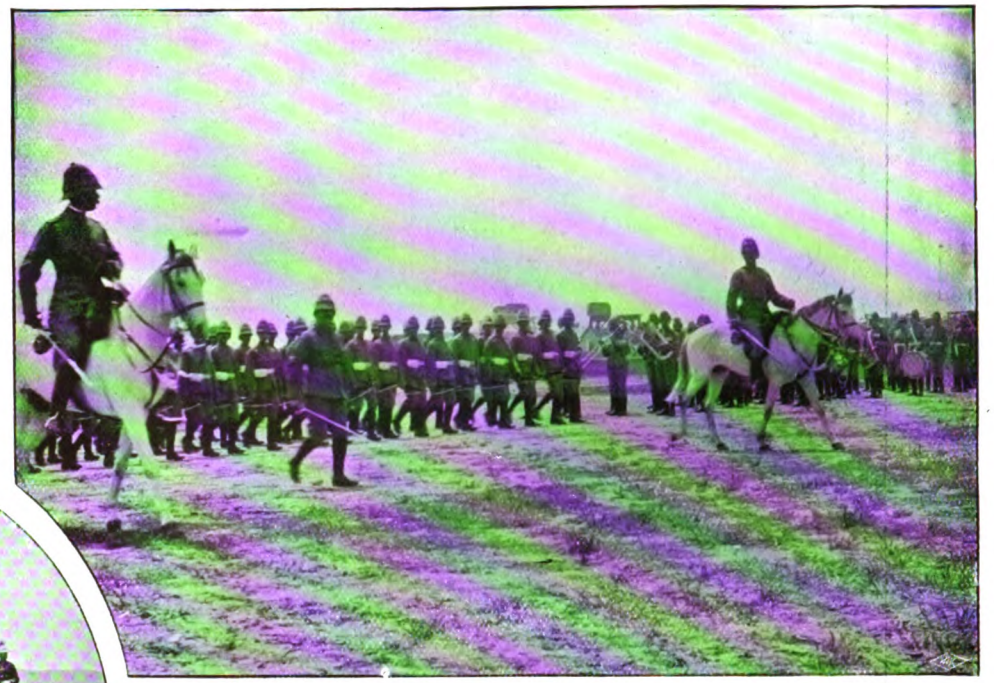
THE NAVAL TROOPS ON PARADE

The March Past of the Royal Mairne Light Infantry.



Montegrijo.

THE ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

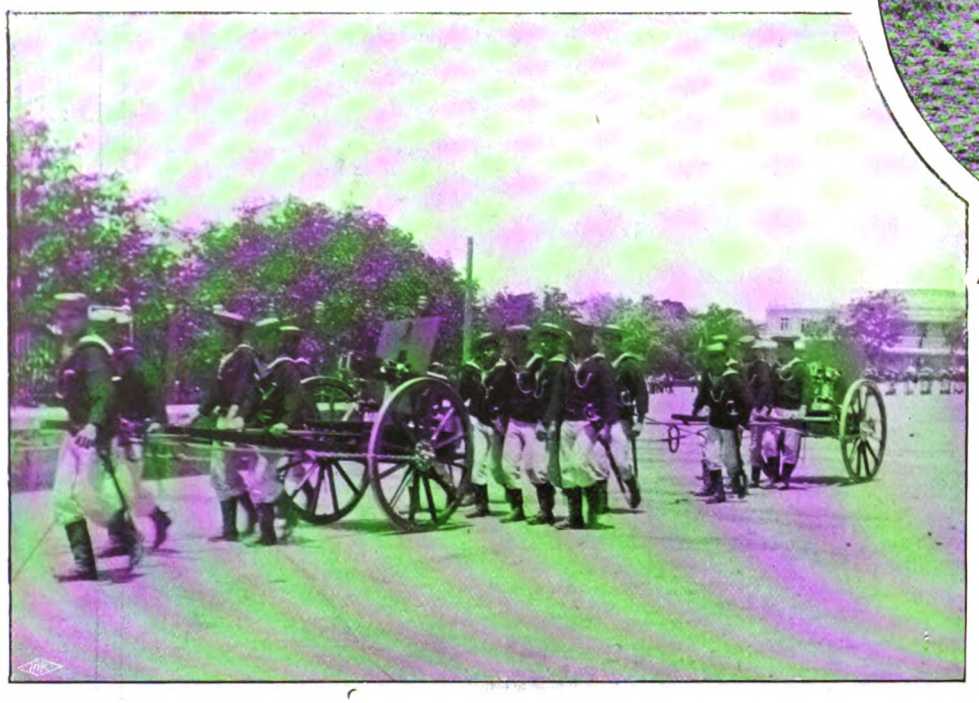
Important Men at Gibraltar.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

AT THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW.

The Governor of Gibraltar and the Spanish Governor of Algeciras.

At the "Rock."



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BLUEJACKETS LANDED FROM THE FLEET.

Maxims Ashore for the Ceremony.

Benabu.

FOR THE GOVERNOR OF ALGECIRAS.

The Spanish Governor's Personal Escort.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 177.] SATURDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1900.

THE ROYAL HOPE OF ENGLAND, KHAKI CLAD.

Copyright. From a Drawing by T. S. C. Crowther, After a Photo. by F. Ralph, Dersingham.

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ROUND THE WORLD

SIXTY-THREE years have elapsed since, in the grey dawn of the summer day, two horsemen rode rapidly from Windsor to Kensington Palace, there to "thump" the gates before the world was astir, bringing their tidings to our Most Gracious Queen. William IV. died at twenty minutes after two in the morning on June 20, 1837, and from that hour to this Her Majesty has remained enthroned in the hearts of her people, the exemplar to rulers, as to daughters, wives, and mothers. "Never," said Greville, who was at the council that day, "never was there anything like the first impression she produced or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour." Peel and Wellington were impressed by her deep sense of her situation—her understanding of the duties of sovereignty—and her firmness. Those things are as true to-day as they were then when the Queen ascended the throne, "long to reign over us," and the nation and the Empire are united in this week's celebration of one of the most auspicious events in all our history. It is an *annus mirabilis*, and never has the prayer, "God save the Queen," risen with deeper meaning from the hearts and tongues of Her Majesty's subjects.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

MAJOR E. J. PHIPPS HORNBY, V.C.

By Cool and Enduring Gallantry at Koorn Spruit he Saved his Battery and Won his Cross. This Officer, and One N.C.O., One Gunner, and One Driver were Selected by their Comrades for the V.C. The other three were Sergeant Parker, Gunner Lodge, and Driver Glassock

Photo. Russell & Sons.

SISTER SCHRODER.

Who has just left Netley for South Africa, Selected to Undertake Special Duty at the Mafeking Hospital.

THE glories of Imperial expansion are becoming something of a truism, but still they must be an ever-fascinating subject to the Briton who knows how much has been done for the Empire during the long reign of the Queen-Empress. It is dazzling to think of a comparatively few Englishmen ruling millions of human beings in India, Africa, America, and Australasia—ruling them, be it observed, through the virtues of self-government to white men and of justice to native races—for England has exceeded the dream of Alexander, the marriage of the East and the West, and has drawn the principal nations of the world together more closely than has ever been before. The responsibilities are immense, especially at the present time, but we have a machinery adequate to deal with them, and the conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute next Wednesday, though a social event, will bring together many of our foremost thinkers on Imperial matters

Photo. F. E. Pollard.

NURSE FLETCHER.

Wearing the Uniform o the Kimberley Hospital, in which She Served throughout the Siege. She has Returned Home in Charge of Invalids.

Photos Copyright.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW

The Queen's Birthday was Celebrated at Cairo, as elsewhere throughout the World where British Bugles Blow, by a Full-dress Parade of the British Garrison.

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SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR, Commander-in-Chief on the China station, is not for the first time confronted by hostile Chinamen. He was midshipman of the "Calcutta's" launch at the destruction of the great fleet of junks in the Fatshan Creek on June 1, 1857. It was a desperate cutting-out affair, and his boat was sunk in the attack. He was also at the capture of Canton and of the Peiho Forts. Many officers are still on the active list who took part in the second Chinese War. The gallant and venerable Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel is a veteran of the first Chinese War, in which from 1841 he commanded the "Dido," and as commodore he led the boat attack at Fatshan in 1857, when his galley was sunk under him. He has given a vivid account of the affair in his "Sailor's Life Under Four Sovereigns"; but Sir William Kennedy, also a veteran of that war, expresses the opinion in his inimitable "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" that no sufficient credit is accorded to the "Calcutta," or to Sir Michael Seymour, who planned the attack, and whose nephew, the present Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, took part in it. Other flag officers on the active list who were engaged in the second Chinese War are Admirals the Earl of Clanwilliam, Lord Charles Scott, Sir N. Bowden-Smith, Morant, St. John, Sir J. Fisher, Sir H. F. Stephenson, Markham, Dale, Buckle, Sir Harry Rawson, Powlett, Lloyd, Oxley, FitzGerald, Wilson, Lake, Jackson, and Bainbridge. Many officers gained high distinction at the time, and if the agitation of the Boxers should lead to serious operations, the opportunities for distinction will occur again.

THE RIVER ROAD TO PEKING.

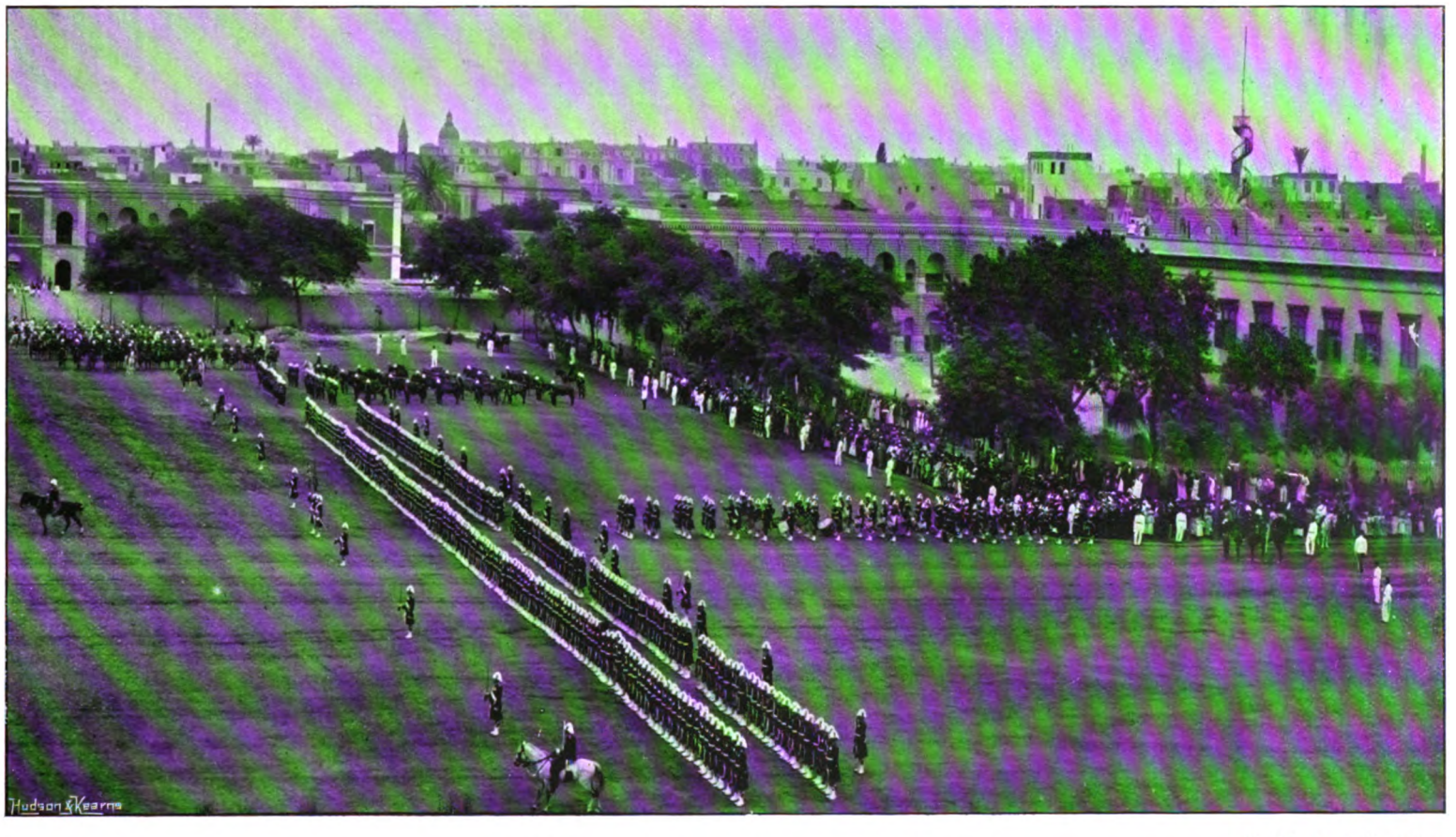
The Beach at Taku at the Mouth of the Peiho River. The Daily Allowance of Bread for the British Fleet is being Shipped by the Chinese Contractor in Sampans for Conveyance to the Fleet at the Man-of-war Anchorage.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON.

Esquimalt Harbour may Play an Important Part in Case of Trouble with China. It is by the Canadian-Pacific Route that Troops may be sent to the Far East.

EXCEPTING perhaps General French and the gallant "B.-P.," no man has come more into public notice during the Boer War than General Ian Standish Monteith Hamilton, who was a mainstay of the defence of Ladysmith, commanded the infantry at Elandslaagte and a brigade at Farquhar's Farm, directed the defence in the tremendous onslaught of the Boers at Cæsar's Camp and Waggon Hill on January 6, and who has been in command of a splendid mounted infantry division, continually outflanking the Boers during the advance up to the fall of Pretoria. Ian Hamilton is one of the most brilliant officers in the Army, an old Gordon Highlander, "born in the



G. Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

IN THE GRAND SQUARE AT CAIRO.

The Kilted Battalion is the 3rd Seaforth Highlanders, a Militia Battalion, and the First ever called upon to do Duty in the Land of the Pharaohs.

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A TYPICAL PRETORIA BUNGALOW.

The above was the Pretoria Home of that Amiable Gentleman, Dr. Leyds, who Represented the Late South African Republic in Europe. From most recent advices we believe it is now "To Let."

regiment," he says, which his father, Colonel Christian Hamilton commanded, and proud of it. He has done a great deal to make the soldier shoot straight, both in India and at home—for he has been commandant at Hythe—and knows the Boer tactics thoroughly—he was wounded severely at Majuba—and has never sent his men forward to fight in close Aldershot formations. The Nile, Afghanistan, Burma, and Chitral have all witnessed his prowess. He is a versatile man, too, of lively wit and genial personality, the author of "A Jaunt in a Junk," "A Ballad of Hadji," "The Fighting of the Future," and some other things. He married the daughter of Sir John Muir, of Doune, Perthshire, once Lord Provost of Glasgow.

AT the present time, when Major-General Baden-Powell and his gallant defence of Mafeking are still an absorbing topic, the accompanying old photograph will interest many. The group consists of the Charterhouse boys, in 1871, assembled in front of the cloisters of the old school at Smithfield. Lying on his arm, on the right of the picture, is the boy Baden-Powell, in what a contemporary (also in the group) calls a "most characteristic attitude."

At the present time the election of scholars on the old Foundation is by competitive examination, but in the old days this was not the case, the scholars being nominated by the governors. Among some of the last boys obtaining this privilege of nomination (in 1870) appears the name of Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, son of a well-known Oxford professor, and nominated by the Duke of Marlborough.

The boy soon made a name for himself, and under his sobriquet of "Bathing Towel" became a favourite alike with master and boys and a leader in all the fun and daring in the school. Dr. Haig Brown describes him as a very clever boy; but his name will be handed down as a household word by the boys of to-day, more as associated with feats of skill and readiness of resource in the athletic world than with books, though he wields the pen as well as the sword.

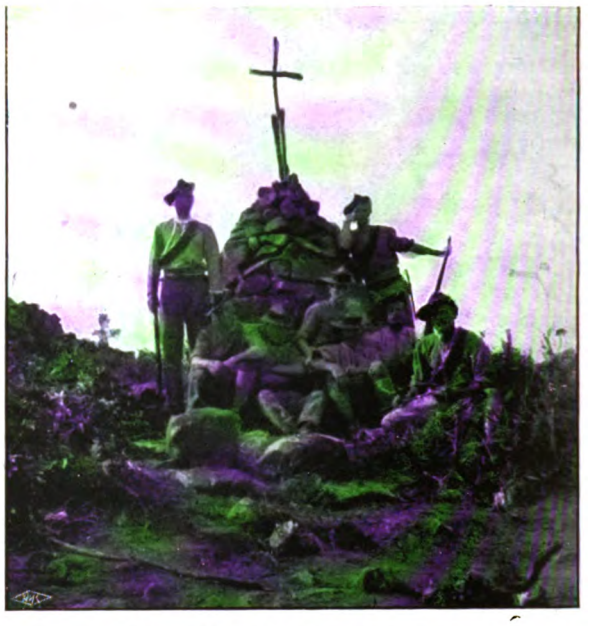
Baden-Powell moved with the school to Godalming in 1872. When Charterhouse first shot for the Ashburton Shield, in 1874, Baden-Powell was one of the team, and also in 1875. He played goal in the football team, and, a contemporary tells us, was the great organiser and referee in all the school pugilistic encounters ("fights"). Baden-Powell left Charterhouse, in 1876, with the intention of entering Oxford. Circumstances, however, fortunately caused a change of plans, and the British Army and the nation at large may well be proud and thankful that his path in life was so well chosen, and that we have undoubtedly the right man in the right place.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A CHARTERHOUSE GROUP OF 1871.

The Lad who is Lying Resting on His Arm in the Foreground to the Extreme Right of the Picture is the Gallant "B.-P.," whose Name, after more than Half a Century, is a Household Word at Charterhouse. "Bathing Towel," as His Sobriquet was, will Never be Forgotten while the Grand Old School Exists.

IAN HAMILTON is an old Wellingtonian, and proud as are Eton and Charterhouse of their collegians in the field, they cannot be prouder than Wellington College. Brave Colonel Thorneycroft—whose "personal gallantry" was commended by Sir Redvers Buller, but whose discretion was questioned by Lord Roberts in relation to Spion Kop—and Colonel Dalgety, the dashing captor of Dordrecht and Molteno and the stout defender of Wepener, are also Wellingtonians. So was that excellent officer, Major Showers, second in command of Lumsden's Horse, killed at Houtnek. Fully twenty Wellingtonians have fallen in the war, and, out of a dozen officers wounded at Vaal Krantz alone, one-half were "old boys" of Wellington. The gallant band, the alumni of the college, also includes Captain Fitz-Clarence, Lieutenant Singleton, and other defenders of Mafeking, and dashing Major Hunter-Weston, the resourceful and gallant captor of much Boer railway rolling-stock, as well as Captain Fowke, who blew up "Long Tom." Probably not an Imperial corps in South Africa is without its Wellingtonians, for about 430 "old boys" have gone out to the war, including many bearing famous and honoured names. Truly a gallant roll from the memorial school of the Iron Duke.



A BRAVE MAN'S TOMB IN RHODESIA.

Cairn Erected by Southern Rhodesian Volunteers to the Memory of Capt. in French on the Spot where He Fell. Captain French was Killed near Gaberones when taking part in Plumer's Advance to the Relief of Mafeking.

ONE correspondent has said that the Gordon Highlanders are beyond all doubt the finest regiment in the world. The "Gay Gordons"—especially the 2nd Battalion, the famous "Ninety-Twa"—are indeed a very gallant corps, and have added to the honour of Dargai the glory of Elandslaagte, the defence of Waggon Hill, the hard fighting in Lord Methuen's battles, and the fame of the bayonet charge at Doornkop, to name no more; and Scotland, as General Hamilton told them, rings with the tale of their deeds. The Highlanders are very famous in the annals of war, and many a page is lustrous with the deeds of which their countrymen are proud, for on most of our fields of battle the skirling of the pipe has led them to victory or to gallant achievements. Blood will always tell, and so it is with the Highland soldier, that valiant fighting man. But where all have fought so splendidly, is it wise to set up distinctions that are invidious? What, for example, of the Irishmen at Pieter's Hill, or the Devons at Colenso, and any of the brave and resourceful defenders of Ladysmith?

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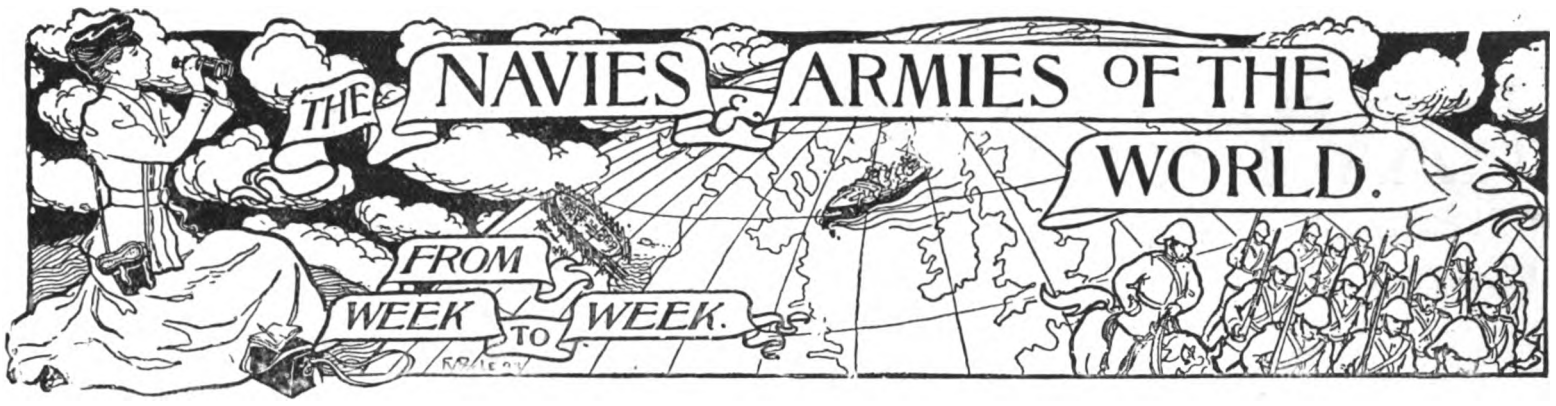

THE strong feeling which has been caused by the unfortunate affair at Aldershot is, at any rate, a proof of one thing, and that is the greater humanity of our time, which, if it occasionally makes us foolishly tender, does at least render us intolerant of the suffering caused by stupidities and oversights. Sir Walter Scott made Dugald Dalgetty speak of the little care which need be taken of the common soldier. Time certainly was when few Englishmen would have been disturbed on hearing that four soldiers had died of sunstroke in a review. Indeed, in former times they would probably never have heard of such an event. It would have passed as one of the common incidents of military life. Now the case is altered, and many have been made so angry by the affair that they are disposed to clamour for the exemplary punishment of somebody—they do not well know whom, but at any rate somebody. I shall certainly not take upon myself to decide whether any particular person is responsible, and have indeed a belief that when such events happen "it is he, it is she, it is it," who are to blame. A good many causes combine to produce events of this nature. In the present case, and though sister woman is, in theory, supposed to have nothing to do with the government of the Army, there can be no question that "it is she" to an appreciable extent. Mr. Wyndham remarked in the House of Commons that "it is also impossible to ignore altogether the soldier's view of what constitutes a smart headdress." The martial man, as ever, is much preoccupied with the thought as to how he will appear in "her" eyes, and, as has ever been the rule since the days of Mother Eve, it is she who causes the mischief.

* * * *

If room must be found for a moral in the story, it is perhaps this—that articles of dress ought to be designed for practical purposes, and not for mere look. The Glengarry is an absurd headdress. It is hot, and draws the blood to the head; it is admirably adapted to produce baldness; it will not keep the sun out of the eyes; and in wet weather it dribbles the water down the nose, behind the ears, and along the back of the neck. Properly speaking, it ought never to be seen, except perhaps on the heads of the chorus in "Lucia de Lammermoor," or on those of agile persons in tights in a music-hall ballet. The descendant of the Glengarry, which is the Service cap, has all its defects, and its one poor merit of a rather vulgar smartness, and for that quality soldiers have always been prepared to sacrifice much. The stiff old shako and the stock were smart; pipeclay is smart; so are tight padded coats; and so was the fantastic old custom of the Light Cavalry, which was to wear long love locks, weighted at the end with a pistol bullet. A pigtail was smart. Having said thus much, one has said all there is to be alleged in favour of these and many other similar customs.

* * * *

Of course the Service Committee has got itself into trouble. It has been severely and justly rebuked in the *Times* by "R. N." for proposing that Naval bases should be put into the hands of the Admiralty and garrisoned by the Navy. We are always hearing of this proposal, both in France and among ourselves. The French plead for it on the ground of what they call logic. Because certain places are peculiarly useful to the Navy, they ought to be wholly in the hands of the Navy, is the argument. It seems to have weight here, where it is backed up by the very natural desire of the Marines to possess more chances of reaching high commands. Yet it ought to be anathema to every man of sense. Essentially it is silly, and is founded on a mere false analogy. The argument that a Naval port and its fortifications ought to be entirely in the hands of the Navy is on a level with the contention that the police and magistrates and management of the sewers ought to be. By every rule of true logic the sphere of the Navy is on the sea. It ought to have nothing to do with the land, except as the place from which it sails, to which it returns to refit or rest, and where its ships are built and its stores are kept. The work of protecting a Naval port against land attack is that of the soldier. The Fleet, when it is strong and properly used, wards off attack from the sea. When it cannot do its proper work it must either steam away out of danger or take refuge behind forts, and then it must rely on the soldiers to give it protection. The practical result of giving garrison work to a Navy is to attract it to the land—to which it is far too much drawn without this call.

* * * *

Indeed, when one tries to think how the double duty could be discharged, one finds oneself landed in absurdities. Suppose that an admiral is in command of station X, which is menaced by an enemy. X contains a Naval port where there are a dockyard and Naval stores. It can only be attacked in one of two ways, or by both together. The enemy may come across a frontier and over land. Then the fighting is soldiers' work. If the admiral has to do it, he must leave his ships and turn himself into a general—go, in fact, from his own element. But X may also be attacked from the sea. What, now, is our admiral to do—remain on shore and leave a subordinate to fight the ships, or go to sea and leave the land campaign to another subordinate? In either case the work divides. The admiral may of course remain at the port and direct both kinds of operations from a distance. If anybody wants to see that done he must have read the history of war to uncommonly little purpose. Then X may be attacked from the sea only. If so, the proper course for an admiral who is not hopelessly overtaxed in material strength is to seek the enemy on the water, and fight him there. If he beats him, there is an end of that attack. If the admiral is beaten, he must take refuge in port, and then comes the soldiers' turn to act. If it is said that the sailor and soldier cannot be expected to pull together unless they are under a common authority, the answer is, that they are under the orders of the State they serve, which tells them to co-operate for the public service. If they squabble and try to trip one another up, instead of doing their duty, the necessity arises for making an example of an admiral or a general, or of both. The laws of war are made for every degree, and to check vice in superior officers as well as in "Tommy" or "Jack." There is no fear that any confusion will arise if admirals and generals will only behave as Pocock and Albemarle did at Havana, or Cornish and Draper at Manila. If they prefer to follow the example of Vernon and Wentworth at Carthagena, no doubt there will be confusion. But no organisation is of any use when men are not capable of subordinating their personal feelings to "the service."

* * * *

Practically the difference between the proper work of soldiers and sailors is so great that, supposing the wish of the Service Committee to be fulfilled, what would happen would be this: A military force would be created for the purpose of garrisoning Naval ports, and it would be put under the Admiralty. In other words, we should create a force of the same kind as the French Infanterie de Marine, and do so in the most inept way. There was this to be said for the old French system, now given up, by which the Colonial Army belonged to the Navy—that the French Minister of Marine was also Minister of the Colonies. The whole administration was therefore in his hands, and he commanded the Infanterie de Marine, not *qua* chief of the Navy, but *qua* administrator of the colonies. Now, however, that the French colonies have a Ministry of their own, the Infanterie de Marine has been taken away from the Admiralty and given to the War Office. Some of the French Naval officers were made very angry by the change, but General de Galliffet justified it by unanswerable arguments. In a very short time it would be found, if the recommendation of the Service Members' Committee were adopted, that it was necessary to add a kind of War Office department to the Admiralty to deal with the little army employed for colonial garrisons. If one of these places were attacked by a military force, it might be necessary to send reinforcements consisting of Regular troops, which would not be a rational arrangement. The only simple and really logical system is that the Navy should keep to the sea, and the land work fall to the Army. When in presence of the enemy, sailors and soldiers belong to one service, that of "their king and country," and have to do their best for it each in his own way, and by helping one another loyally.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICE: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

What We've Got We'll Hold.

AT the end of the nineteenth century the British Empire is the biggest Fact in the world. It covers a greater extent than any Dominion of aforetime. The Queen is loved and revered by more millions of people—differing in race, in language, in ideals, in everything except this love and reverence—than have ever acknowledged one ruler before. Wherever the sun is shining at any moment in the twenty-four hours of the day, it is shining on the British flag. Wherever that flag goes we are bound to make it respected—not feared as a mere symbol of conquering might, but respected as a pledge of civilisation and security, of liberty of conscience, and of that *Pax Britannica* which allows the free growth of liberal institutions, the unfettered development of free communities. When the British flag ceases to be a pledge of these things, the British Empire will crumble and decay, as the empires have crumbled and decayed which came before it. For although it is the biggest Fact in the world, it is based on what is even bigger. It is based upon a great Idea—the idea that man is born to control his own destinies, to work out his own future in reliance on his God-given attributes: self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. So long as a great Fact remains closely related to a great Idea, it is as a house builded upon a rock. When the Idea has been lost sight of, it is like a building with foundations of sand.

Why have the earlier empires of the world's history fallen from their high estate? The Roman Empire grew soft and rotten at the core from too much prosperity. The Romans forgot their old traditions of hardihood and simplicity of life. The idea on which they had founded their dominion was forgotten. The Barbarians came down and overwhelmed them. For reasons of the same nature the empires of the East collapsed, though they were based more on sheer physical force than upon any idea, and therefore their end came sooner. Force is soon exhausted as a means of subduing the world. Then look at the empires that have been founded since the Middle Ages. Why have they been stunted in their growth? How is it that France, and Spain, and Holland, and Portugal have failed to squire the sun with their drum-taps, have failed even to keep what they had? Spain failed by reason of the intolerance and cruelty of her system. Holland failed because her aim was to make money quickly, and no merely mercenary policy can ever bring forth great results. Portugal failed because the heart of her people was not in the work of empire building. Strong kings formed Greater Portugal; weak kings lost it. France failed because her rulers could never make up their minds to give whole-hearted support to the men who were making empire; could never even prevent the empire makers from trying to cut one another's throats in fits of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

How does the British Empire stand in respect of such motes as we can see in neighbouring eyes? On the whole, well. Our aims are not merely mercenary, although commerce led the way in the expansion of the British State. Our system is not cruel; it is seldom intolerant, and then only so long as the intolerance can be kept from the knowledge of the people at large. We are, as a nation, interested in our vast Dominion, and resolute as to holding it together with a firm hand. However weak a Home Government may be, we do force it to support our pro-Consuls in the far corners of the earth, and we can rely upon British blood not to allow private quarrels or petty jealousies to hinder public affairs. So far, good. But there are other dangers in the path of Empire besides those which proved too much for the nations of the Continent; we must consider carefully, from time to time, whether we have not in our own eyes some beam that distorts our vision even more than would our neighbours' motes. Just now the danger that seems specially to threaten us is a disinclination to look sufficiently far into the future—an inability to grasp the conditions which must govern our policy of defence; and, following naturally upon this, a doubting mind as to where the right path lies.

If we are to hold what we've got—and on this point there can be no two opinions among the readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED—we must have a rational, flexible, serviceable system of Imperial Land Defence. We must in every part of the Empire have a military force that can be quickly mobilised, and we must be able to concentrate troops at any point where attack threatens. The Army in the British Isles cannot be expected to do the military work of the whole Empire—it is not doing the whole work in South Africa—but we cannot afford always to rely upon volunteer effort. We must organise, organise, organise. When we have Australian and Canadian regiments mounting guard at Wellington Barracks, with English, Scottish, and Irish regiments taking their turns of work in the capitals of the Commonwealth and the Dominion, then we shall feel that the Empire is working together for mutual protection in real earnest. Then we shall know that to a Navy strong enough to sweep the seas we have added an Army suited to our needs, and ready to take up the work of defence in any part of the world just where the Navy leaves it off.

So shall we be prepared to meet any force of arms that may be arrayed against us. But there are other enemies we have to fight against in our determination to hold what we've got—enemies who are harder to subdue than any Navy or Army that could threaten us. In the Crimea "General February" was said to have wasted more lives than any French or British commander. In South Africa at present the Boers have slain their thousands. But in India famine and plague are slaying their ten thousands. The extent of the disaster almost paralyses imagination.

> "Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
> Have scarce strength left to give them burial."

Let us show what we are willing to do for the Empire by sending help to the limit of our power. Let us make it clear to India and to the world that our talk of fellow-citizenship and community of interest is no pretence.

> "O! let those cities that of Plenty's cup
> And her prosperities so largely taste,
> With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!"

Never before in the world's history has there been an empire based on the mutual support and interdependence of great nations in every quarter of the globe. Centralisation has been always hitherto the keystone of empire. We find our strength in decentralisation. London is the centre of the Empire in a sense; but we cannot say that what London (or even England) thinks to-day, the Empire will think to-morrow. We must know what Melbourne and Sydney think, and Ottawa and Montreal, and Cape Town and Maritzburg. More than ever, after this war in South Africa, we are realising how we are bound up with all the other parts of the Empire. They have splendidly proved their recognition of the truth that what hurts one part hurts all. We, for our part, must never miss an opportunity of showing that we understand how necessary it is for all to work in unison in the common cause and for the common flag. United we stand, divided we should certainly fall. "What we've got we'll hold"; but we must hold it all together. It is worth a mighty effort, and British bulldogs are accustomed to mighty efforts. Their jaws are as powerful and their determination as grim as ever. When the moment comes for them to spring, let those who have provoked them look to themselves.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 24, 1340.—Edward III.'s great victory at Sluys. 1795.—Capture of the French "Minerve," 40, off Toulon, by the "Lowestoft," 32. 1800.—Boats of the "Renown," 74, "Defence," 74, and "Fisgard," 36, stormed and destroyed two French forts, and a heavy battery at Quimper, Brittany.

June 25, 1667.—Sir John Harman's victory over a French squadron off Martinique. 1805.—Capture of the French "Bacchante," 18, by the "Endymion," 40.

June 26, 1758.—Capture of the fortress of Louisbourg, Cape Breton, by Admiral Boscawen. 1799.—Capture of the French "Courageuse," 28, by the "Alcmene," 32. 1857.—The first V.C. pinned by the Queen on the breast of Rear-Admiral H. J. Raby. 1897.—Diamond Jubilee Naval Review.

JUNE 24, 1762.—Battle of Gravenstein. The English, under the Marquis of Granby, greatly distinguished themselves in this victory, won over the French by the allied forces of England, Prussia, and the lesser German States.

June 25, 1706.—Ostend surrendered, after being invested for four days by the Confederate army under Marlborough, and bombarded by the squadron under Sir Stafford Fairburne. 1783.—Sortie from Cuddalore repulsed by General Stuart.

June 26, 1658.—Dunkirk taken. 1777. Americans defeated near Quibble Town by Lord Cornwallis. 1781.—Americans defeated near Chickahoming by Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe.

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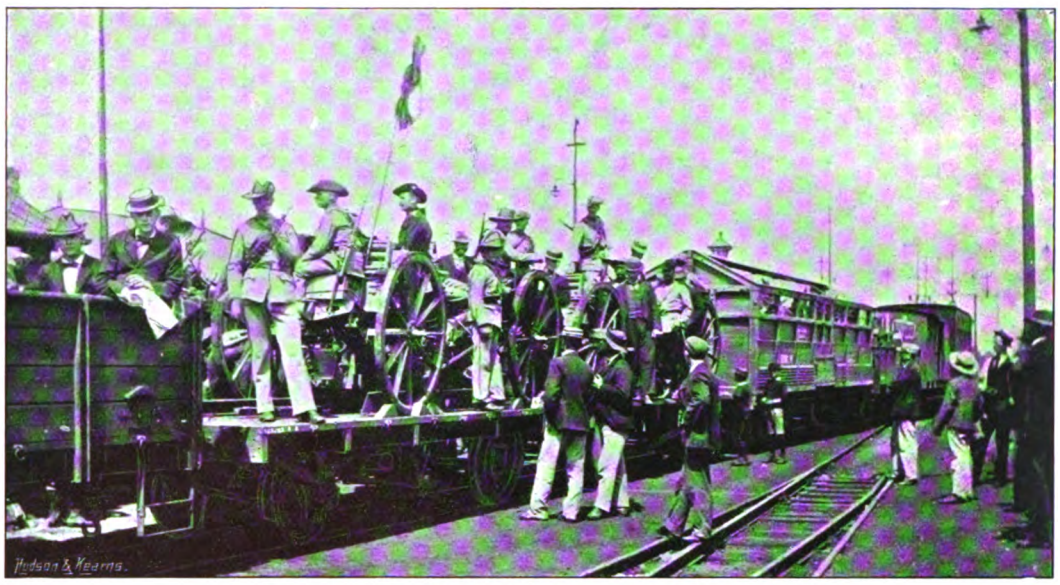
The Flight from the Gold Reef City.

"There are girls in the gold reef city,
There are mothers and children too,
And they cry 'Hurry up, for pity!'
So what can a brave man do?

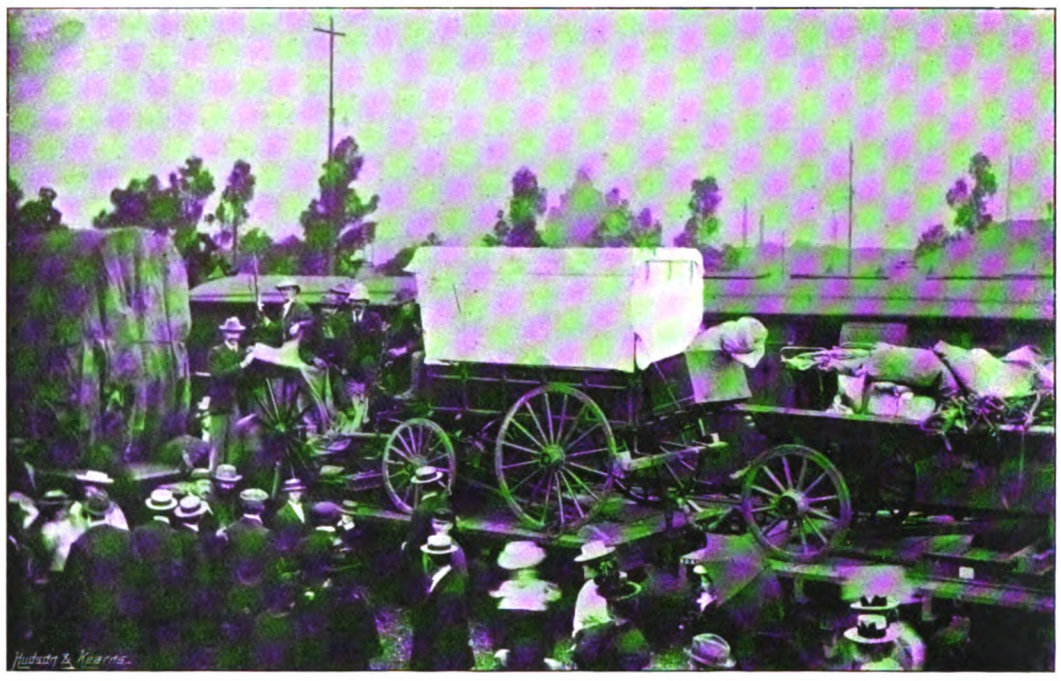
. . . . .

"I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,
Still, I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say."

FEW Britons will dispute that, however ethically wrong the Jameson Raid may have been, the Poet Laureate undoubtedly voiced the feeling of the country when he wrote the lines which are quoted above. The effect of the raid was to render the position of this country more difficult, and to give Kruger and Steyn further opportunities for carrying on that excessive arming of their respective States for which there was absolutely no necessity, and which was obviously directed against England. The crisis had to come. Perhaps the Jameson Raid deferred it, but at any rate we are now going through it, and are seeing it out to the bitter end. On May 31 Lord Roberts made his entry into "the gold reef city," and our pictures give a fair representation of the *debâcle* which the proximity of the British troops caused amongst our foes. Helter-skelter they fled, yet not so fast as to be unable to take guns and baggage with them. Look at the first picture. It shows the Transvaal flag still flying, the guns stowed on the trucks and accompanied by Transvaal Artillery—a force composed of varied elements, but highly reputed among the Boers, and, indeed, practically the only organised force they possessed before the war. That there will be any definite treaty of peace is apparently impossible, because with the annexation of the Transvaal, as the Orange River Colony has been annexed, there will be no Government with whom any treaty could be concluded. But as the pacification of the country proceeds, and as resistance breaks down, one of the principal things that it will be necessary to perform will be to secure the Boer artillery, which could have been procured by Kruger and his associates for no other purpose than to attack this country. Perhaps it might be possible to obtain an accurate record of the guns bought, and then we might hope that every one might be accounted for. There must be no guns hidden or buried, to be available for use in case a few desperadoes should hereafter attempt a rising. Another picture shows that the Boers were as careful of their baggage as of their weapons; while a third, which represents a group of our foes as they appeared in a railway truck, is calculated to give us a higher opinion of their ferocity than of their intelligence. If these are fair samples of the men with whom we have to deal, much of the past of the Transvaal becomes intelligible, and the difficulties of the future become manifest. Such men as are shown in our picture understand no law but force. Meantime, Johannesburg is in our hands, and it will probably not be long before its active life is restored, and before it enters again upon that career of prosperity for which it is so evidently destined.



WITH FLAGS AND GUNS.
Boer Regular Troops Bolting from Johannesburg.



A VERY HURRIED TREK.
The Hasty Removal of Transport and Baggage.

Photos. Copyright. *J. N. Edwards.*

A GROUP OF OUR FOES.
Retiring from Johannesburg in a Railway Carriage.

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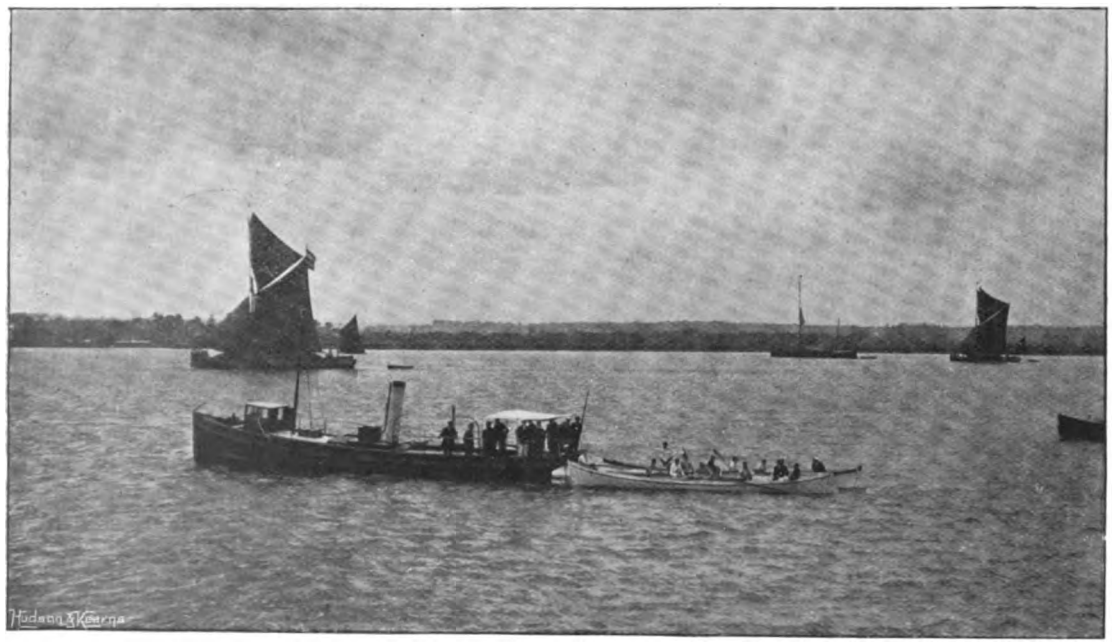
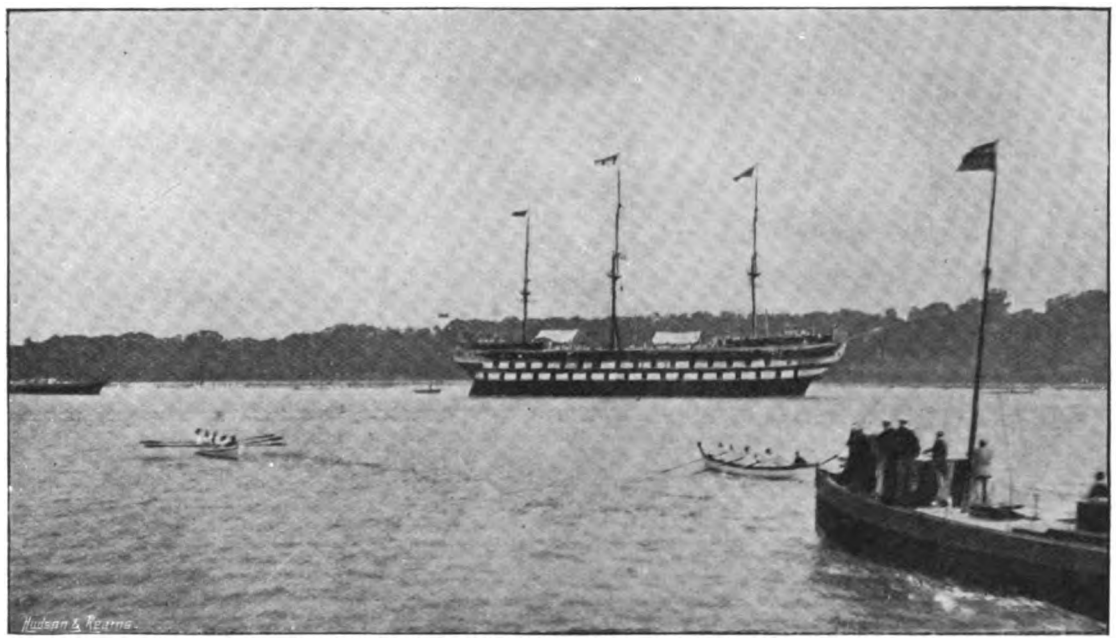
The "Worcester" and "Conway" Boat-race.

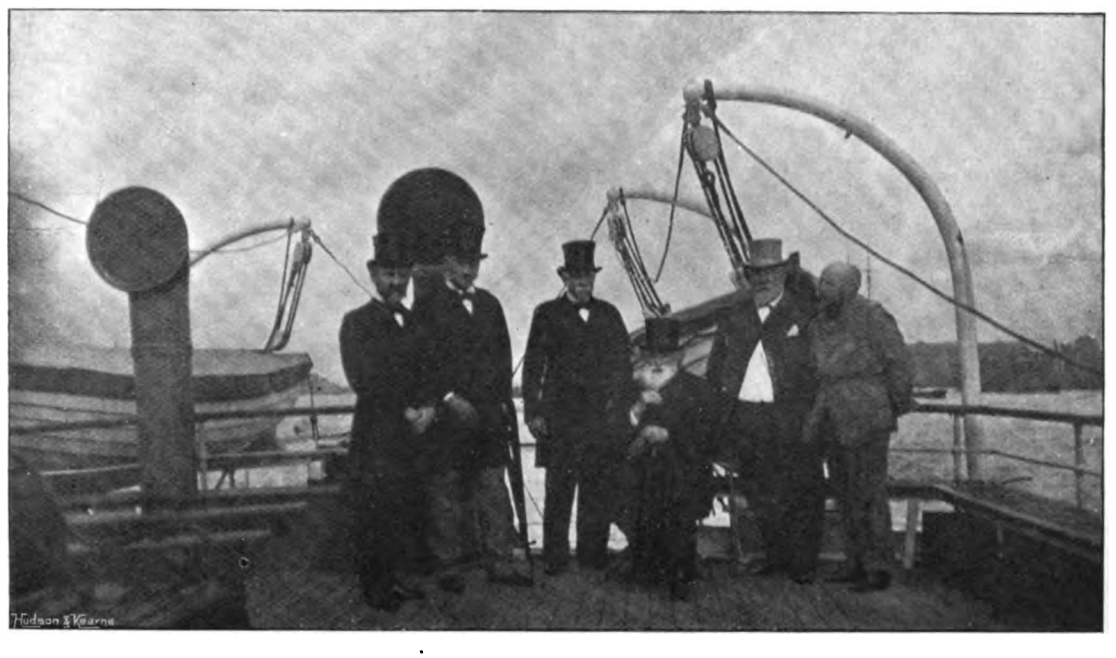


A PRELIMINARY TO THE EVENT.
Towing the Boats to the Starting-point.



A VICTORY FOR THE THAMES TRAINING-SHIP.
The "Worcesters" Win after an Exciting Struggle.

CONQUERORS PROUD OF THEIR SPOIL.
The Winning Crew with Their Cup and Shield.



THE "WORCESTER" AND "CONWAY" COMMITTEE
Pose for the "Navy & Army Illustrated"

From Photos Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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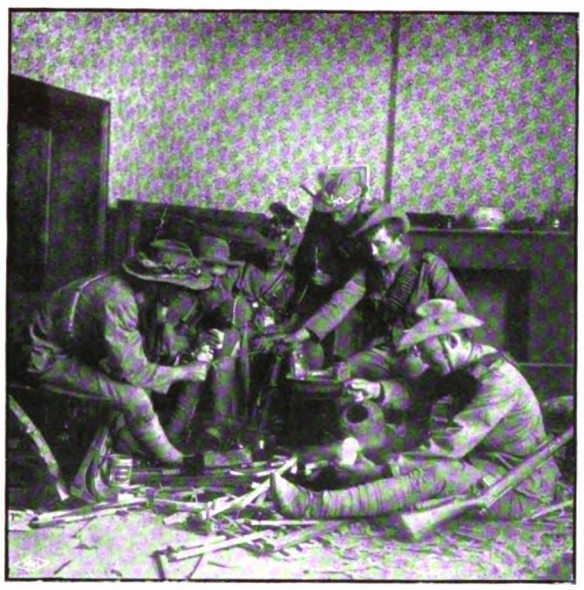
The Gallant Men of Cape Colony.

MAJOR RIMINGTON AND HIS GUIDES.
The Gallant Men who were a Pattern to many.

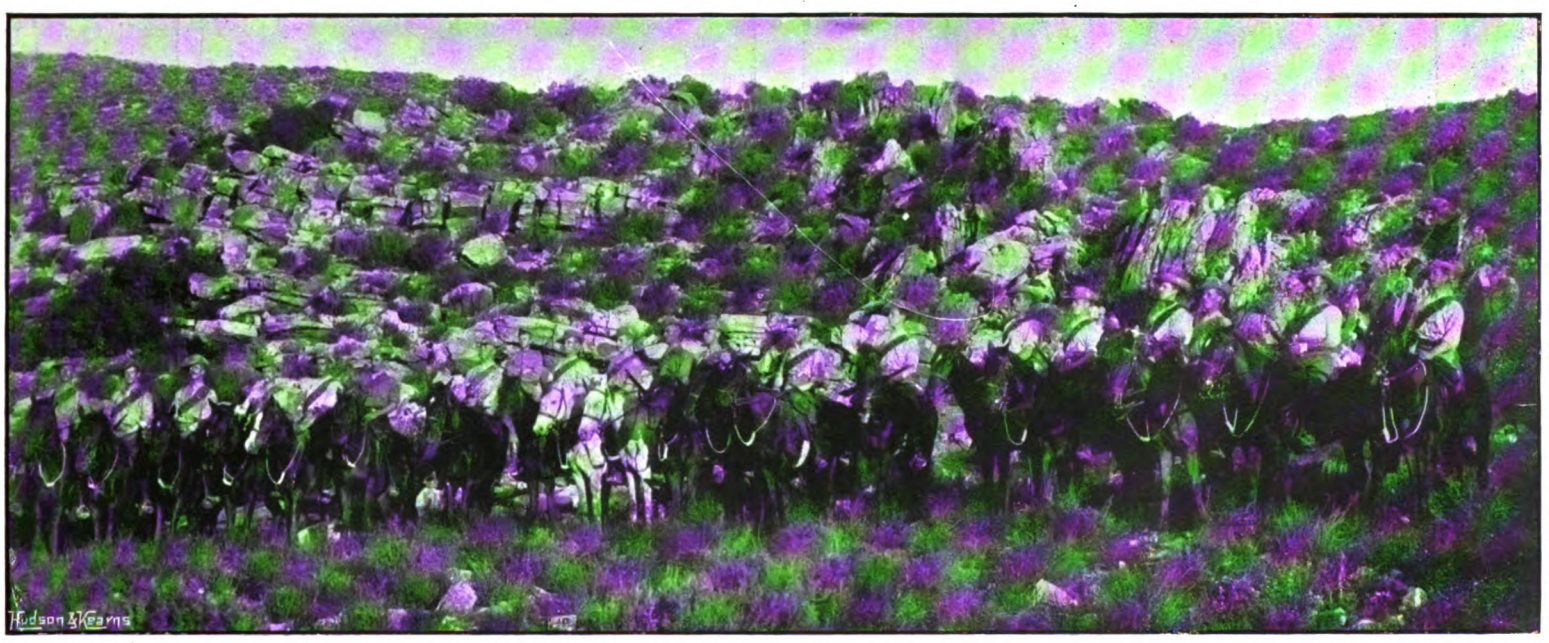
EVERY general in command in South Africa has given generous tribute to the fine and soldierly qualities of our colonial troops. Generals Penn-Symonds, Yule, French, White, Buller, and Lord Roberts himself have all testified to the extreme value of their services. It was Lord Roberts, indeed, who first fully recognised the great claim of the colonial forces to practical recognition, and it was he who gave to General Brabant the command of that fine division of Cape Colony soldiers which has been doing such notable work in the Orange State. They were no longer to be left to the routine duty of guarding bridges and culverts, but were to go forward in the first line of the advance. When Captain Lambton replied for "The Services" at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, he said, rightly, of the colonials he had met, that "a finer set of fighting men never existed." In the defence and relief of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking the colonials have won undying fame, and their splendid services in Lord Roberts's advance are still fresh in memory.

No better leader could have been selected to command colonial troops than General Brabant, whose coolness and ability to get his men out of tight corners has many a time been proved, and who is truly a leading spirit in Cape Colony. The attitude of the Cape Government was long a bar to progress, and the loyalists in the colony bitterly resented the bondage in which they lay. Especially in the old Crown colony of British Kaffraria was enormous enthusiasm displayed, and the fact that every second man in the various districts was recruited for military service speaks volumes for the patriotism of the inhabitants. East London, King Williamstown, and Komgha, not to name other places, enrolled large numbers of men. The Kaffrarian Rifles — an admirable corps — the Frontier Mounted Rifles, a large body of the celebrated Cape Mounted Rifles, and a force of the excellent Cape Police did excellent service under General Gatacre, and admirable mounted companies of the Grahamstown First City Volunteers and of Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guards (Port Elizabeth) were soon at work. Out of such elements, and two regiments of Brabant's Horse which were raised, did General Brabant constitute the Colonial Division, which was quite apart from the splendid forces which have been rendering such notable service on the Western Frontier — the Diamond Fields Horse, the Protectorate Regiment, and other troops existing or raised at Kimberley and in its neighbourhood.

It was the unfortunate reverse at Stormberg that led to the formation of several bodies of irregular troops, such as Colonel Bayly's and Colonel Nesbitt's Horse, and the



CAMPAIGNING FARE.
The Guides at a Hasty Meal.
From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.



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A SQUADRON OF KITCHENER'S HORSE.
Hard Fighting Men of the Regiment Named after the Victor of Omdurman.

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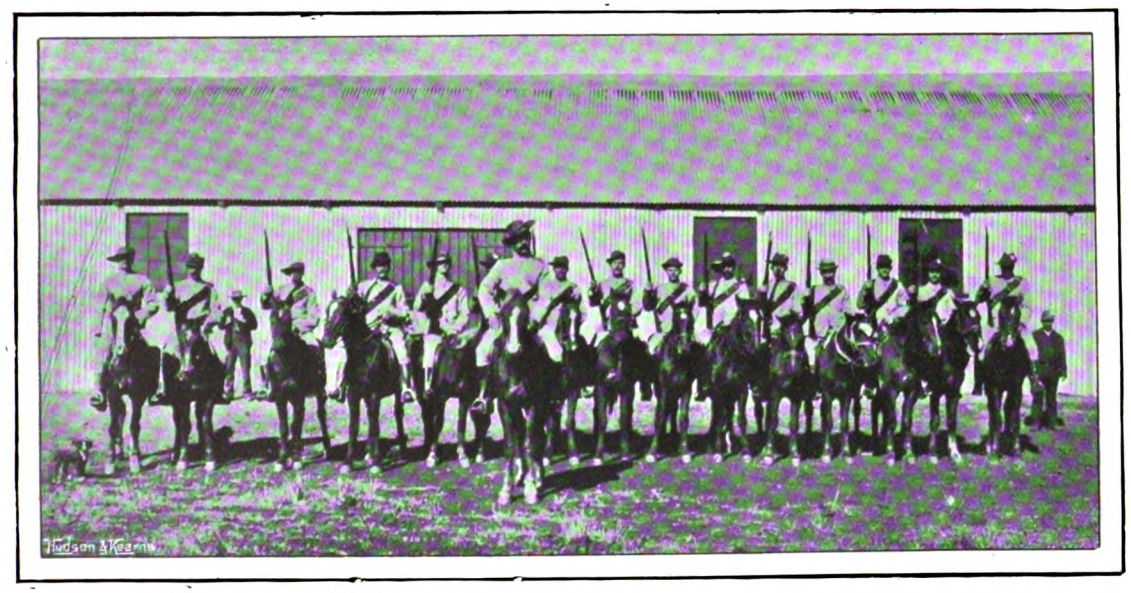
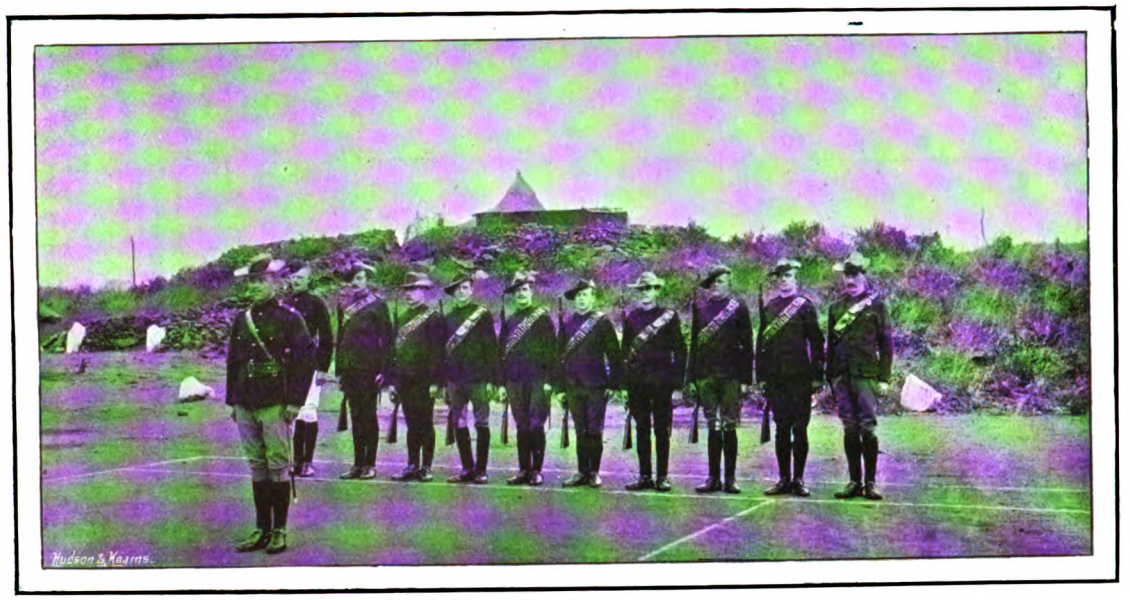
Excellent Types of Our Colonial Soldiers.



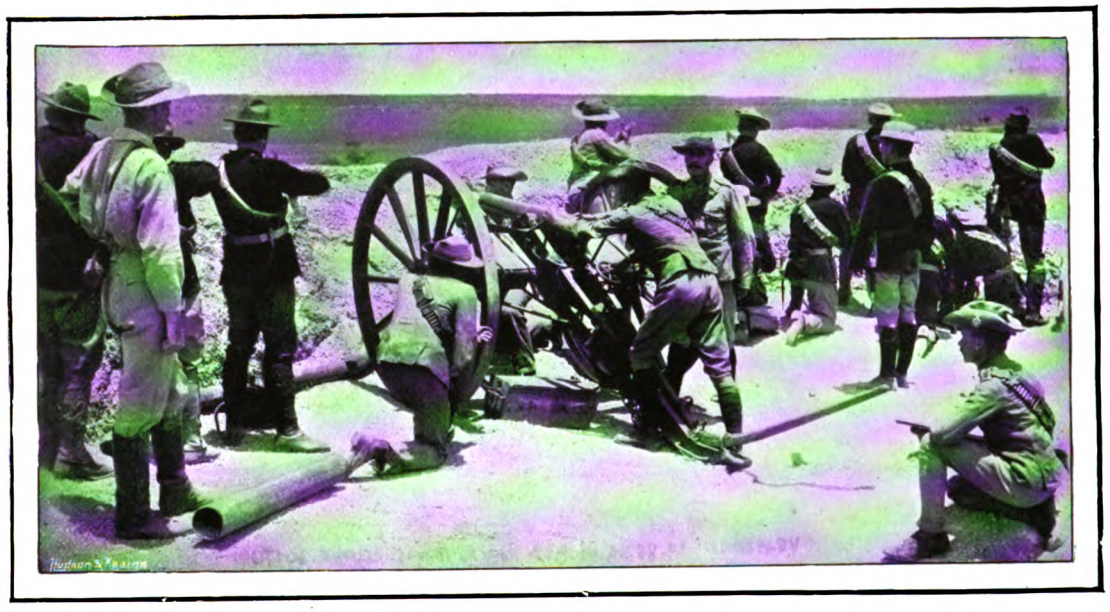
SOME ROUGH RIDERS OF RHODESIA.
Men who Shared in the Defence of Mafeking.



BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE.
A Party of the Troopers with Plumer at Lobatsi.

Photo. Copyright.

THE KENILWORTH DEFENCE FORCE.
Irregular Riflemen Raised by the People of Kimberley.



Bennett.

THE DIAMOND FIELDS ARTILLERY.
Picking Off Boer Cattle Raiders from Otto's Kopje.

Gallant Fighting Men of Kimberley and Mafeking.

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Imperial Government entrusted to the colonial troops the task of freeing their own colony from the presence of the detested invaders. Among special forces raised were Rimington's and De Montmorency's Scouts, embodied out of young colonists of good family, nearly every one of them carefully picked and well qualified for work, and no man was enlisted who did not ride well, speak Dutch and Kaffir, and know familiarly some section of the country. Rimington's Guides were almost ubiquitous, and having done good service on the Cape Border and in the relief of Kimberley, were among the very first troops to march into Bloemfontein.

Before the main advance of Brabant's Division, De Montmorency's Scouts, which form part of it, did excellent work at Dordrecht with the Cape Mounted Rifles and Police. They possessed the celerity of the Boers and were able to turn the enemy's flank, with the result that steady progress was made. On December 23 a large Boer force fled before sixty of De Montmorency's men utterly disorganised, and Colonel Dalgety, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, who afterwards became famous for his sturdy defence of Wepener, occupied Dordrecht. From that place the enemy's positions were thoroughly searched. On December 30 a party of the Scouts were cut off near Labuschagne's Nek owing to their refusal to leave a wounded officer, Lieutenant Warren, of Brabant's Horse, but Captain Goldsworthy, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, rescued the men, who had defended themselves through the night against completely overwhelming forces, and routed their assailants. Space is wanting to recount all the exciting events in which Captain De Montmorency was engaged. That brilliant officer, who had won his

Photo. Copyright. *Furmidge.*

THE KOMGHA MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Loyal Cape Men who Fought in the Wepener Operations.

Photo. Copyright. *Withers.*

THE CAPE MOUNTED POLICE.

A Force Notably Efficient, Smart, and Soldierly to a Degree.

Photo. Copyright. *L. W. Ford.*

THE QUEENSTOWN TOWN GUARD.

An Excellent Force Embodied for Local Defence.

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V.C. at Omdurman, was killed, to the regret of the whole Army, in the action at Schoeman's Farm on February 24.

General Brabant began his victorious advance early in March with Brabant's Horse, the Cape Mounted Rifles, Kaffrarian and Queenstown Volunteers, Cape Police, and some regulars. He made a brilliant night march from Dordrecht, captured two of the enemy's strongest positions, and drove them in precipitate retirement before him. It is unnecessary to relate how this fine colonial division victoriously crossed the Orange River and advanced along the Basutoland border, nor the details of the sturdy defence which Colonel Dalgety offered at Wepener when the Boers swept upon that district again. These brave colonial troops afterwards took part in Lord Roberts's great advance.

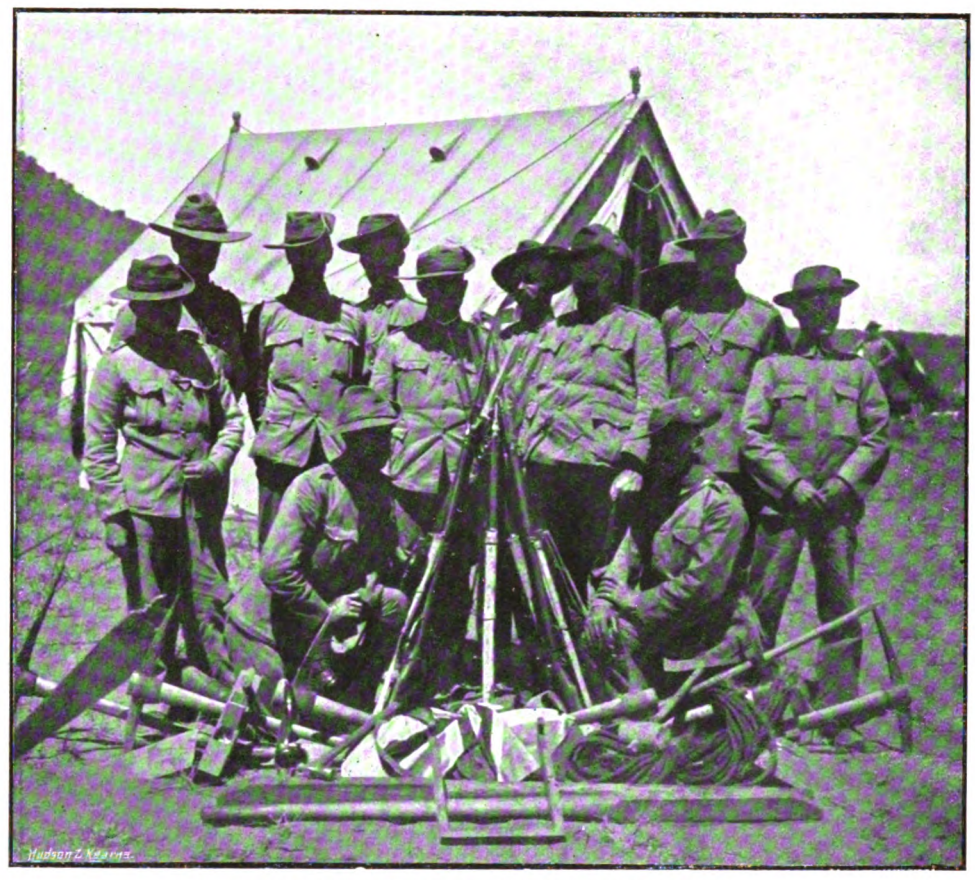
Space is wanting to deal with all the forces of Cape Colony, to which, indeed, almost a volume might be devoted. Thus we have Roberts's Horse and Kitchener's Horse, formerly two regiments of the South African Light Horse, a force which has done many gallant deeds during the war. The colonial garrison at Kimberley was an admirable force, and the Diamond Fields Horse was prominently in the public mind during the siege. It was under command of that gallant and lamented officer, Lt.-Colonel Scott-Turner, who displayed conspicuous qualities in handling his men, and who was killed in action during the siege The Kimberley Light Horse were raised through the instrumentality of Mr. Rhodes. The Kimberley Rifles, the Diamond Fields Artillery, and the Town Guards, which Colonel Scott-Turner principally organised, also shared in the memorable defence with a considerable body of the Cape Police. It was out of such forces that the flying column was formed for the relief of Mafeking. Every man in that column was an athlete, and every horse, waggon, and mule was selected, and the Kimberley Mounted Corps, which was composed of the Light Horse and certain Cape Police, and that magnificent corps the Imperial Light Horse, which had already done glorious deeds at Ladysmith, have reason to be proud of their work.

The resourceful garrison was also composed of Cape Colonials. Colonel Hore's Protectorate Regiment was composed of picked men, perfectly at home in the saddle and practised in the use of the rifle. The garrison also included certain British South African Police, a small force of Diamond Fields Artillery and of Cape Mounted Police, and the Bechuanaland Rifles, all composed of excellent men.

Photo. Copyright. *H. J. M. Withers.*

DE MONTMORENCY'S SCOUTS.

After the Loss of their Gallant and Lamented Leader.



THE RAILWAY PIONEER REGIMENT.

Officers who have Done Good Work on the Orange River.

From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

PRINCE ALFRED'S VOLUNTEER GUARD.

A Fine Force of Colonial Riflemen from Port Elizabeth.

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The Brave Sons of Natal.

NO **one** can grudge the highest praise to the people of Natal. They had the advantage, it is true, of possessing a Government that moved at the instant need, but they answered magnificently to the call, and in a whole-hearted fashion did they throw themselves into the work of defence. The only permanent local military force in the colony was the Natal Mounted Police, numbering 550, admirably equipped and very excellent men, but there was a considerable body of partially-paid volunteers, including the Natal Carbineers, numbering about 800 mounted riflemen—who were in evidence very early in the war—the Natal Mounted Rifles, the Border Mounted Rifles, and the Umvoti Mounted Rifles, the Durban Light Infantry, a battery of Field Artillery, and a Naval corps of ninety men. Even before the outbreak of hostilities all the volunteers were called out and sent to the frontier, and every possible preparation was made by a united people ready to dare all and do all for Queen and Empire. The Colonial corps have fought in every action, and have won unbounded praise from the generals in the field. Sir George White's personal escort in Ladysmith was formed of forty non-commissioned officers and men of the Natal Mounted Rifles.

THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.
A Field Smithy at Spearman's Hil Camp.
From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

It was in Natal, also, that that magnificent corps the Imperial Light Horse was raised. It was composed of true Imperialists and of men who had suffered much from the Boers. Many were refugees from Johannesburg, but applications to join the corps came from all parts of South Africa, and it might be said truly that the Imperial Light Horse was the flower of the colonies, for abundant material existed, and the selection was carefully made. Great disappointment reigned among the rejected, but that gallant officer, Colonel Scott Chisholm, who was chosen for the command, like Major Wools-Sampson, Karri Davies, and other Johannesburghers, was resolved to have none but the best to fight the rebellious Boers.

The Imperial Light Horse had their baptism of fire on the famous day of Elandslaagte, when they were in the field with gallant Natalian Volunteers, the Border Mounted Rifles, and the Carbineers. There, also was Colonel Royston with the Natal Battery, a gallant spirit who had done much for soldiering in the Colony, and whose death, after the relief of Ladysmith, was a loss to British South Africa. The Imperial Light Horse, with the Natal Mounted Rifles and others, were on the right, supported by a field battery and the 5th Lancers. Soon the fight turned to deadly earnest, and assumed a desperate character, and the gallant Light Horse took a great part in the victory. The final charge, in which they shared, was magnificent, and the men bore themselves with the coolness and courage of seasoned veterans. Fighting side by side with the gay Gordons, they carried all before them, but unhappily their brave commanding officer, Colonel Scott Chisholm, was killed, while many among them were wounded. There was something of Nemesis in this action, for the Imperial Light Horse were essentially a Reformers' corps, and they met in the grip of battle at Elandslaagte some of the Boer oligarchy at whose hands they had suffered.

Photo. Copyright. *Sherwood.*

THE NATAL FIELD ARTILLERY.
A Battery much Employed by Sir Redvers Buller.

The Imperial Light Horse took a prominent part in the defence of Ladysmith. To them, under Colonel Edwards, and the Natal Carbineers and Border Mounted Rifles, all under command of Colonel Royston, fell the honours of the night attack on Gun Hill on December 8, when the Boer 6-in. "Long Tom" and a howitzer were destroyed. Silently they marched out from their cantonments, in the dark, to the foot of the hill, and about 100 each of the Light Horse and the Carbineers, with ten sappers, were selected to storm the height. They took the Boers completely by surprise, and swept them out of the earthwork. They carried no bayonets, but someone cried out: "Fix bayonets; give 'em cold steel, my lads," thus taking the fight out of the enemy. The big gun was found in its emplacement, the breech-block was unscrewed, falling as a prize to the Light Horse, and the sappers wrecked the gun and howitzer with dynamite,

THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.
An Officers' Mess with Lord Dundonald's Column.
From a Photo. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland

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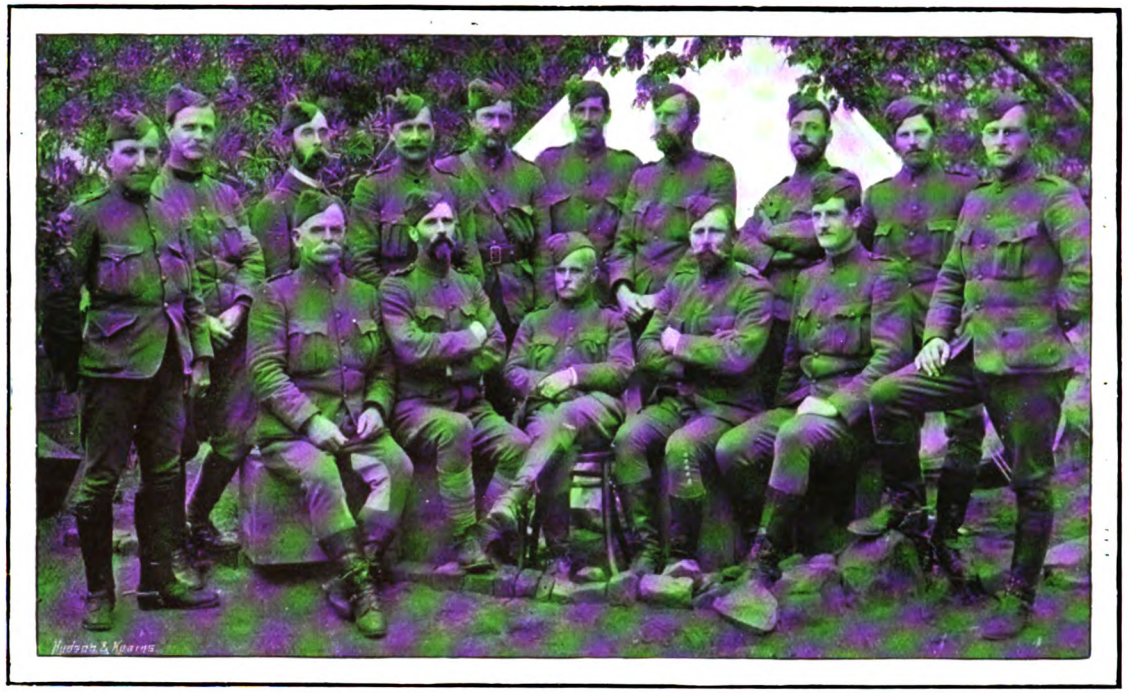
THE OFFICERS OF THE NATAL CARBINEERS.
A Goodly Company of Fine Fighting Men.



THE OFFICERS OF THE NATAL MOUNTED RIFLES.
From which Corps Sir George White Chose His Bodyguard.

COLONEL ROYSTON, COLONEL DARTNELL, AND STAFF.
The Late and Present Commandants of Natalian Volunteers.

THE OFFICERS OF THE BORDER MOUNTED RIFLES
A Volunteer Force which has Served through the Campaign.

From Photos. by J. Wallace Bradley.

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and the excellent fellows came back dragging a Maxim along with them.

Again, nearly all the credit for the brilliant defence of Waggon Hill on January 6 falls to the Imperial Light Horse. Waggon Hill was the key of Bester's Ridge, the capture of which would have been calamity, but by superb steadiness against great odds, by tenacity, coolness, and stern courage they saved it, and made their dauntless stand. Thus speaks Mr. Pearse, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, of that tremendous incident: "The living continued to fight where their gallant comrades fell, scorning to quit an inch of ground to the Boers, though they knew by the rifle fire flashing round them in the darkness that they were hopelessly outnumbered from the first. When one was hit, another stepped quietly up to his place, and went on shooting as if at target practice, though he had no more cover than a small stone to lie behind; and this happened not once but a score of times, the officers taking an equal share in the fight with their men, who speak with pride of the gallantry shown by Captains de Rothe and Codrington, Lieutenants Webb, Pakeman, Adams, Campbell, and Richardson, and the active veteran Major Doveton, who cheered his men on after he had received two bullet wounds, one of which shattered his forearm and shoulder." This gallant stand made possible the brilliant fight of the Devons and Gordons, by which chiefly the ridge was regained.

All the Natalian forces in Ladysmith bore themselves heroically until the day of relief came. Before nightfall on that memorable day loud cheers were heard from the plains

Photo. Copyright "Navy & Army."

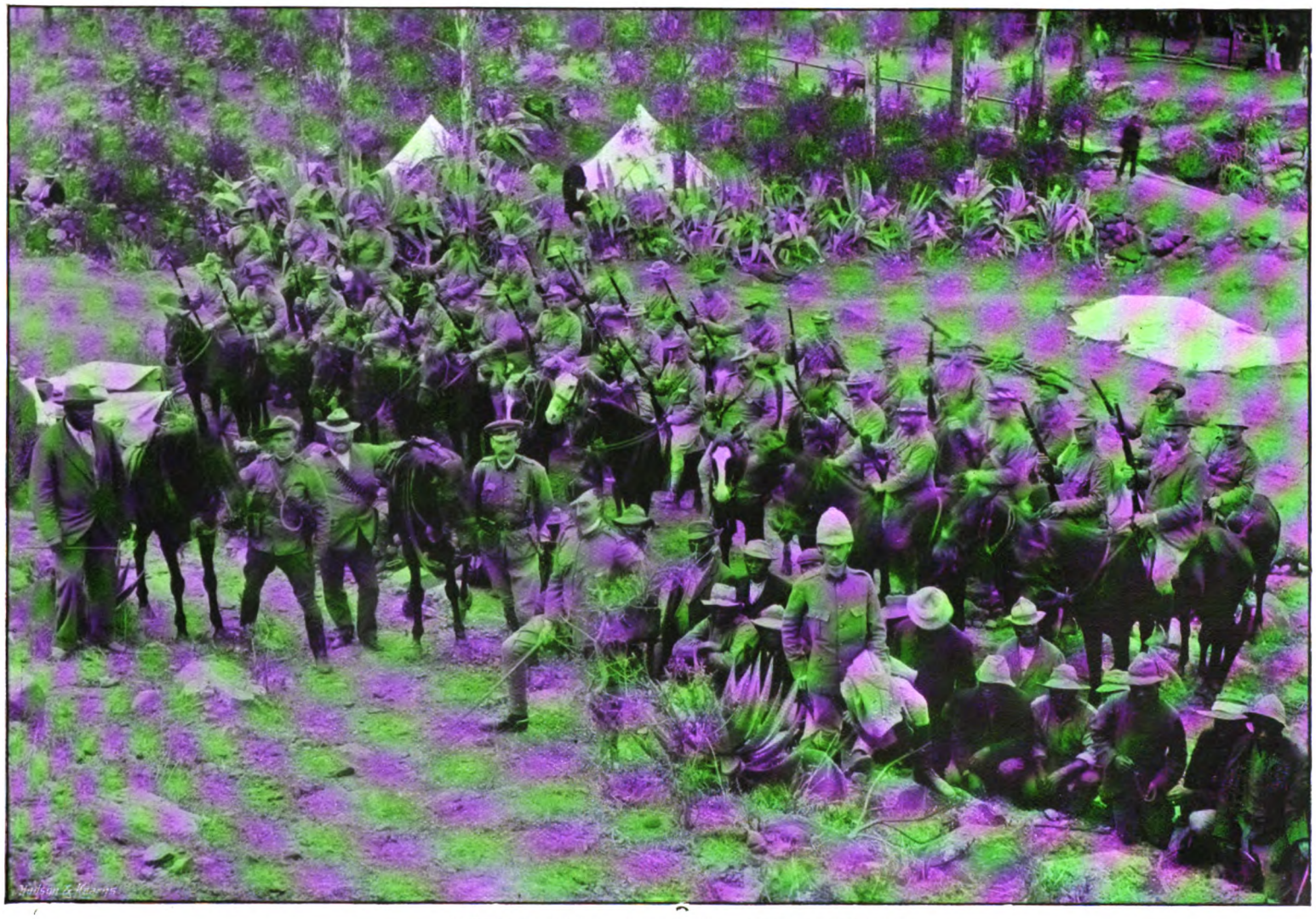
OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS OF THE NATAL MOUNTED POLICE.

To all Intents and Purposes a Local Cavalry Regiment.

where some of the Frontier Police of Colonel Dartnell—the same gallant officer to whom it was chiefly due that General Yule's column safely retired from Dundee to Ladysmith—with Border Mounted Rifles and Natal Carbineers, had been patrolling since the morning. It was the coming of Dundonald's force—more Imperial Light Horse, more Natal Carbineers and Police, and more Border Mounted Rifles—to relieve their comrades and all the beleaguered people of Ladysmith.

The colonial troops of Natal were prominent in every action of the operations for the relief of the town. The Durban Light Infantry were engaged in the disaster that befell the armoured train, and twenty-four of their men were missing. When the Boers raided the district about Estcourt and the Mooi River, these colonial forces were again very active, and the volunteer cavalry proved their excellence. General Hildyard had at Estcourt detachments of the Imperial Light Horse, the Border Mounted Rifles, the Natal Carbineers, some Cape Police, and Bethune's Horse, a notable corps which, like Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, was afterwards much in the public mind. Thorneycroft's men are splendid fellows, and no better soldiers could have been found to encounter the Boers.

When the time came to press the advance Lord Dundonald had command of most of the colonial mounted forces, and when Sir Redvers Buller attacked the Boers at Colenso on December 15, the Natal Carbineers, South African Light Horse, and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, with other troops, protected the right flank in the direction of



LADYSMITH GUIDES AND SCOUTS.

A Group of Men who did Splendid Work for the Beleaguered Town.

From a Photo. by J. Wallace Bradley.

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Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THORNEYCROFT'S MOUNTED INFANTRY.

A Very Famous Irregular Corps.

From a Photo. *By Our Special Correspondent.*

THE SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.

A Group taken on Hussar Hill.

Hlangwane Hill. When Lord Dundonald set out to capture the passage of the Little Tugela the Natal forces were with him, and it was with 600 troopers of the South African Light Horse and Border Mounted Infantry, accompanied by a field battery that he marched on to seize Zwarts Kop. The Tugela was swollen and the ferry-boat was at the other side, but a party of G Squadron of the South African Light Horse volunteered to swim across, and Lieutenant Carlisle in command, with Sergeant Turner, Corporals Cox and Barkley, and Troopers Howell, Godden, and Collingwood plunged into the stream, and crossing to the other side hauled the boat across under a heavy fire. Thus was Zwarts Kop captured chiefly through the enterprise of the "Cockimolly Birds," as the South African Light Horse were known among our troops, from the chanticleer's plume at the side of their hats. The colonial troopers went forward with Lord Dundonald to Acton Homes, where they nearly succeeded in capturing 400 Boers. On the terrible day of Spion Kop the Natal forces were again prominent, and Colonel Thorneycroft with his men led the way up the steep in the night march by which the hill was seized. The Imperial Light Infantry were also on the Kop, and shared with the gallant band in all the terrible fighting of that day. Colonel Thorneycroft was the fighting spirit of the defence there, and was appointed to command the summit after General Woodgate was mortally wounded. His personal gallantry was conspicuous throughout, but controversies arose concerning his decision to retire. It was an heroic struggle and the troops suffered heavily. The Imperial Light Infantry went into action on the summit at 9 a.m., and were fighting there for eleven hours. It was their baptism of fire, and, with Thorneycroft's Infantry, the Lancashire Fusiliers, and the Middlesex Regiment, their losses were most severe. At the same time, Bethune's Horse were actively employed on the Potgieter's side. It must be noted, too, that the volunteer ambulance men recruited in Natal showed the utmost intrepidity under fire on that day. The South African Light Horse, the Composite Regiment, Thorneycroft's and Bethune's Mounted Infantry, and the other Natalian forces took part in the attack on Vaal Krantz, and in the operations connected with that attempt to penetrate the Boer line. They were prominent again in the final victories at Ladysmith.

From a Photo. *By Lieut. de la Warr.*

COL. BETHUNE, CAPT. MINSHALL FORD, AND LIEUT. ANNESLEY.

Officers of Bethune's Mounted Infantry on Spion Kop.

In the later operations of Sir Redvers Buller these Colonial troops continued their work, and under Lord Dundonald pushed forward to Laing's Nek. The success was clouded by a serious mishap which befell a squadron of Bethune's Horse ambushed by the Boers in the neighbourhood of Vryheid.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE NATAL MOUNTED POLICE.

A Parade of a Very Efficient Colonial Corps.

THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.

Leaving Pieter Maritzburg for the Front.

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The Men of the Great Dominion.

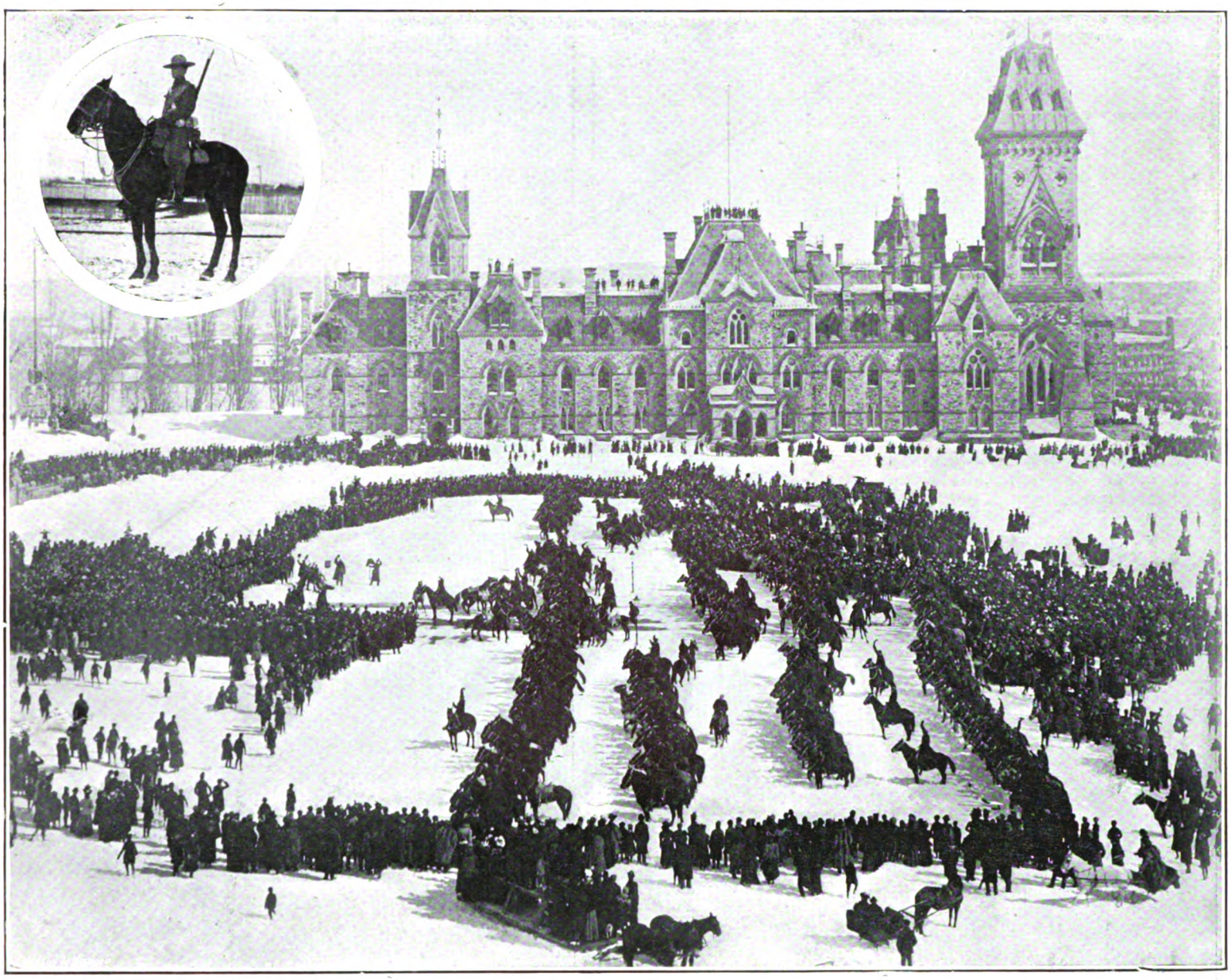

Photo. Copyright. *S. J. Jarvis.*

LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE CHEERING FOR THE QUEEN BEFORE LEAVING OTTAWA.

And a Representative Type of the Canadian Mounted Rifles.

NONE of the soldiers of our colonies and dependencies deserve better of the Empire than the brave Canadians who have so greatly distinguished themselves. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed in every part of Canada, and all distinctions of creed and political thought were obliterated in the wholehearted desire to serve in the cause of the "old grey mother." There is not space here to describe all the stirring events that marked the departure of the troops—two battalions of Canadian Mounted Rifles, the special service battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry, and a brigade division of three batteries of the Royal Canadian Artillery. When the first contingent left Quebec on October 30 there was a magnificent scene, and representatives of every part of Canada were present. Lord Minto congratulated Colonel Otter upon the splendid appearance of his force: "We are standing here upon historic ground, under the ramparts of the old city of Quebec, surrounded by celebrated battlefields, and in an atmosphere full of the glorious traditions of two great nations, who, respecting each other's warlike qualities on many a hard-fought field, have now joined hands in loyalty to their Queen-Empress. Your companies have been gathered from British Columbia to the Atlantic Coast, from settlers on the Rocky Mountains and in the Far West, from Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, and from old friends and families in Quebec. They represent the manhood of the Dominion from West to East, but, above all, they represent a spontaneous offer from the people of Canada, British-born and French Canadians, to the Mother Country." General Hutton bade them think in their difficulties and dangers: "What will they say of us in Canada?" and when the second contingent, chiefly composed of North-West

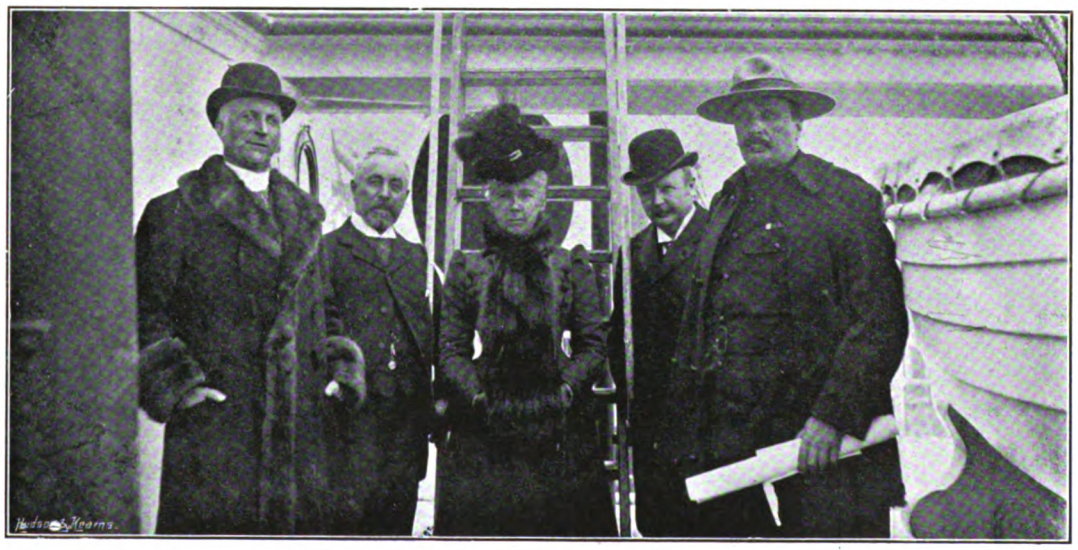

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE HON. D. BORDEN, MINISTER OF MILITIA, AND COLONEL STEELE, COMMANDING STRATHCONA'S HORSE.

With Mr. Sinclair (Elder Dempster Line), Mrs. Sinclair, and the Chief Veterinary Surgeon, Ottawa.

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THE STURDY PATRIOTS OF WINNIPEG
Fine Types of the Manitoba Force.

police, rough riders, and cowboys, left Ottawa, Lady Minto presented to them guidons bearing the appropriate motto of the Elliot clan—"Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

From the brilliant record of the service of the Canadians it is necessary to make a selection here. In Colonel Pilcher's brilliant raid to Sunnyside, and in the remarkable action of January 1, 100 of the Ontario company, with two guns and a horse battery, under Major de Rougemont were engaged.

Photos. Copyright.
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE SECOND CONTINGENT.
All Over 6-ft., and Three of Them Wealthy Bankers.

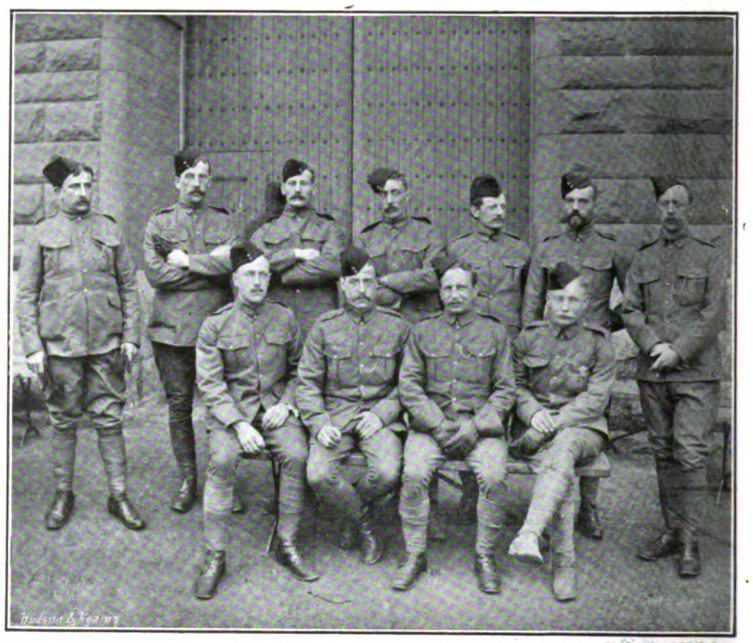
The Toronto men stood a galling fire with admirable discipline, and Captain Bell, in charge of their Maxim, did excellent work. It had been a magnificent march, and the Canadians who had come so far to serve the Empire were disgusted to find their enemies mostly disloyal colonists.

The Canadian Infantry were embodied in General Smith-Dorrien's brigade, and had a glorious part in the operations that brought about the surrender of Cronje. In the sanguinary action of February 18 they fought their way across Paardeberg Drift, and advanced with the Shropshires by a series of short rushes in the most gallant style, the Canadians especially showing magnificent and almost reckless courage. It was a soldier's battle, and they acquitted themselves like soldiers indeed.

On the memorable morning of February 27 it fell to the brave Canadians to give the *coup de grace*, "clinching the matter"—"a gallant deed," said Lord Roberts, "worthy of our colonial comrades." At three o'clock in the morning these brave men, under Colonel Otter, crept up within 100-yds. of the Boer trenches, with two companies of Royal Engineers, and supported by the 1st Gordons and the 2nd Shropshires. The Canadians behaved with the utmost brilliancy, and when a terrific fire was opened upon them, in which they lost heavily, they maintained their fusillade while the engineers dug trenches, and thus a position was gained which carried a conviction of the hopelessness of his struggle to the heart of Cronje. The fact that the Canadians had been instrumental in this great triumph roused the Dominion to a pitch of high enthusiasm, and was the occasion of the interchange of congratulations throughout the Empire.

The Canadians shared in the operations of Smith-Dorrien's brigade in the march to Bloemfontein, and afterwards to Thaba Nchu. They were engaged in the rout of the Boers at Poplar Grove on March 7, and with the Highlanders succeeded in capturing a Krupp gun. When General Smith-Dorrien took part in the recapture of the Bloemfontein Waterworks the Canadians were with him, and when he advanced from Thaba Nchu they displayed great gallantry in the action at Houtnek on April 30. The enemy's position was turned, and the Canadians and Gordons together, operating on the left, seized a hill very important for our success.

Meanwhile the Canadian Mounted Rifles and Lord Strathcona's Canadian corps were doing good work as part of Colonel Alderson's corps of the Mounted Infantry Division in the operations round Bloemfontein, and in the movement intended to cut off the retreating Boers, who had made their raid into the southern part of what is now the Orange River Colony. When the general advance began the Canadians were again prominent. They were engaged in a very dashing affair on May 5, when, with other colonial mounted infantry, they displayed the utmost zeal in closing with the enemy at the passage of the Vet River. The Canadian forces also



Notman Studio.
TRUE BRITONS FROM DISTANT BRITISH COLUMBIA.
Excellent Mounted Fighting Men from the Far West.

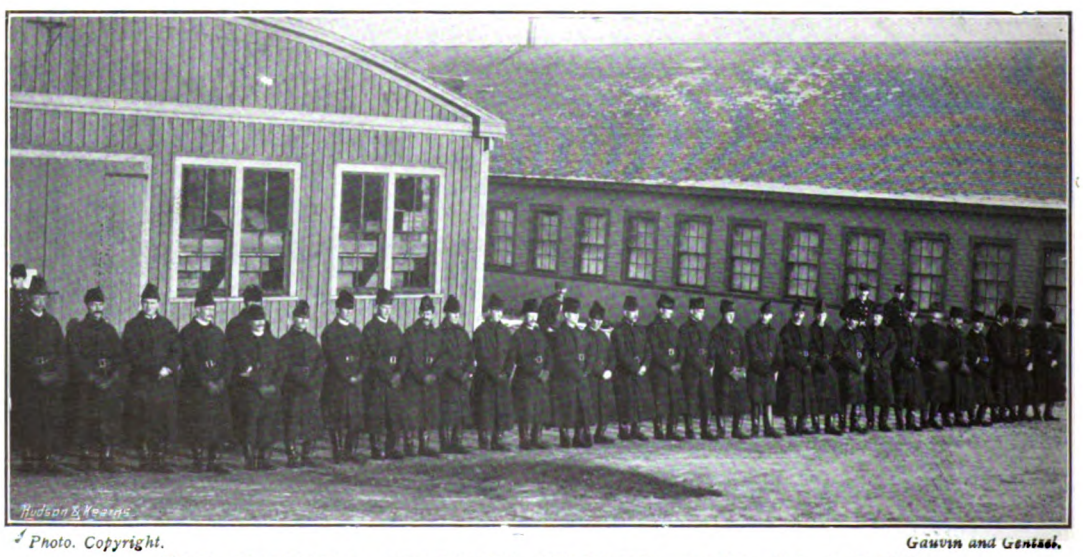


Photo. Copyright. Gauvin and Gentzel.
THE MANITOBA DRAGOONS STANDING EASY ON PARADE.
Showing the Physical Qualities of the Canadian Mounted Rifles.

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Leading Spirits FROM THE Dominion.

CAPTAIN H. S. GREENWOOD.
Lieut.-Col. of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles.

LIEUT.-COL. F. L. LESSARD,
Of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Commanding 1st Batt. Canadian Mounted Rifles.

CAPTAIN A. E. R. CUTHBERT.
Inspector of the North-West Mounted Police, 2nd Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles

MAJOR O. C. C. PELLETIER.
Lieutenant-Colonel on the Canadian Staff. Second in Command 2nd Battalion Royal Canadian Infantry.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. D. OTTER
A.D.C. to the Governor-General. Commanding the Special Service Battalion

MAJOR L. BUCHAN.
Lieut.-Colonel of the Royal Canadian Infantry. Second in Command, Special Service Battalion.

CAPTAIN C. M. NELLES,
Of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Adjutant 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. W. DRURY.
A.D.C. to the Governor-General. Commanding the Brigade Division, Royal Canadian Artillery.

MAJOR J. C. MACDOUGALL,
Of the Royal Canadian Infantry. Regimental-Adjutant, Special Service Battalion.

LIEUTENANT H. L. BORDEN.
Major of the King's Canadian Hussars. 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Some Officers OF THE Canadian Contingents.

MAJOR W. K. G. HURDMAN,
Of the 2nd Canadian Field Battery. Commanding D Battery Royal Canadian Artillery.

From Photos. by Plant, A. A. Gray, Toronto, Notman Studios, Sheldon & Davis, Kingston, and Jarvis, Ottawa.

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THE CANADIAN TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA
Preparing for the Fall In at the Camp.

PREPARING FOR THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.
Packing the Kits at the Base Camp.

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

displayed their now famous qualities in many of the subsequent operations by which the Vaal was crossed, and the troops brought up to Johannesburg and the Boer capital.

The men of the Dominion had moreover the glory of sharing in a prominent manner in the relief of Mafeking. A portion of their artillery was detached to join Sir Frederick Carrington's force in Rhodesia, and a battery of their 15-pounders arrived at Beira early in May. The Canadian Brigade Division, comprising C D and E Field Batteries, is under command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Drury of the Royal Canadian Artillery, and the battery which reached Beira proceeded to the camp at Marandellas, and was despatched at the critical moment to the relief of Mafeking. And thus, when Colonel Mahon's column joined Colonel Plumer at Jan Massibi's, he found to his surprise in that gallant officer's company the Dominion battery, which had made a splendid forced march under most arduous conditions.

One of the most remarkable bodies of men put into the field in South Africa is Lord Strathcona's Canadian corps. It has been formed mostly of hardy men from the North-West, all of them familiar with life in the saddle, each one of them an expert horseman and a good shot, probably with experience of Indian warfare, certainly an all-round excellent soldier for rough campaigning. The officers, like the men, were mostly drawn from the Canadian North-West Mounted Police and the Canadian Militia, and they are under command of Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. Steele, Superintendent of the former force, than whom no better soldier could have been found in the Dominion to take command of such a corps, for he has had an unrivalled experience of active service with the Canadians in the North-West.

The public spirit displayed throughout Canada has been remarkable, and the Dominion has given its best to the cause. From every province her sons have assembled, and Canada has watched with pride the achievements of these gallant men, who, as Sir Wilfred Laurier said when the first contingent departed, have fought in the cause of justice and the cause of humanity, of civil rights and of religious liberty, and to put an end to the oppression imposed on the subjects of Her Majesty by a tyrannical people. The service of the Canadians has been unique, and ought to make every Canadian feel proud of his country. "Who could have believed, thirty-two years ago," said Sir Wilfred Laurier, "that the scattered provinces of British North America would have reached such a point of development to-day that they would be able and willing, cheerfully willing, to cement with their blood the unity of the Empire in its most distant part?"

THE CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES.
A Scene at the Green Point Camp, Cape Town.

Photos. Copyright. *Smith.*

CANADIAN ARTILLERY LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.
Cheered on Their Way by the South African Black.

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The Latest Trouble in China.

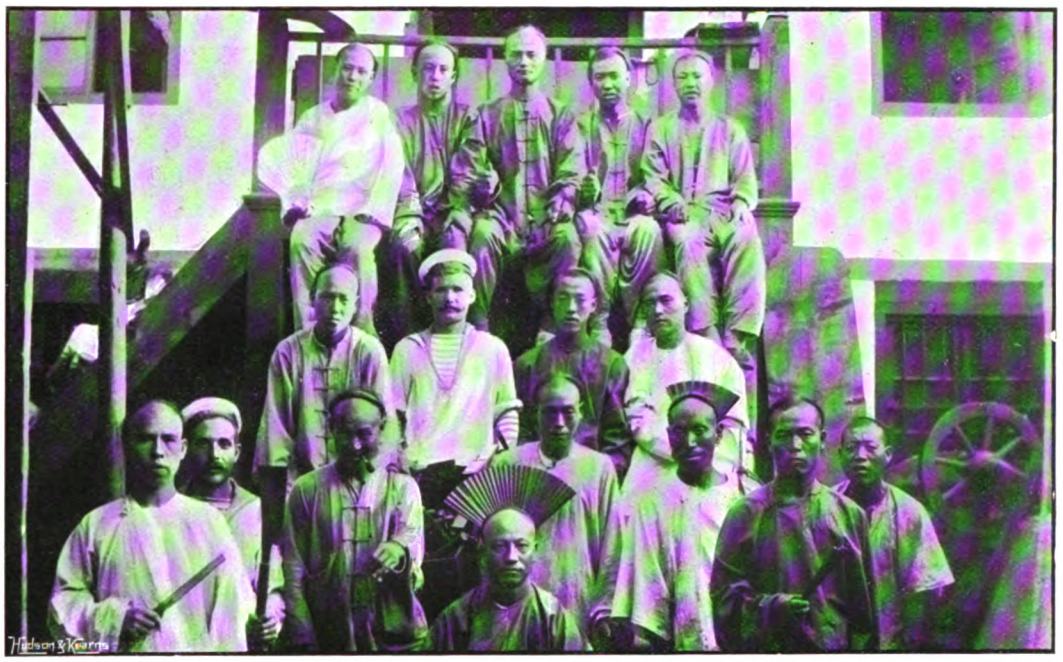
CHINA is the palmy land of secret societies, and the Boxers are a choice example of the product. They are already giving a great deal of trouble, and, remembering the origin of the Taeping Rebellion, it is evident that their operations are a serious menace to the interests and safety of Europeans. The seizure of Kiao-chau by Germany, and the acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei by England, of Kwang-chau by France, and of Port Arthur and Ta-lien Bay by Russia, has inspired the ignorant Chinese with a great suspicion, and they view missionaries as the chief agents of the outer barbarians whom they detest.

If only missionaries and converts could be got rid of, all would be well, and the rising in Szu-chuan and the misdeeds of the evil-named "Large Knife Society" in Shantung, had their origin in the same attempt to oust the foreigner.

The misfortune is that Her Majesty the Empress Dowager and the Manchus, who are confronted with a military revolt, have looked with a kindly eye upon the Boxers. Tsu Tsi herself spoke of them as "Submissive and loyal subjects who learn gymnastic drill for the protection of their families," and as not to be likened with those "reckless fellows who band together and create riots." This is a Manchu view, but to the European the "Righteous Harmony Fists" are the murderous instruments of ignorant prejudice. They are otherwise described as the "League of United Patriots," and they fly a flag which bears the device: "Uphold the Dynasty, drive out foreigners." Already a vast amount of damage has been done to the railways and material property, murders have been committed, and the lives of our countrymen are in danger. It is not at all unlikely that many of the truculent Chinese troops will throw in their lot with the bands of Boxers, and the whole of our efforts must be devoted to the preventing of such a contingency. The authorities at Peking, unifluenced by the outer world, pursue ther traditional course, and it may be doubted whether the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese has much influence upon them or the official clique. The Manchu rulers are once more proving themselves to be wedded to their fossilised system and altogether opposed to reform.

There is some danger that foreign Powers may seize the opportunity to gain a larger and disproportionate position and influence in the country, and the greatest vigilance will be needed by the British Government. No time should be lost in making it plain to the Tsung-li-Yamen that the rebellion must be suppressed or that otherwise we shall ourselves take necessary steps. It is quite manifest the Boxers would never have risen but for the reactionary policy pursued by the Empress Dowager, and that practical encouragement has been given to them in their congenial work of destruction and practical hostility to foreigners.

WIVES AND RELATIVES OF CHINESE MISSIONARIES.
Imperilled by the Boxer Rebellion.



TYPES OF VILLAGERS FROM SHANTUNG.
A Recruiting Ground of the Rising.

Photos. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

CHINESE CONVERTS TO CHRISTIANITY.
Particular objects of the Boxers' venom.

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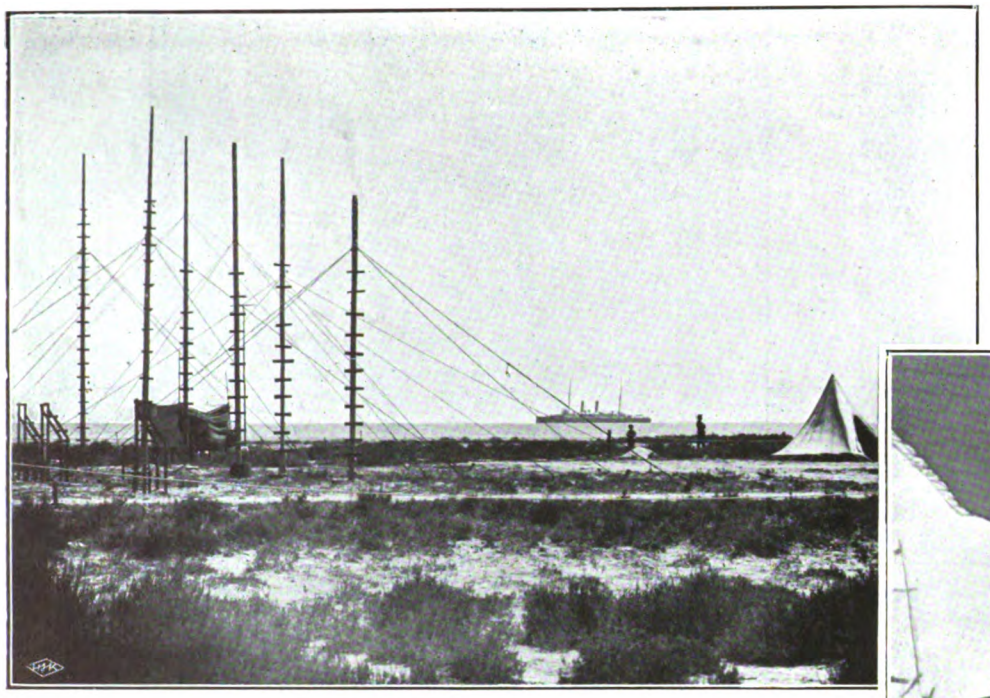
THE Eclipse Expedition And the Navy.



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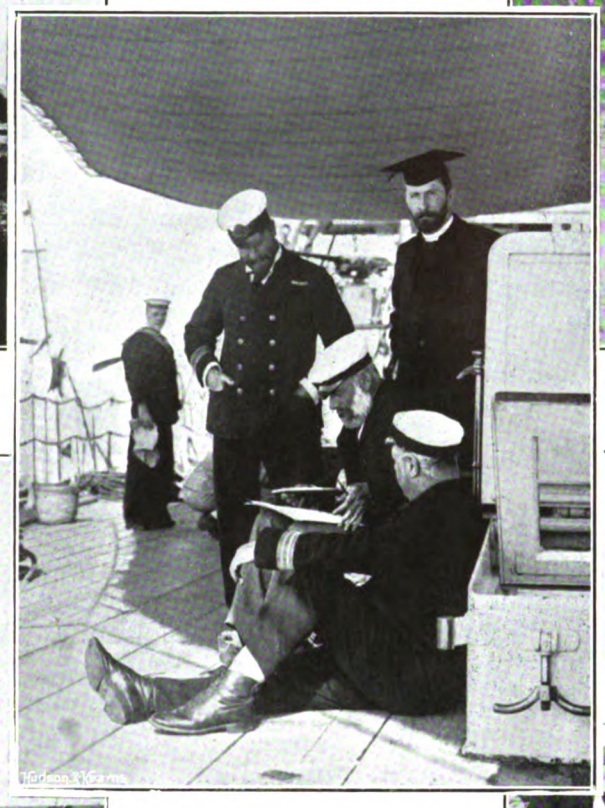
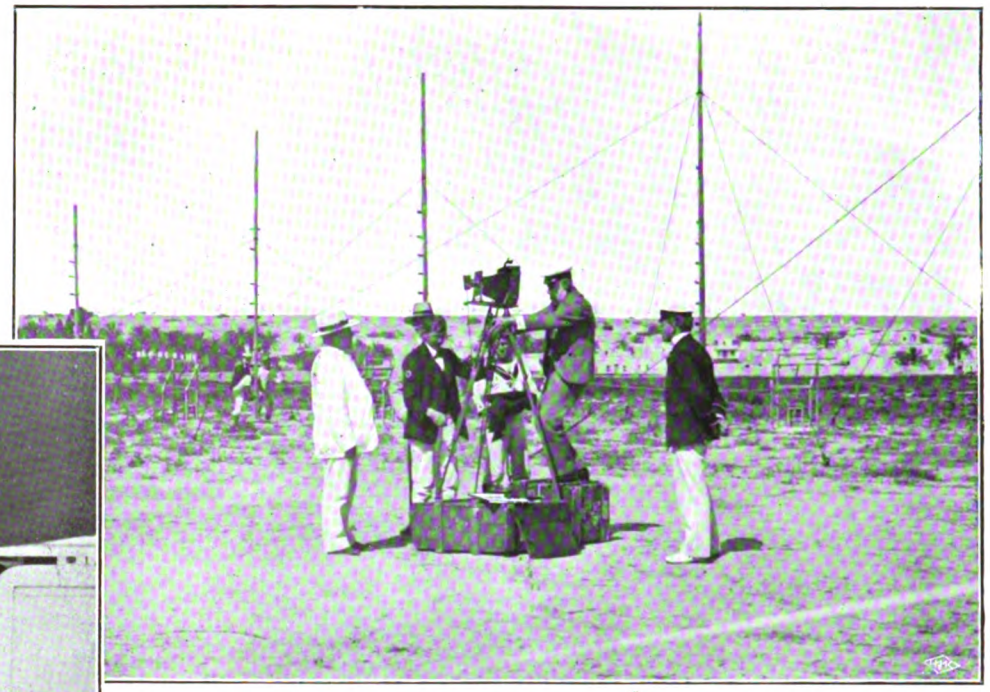
Poles Put up by Lieutenant Doughty of the "Theseus" for Disc Observations



LIGHT ON SHADOWS.
Mr. W. L. Wyllie talking on Light and Shadow bands to some Officers of the "Theseus."



PREPARING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK.
Mr. Wyllie at the Camera with Sir Norman Lockyer and Captain Tisdall.

A WALK ROUND THE BRITISH CAMP.
Sir Norman Lockyer and the White-bearded Professor Copeland at Santa Pola.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

INSTRUMENTS AND OBSERVERS.
A Group of Officers and Scientific Laymen.

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Photo. Copyright. ***Bunnett***

UNDER THE GUM TREES.

No colony has answered the Mother Country's call more splendidly than New Zealand, and many of her sons lie in their graves on the African veldt. But the great majority will return, and with luck the "rough rider" here depicted will yet survive to tell the story of his adventures to the pretty damsel to whom, under the gum trees, he bade a fond farewell. And he will have nobly earned the welcome he will meet with.

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Naval and Military Bazaar at Olympia.

THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.

THE VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH.

THE MARCHIONESS CASSAR DE SAIN.

THE LADY HILDA MURRAY.

"I CONSIDER it a national disgrace that any soldier or sailor of the Queen should be driven to ask relief, or obliged to end his days in the workhouse." So said the Princess Christian in her appeal for funds to build the homes of rest and the convalescent homes at Bisley, homes of which the country is in immediate need now that week by week sees the arrival of our sick and wounded sailors and soldiers from South Africa.

Money and gifts in kind for these homes have been generously given, but a great deal more money is needed before they can be completed, and it is, too, for this reason that Mr. C. P. Little organised the great Naval and Military Bazaar, being opened by the Princess Christian, at Olympia.

As these lines are written everything is in order and ready for the opening ceremony, the stall holders are standing about waiting for their business to begin, and a few early comers are strolling about to see and to admire. The scene is a very brilliant one. There have been many gigantic bazaars of late years, many such as the great National Bazaar of a month ago, that have realised large sums of money; but few, if any, have made so brilliant a spectacle as this that covers the whole extent of the floor of the arena at Olympia.

There are fifty-five stalls in all, each of them representing a ship of the Navy or one of the regiments of our Army.

The stall of the "Powerful" is sure to be a great attraction this afternoon, and it is easy to find with its blue canopy surmounted with an Admiral's hat, and supported by blue posts draped with Union Jacks, and further decorated with telescopes and hat ribbons. The saleswomen too, are most characteristicall dressed in white serge skirts, blue Eton coats, trimmed with gold lace, and naval caps; Lady Pembroke, the president, being distinguished by her cocked hat and epaulettes from her assistants, who include Lady Alwyne Compton, the Ladies Muriel and Beatrix Herbert, and Mrs. Willie James. Captain Lambton is helping at this stall too, and with him many of his mipshipmen. The "Terrible" is also represented by a stall, at which Lady Clanwilliam presides, assisted by her daughters, all wearing blue serge dresses and sailor hats; whilst the Admiralty is represented by a sweet stall, at which Lady Evelyn Goschen presides, with Lady Camden, Lady Louise Longley, Lady Milner, the Misses Goschen, and Miss Violet Gathorne Hardy.

THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.

Princess Christian herself presides at the stall of the Kings' Royal Rifles, which is devoted to the sale of clocks and bric-a-brac, Lady Audrey Buller being vice-president.

A beautiful flower stall is in the hands of the Household Brigade, with Mrs. Ricardo as president, and Mrs. Codrington, Mrs. Henry Fludyer, and Mrs. Horace Ricardo representing the Coldstreams, the Scots Guards, and the Irish Guards respectively, whilst the stalls of the Life Guards are very magnificent with their brilliant scarlet canopies, finished with a device formed of the cuirass, helmet, and crossed swords. The presidents — Mrs. Napier Miles and Mrs. Smith Cunninghame, and their assistants, who include Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lady Hamilton, Lady Dundonald, Lady Evelyn Eyre, etc., are very strikingly dressed in long scarlet cloaks with blue facings, white muslin skirts, and scarlet hats.

The Gordon Highlander's stall deserves, and is sure to claim, attention, for Mrs. Forbes Macbean and her assistants are most prettily dressed in white dresses, tartan sashes, and soft white fichus, whilst their hats are the high bonnets, such as were worn by the Duchess of Gordon when she did so much to recruit the regiment. Mrs. Watson Kennedy presides over the stall of the Cameron Highlanders near by, and here we see a large collection of dolls, each one dressed to represent a soldier of one or other of our regiments. The Black Watch also has a stall, and so have the Argyll and Sutherland High-

THE LADY EVELYN EWART.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

MRS. HERBERT CHAMBERLAIN.

MRS ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

THE COUNTESS OF POWIS,

THE LADY HELEN STEWART.

PROMINENT PATRONS AND STALL HOLDERS.

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To Aid Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

THE LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE.

GEORGINA, COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.

landers, so Scotland is well represented, whilst Wales has sent a quantity of things made in the principality which are to be sold by Mrs. Archdale and other ladies of the Welsh Fusiliers. Ireland has the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, with Mrs. Archibald Murray as president; the Royal Irish Fusiliers, with Mrs. Reeves; the Connaught Rangers, with Mrs. Hammond; and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, with Mrs. H. C. O'Connell to preside. Here too will be sold Irish linen, lace, and other specialities of the Emerald Isle, whilst at the stall of the Connaught Rangers four soldiers are carding, weaving, and spinning, dressed in the uniform of war, but busy in the arts of peace. The ladies who preside here have pretty dresses of white and yellow muslin with green badges, and green and yellow hats; whilst the dresses of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers are also white.

Lady Chesterfield is presiding at the stall of the 11th Hussars, wearing an appropriate dress of cherry colour, and here are to be found quantities of Eastern embroideries sent from Cairo for the Bazaar. The 17th Lancers have Mrs. Herbert Jessel for president, and the dresses are particularly graceful and pretty, being made of soft blue voile with facings, and white vests and sashes. At this stall is a great show of toys, whilst the 21st Lancers have animals and birds, with which Miss Willoughby is assisting.

Essex is appropriately given up to dairy produce, and Australia to tobacco and cigars. The ladies assisting at the latter stall, including Mrs. D'Arcy, the president, are wearing corn-coloured dresses with black hats and badges, whilst the South African contingent are in rose colour, and the Canadian in white. Mrs. King presides over the South African stall, and Lady Jephson over the Canadian.

The stall for the regiment of Artillery, too, must not be forgotten. There it is, right at the end of the room, with its president, Lady Theodora Davidson. Her wares include Oriental jewelry, fans, and screens, with which they

LADY KATHLEEN PILKINGTON

LADY RAWLINSON

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

THE LADY EVELYN WARD.

LADY GERRARD.

hope to do three days' good work. The Royal Army Medical Corps appeal to the vanity of the sex, for they sell nothing but hats and boas, and such like, whilst the saleswomen themselves are neatly dressed in blue Eton coats and skirts, with sashes bearing the colours of the corps. Lady Pirbright again presides at the Surrey stall, and Lady Knutsford and Lady Faulkland at the St. John's Ambulance stall.

Besides all these fifty-five stalls there are entertainments to be seen and concerts to be attended. Nine military bands are giving their services during the three days, so that there will be plenty of martial music, whilst the cinematograph will show several pictures of the Army, and the Alhambra and Empire companies will do their best to amuse visitors by several variety entertainments.

The souvenir books are beautifully illustrated by Mr. John Charlton. On each page is reproduced a coloured sketch, representing one or other branch of the Navy or Army, thus making a most interesting book, well worth the 10s. 6d.

Refreshment rooms there are, too, where not only tea but dinner and cold suppers are to be dispensed by a number of ladies, and a military canteen managed by several of the leading London actresses. A packing room is also conveniently at hand, so that every arrangement has been made for the comfort of the visitors, who, I hope, will shortly flock in in thousands. S. C. M.

The Photos. of the Countess of Darnley, Princess Henry of Pless, and the Marchioness of Tullibardine are by Messrs. Lafayette, those of the Duchess of Beaufort, Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth, Georgina, Countess of Dudley, Lady Evelyn Ward, Lady Beatrix Herbert the Hon. Mrs Stuart Wortley, Lady Randolph Churchill Lady Gertrude Cochrane, and the Countess of Powis by Miss Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C., those of the Viscountess Falmouth, the Marchioness Cassar de Sain, Lady Hilda Murray, Princess Louis of Battenberg, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Mrs Herbert Chamberlain the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Lady Rawlinson, Lady Gerrard, and Mrs. Elphinston Maitland, by Messrs. Langfier, of Old Bond Street, that of the Countess of Chesterfield by Messrs. Mendelssohn, that of Lady Helen Stewart by Messrs. Chancellor, and that of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein by Messrs. Bassano.

MRS. ELPHINSTON MAITLAND.

THE LADY BEATRIX HERBERT

THE HON. MRS. STUART WORTLEY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF TULLIBARDINE.

PROMINENT PATRONS AND STALL HOLDERS.

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Photo. Copyright. Lunnett.

"WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK, DADDY?"

The little Queensland lassie is asking the question that the mother's aching heart is answering with a dim foreboding. Let us hope that the gallant Bushman will be one of those to come back, and that his little daughter, held high in her mother's arms, will see him as he rides through the streets when Brisbane gives a welcome home to those of her sons whose deeds have shed such lustre on their colony.

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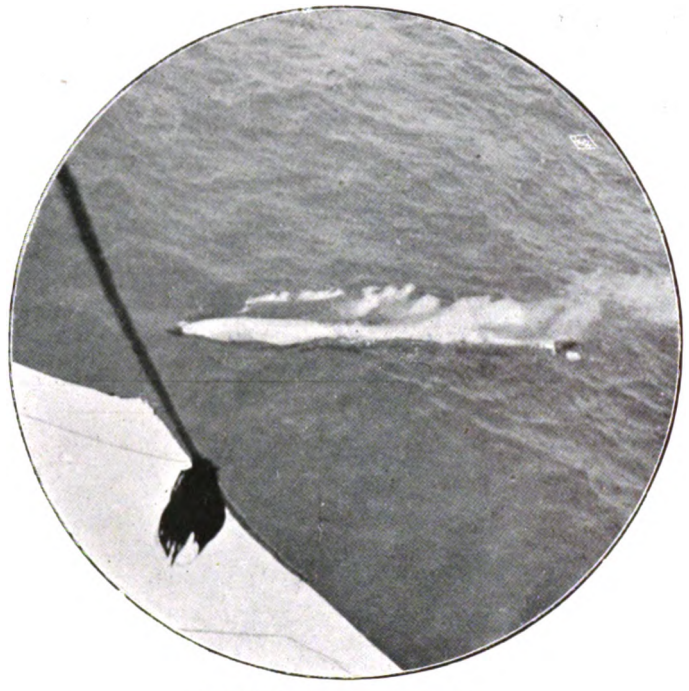
A Day With the Navy

A CLEAR DECK FORWARD.
Every Obstacle Removed when Preparing for Action.

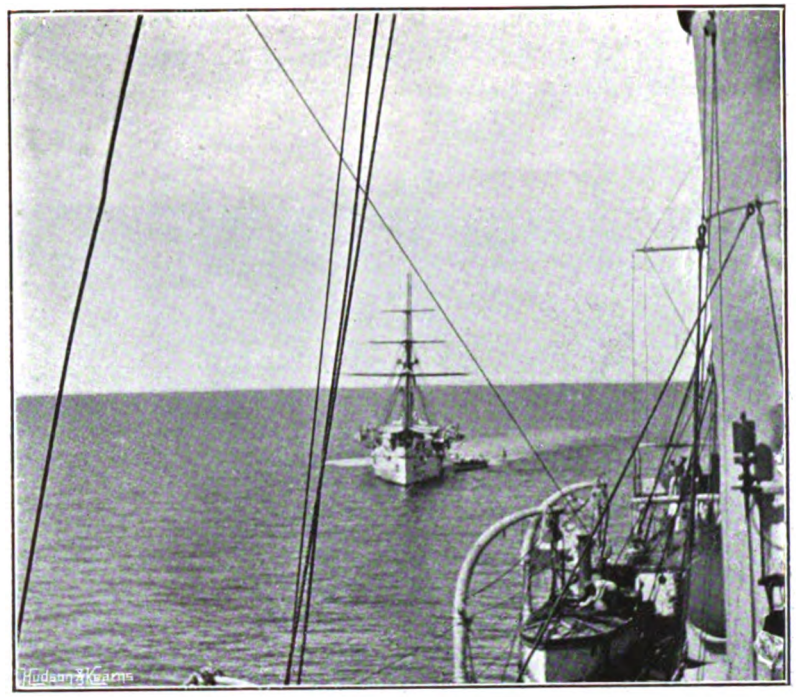
THE PORT BATTERY IN ACTION.
The Smart Work of the Cruisers' Gunners.



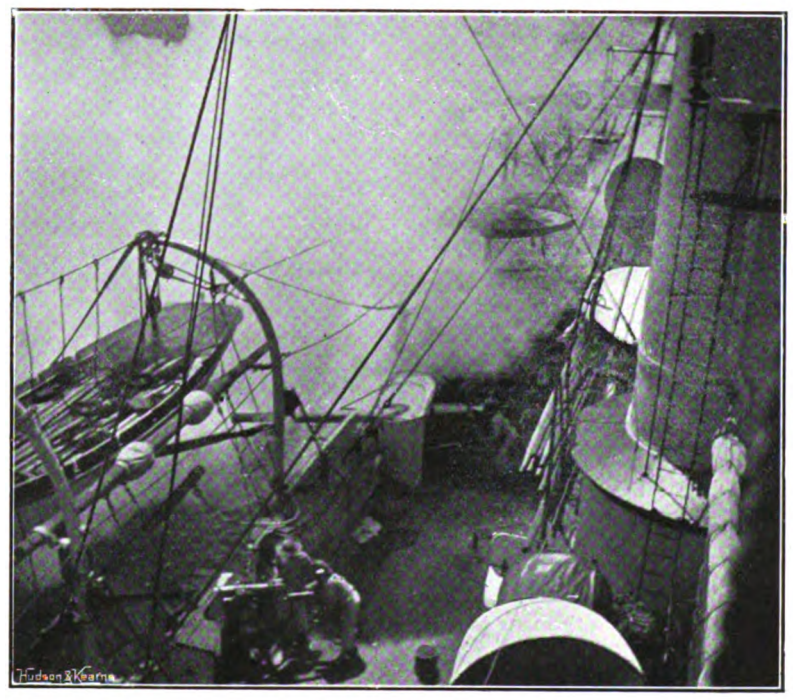
RUNNING TORPEDOES.
A Torpedo at the End of its Run with a Light Burning to show its whereabouts.

On the China Station.

From Photos by a Naval Officer.



AT TARGET PRACTICE.
Our Consort Closes to Report Progress.



THE STARBOARD BATTERY OPENS FIRE.
All the Guns are using Black Powder.

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Photo. Copyright. *Tomkinson.*

INVADERS BEWARE.

In New Zealand the ladies are thoroughly imbued with the Imperial sentiment. The corps here shown is that known as "Lady Douglas's Irresistibles," composed of the daughters of the most prominent men in the colony. Captain Edwin, who commands, is the second standing on the left, with Colour-Sergeant Johnstone on her right, and on her left Sergeant-Major Seddon, the daughter of the Premier. On the extreme right of the picture is Lieutenant Williams, with to her right hand, Lieutenant Douglas, daughter of Sir Arthur Douglas, the Under Secretary for the Defence of the Colony.

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The Premier Colony of Australia.

A BRIGHT page in the history of federal Australia will be the splendid enthusiasm of New South Wales for the Mother-cause. The New South Wales Lancers left London amid memorable scenes, and have taken part in the hard-fought battles of Lord Methuen. A veritable passion to uphold the Empire at all costs seized on the people of New South Wales, and marvels were wrought in the fire of enthusiasm that will last for many a day, and live long in the memory of the new Australia. Space is wanting here to deal with a theme so inspiring. Australians of every class vied with each other in offering their manhood and their wealth to strike an effective blow in the war. There is a large military organisation in New South Wales which made the work in some ways easy, but nothing could have been carried through without the magnificent zeal of the Colonists, whose demonstrations as the successive contingents left were the ringing response of a million and a-quarter of our race in one colony alone, when the gage of battle was thrown down by the now vanquished Boers. The men of the Premier Colony have fought as men of the Empire should. The Australian Horse the Lancers, the Mounted Rifles, the battery of the Royal Australian Artillery, the Mounted Infantry, and the New South Wales Infantry have all proved their mettle, and the grand Bushmen's contingent sent to Beira is among the finest bodies of men who have ever gone campaigning. It was the outcome of a great patriotic movement initiated by Major J. Randal Carey, and carried out by the indomitable will of the people. The New South Wales forces have been largely occupied in the work of scouting, and have often been in the forefront of the advance. Like most of the Australian troops, they saw much fighting on the northern border of Cape Colony, and suffered heavily in January, when they behaved like heroes near Slingersfontein. Lieutenant Dowling of the Australian Horse and twenty-five New South Wales Lancers left the camp to reconnoitre the Boer position towards Norval's Pont. They were surrounded, and held out until resistance was useless. Empty cartridge belts, pools of blood, and horses riddled with bullets told the tale. Lieutenant Dowling, severely wounded, was taken prisoner, with a few more, while Sergeant-Major Griffen, Corporal Kilpatrick, and three troopers were killed, and several wounded.

Suddenly these men of New South Wales appeared on the Western Frontier. The Lancers were with General French, in General Porter's brigade, which, on that hot and dusty morning of February, marched from the railway to Ramdam, invading the late Orange Free State, and making that magnificent march by which Kimberley was relieved. The Mounted Infantry were also employed in this great operation, in which all the Colonials figured so prominently, and the New South Wales men were to the fore again in the march on Bloemfontein, and fought in the several engagements. In the action near Driefontein the Colonial Lancers were amongst the first troops engaged.

All these troops advanced to Bloemfontein, and took part in many of the operations. They marched with Lord Roberts, were employed much in the scouting work ahead of the troops, and, crossing the Vaal, went on to Pretoria, the glorious completion of a hard-fought campaign. They have earned and won the praise of many officers in command.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE NEW SOUTH WALES ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

A Water Cart Employed in the Work.

Photo. Copyright. *Bowers.*

THE DEPARTURE OF THE BUSHMEN FROM SYDNEY.

Amid Scenes of Unparalleled Enthusiasm.

From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright 1900, *Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.*

A PATROL OF NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Moving from Modder River into the Orange State.

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Prominent Officers OF New South Wales.

CAPTAIN J. M. ANTILL.
Commanding the Mounted Rifles

LIEUT.-COL. M. W. BAYLY.
Australian General Staff Officer.

COLONEL S. C. U. SMITH.
Commanding the R. Australian N.S.W. Artillery.

MAJOR H. P. DANGAR.
Second in Command of the Bushmen

LIEUT.-COL. H. P. AIREY, D.S.O.
Commanding the Bushmen's Contingent.

CAPTAIN J. G. LEGGE.
Commanding the Infantry Unit.

CAPTAIN L. H. KYNGDON.
Of the Artillery, Special Service Officer.

MAJOR G. L. LEE.
Commanding the New South Wales Lancers.

COLONEL W. D. C. WILLIAMS.
Principal Medical Officer New South Wales Forces.

CAPTAIN R. ROTH, A.M.C.
In Charge of the Bearer Company.

Leading Men OF THE Colonial Forces.

MAJOR G. C. KNIGHT.
Commanding Mounted Infantry.

Photos. Copyright, Kerry & Herbst.

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Victoria and Tasmania.

MAJOR EDDY.

Commanding a Victorian Contingent.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KELLY.

Commanding the Victorian Section of the Australian Imperial Regiment, on his Favourite Charger, "Uhlan."

LIEUTENANT PENDLEBURY.

Of the 1st Victorian Infantry Contingent.

THE response of the other Australian colonies to the stirring call was every bit as strong as that of New South Wales, and the cries and enthusiasm of Sydney found their echo in Melbourne and Hobart. When the Premier introduced a motion into the Victorian Assembly expressing sympathy with the Imperial Government at the outbreak of the war, coupled with the suggestion that a contingent of 250 men should be sent to South Africa, the proposal was carried by an overwhelming majority, amid a scene of patriotic enthusiasm such as the House of Assembly had never witnessed before, and the voices of the few dissentients were drowned by the House singing the National Anthem and cheering loudly in token of loyalty. From that time forward the tide rose, and when the disaster on the Tugela roused the spirit of the Empire, the zeal of the stout Victorians knew no bounds. The remote parts of the colony were stirred, and candidates for service flocked to the capital, while money poured in, and the work of drilling, training, and equipping went on at the camp.

Photos. Copyright. *R. Bishop.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE VICTORIAN BUSHMEN'S CORPS.

Captains Dobbin and Ham (sitting cross-legged in the Front Row) and their Officers.

Victorians will never forget the scenes that were witnessed as the Victorians and Tasmanians marched along Collins Street at Melbourne to embark. To the first contingent of infantry and mounted infantry, with which went Colonel Hoad, A.A.G. on the permanent staff, who has done a great work in organising the Australian forces in South Africa, succeeded a second of mounted infantry, and a third, the famous Bushmen's corps. The Bushmen have, as we write, to win their spurs in the field, but they form so remarkable a corps that something may appropriately be said about them here. New South Wales, as the Mother Colony, led the way, but the good work initiated by Major Randal Carey, and taken up by her sons, rapidly spread, and it was soon seen that success was assured. It was a practical and picturesque expression of the quality of the Australian colonies, which is even more specially represented in the war than were the United States by the Rough Riders in the war with Spain. Those Rough Riders fought dismounted, but these have serviceable animals, and are among the best horsemen in the world. They may not be pretty riders, and their stirrups may be too long, and their feet thrust too far into them, but they will always be found on, and not off, the most fractious steed. Such men exist in large numbers in Victoria, and they came into Melbourne, with their big, brave hearts eager to measure their strength with the foe. There was much to do in the way of providing, equipping, and drilling them, and the finished article was a fine type of the Colonial soldier. An important decision arrived at was that the movement for creating the Imperial Bushmen should be federal in character, and this was carried out, although subsequently New South Wales equipped a contingent separately.

While the "Bushies" were being organised their Victorian and Tasmanian brothers of mounted infantry were fighting and doing admirable service in South Africa, being first employed, like the other Australians in the neighbourhood of Colesberg, with the column sent forward from Naauwpoort. One very intrepid piece of service was rendered on February 9. While we fondly fancied in England that General French had surrounded Colesberg—probably he never intended to do so, but only to keep the Boers well occupied there while the great advance was being prepared—we were in fact only holding them in check on the

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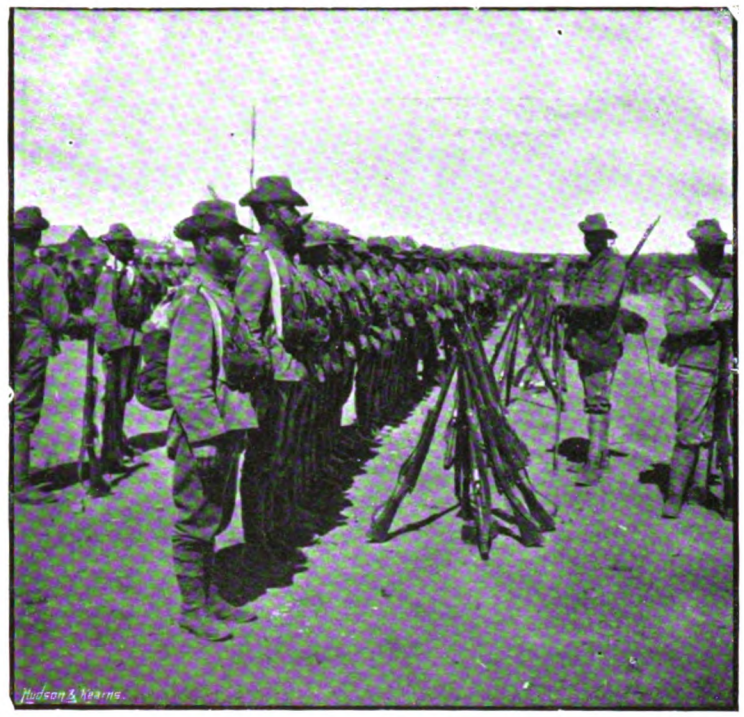
southern side of the town, and they were threatening our flank. Accordingly, 50 Australians and Tasmanians were sent out to reconnoitre the position. They were under Captain Cameron of the Tasmanians, and were supported by a detachment of Inniskilling Dragoons, under Captain Stevenson-Hamilton, with whom was Captain Salmon of the Victorian Mounted Rifles.

One party were soon engaged in hot work with the Boers among kopjes on the right, while Captain Cameron went forward to get on the Boer flank, and opened fire on them as they rode towards the kopjes. They proved to be in great strength, and the Australians themselves seized a good defensive position on a kopje. The enemy, however, worked round, and a retirement became necessary. The Colonials, therefore, rushed down, secured their horses under fire, and got away under a hail of bullets, to take another position preparatory to retiring across an open plain. The Boers followed, and the engagement was hotly contested, but we were overwhelmed up to our outposts. By the happiest chance, none of the advanced party were killed. The supporting Colonials had a similar experience, but one Tasmanian was wounded. In this brush Captain Cameron of the Tasmanians was conspicuous for coolness and courage, always leading the advance, and coming in last from the retirement, while Captain Salmon of the Victorian Mounted Rifles, who was first in action, showed exceptional skill in handling his men, and won much commendation. Corporal Whiteley of the Tasmanians pluckily rescued a dismounted comrade under a heavy fire, and brought him back safely. The struggle in that quarter was not over, and there was severe fighting on February 12 and 13. On the former day the Victorian Mounted Rifles fought with desperate courage. The Boers came up in great numbers against the position they were holding with a party of Inniskillings. The latter were surrounded, but, spurning surrender, fought their way through, and the Victorians had three out of four officers and about twenty men killed. They were caught in a trap, but rather than hoist the white flag, they fought like heroes, and were found, after a sanguinary fight, with their bayonets stained with blood. The Boers were in very great force, and the events of this time caused General Clements to retire on Arundel. While some of these gallant Colonials were thus winning laurels on the southern frontier, others were anticipating the great advance from the Modder River. A detachment of Victorian Mounted Rifles, under Captain McLeish, were among the first of our troops to invade the Orange State. On January 8 they met General Babington, with the 9th and 12th Lancers and a battery of Horse Artillery, at Honeynestkloof, and marched to Ramdam, the place which General French made his rendezvous about a month later. The gallant Victorians were on the outlook for the enemy, and marched some 20 miles inland, without having an encounter.

It was at this time that the brave Queenslanders surprised a Boer farmer and his family just about to begin a substantial meal, who immediately fled affrighted, making room for the Colonials to sit down and dispatch the savoury viands. The Victorians were with the troops which invaded the Orange State when Lord Roberts's great movement began, and they have been actively employed up to the events of Pretoria. United with the Tasmanians and South Australians in Colonel Henry's corps, they have rendered a great deal of service, and have often been with the troops most advanced.



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A DETACHMENT OF VICTORIAN INFANTRY.

Paraded at Naauwpoort.

THE VICTORIAN BUSHMEN'S CONTINGENT.

Captain Patterson Giving Instructions to the Officers.

Photos. Copyright. *R. Bishop.*

"CAMERON'S SCOUTS" OF THE BUSHMEN'S CORPS.

All Picked Men Equipped by Lieutenant Cameron.

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Queensland's Volunteers.

NOWHERE in Australia has there been greater enthusiasm in the Imperial cause than in Queensland. That colony possesses abundant military resources, and throughout the colony the utmost zeal was manifested. Three contingents were despatched to South Africa amid scenes that will long live in the memory of the Queensland people.

The Queenslanders were employed with the Australian contingents in the operations at Colesberg, but they went round to to the Modder River and have taken part in the invasion of the Orange State. They were engaged in General French's magnificent march for the relief of Kimberley, and with the New Zealanders were prominent in the running fight which preceded the actual relief, being employed to work round the flank of the Boers with the view of cutting them off.

Friendly rivalry existed among the troops of the various colonies, and all were eager to be at the front. It is worth while to remark that the meeting of men from distant parts of the Empire to fight together for the Imperial cause is one of the most notable features of the war, and it will be observed in our pictures that the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Queenslanders are grouped with others from Ceylon.

The Queensland Mounted Infantry with Rimington's Scouts, Roberts's Horse, and the Burma Mounted Infantry were with Colonel Broadwood's column which was involved in the disastrous affair at Koorn Spruit when our Horse Artillery suffered so very severely. When Roberts's Horse reached the drift an old Dutchman waved them to march down and surrender, but Major Dawson, realising what had happened, stood up in his stirrups and shouted "Fours about! Gallop!" The files swung round, and the Queensland and other Mounted Infantry, rallying with Roberts's Horse, played a gallant part in defeating the plans of the Boers. The discipline was splendid, and the behaviour of "Q" Battery at that difficult moment was glorious. The Mounted Infantry covered themselves with honour and retired in admirable style to the rising ground. Men dropped as the guns withdrew, and the Mounted Infantry covered the retirement. Though to show a hand was to covet death under that pitiless fire, the gallant fellows could not but leap to their feet to cheer the gunners as they passed. The Queenslanders and their comrades had found a line of retreat, and total disaster was averted. They fought a rear-guard action in the face of an exultant enemy, fraught with difficulties, and for two hours the Queenslanders, New Zealanders, Rimington's Scouts, and Roberts's Horse covered each other in the retirement, while the vastly superior enemy galloped forward, dismounted, and engaged them often at ranges up to 300yds.

Some Queensland troops were also at Beira, and made a forced march to join Plumer and relieve Mafeking.

IN THE CAMP OF THE QUEENSLAND MOUNTED INFANTRY.
A Scene after a Shower.
From Stere scopic Photograph, Copyright 1900, Underwood and Underwood, London, W C.

OFFICERS OF THE QUEENSLAND MOUNTED INFANTRY.
Grouped with others from Ceylon.

Photo. Copyright *"Navy & Army.*
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE QUEENSLANDERS.
Happy with Comrades from Ceylon.

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South and West Australia.

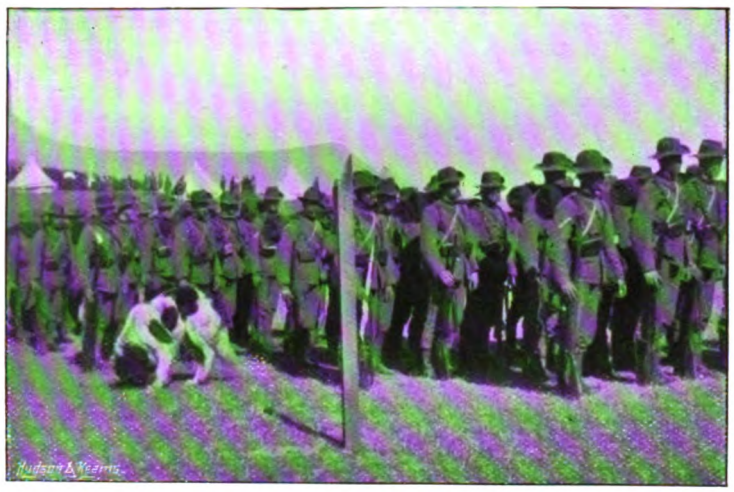
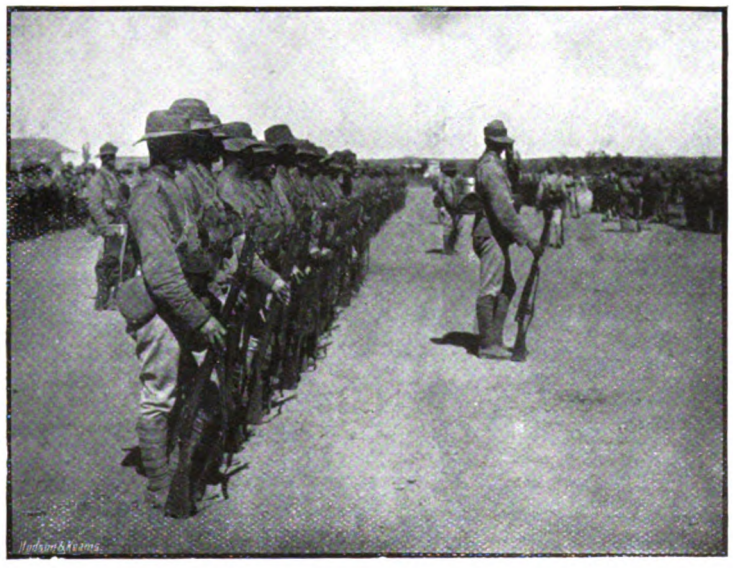


Photo. Copyright. *"Navy and Army."*

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY.
At Maitland Camp, Cape Colony, with their Pet Dog.

THE permanent forces—mounted rifles and artillery—of these two colonies are not so extensive as those in New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, but they have not been one whit less patriotic and energetic than the other Australian Governments in despatching infantry to the seat of war and in making a splendid addition to the Bushmen's Corps. It was recognised in Adelaide and Perth, as much as in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane, that the war was a war for racial supremacy in a country in which the Empire's interests were challenged and threatened with destruction. It was seen, as one Australian paper said, that all subsidiary questions were overshadowed by the knowledge that the conflict was one in which every man who acknowledged allegiance to the British Government and enjoyed the freedom of British institutions had a direct personal interest. "And whether he is an Australian, or an Englishman, or a Canadian, whether he comes from Jamaica in the West, or Hong Kong in the East, he is an object of the same racial animosity, the same blind, unreasoning dread and detestation."



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY.
Marshalled under General French at Naauwpoort.
From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

This is the spirit in which South and Western Australia went to work. There was no lack of enthusiasm among the troops and no dearth of funds, for the wealthy people came forward with liberal hand, and the embodying and drilling of troops went on. The military resources in these colonies are of the best, for they possess an abundance of men habituated to life in the open, with a fine eye for country, expert horsemen and good shots, inured to fatigue and to camping out, knowing all about horses and guns, and all-round good soldiers, only needing a little training and some experience to make them completely efficient.

They were soon at home in South Africa, and the men of South and Western Australia were often noted for smartness and zeal in the brushes with the Boers in the neighbourhood of Arundel and Colesberg, where the Australasian contingents did such useful work. Then they appeared on the western frontier, and were constantly employed in the good soldiering that preceded Lord Roberts's advance, and were again prominent. They took part in the operations for the relief of Kimberley and the invasion of the Orange State, and when the brigades of mounted infantry were formed, the South and Western Australians were embodied—the former in Colonel Henry's corps, and of the latter in Colonel de Lisle's. As all the world knows, Ian Hamilton's mounted infantry have done splendid work in the campaign. They went eastward from Bloemfontein, recovered the waterworks, reached Thaba Nchu, and made that great and rapid fighting march in which the later capitals of Mr. Steyn, Lindley and Heilbron, were both captured, and the troops brought into line for Lord Roberts's great advance beyond the Vaal.

The actual distribution of Lord Roberts's forces was, however, for good reasons kept secret, but he had with him the splendid brigade of Colonial Mounted Infantry under General Hutton in his grand advance from Kronstad, which comprised West Australians, New South Wales troops, Queensland

WEST AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED INFANTRY.
The Men who Captured the Vet River Kopje with the Bayonet

Mounted Infantry, New Zealand Rifles, and some Canadians. These were outflanking the enemy and scouting ahead of General Pole-Carew's Division in the advance from the Vet River, by which Smaldeel was captured, and Lord Roberts said that they vied with one another in their determination to close with the enemy. When Pole-Carew set out on May 5 for the Vet River, a long march of nineteen miles, the West Australians went ahead, and were first in contact with the enemy, who were holding the river. This was early in the afternoon, and the artillery duel continued until nightfall. Towards sunset the West Australians, who had originally discovered the enemy's position, did a very gallant deed. They crept round unseen towards the river bed, and getting in rear of a kopje occupied by the enemy, opened fire, and, though only twenty-six in number, fixed bayonets and carried the kopje with a rush. All this the brave fellows did on their own

WEST AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED INFANTRY.
Who Were in the Forefront of the Invasion of the Transvaal.
From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

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initiative, and two companies of Guards were at once sent forward to secure the advantage they had won.

The West Australians gained great credit for their courage in this operation, as also during the later operations of General Hutton. They were sent forward along the railway to secure it, and reconnoitred towards the Zand River. The railway had been seriously damaged, and would probably have been destroyed but for the alertness of a West Australian trooper, who discovered that charges of an explosive known as "rackarock" had been placed under the line at intervals of every few hundred yards. For this act great praise was given in one of Lord Roberts's despatches. The useful work done by the Colonial Mounted Infantry in the advance to and beyond the Vaal is well known. The West Australians under Colonel Pilkington were with the advanced troops, and they dashed into the Klip River station only just too late to prevent the Boers escaping with five guns.

Photo. Copyright *Walker.*

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE BUSHMEN'S CORPS.

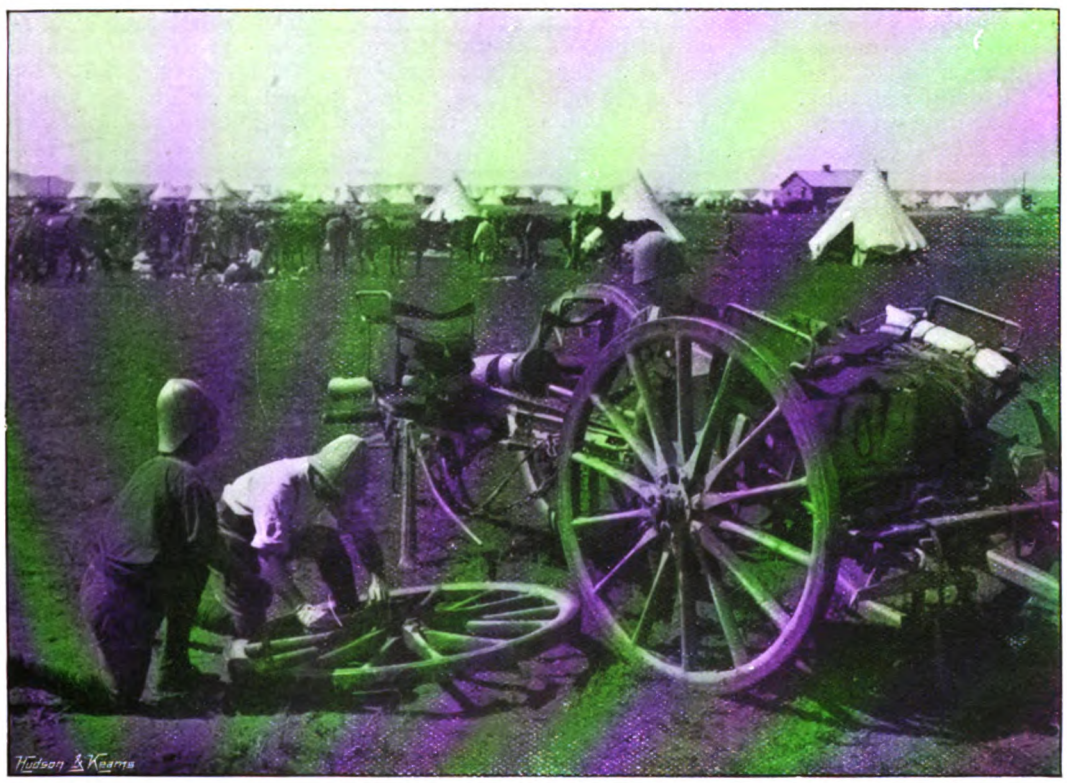
The Finished Material of the South Australian Contingent.

We illustrate the officers and non-commissioned officers of the South Australian Bushmen in the finished state as well-drilled and well-equipped soldiers. To begin with, the men were a hardy, nervy, sinewy set of fellows, every one of whom could ride and shoot well, like the Bushmen of the other colonies. The federal character of the Australian Bushmen's corps has been explained, and it may be said that the constitution of this splendid body of fighting men, the best that could be to encounter the Boers, is a strong link in the chain of Australian federation. What part the Bushmen will play we have yet to discover, but they are engaged in business to their taste, and we may be quite sure will be in at the finish. They have landed at Beira and gone inland to Rhodesia, where they will certainly checkmate the Boers in any ulterior purpose they may have of trekking away from Pretoria to other regions. Perhaps, discretion may yet rule the counsels of President Kruger, all the more because he knows that he has to reckon with Sir Frederick Carrington's Australian Bush men and their comrades the Imperial Yeomanry, whose "limbs were made in England," as Shakespeare says in "Henry V.," but who are well fitted to march in the "vasty fields" of South Africa.

The colonies of Australia have shown splendid mettle in this war, and the record of their brilliant achievements in the field will make a great page in Imperial history. To send an Australian contingent to the Soudan was encouraging indeed, but it was the act of individuals; now we witness the act of a people, whose English blood is truly thicker than water, and whose spontaneous zeal for the cause in which we are all as brothers concerned is a great lesson for foreigners, who now see that the bond of Empire is strong enough to evoke an enthusiasm that has created an army for our needs.

The Loyal New Zealanders.

NO part of the Empire can be prouder of its work in the war than New Zealand, which has already a glorious record of service to the Imperial cause. This was the first of our colonies to get away a contingent of 250 men to fight in South Africa, which went out under command of Major Robin, but, as one New Zealand writer said, this contingent was regarded merely as a "symbol of oneness with the Empire," and people yet thought that their chief duty was to loosen their purse-strings and "to help the home that Tommy's left behind him." To this end £3,000 was subscribed in Dunedin on one night, and the contribution of Otago and Southland alone was over £10,000 to a New Zealand Patriotic Fund, which rose to a great figure. A second New Zealand contingent left for the Cape on January 20, and a movement was set on foot in Canterbury to form a corps of New Zealand Rough Riders, of which that province provided 150, and the other districts of the colony 100, who were despatched from Lyttelton on February 17. Otago and Southland took up the work, and the difficulty was not to get men, but to select those best fitted to fight for Queen, Home, and Empire. Great ingenuity was expended in devising riding and shooting tests with this object, and the excess of men at once volunteered for the fifth New Zealand contingent. Meanwhile the work of purchasing horses and arranging for the drilling, feeding, dressing, equipping, and despatching the men went forward as a labour of love. The wildest excitement attended the departure of the contingents, in which the Maories shared, but were unable to understand why they were kept back. Over 2,000 New Zealanders are now in South Africa.



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NEW ZEALAND ARTILLERY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Repairing a Gun-carriage Wheel at Graspan.

These gallant men have done so well in the field that we must perforce make a selection from their achievements. Many of them have laid down their lives, but as Major Robin said in the name of his men at the funeral of Sergeant Gourlay and Trooper Connell, "Lads, our comrades there have done more for their country than we have; they have died for it, and we still live."

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THE NEW ZEALAND HOTCHKISS BATTERY.
Men who Work the Guns Presented by Elswick.

These excellent colonial soldiers were first employed in the operations about Rensberg and Colesberg. They were heavily engaged in December, and on January 9, when Colonel Porter advanced against the Boers' eastern flank, and the Boers threatened the communications, the New Zealanders under Major Robin frustrated the attempt, racing past one another to get into action, and driving off the enemy with a decisive volley. There was a good deal of fighting during that month and the 15th was quite a New Zealand field day. The Boers made a vigorous attack on our eastern position at Slingersfontein. The New Zealanders and 1st Yorkshires held a big kopje, afterwards known as "Zealanders' Hill," near the farm there, where Colonel Porter of the First Cavalry Brigade was posted. During the night about 300 Boers stole up in front of the position, and at daylight opened a heavy frontal fire on our ridge of the hill, while a tremendous fusillade was kept up from the neighbouring kopjes.

About 100 of the Boers, guided by natives, then advanced to the ridge, where our men lay concealed among the rocks, the fire having been too heavy to make it possible for them to fire on the enemy as they advanced. The position was critical, for the captain in command of the Yorkshiremen was wounded and fell, as well as a colour-sergeant, and the men, being without a leader, began to waver. Captain Madocks of the New Zealanders, however, grasping the danger of the situation, ordered his men to follow him, and calling to the Yorkshires to "Fix bayonets and charge!" brought about a successful advance, before which the venturesome Boers turned and fled. At this moment, Captain Madocks, picking up the rifle and bayonet of a wounded man, leaped over a wall in pursuit with four New Zealanders, two of whom were killed in doing so. The gallant colonial officer was soon at close quarters with a Boer officer, who, it was observed, wore a long frock coat. Both lifted their rifles and fired simultaneously at point blank range, the Boer falling shot through the head, while Captain Madocks escaped unscathed. He is an intrepid and modest man of Wellington, every inch a soldier, whose presence of mind at a critical uncture, and subsequent bravery, were highly appreciated by the general, who on the day following this conflict thanked him and his men "for their gallant services." The two New Zealanders killed were Gourlay and Connell, the former the son of the Hon. Hugh Gourlay, Premier of New Zealand. If the Boers had succeeded in their object, Colonel Porter would have been compelled to retire, and would probably have lost severely in doing so.

Photos. Copyright. Burke.
SERGEANTS OF THE SECOND NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT.
Who were Engaged in the Desperate Fighting near Colesberg.

There was much other fighting in that neighbourhood, and when General French moved upon the western frontier the New Zealanders were with him, and took a prominent part in the relief of Kimberley. On February 13 they were hotly engaged with the Boers, who were holding a line of strong kopjes extending over five miles. Rimington's Guides, who were in advance, were driven back by a heavy fire, whereupon the New Zealanders and other colonials advanced in skirmishing order, the idea being to envelop the enemy's flanks, and then to force the centre, thus breaking through, scattering the adversary, and joining French's convoy on the other side of the hills. The attempt was gallantly made, but the enemy's position was too strong, and the assailants fell back with some loss, though the New Zealanders had good luck notwithstanding that they had been under a heavy fire. The same evening a demonstration was made, and the forces marched off to the convoy camp, which was reached about midnight. In the morning a junction was effected with Colonel Porter's Cavalry, and the mounted column joined General French. In the fighting that followed, the New Zealanders had their share, though they were told off with the 6th Dragoon Guards and 14th Hussars as escort to the convoys at the Modder River.

On the next day the mounted forces crossed the river, and a great deal of fighting took place with Cronje's rearguard, some of the Boers being driven northward towards the Vaal. One laager was heavily shelled, and the New Zealanders and Queenslanders worked round to the right flank of the Boers to cut them off. The firing was very

Photo. Copyright. Taylor.
A GROUP OF NEW ZEALAND ROUGH RIDERS.
About 700 of whom have Landed at Beira.

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THE GOVERNOR OF NEW ZEALAND ADDRESSING TROOPS BEFORE DEPARTURE.

"The Splendid Qualities of our Troops," he said, "has been the Consternation of our Adversaries.'

Photos. Copyright. *East.*

NEW ZEALANDERS LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA IN THE "KNIGHT TEMPLAR."

Scenes of Boundless Enthusiasm wer Witnessed at their Departure.

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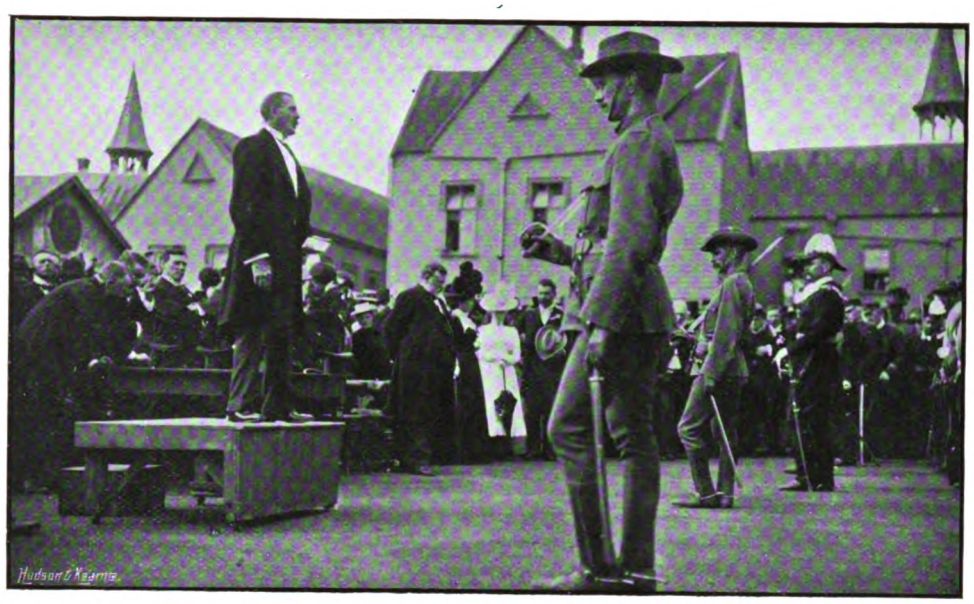

Photo. Copyright. *Bell.*

LORD RANFURLY ADDRESSING THE TROOPS.

A Notable Event in Colonial History

From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright 1900. *Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.*

THE NEW ZEALANDERS AT NAAUWPOORT.

Just after their Arrival in the Camp.

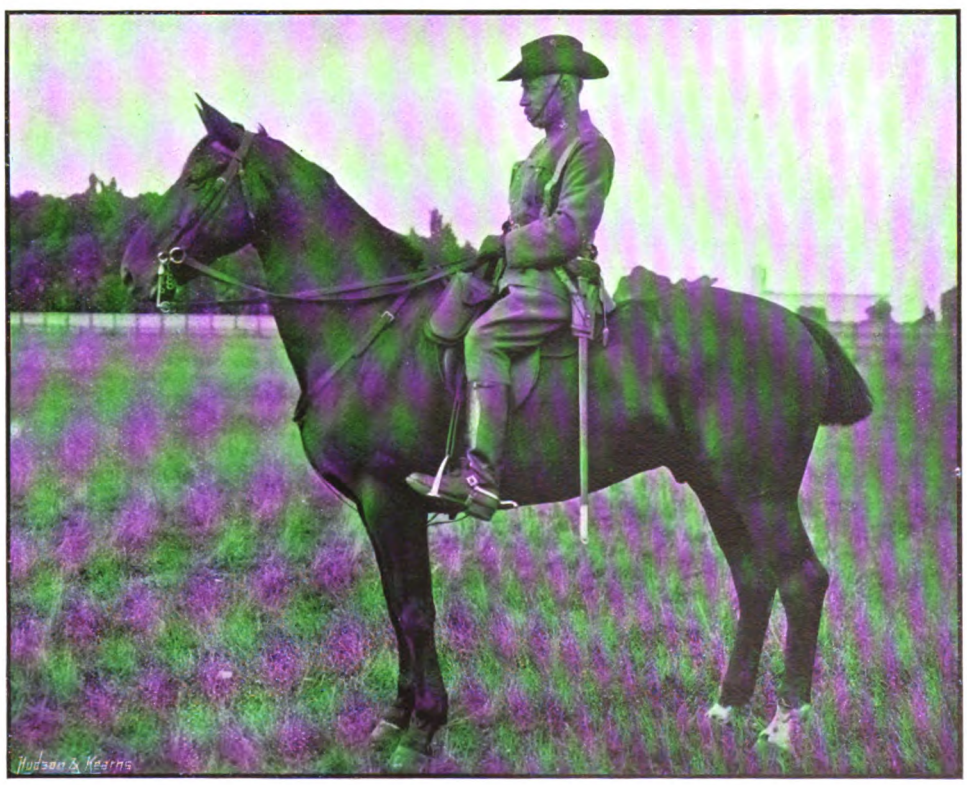

Photo. Copyright. *East.*

MAJOR JOWSEY OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

Commanding the Third New Zealand Contingent.

heavy, and the Colonials made a determined effort to capture the Boers, but the cordon was not complete and they escaped by their left flank. The New Zealanders believed they would have succeeded but for the unfortunate incident of a party of the Kimberley Light Horse who galloped up being mistaken for Boers. Yet they were sufficiently gratified at the part they played in the relief of Kimberley, and the reception they met with in the city. It was a real triumph, they said, and worth fighting and working for, and they knew the intelligence would be welcome at home.

The march had been very exhausting for the horses of the New Zealanders, and a halt at Kimberley became necessary for many, though one party under Captain Maddocks was able to join General Porter and to move off in the direction of Paardeberg. Thus the New Zealand Mounted Infantry invaded the Orange State, and marched on Bloemfontein. They were engaged in the disaster at Koorn Spruit, in which the Queenslanders and other Colonials were involved, as has been described, and with the utmost gallantry they covered the retirement of Q Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, and by their bravery and coolness in a critical moment contributed to avert a much greater misfortune. At the close of the action seventeen New Zealanders were reported missing.

It was a military misfortune, no doubt, that such a fine column should be ambushed, but it gave the opportunity for an exceedingly noteworthy example of the efficiency of our troops in withdrawing and skilfully covering the retirement. The Colonial infantry were enthusiastic in their admiration of the unfortunate gunners, and the achievement of the New Zealanders and their comrades was a lesson to the Boers, who were cheated out of a huge success upon which they had counted.

Since that time the New Zealand Mounted Infantry have been sharing in all the fine work of the Colonial forces, and with the Queenslanders under Colonel Pilcher, that gallant and enterprising officer, have rendered much fine service. They entered upon the war with the resolve to uphold the liberties of our race on the soil of South Africa. Their public men loudly expressed this Imperial resolve, and the devoted wishes of a great population have followed the brave men — "our boys" — both mounted infantry and rough-riders, in their arduous work accomplished with equal bravery and spirit.

New Zealand has also gunners in the field, drawn from her excellent forces. Her Hotchkiss batteries have done good service on various occasions, and are a very efficient and valuable arm. The Empire must indeed be proud of these Colonial sons. New Zealand was the first-born of Her Majesty's possessions, and, as the Premier of the colony said when the fourth contingent left Otago, it was by a strange coincidence that she was the first to offer help to the Mother Country against an enemy who, in the words of Lord Roberts, were "a disgrace to civilisation." Few would question his judgment that he had before him a body of men unsurpassed in any part of the world. He reminded them that they had a solemn duty to perform to God, their country, and the Empire, and well have they borne out his words.

The physical qualities of the men of New Zealand are of the best. They are mostly tall, athletic, and strong in wind and limb. Hardship does not easily tell upon them, and their endurance has been superb in their South African fighting. This is a quality which they share with most of the Colonial troops—men bred in the country oftener than in the town—and they are operating in a superb fighting land, where generally water alone is wanting for successful campaigning.

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The Loyalty of the Indian Empire.

AT a time when the stress of common anxiety revealed to the British Empire a bond of unity whose strength was scarcely suspected, and disclosed its illimitable resources in loyalty and men, it was impossible for India to lag behind. As the Viceroy said, in bidding farewell to Lumsden's Horse at Calcutta in February, had not one but many thousands of volunteers been called for from the native races, who vie with us in fervent loyalty to the same sovereign, they would have sprung joyfully to arms, from the Hindu and Mussulman chiefs of ancient lineage and great possessions to the martial Sikh and fighting Pathan. But, though the native troops were not to be employed, the great princes came forward with liberal hands, and sent large numbers of horses to South Africa, and thus, in charge of remounts and in the work of transport, the native soldiery have rendered valuable service.

Lumsden's Horse, of which the Viceroy is hon. colonel, is a fine soldierly corps, mostly formed of gentlemen from the planting districts of Behar, Assam, and Coorg, under command of Lieut.-Colonel D. M. Lumsden, to whose patriotic initiative the corps owes its being. "India," as the Viceroy said, "watched the formation of this picked corps with admiration, and contributed to its equipment and comfort with no illiberal hand, and has sent it to plant liberty, justice, and equal rights upon the soil of South Africa, henceforth to be united under the British flag."

The fine corps was embodied with General Ian Hamilton's forces, and has shared in the victorious march from Thaba Nchu to the Vaal. It had its baptism of fire on April 30, when it was hotly engaged, and suffered severely, Major Showers, late commandant of the Surma Valley Light Horse Volunteers, from which many officers of Lumsden's Horse have been drawn, being killed, while a number of non-commissioned officers and troopers were wounded and missing, including three bearing the well-known names of Lumsden, Elliot and Burn-Murdoch. The corps is well mounted, and has with it a Maxim battery.

Ceylon also has sent to South Africa a small contingent of excellent mounted infantry, well trained and well equipped, who have rendered good service. In a previous illustration the men of Ceylon were depicted happily grouped with the Queenslanders They are now seen drawn up to hear the farewell remarks of the Governor prior to their departure from the island.

Photo. Copyright. *Pett.*

THE 3rd MADRAS LANCERS AND SYCES.
In Charge of Remounts at Maitland Camp.

Photo. Copyright. *Kapp.*

LUMSDEN'S HORSE EMBARKING AT CALCUTTA.
Horses, Maxims and Ammunition Ready.

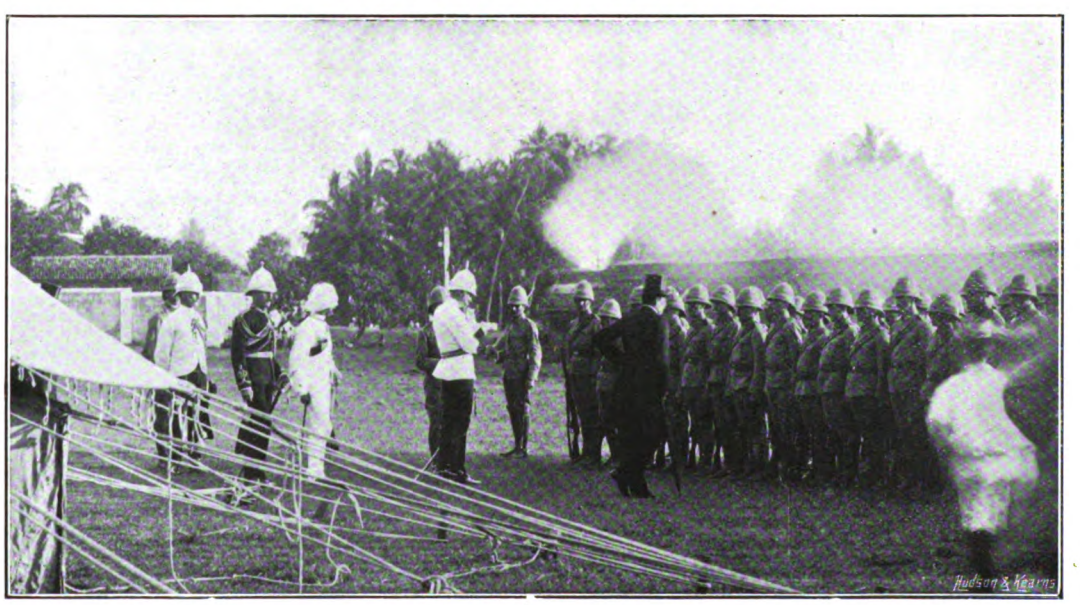

Photo. Copyright. *Skeen.*

THE CEYLON MOUNTED INFANTRY CONTINGENT.
Sir J. W. Ridgeway Addressing the Men.

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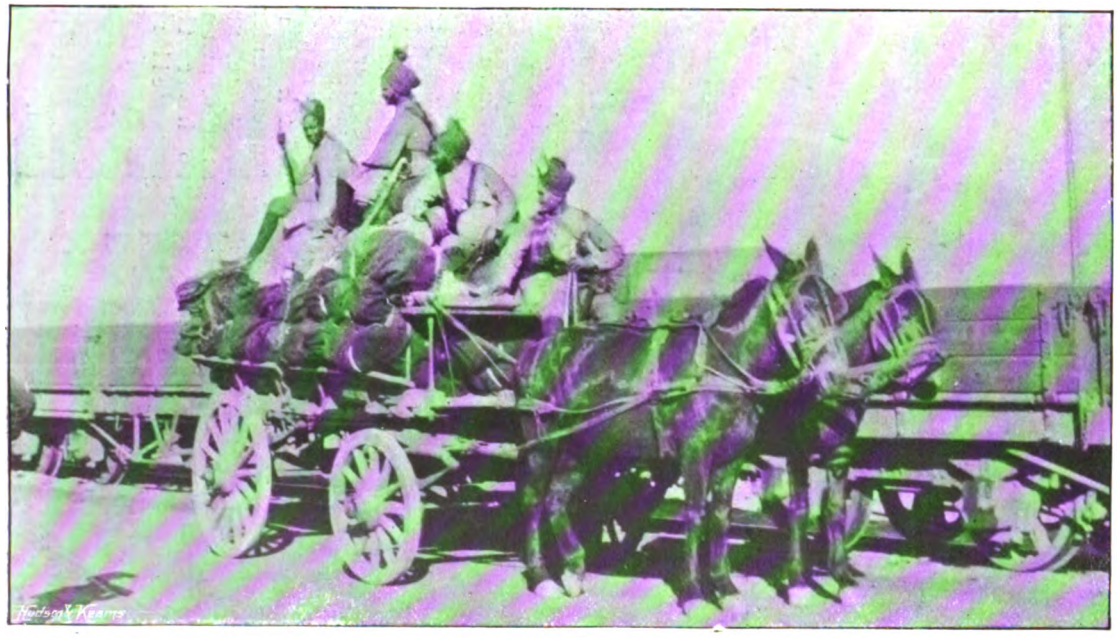

THE 3rd MADRAS LANCERS.
In Charge of a Transport Waggon.

A SQUADRON OF BENGAL CAVALRY.
About to Entrain with Remounts.

Photos Copyright.

A PARTY OF BENGAL LANCERS.
Training Colonial Horses for Officers.

"Navy & Army"

THE MADRAS TRANSPORT CORPS.
Non-commissioned Officers and Jemadars.

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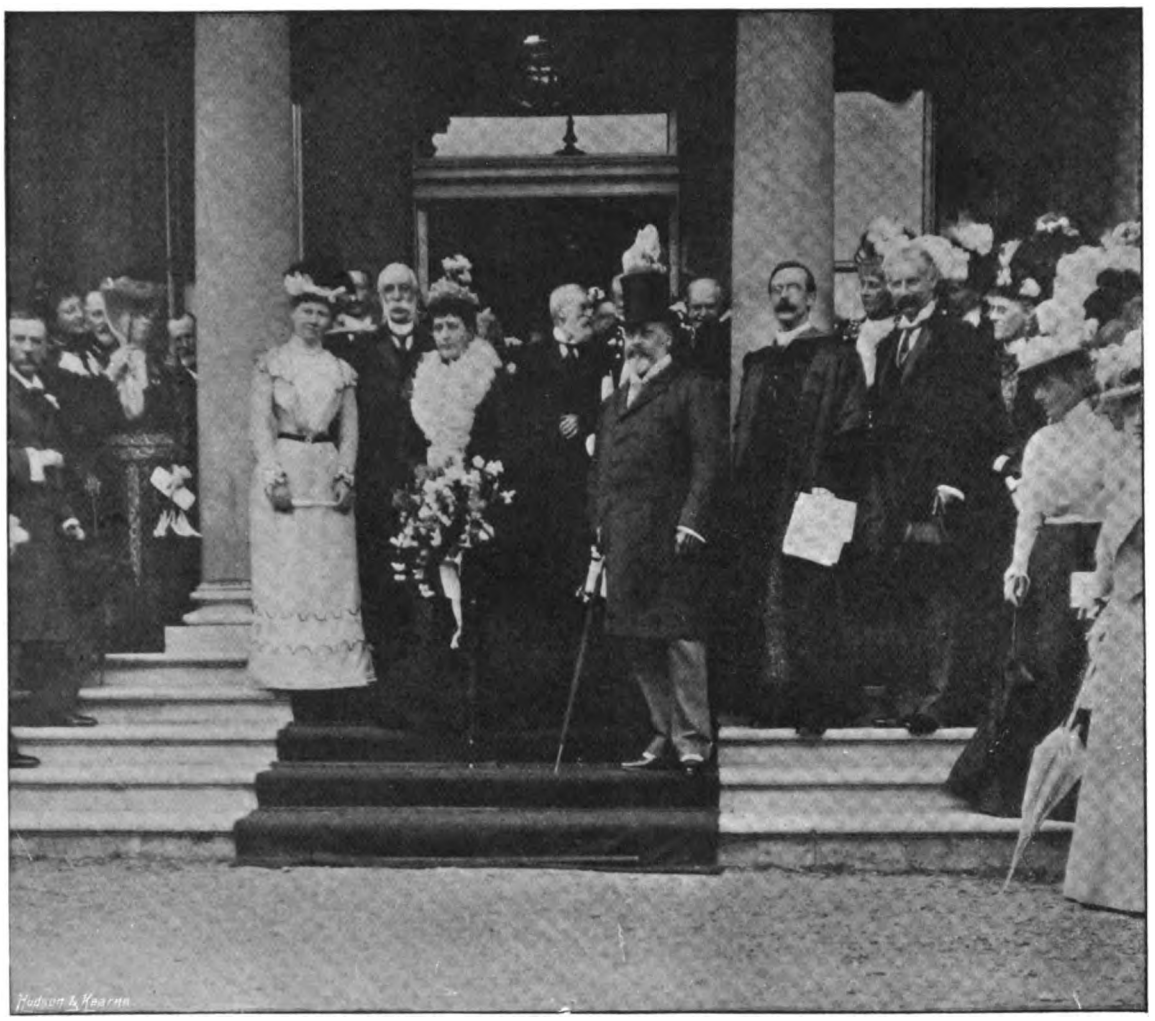
Two Important Functions.

Royalty at Eltham and Chelsea.

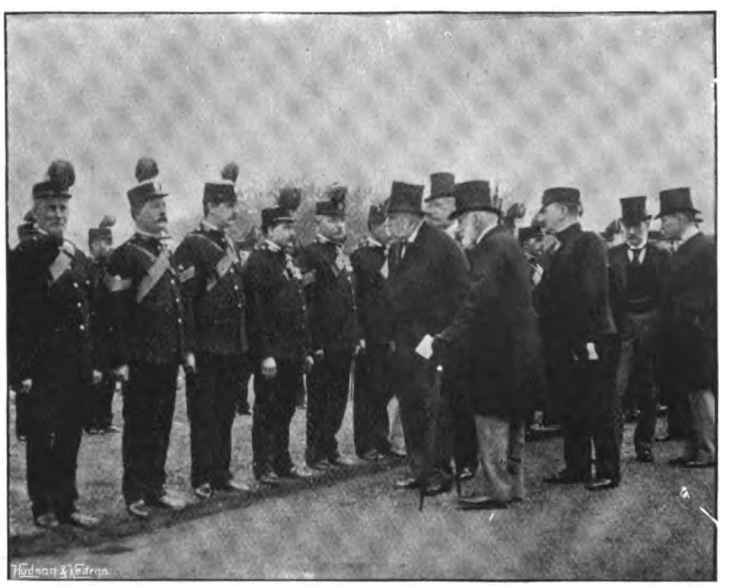
AN EARNEST CONSULTATION
Between the Prince and Head-master at Eltham School.

AFTER DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.
The Prince and Princess of Wales Leave the Grounds.



THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO ELTHAM.
A Group on the Steps of the Royal Naval School.

IN THE GROUNDS OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.
The Duke of Cambridge Addresses the Corps of Commissionaires.



THE INSPECTION BY THE DUKE.
He Thought it "A Fine Sight to See so Many Old Soldiers."

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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Major-General Baden-Powell---The Many-sided.

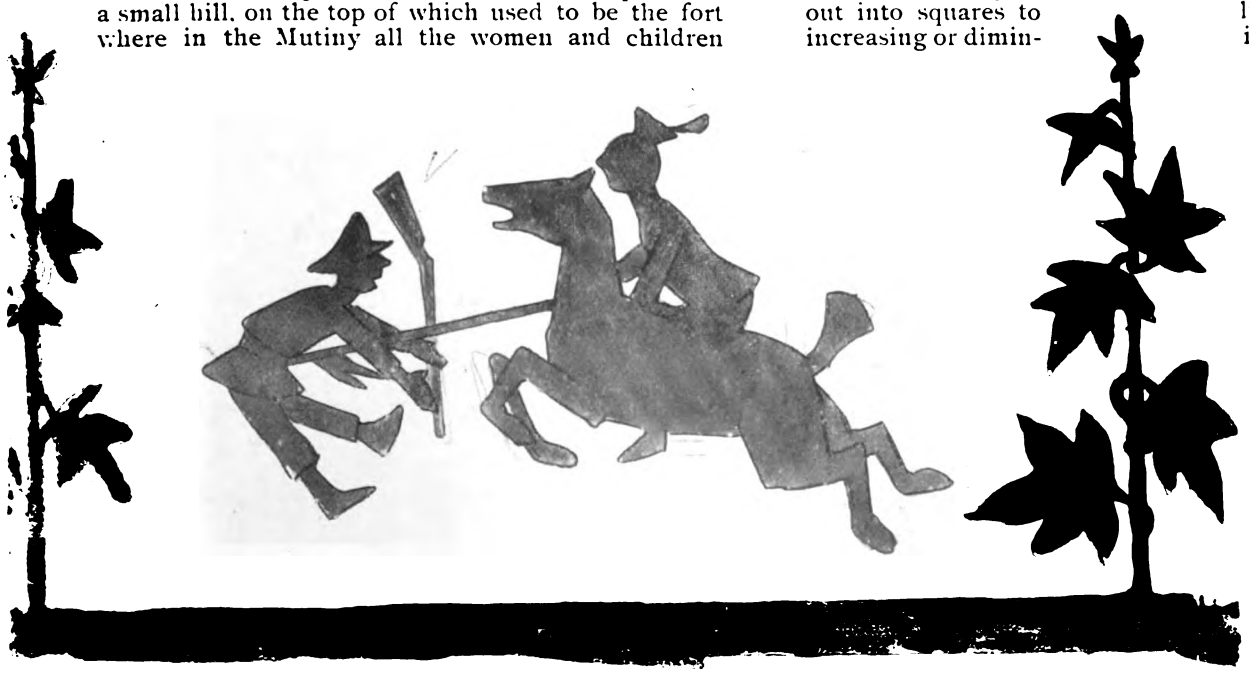
By A Lady Who Knows Him Well.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, the "Man of the Hour," the gallant commander and defender of Mafeking, is an excellent example of the saying that it is "the busy man who finds time for everything." He never wastes a minute of his time, and seems to be able to do with less sleep than other people even, for in India he managed to do more than anyone on five hours' sleep in the night and none at all during the day, in the hottest of weathers. It was impossible for him to remain quiet. Often during intervals of polo, when he had to stand out to let others have a turn, he would go off and play a hole or two at golf to keep himself fit. In India, where he commanded the 5th Dragoon Guards, he found time not only to command them so well that their annual report was the best of any regiment out there—cavalry or infantry, British or native—but he went pig-sticking and shooting, sketched a great deal, acted in regimental plays, and all sorts of things, and the amount he did for, and the interest he took in, the wives and families of the men in his command was wonderful. He knew all the women and children by name, and used to get up bicycle teas for them. One such he gave just before he left, as it was hoped then, only for four months' leave—at Sialkot—to all the men, women, and bigger children in the regiment. All those who had bicycles rode, and the women who did not were driven in the brake. Colonel Baden-Powell and some of the officers bicycled with the men, and a fine procession they made, for among other things Colonel Baden-Powell started was a bicycle club in the regiment, from which the men could hire machines by the hour or buy by instalments, as he thought the more exercise and air the men took the fitter they would keep, and he also believed it all helped to keep them out of the canteens.

But, to return to his picnic, which was to take place on a small hill, on the top of which used to be the fort where in the Mutiny all the women and children lived. There Colonel Baden-Powell had had tables and chairs sent, and they all had an excellent tea; after which he started a small gymkhana for the men and women, nomination races, and all sorts of amusing events for which he gave prizes, much to the surprise and pleasure of all. They went back as they came, and talked of the fun their colonel had given them for many a long day. I tell you this to show you how much he did out of the ordinary way to help to make the men, women, and children happy. He was very anxious to help the women to earn some money, and before he went on leave in May he worked out a plan, which, with the help of some of the ladies, he hoped to have carried out. One afternoon every week all the women who could find time were to come to a barrack-room, which he was eager to fit up as a workroom, where the women would be taught fancy needlework, and while they sowed one of the ladies would read aloud. He intended to give the women tea, and he hoped to get up some music, too, for them.

He thought it all out carefully and in detail, studied articles on village needlework, and he was going to get up an exhibition in India of needlework by soldiers' wives, where he hoped they would be able to sell their work well and get it known, too. He had had no time to draw designs for what is called, I think, village tapestry, before he left Sialkot to go home on leave, but he managed to draw out and fill in two excellent designs for table cloths. This he did on his journey down to Bombay in May, and anyone who has travelled in India during May will have a good idea of what this means. One was a polo design, and the other that of a lancer. The figures which are shown in the illustrations are full of life, though only black, and he even ruled the pattern out into squares to help in the work of increasing or diminishing. He evidently has a happy knack of making work amusing, and his men, I expect, learnt without knowing it.

Lancer Pattern No. (3)



Lancer Pattern No. (2)

Colonel Baden-Powell is a great advocate for cavalry being well up in scouting, and used to have competitions and give prizes for the best scouting sections. He believed Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" would teach the men the habit of observation and of subsequent deduction, so he gave as presents copies of this amusing and clever book to all the squadrons, and I expect the men did learn a lot, for

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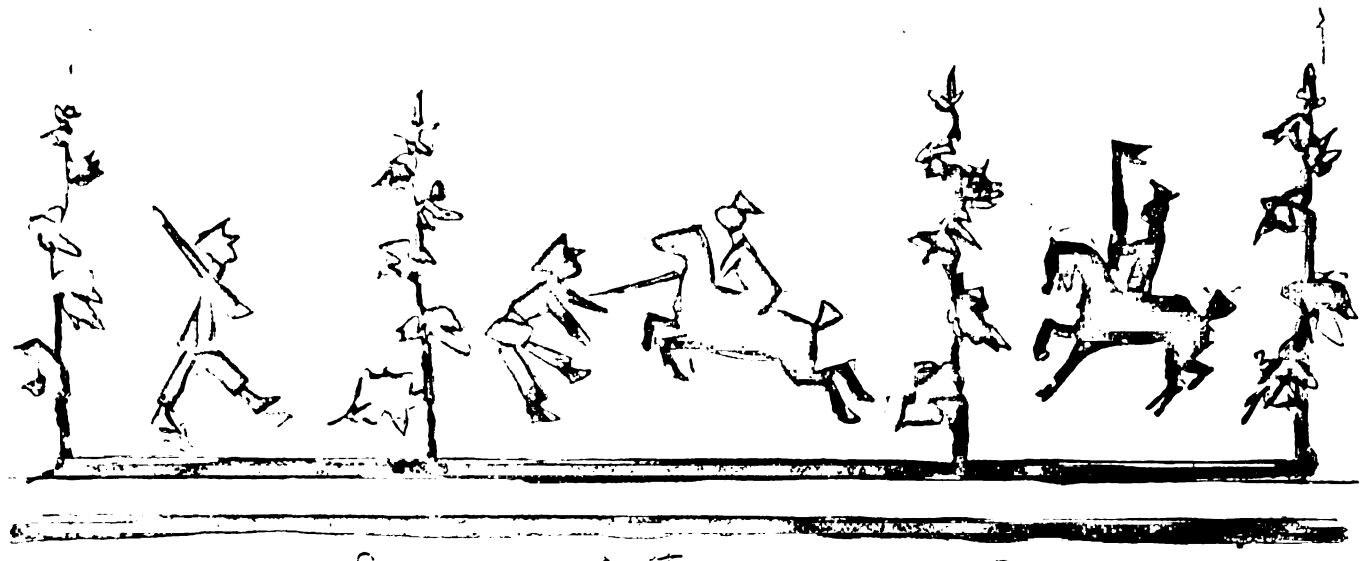

Lancer Pattern Complete

the books looked well read and thumbed.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a most wonderful mimic, and can alter his voice so completely that I defy anyone to recognise it. Here is an excellent story of the manner in which he took in a large circle of friends who knew him well. It was at Simla in 1897. One afternoon it struck him it would be great fun to pretend to be a foreigner, so he asked a friend to join him, and that evening they dined together and made up their faces, but wore their ordinary dress clothes, and in company with one of the Commander-in-Chief's A.D.C.'s went to the theatre as Signor Léoni (Colonel Baden-Powell), an Italian, who had come up to ask permission to go to the Tirah, and Mr. Réne Bull (his friend), who wanted to go to the front, too, for *Black and White*. At first Colonel Baden-Powell, thinking people would recognise his face, kept in the back of the box, but finding no one did, he was conducted by the A.D.C. round to several of the boxes between the acts, and introduced as a distinguished foreigner who had come out to try and get up to the front. Knowing as he did all the people he talked to, he was able to ask them questions which led to (to him) very amusing answers. To one lady, whose great weakness was pretending she knew everyone all over the world, he said in broken English, "I think I have met you before at balls at the Italian Embassy in London. Ah! I thought so—often going about on the arm of a military-looking gentleman. Let me see, what was his name?" and so on, to the great delight of the lady, who went about the rest of the evening saying, "So charming meeting Signor Léoni again, we used to have such dances together in town at the embassies." To another lady, whose weakness he knew was pretending she knew nothing of India, he said, looking round the house, "Do you consider this a thoroughly representative society?" and she said, to his huge delight, "I am afraid I can't tell you, as I, like yourself, am only on a visit"

among the women - so that they may learn useful needlework, make some money by fancy work, meet together & see papers or hear music or readings etc.

I shd supply a sewing machine and Miss Jordan, the Schoolmistress, would manage the show and instruct.

They might meet in her school some convenient evening every week

and sew, talk, read, etc - I would provide tea and lighting.

BUT - if a lady would take an interest in the thing and read or play or talk to them at the meeting it would make the whole difference in its success.

If you should feel curiosity on the subject after this note, I can give you a way of finding out more about it and that

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL BADEN-POWELL.]

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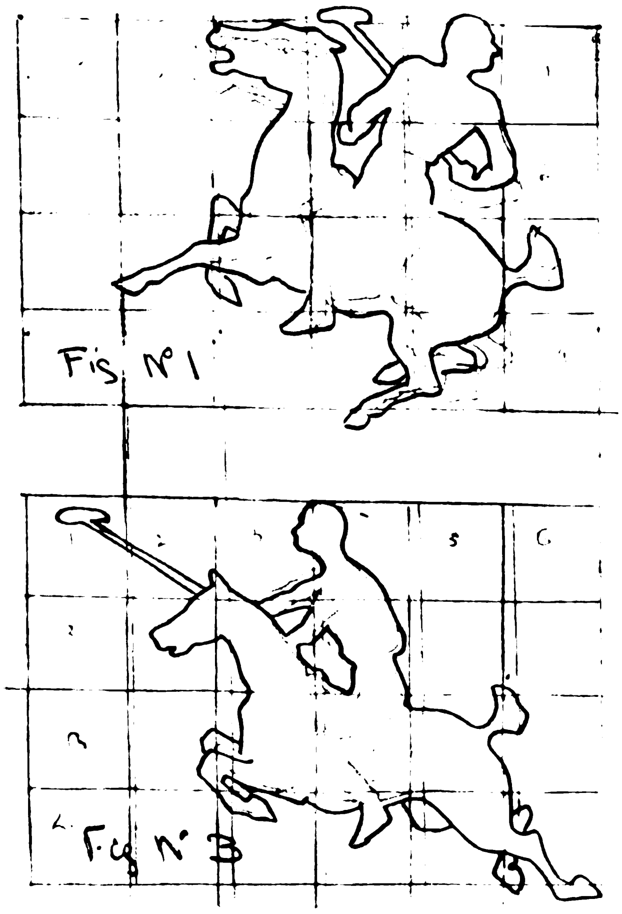
There is no end to the amusing conversations he had that evening. Finding no one had guessed at his identity, he, his friend, and the A.D.C. went to a ladies' supper party, where he continued to enjoy himself. After a time he thought he noticed that one lady was beginning to have suspicions, and he felt he must do something to stop her telling others. So, gradually, he pretended to get drunk; and I wish you could have seen him act it as he did to me some years afterwards—it was perfect, and so funny. He got so bad that at last the ladies with their daughters got up and said they must go. Signor Léoni rose unsteadily to his feet and managed to get out, "I vill go vis the ladies, I never leave the ladies," and tried to follow them, but was stopped by an irate husband, who said, "No, you don't, sir; you're not in a fit state." All the ladies having gone by then, Colonel Baden-Powell pulled off his wig and bowed to his friends. They had been, every one of them, completely taken in. I heard later that everyone completely forgave him his trick, and joined in the laugh heartily. When he went through it all to me, I could quite understand why no one recognised him. It was wonderful. He played the same trick on his brother officers once at the mess, sending a note over to the mess president, asking them to look after a friend of his, a foreigner, as he was dining out and couldn't be there. All the officers agreed that this foreigner was the most amusing man they had met for many a long day, and never found out it was their own colonel. I forgot to tell you that the day after his Simla joke he was asked by a lot of men at the club, who hadn't been at the supper, why he was not at the theatre the night before, and told of the two strangers, and how amusing the foreigner was.

At a soldier concert he was to sing a song, and asked a lady to accompany him, which she did; but he sang so flat, and she was miserable, and all his friends listening felt sorry for him. Many of them sneaked out of the room "sooner than watch the dear old chap make a fool of himself." After a verse or two, to the accompanist's astonishment, he stopped and pretended to abuse her. "How could he sing if she would play his accompaniment all wrong?" etc. He made her get up, sat down, played and sang quite correctly, and only then did people see he had been acting. He draws figures, people, and animals beautifully, but declares he cannot manage scenery. During his busy soldier's life he very often found time to spend a couple of hours sketching, and being asked to send something to help a fine art exhibition that was to be started in Kashmir, he drew, in a few days at odd moments, and sent them a couple of very clever pictures—one a pen and ink sketch of a native cavalryman tent-pegging, the other a lovely bit of colouring—just a tiny picture of his little shikari quail-boy. Colonel Baden-Powell loves entertaining, and many jolly dinners and suppers he has given to his lady friends in the mess and in his own bungalow. Children all seem devoted to him, and in India the joke was if your children could not be found at once to seek them at his house.

[This pleasant article is from the pen of the wife of an old brother officer of Major-General Baden-Powell, and the sketches are from his own hand. They cannot fail to be widely interesting, and we give them exactly as they reached us.—ED.]



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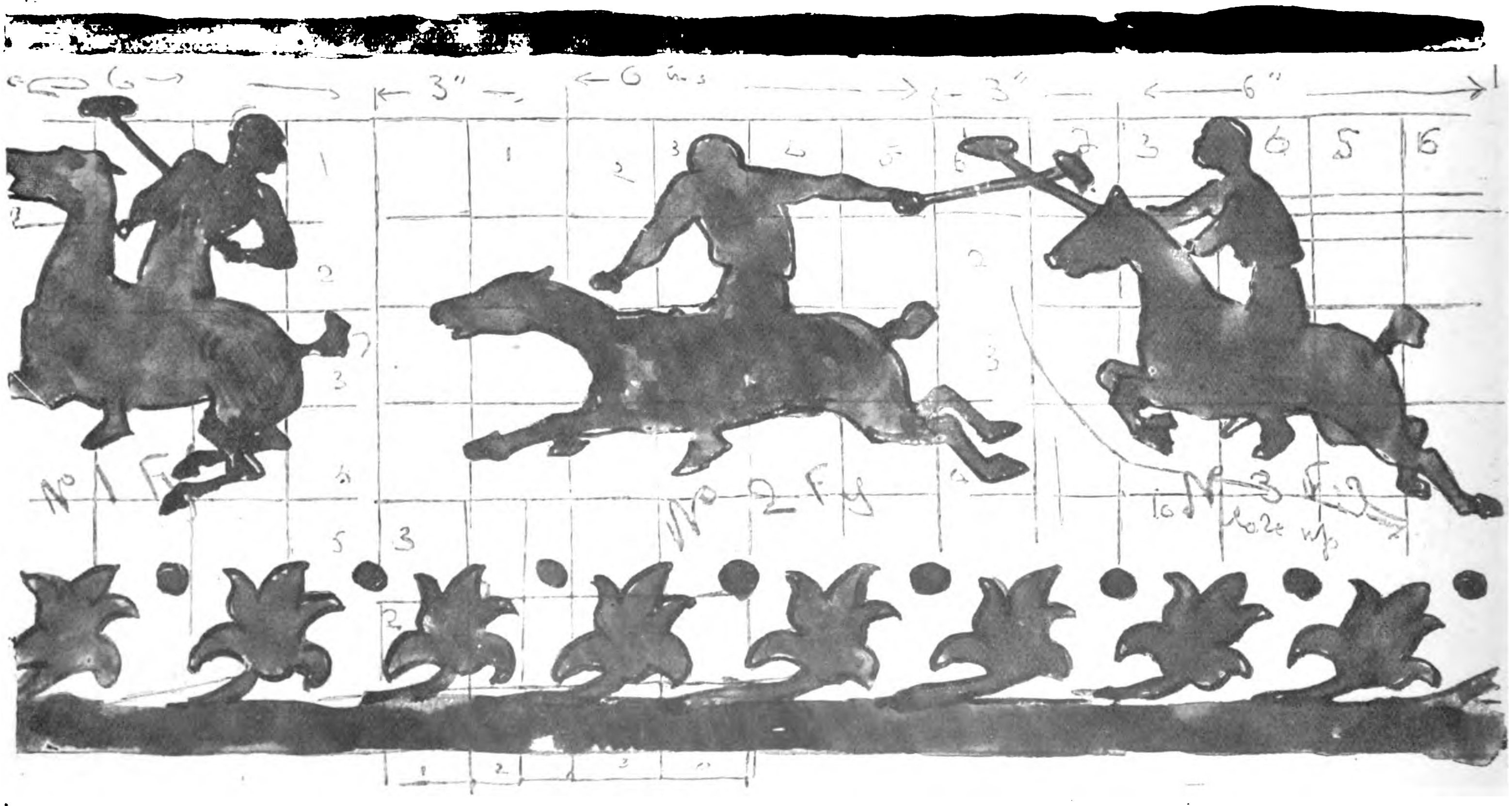


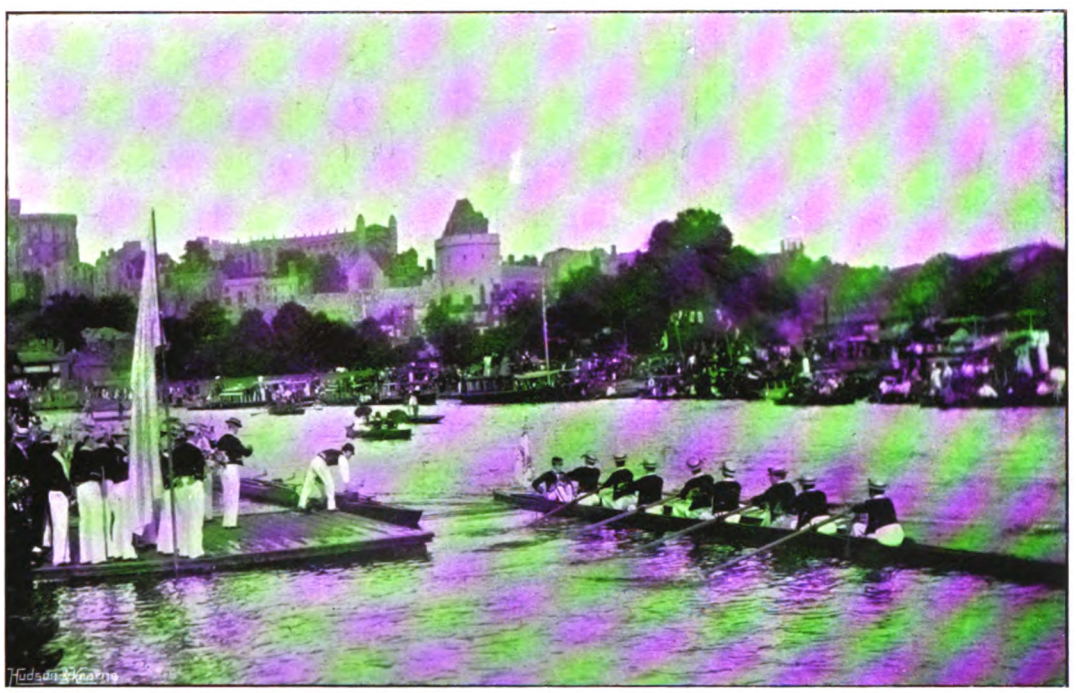
The Eton Celebration.

THE origin of schoolboy customs is always obscure, and it might well puzzle a philosopher to know why, when the Eton boy, with a fervour that is not found anywhere else, dons a white waistcoat to celebrate the birthday of George III., he invariably leaves the bottom button unfastened. A certain obscurity also attends the origin of the Naval uniforms which grace the procession of the boats. But there is one point concerning which no obscurity exists. The Eton boy is intensely proud of the 900 old Etonians who have gone out to the war, and who include Lord Roberts himself and Sir Redvers Buller, Generals Colvile, Pole-Carew, Lyttelton, Chermside, Barton, Campbell, and the Earl of Dundonald. Not a few old Etonians have fallen, and it was by a peculiarly happy concurrence of circumstances—marking great correctness in regard to dates on Lord Roberts's part—that the news of the fall of Pretoria circulated on the college festival—this year on June 5—about the famous playing field (on which it would be treason not to admit that Waterloo was won) where the "dry bobs" of the college were testing their prowess against eleven stout youths from New College, Oxford.

After chapel, the day had begun with the speeches, which produced rounds of applause when any patriotic allusion was made, as in the delivery by one boy of Sheil's speech on the Irish Municipal Bill, with many chosen allusions to the gallantry of Irish soldiers. Rudyard Kipling's "The Flag of England" quite brought down the house.

Then in the evening came the turn of the "wet bobs," and the famous procession of boats took place with the usual *éclat*. As they left the Brocas, it was a very pretty sight, for the boys were wearing their traditional costumes, with wonderful straw hats and many badges. The boat celebration dates from stirring times in our Naval history, and the use of the costume of the Naval officer by the Eton coxswains is a singular custom dating from the year 1828. The boats went up to Surly Point in the customary way, and passed down again at 8.30 through Romney Lock to the Weir stream. The upper boats were the "Monarch" (ten-oar), "Victory," and "Prince of Wales," and the captain of them bore the honoured name of Nelson. The lower boats were the "Britannia," "Dreadnought," "Thetis," "Hibernia," "St. George," "Alexandra," and "Defiance," all famous Naval names. Prince Arthur of Connaught rowed in the last-named. The devices of the boys in the upper boats were a gold anchor, silver Eton arms, with the laurel wreath, and the Prince of Wales's plume with a wreath of roses, while those of the lower boats, in their order as named, were a gold device of Britannia, a silver royal coat-of-arms, silver crossed oars, gold harp, gold St. George and the Dragon, silver shield, and gold crossed oars, each with a particular wreath. The festivities wound up with fireworks at Romney Island.

THE "WET BOBS" READY FOR THE START.
They are Wearing the Traditional Costume of Naval Officers and Watermen.



A LOWER BOAT LEAVING THE BROCAS.
The Coxswains have Naval Uniforms according to the Rank of Their Boats.

Photos Copyright *H. W. Macdonald, Eton.*

THE CRICKET MATCH IN THE PLAYING FIELDS.
Dr. Warre, the Head-master, Standing by the Tent and Wearing a Frock-coat, Watches the Game.

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From the Veldt

Photos. Copyright.

THE CAMP OF THE PRISONERS AT SIMON'S BAY.

The Recreation Ground and the Gun Commanding It.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.

And the Eager Rush for the Letters.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT ON THE VELDT.

The Officers' Mess of the 3rd South Lancashire Regiment.

NOT officially, but in the intervals of truce when talk has been in progress, the Boers have frequently made complaint of the treatment of their prisoners in our hands.

The ancient adage that two blacks do not make a white applies here thoroughly, and therefore we shall not enquire into the treatment of British prisoners at Pretoria. The fact is, his inherent "slimness," as he would call it—disregard for the virtue of veracity, as other people would call it—prevents the Boer from realising that it comes natural to other people to tell the truth. We are told that it was cruelty to send to St. Helena men who had never crossed the sea, and who, in many cases, did not know what the sea was like. Well, acquaintance with the sea is likely to extend their scope of intelligence, and, for the rest, they were bound to pay tribute to Neptune in the fashion that falls to the lot of most people. Then we are asked to believe that the prisoners retained in South Africa have been unfairly treated. Certainly they were, in the first instance, sent on board ship. But do they forget, or does anyone else forget, that they had around them traitorous subjects of the Queen, against whose wiles it was necessary to provide? It is said there was a lot of sickness among the Boer prisoners afloat. No doubt there was; but is it to be ascribed to the fault of their captors or to the natural insanitary habits of the Boers themselves, coupled with the fearful conditions under which a large number of the prisoners had been living immediately before their capture? The latter is, of course, the real explanation. Of the Boer prisoners retained in South

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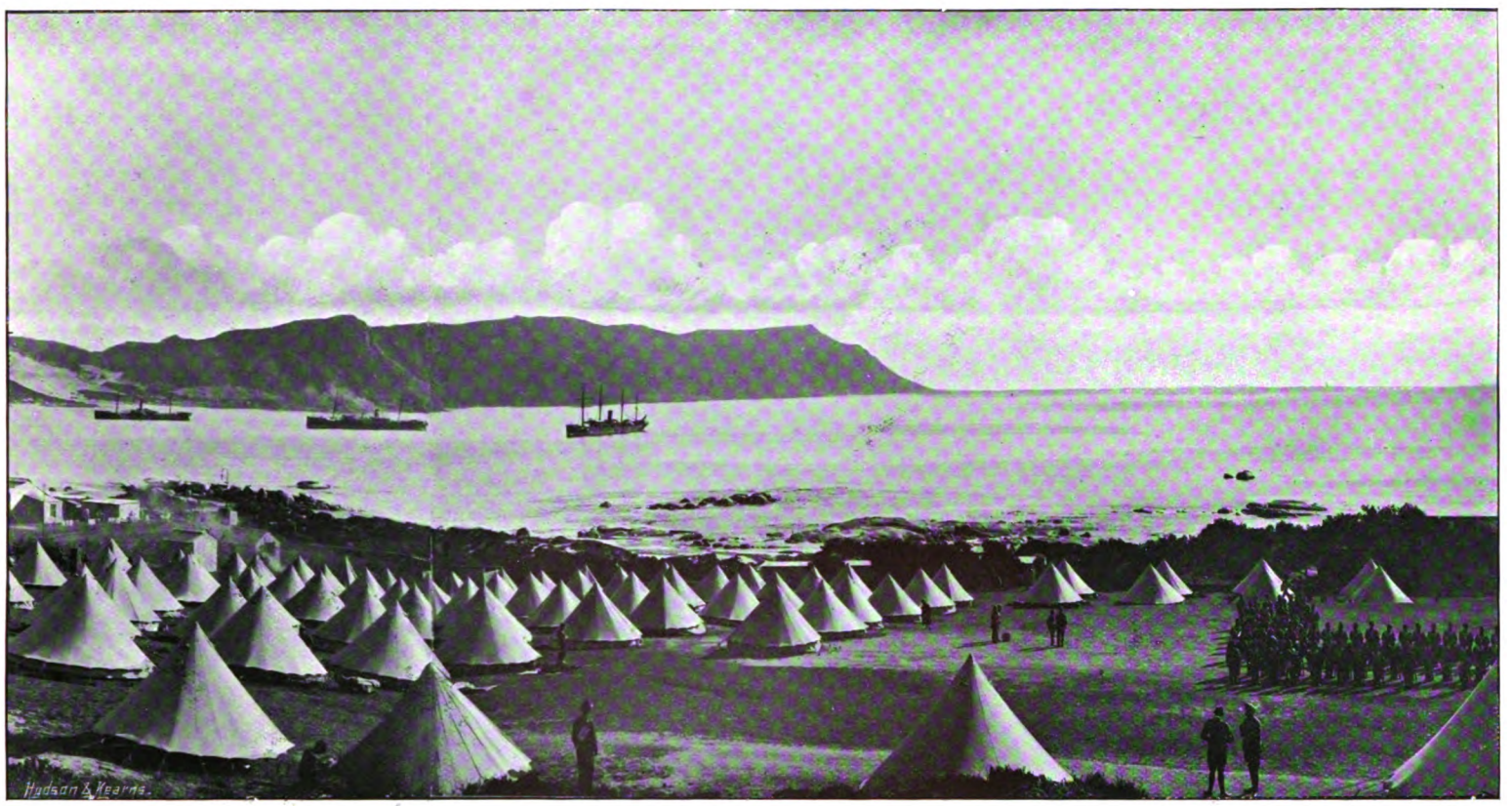
To Simon's Bay.



THE CAPTIVES' GUARD READY AT THE CAMP.
A Detachment of the 4th West York Militia.

L. Jenks.

Africa, however, many have found a home on the shores of Simon's Bay.

Some of them do not like the weird, ever-changing sea, with its eternal suggestions of far-off ghosts with whom the seafarer has to make friends, and whom he has to hug to his heart before he can flatter himself that he is really at home with the ocean. But no one who looks at our picture will deny that the prisoners have found a comfortable home. Behold the recreation ground and the prisoners at play. And do not forget the precautions taken to prevent alike the escape of individual prisoners or a general rising. There is a 6-in. quick-firer on the hill to the left that would do sharp and sudden execution. Across the bay is a fort, with another gun of the same sort well within range, and a British war-ship commands the camp with its guns. On the right of the picture is the guard of the 4th West York, to whom the details of discipline are more particularly entrusted.

The first of our other pictures shows the arrival of the English mail, actually in the camp of the 9th Lancers. It matters not, however, what camp it is. There is no difficulty in realising the rush for letters and the hurry to distribute them so far from home.

Our remaining pictures indicate the way in which the officers of the different regiments manage somehow or other—when they can—to improvise some sort of a shelter, and to dignify it with the name of a mess-tent. In the picture of a group of the Carabiniers at lunch, Major Sprot, second in command of that fine regiment, is seen at home in Africa with his brother officers

WITH A BATTERY ON THE ORANGE RIVER.
The Mess Quarters of the 37th Field Battery.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army.*

A GROUP OF THE CARABINIERS AT LUNCH.
Major Sprot, Second in Command, Stands Helmet in Hand.

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The Khedive's Visit to England.

The Long Line Of Egyptian Rulers.

1. *MEHEMET ALI PASHA, Vali of Egypt.*
2. *IBRAHIM PASHA.*
5. *ISMAIL PASHA, The First Khedive.*
7. *ABBAS PASHA II, Present Khedive.*
3. *ABBAS PASHA I., Egyptian Viceroy*
4. *SAID PASHA*
6. *TEWFIK PASHA, The Late Khedive.*

From Photos. by G. Lekegian & Co., Cairo

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 178.] SATURDAY, JUNE 30th, 1900.

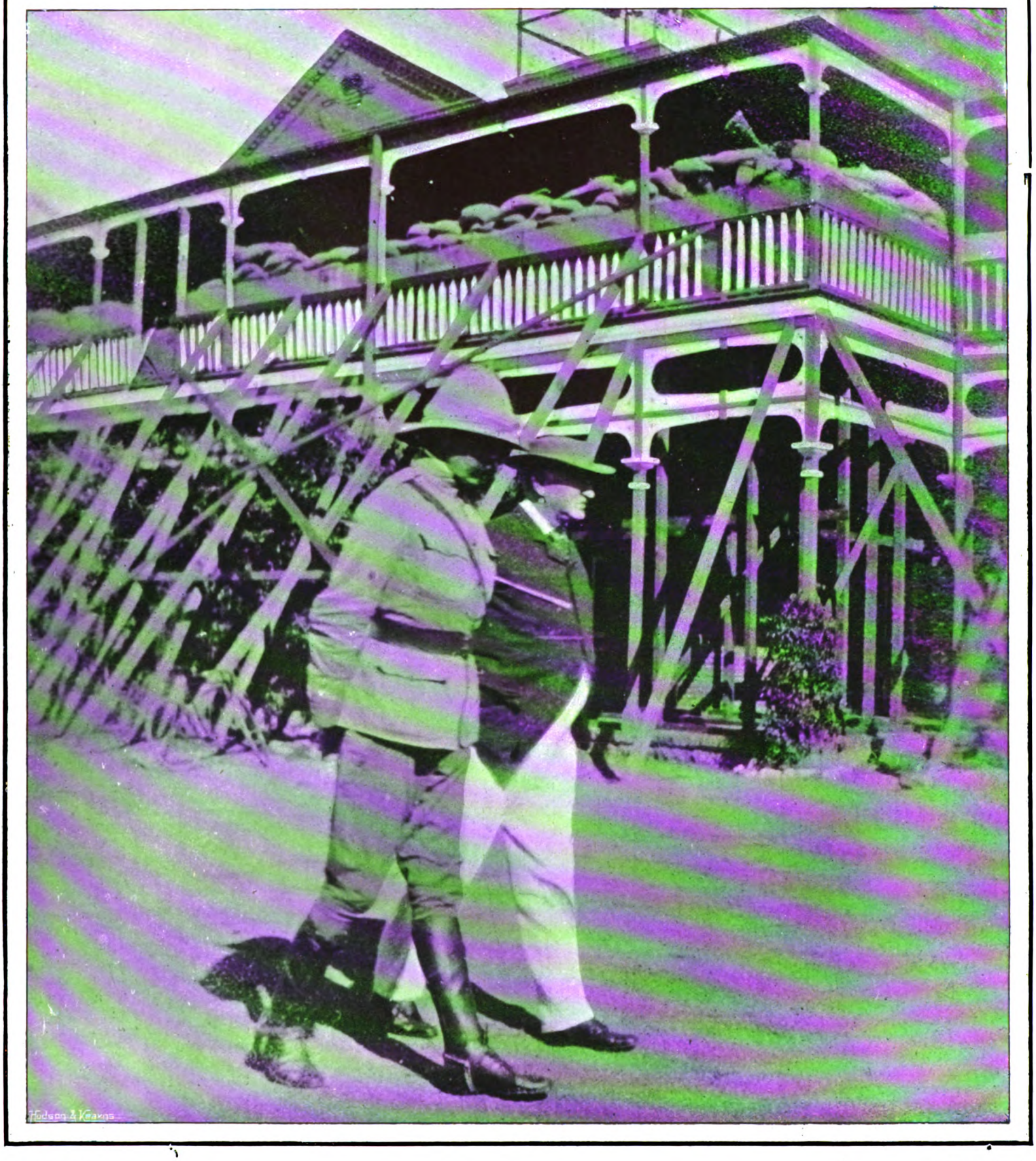

Photo Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

TWO GREAT MEN IN CONFERENCE AT KIMBERLEY.

Shortly after the relief of Kimberley on February 15, 1900, Lord Kitchener paid a flying visit to the recently-besieged town. Our snap-shot shows the victor of Omdurman walking through the principal street of the Diamond City—still showing signs of its preparations during the siege—in earnest talk with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, to whom Kimberley owes so much for its progress in the past, and who worked so loyally throughout the siege to assist in the defence, which will always be a credit to British arms.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THERE is only one way of arguing with a Chinaman. It is the argument of hard knocks plentifully delivered, for to no other kind of argument is his intellect open. This is by no means the first occasion upon which we have found it necessary to administer reason to the men of the Celestial Empire in this forcible way, and the history of our strained relations with them is curious, for their ludicrous and insufferable arrogance has always given way before force, and it is singular to observe with what alacrity they act under the influence of fear, and how immovable they have always been when there has been nothing more to dread than the interchange of despatches and interviews. The history of negotiations with them shows that when driven into a corner they will invariably yield. It is true that the concessions they make are generally on paper, and that there is not the smallest intention of observing them; but once again we must recognise that force is the only lever. Sir John Bowring, Sir Harry Parkes, Lord Elgin, and all our administrators have had experience of that extraordinary mixture of bluster and cringing which is so contemptible to English people. The Chinese officials are altogether devoid of what we consider to be self-respect. They will carry blustering to the last point, and are then ready to meet upon what they consider superior terms the plenipotentiaries whom they have lately jockeyed and cajoled in order to negotiate a settlement which they are quite ready to disregard. These are the gentlemen with whom we may soon have to deal, and meanwhile the greater force that can be applied the better for a peaceful settlement.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

YE OF THE BLOOD.

This Modest Cross Marks the Resting-place of the Earl of Ava, Son and Heir of the Marquess of Dufferin, who Died of Wounds Received in the Boer Attack on Ladysmith on January 6, 1900. "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

offices of state; and the official robe invests the fortunate wearer with honours, distinction, and the chance of secret emoluments almost beyond the dreams of avarice. The "Sun of Heaven," the "Supreme Ruler," the "August Lofty One," the "Solitary Man," who is at the head of the rotten system, is inducted with strange and mystic rights, and is generally an effete old man at the age of thirty or thereabout, while his mother is sometimes, like the present dowager, a woman of force and character. Much of the Emperor's life is controlled by this headstrong ruler, and she, with her councillors, is at the root of the present trouble, for it cannot be too often repeated that in China riots against foreigners are always made to order. Missionaries are being attacked because the merchants have grown too strong, and the unquenchable hatred of the Manchu dynasty for foreigners is exerting its force at the present time. If the Powers can pull together long enough they will certainly administer such force as will bring cringing plenipotentiaries to the presence of their representatives.

Photo. West.

COMMANDER W. L. GRANT, R.N.

Who Commands the Naval Brigade with Lord Roberts, and was Specially Mentioned in Despatches by Sir Henry Colvile: "Grant's Naval guns were most valuable." As a Mid. of the "Tourmaline" he Served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882.

Photo. Hughes & Mullins.

CAPT. W. M. HALL, West Yorkshire Regt.,

Is on Special Duty with the West African Frontier Force, and has Distinguished himself in Command of One of the Columns Operating for the Relief of Kumasi. He successfully with his Small Party held his own against 8,000 Rebels.

THE capture of the Taku Forts by the composite force of the Powers recalls the last occasion upon which the duty of seizing these formidable places was forced upon them. In his recent admirable book, "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" Sir William Kennedy has told the story. In the war of 1856-60 boats from the various ships, French and English alternately, went in through the narrows, when Commander Saumarez had broken the boom, and a terrible hail of fire silenced the forts in an hour and fifty minutes. The storming parties were landed in a paddy field, and made the best preparations they could to rush the forts. Fortunately, the Chinamen no sooner saw them than they bolted, the mandarins leading the way. One old fellow, however, the chief mandarin, fell from his horse, wounded by a bullet, and before the Bluejackets could come up to take him prisoner, he drew his sword and cut his throat from ear to ear. It was quite characteristic of the Chinese spirit, for the vanquished Chinaman, if he be a leader, knows that no mercy awaits him at the hands of the Government. Poor Admiral Ting realised this at the end of the war with Japan, and made away with himself, though not quite in the same fashion as was practised by the mandarin at Taku.

IT is singular to reflect that some of the peculiarities of the Chinese arise from the competitive system which we are accustomed to extol, and from a democratic character of local government. Those who prove in the examination halls their knowledge of the inestimable books of Confucius, win the right to public employment, and the Government provides posts for ever-multiplying aspirants. Only the literati thus approved can hold sway in China, and all may aspire to the mandarin's button. Not a few mandarins have been taken from the poorest ranks of the people, and instances are recorded of woodcutters, labourers, and hucksters rising to the highest

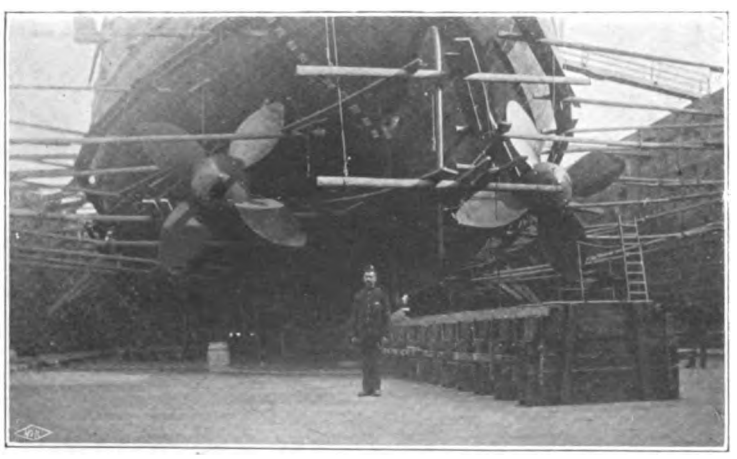

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army"

THE FINS OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The above is a snap-shot of the Stern of the "Illustrious," one of the Largest Battle-ships in the World, Taken when the Ship was in Dry Dock at Malta. The Twin Propellers can drive her bulk of 14,900 tons through the water at a Speed of 17½ knots per hour.

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THOSE good Scotchmen who have just been objecting to have themselves and their land described, even by Poets Laureate, as "English" and "England," forget that these are merely convenient labels. If we wish to be purists, a Scot was originally an Irishman, and a Briton cannot be an Irishman, while an Englishman was an Angle, and could by no means be a dweller very far south of the Trent. And are Scotchmen prepared to abandon all the sweet things said of England by poets before the Union? —that famous exordium of Shakespeare's, for example, "come the three corners of the world in arms," and this jewel, too little thought of:

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or, as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Yes, Shakespeare, too, knew Sea Power, and when he carried his soldiers abroad in the "vasty fields of France," spoke of the worth of the yeomen "whose limbs were bred in England." Nay, if we accept the argument of Dr. David Macrae in the *Times*, even Nelson's famous signal must be condemned.

Photo. Copyright. HEROES OF PAARDEBERG. *"Navy & Army."*

All the above were Wounded in the Fighting that Resulted in the Surrender of Cronje's Army. All Branches of the Line, Cavalry and Infantry, as well as Canadians and others, are Represented. The Veteran Wearing the Indian Mutiny and Long-service Medals is Sergeant-Major Beckett, late of the Carabiniers.

Photo. Copyright. *L. Jenks.*

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE AT SIMON'S TOWN.

Captain Prothero, Flag-captain to the Commander-in-Chief on the Station, Leads the Time-honoured "Three Cheers for the Queen." He Commanded the Naval Brigade with Lord Methuen's Advance, and was Severely Wounded at the Battle of Enslin.

THROUGH the columns of a morning contemporary Miss Annesley Kenealy has been making an eloquent plea for the "Dying Soldier" — the "chronic dysenteric," the man who never rallies from typhoid or from the rheumatism engendered by the hard service of the veldt, who has lost limbs, and who figures in the "invalided out" list of the Army. Such lives are ruined, and before many soldiers loom the workhouse and the pauper's grave, for there is small place in the Army Regulations for the dying and disabled man. It would truly be a reproach if such soldiers should be forgotten after the war, and the idea is to found in time and provide for country homes for the dying or incapacitated veteran who stands in need of such shelter.

SALISBURY PLAIN is this year to be given up almost entirely to the business of teaching the soldier to shoot straight, and so much space has been devoted to rifle and artillery ranges on both sides of the Avon, that there can be little left for tactical exercises for the thirty or forty battalions of Rifle Volunteers and the Volunteer Artillery batteries which will come to the Plain during the summer. Last year there were two ranges, each with twelve targets; now there are fourteen, with a total of 256 targets. On the east side of the Avon three ranges have been added to the two at Bulford, while to the north-east is a new range of sixteen targets at Sidbury Hill, which is the great tactical feature of this part of the Plain. Further to the east, at Ashdown Copse, close to Perham Down Camp, are two ranges and thirty-two targets, using up another good tactical feature. On the other side of the Avon is a very large artillery range, covering much ground, as well as seven rifle ranges with 128 targets. The authorities thus seem to have recognised the importance of good marksmanship, but there are divided opinions as to the advisability of using up Salisbury Plain almost wholly for the work of training, instead of seeing that sufficient ranges are provided elsewhere. In the first year of our use of the Plain the cavalry and horse artillery

Photo. Copyright. RIVALS, YET COMRADES. *Higgins.*

Our Illustration is of the Two Elevens which this year Represented the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy in the Annual Match. The Match was Left Drawn.

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had it to themselves; next year the three arms used it, and it was the scene of part of the manœuvres; in 1899 most branches of the Service found the advantage of the vast space; and in 1901 it promises to become a large permanent quarter for all arms—eigth battalions of infantry, fifteen batteries of artillery, a brigade of cavalry, and a force of Engineers.

THE union of the French Mediterranean and Northern squadrons for combined operations in the Channel is an event that has not happened for ten years. In 1890 the two fleets met at Brest under command of Admiral Charles Duperré. There were thirty-four various vessels, including twelve battleships, and the theme in 1890 was the protection of Havre and Cherbourg from attack by a fleet coming from the North Sea. Admiral Gervais is this year Admiral Duperré's successor. Unlike ourselves, the French have no rank above that of vice-admiral, but when an officer takes command of two fleets each under a vice-admiral he receives a commission as admiral for the occasion without being raised to a substantive rank.

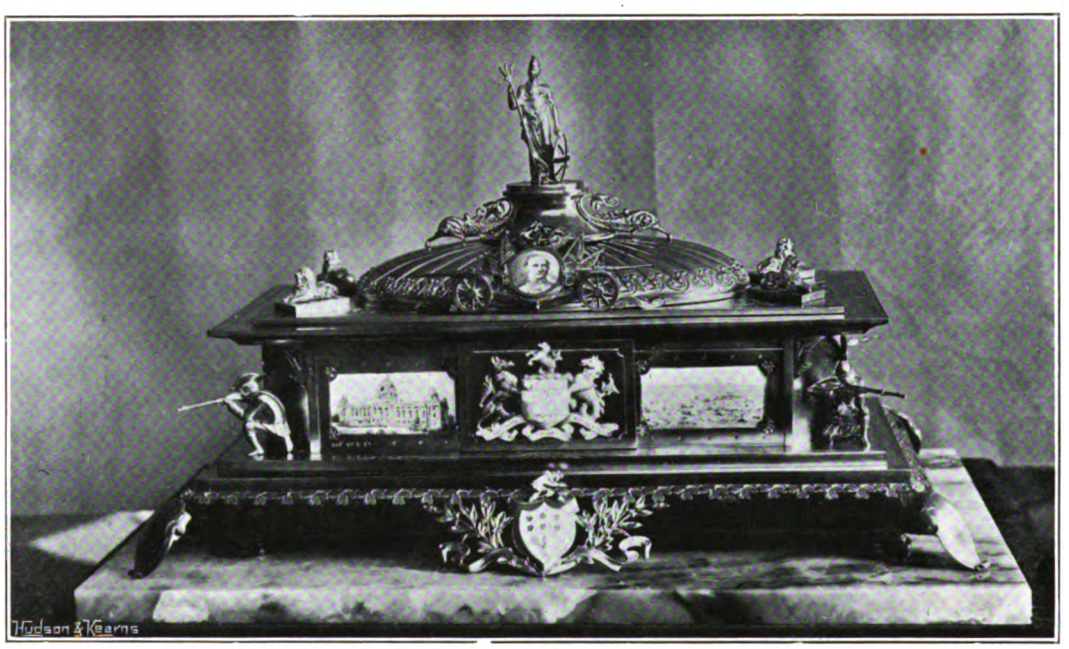
IT pleases the French vastly to see this fine assembly, and to hold out something of a threat against John Bull. Mme. de Thèbes, a gay Parisian palmist, has lately been investigating international hands. The Frenchman's first and third fingers incline towards one another, and show him to be an idealist—evidently—but they are close together, and he is no diplomatist.

The hand of the Englishman is that of a cold calculating wretch, who sows in order to reap—very reasonably, we should think—and who, when he seizes anything, grips tight. In other words, "What we've got we'll hold."

Photo. Copyright. *Fuller.*

ON THE ROAD TO PEKIN.

Our Illustration shows the Beach at Chefoo, a Port some 180 miles distant from the Mouth of the Peiho. All Steamers from the Southern Ports of China Bound for Taku and Tientsin Call Here en route.



A CASKET OF HONOUR.

The Beautifully designed Casket here shown was that which Enclosed the Address Presented to Sir George White by the Town of Belfast on His being made a Freeman.

Photos. Copyright. *A. R. Hogg.*

THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

The above is the Certificate Creating the Hero of Ladysmith a Free Burgess of Ireland's Greatest Manufacturing Town. As a North of Ireland Man, it is One of the Honours that Sir George values not the least of the many Conferred on Him.

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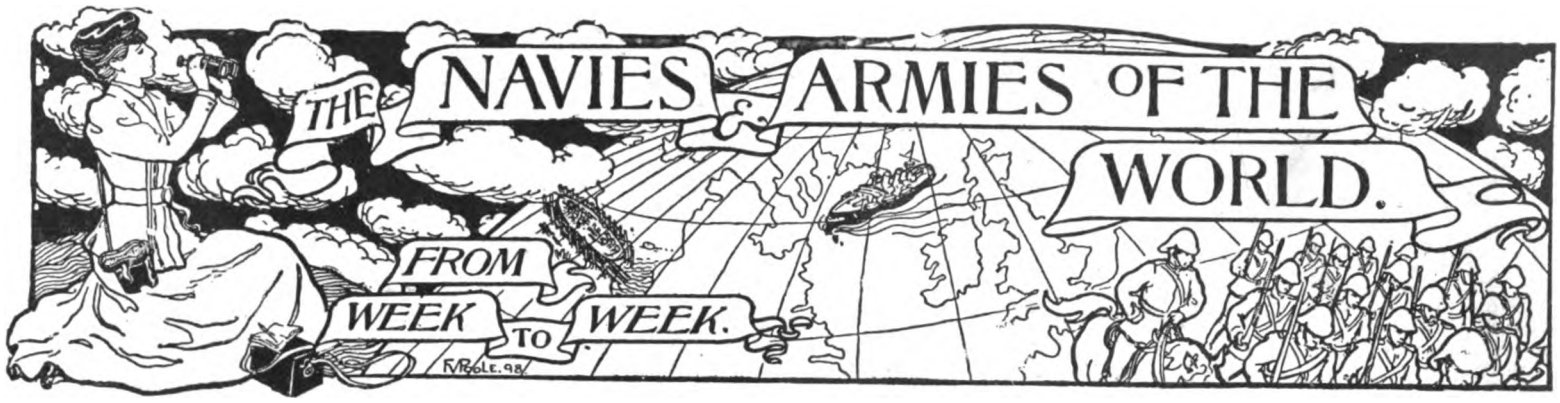

MR. REGINALD RANKIN, the Conservative candidate for the Torquay division, is probably maligned in the papers. It is reported concerning him that, having returned from service with Rimington's Guides in South Africa, he has been led by his experience to propose the abolition of the Regular Army. This is what may surely be called a policy of thoroughness, and ought to please people who do not admire compromises. The reasons which Mr. Rankin is said to have produced in support of his root and branch policy are not new, nor even peculiar to ourselves. Something very like them was conspicuous in certain French papers which are written by enemies of the professional army. The substance of the reasons is that in this war the Volunteers have in most cases been superior to the Regular Army, and that what we want in place of professional soldiers, who waste their time on useless drill and pipeclay, is a Citizen Army, in which every man between eighteen and twenty-five would be required to undergo a month's training each year. Mr. Rankin, one hopes, was only quoting this view in order to controvert it, and has had it attributed to him by accident. People who talk in this fashion probably think they are saying something very new, and yet this "Citizen Army" is a hoary old stranger who has been exposed as a common impostor fifty times over. He was heard of in the American War of Independence, and then it was shown that he was a humbug. The real fighting on land was almost wholly done in that war either by French troops or by men who had been pretty well drilled by Washington and other American generals. The citizen soldiers who were once supposed to have rushed to the frontier to defend France in the Revolutionary War have been shown to have been a rabble who left the real work to the line. In the present case the claim for the Volunteers is absurd. What proportion of the fighting have they done in South Africa?

* * * *

"Zounds! that a chield wi' sic a black beard should have nae mair heart than a hen partridge." If one were bound to take everything one reads in the papers seriously, these words which Mr. Campbell, *alias* Rob Roy, addressed to the wretched gauger in the justice's room at Inglewood Place, would seem very applicable to certain persons in France and England at the present moment. There are some among us who profess to think that a dreadful design against the peace and well-being of this country is concealed under the French plan to unite their Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons, for the purpose of holding a Naval review in honour of the Czar of Russia when he comes to visit the Exhibition. The idea seems to be that Admiral Gervais, with the two squadrons, will burst out suddenly, and do us an irreparable damage before we know where we are. It is an extraordinary notion. Of course, that kind of thing could be done by a despotic ruler as unscrupulous and as unwise as Napoleon. What is incredible is that it should be done by the present republican rulers of France. Napoleon was capable of such adventures, because he was very little more than a brigand on a great scale, and was perfectly prepared to plunge into war with all Europe if his attack on us did not succeed, and so get his revenge and his booty somehow. The present governing people in France know perfectly well that it would be ruin for them to fall out with their neighbours over the Rhine. They may be trusted also to know that they would not have one chance out of ten of doing anything effectual, while, unless they ruined this country utterly at a blow, they would bring a frightful commercial and colonial disaster on their own country. It is an extraordinary proof of the slight meaning we attach to the words "Sea Power," that people do not understand what little use there is in temporary local success gained against a prevailing superiority of strength.

* * * *

But the fears expressed among us are peculiarly odd when taken alongside the late debate on Naval Defence in the French Chamber. Debates in Paris are so ill reported that it is not always easy to make out what has been said. The best French papers very often do not give more than the kind of summary which is printed here before the leaders. Yet the general drift of the late discussion can be understood fairly well. It ought to relieve our fears. The French Deputies, of all views and parties, were obviously under the influence of great fear for themselves. They differed on many points, but on one they were entirely agreed. It was that the French coasts and colonies are nearly defenceless against an attack by us. It is wise not to believe that they meant all they said. The cry which they sent up for more fortifications here, there, and everywhere was partly due to political or even electioneering reasons. Each group of them which represented coast or colonial constituencies was strongly in favour of spending public money among its own voters. None the less, it is a fact that they all showed the belief that in case of war between the two countries the attack would come from us, and that they were badly prepared to meet the danger. The result of the debate was rather comic. M. Camille Pelletan argued that to spend money on fortifications and so forth at Rochefort and Cherbourg would be sheer waste, while forts and docks are greatly needed in Corsica and on the African coast. The Chamber agreed with him and voted the money. But it could not find it in its heart to refuse the outlay on Rochefort and Cherbourg. So it has voted both, and has thereby exceeded the sum provided by the Budget; and now the question is, where is the money to come from? The final result will probably be that a great part of the work voted by the Deputies will never be undertaken. This does not look very businesslike or formidable.

* * * *

We have fought the French so much, and our relations with them have lately been so unpleasant, that it is natural we should keep our eye on their proceedings particularly. Yet it is a fact that France and her doings with her Navy are beginning to be the smaller part of our concerns at sea. The most striking feature of the present time is the extraordinary development of the Naval power of all vigorous States. It is curious to compare what has lately happened in China with what would have taken place in analogous circumstances, say, forty years ago. Then the bombardment of the Taku Forts would, if undertaken at all, have been left to us, with, perhaps, a little help from the French. Now a long list of other Powers take a share, and to judge by the killed and wounded they have been as active as ourselves—or more active. There is always an element of luck in these things, so it does not follow that the Russians took a greater share of the fighting simply because they lost more men than we. Still, there is the fact that Russian ships were on the spot, and were well to the front. With them were Germans, French, Italians, and Japanese, all taking their part. We have a certain leadership, both on sea and land, but we are no longer practically alone, and that makes a great difference.

* * * *

Politically the change is enormous. Once we could dictate to China by ourselves; now we have to act with others, and they will have their part in the final settlement. But politics being put out of the question, it is clear that our Naval position cannot be what it was when we are only the strongest of a coalition, and no longer the sole Power which has the force on the spot to act. Even if we are always individually the strongest, it is one thing to be the sole combatant, and another to be a member of a coalition. The others are as active as we are, and, from all that appears as yet, quite as effective. And that is speaking of Naval power taken by itself. When we add military strength, the balance is turned against us. As China has no force at sea, nor is likely to have any, a very moderate Naval power would enable an assailant to invade her, and then his influence would depend on the number of his troops. In that respect both Russia and Japan must always have it within their reach to excel all that we can do. On the whole it is to be feared that the chief moral of this crisis in China is that the balance of Naval power is being profoundly altered by the mere coming into existence of other Navies. If we act with them we must consider their wishes; if we fall out with them things will be materially altered for China, which is perhaps counting on that very contingency.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

How Shall We Train Our Seamen?

WHEN it was announced last autumn that the Naval Training Squadron would not start upon its usual winter cruise, those who watch Naval affairs closely saw in the announcement more than met the eye. "This," they said, "is the beginning of the end of the Training Squadron." Some of them found great satisfaction in the prospect of its disappearance. To them it was a foolish relic of the past, a useless survival of an institution unfit for modern needs. Masts and sails are no longer used in the Navy, and never will be again. Why then waste time in training young seamen on board ships fitted with masts and sails? Thus the advocates of change. But the other side of the question also found many to support it. Indeed, it is of the other side—of the arguments in favour of the Training Squadron—that we have heard most. It looks as if the despisers of masts and sails are so certain their view will prevail that they do not often answer back. What the upholders of the old system say is that you must give lads some training to make them into Bluejackets, and that there is no training better than that which Nelson's sailors went through, the training in sailing ships which gave us as fine a race of seamen as the world has ever seen. Sentiment is on this side, undoubtedly. The other side say there is nothing but sentiment. This is the debated question. No one could listen to the paper which Mr. J. R. Thursfield read the other day at the Royal United Service Institution without feeling that there is still a great deal to be said from a common-sense, practical point of view in favour of keeping up the system which has worked so well in the past.

To catch our seamen young, and to send them cruising about the world in ships with masts and yards, is a plan that has evidently some advantages. They are taught, far better than a modern man-of-war could teach them, the nature of the elements with which they have to struggle. They gain after a hard tussle the mastery over water and wind. They stand up face to face with Nature. They see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. Set them to any kind of work, after a training like this, and they will prove that they deserve the new nickname we have given them, that they are "handy men" afloat or ashore, ready to tackle any job that comes in their way. Can we get results equally good in the end by training seamen in the ships of to-day, not in the ships of the day before yesterday? One weak point in the position of those who say "no" to this query is that not nearly all our seamen go through the Training Squadron. If there were a striking difference in capacity and usefulness between the 30 per cent. who have been trained with masts and sails and the 70 per cent. who have not, then we should possess some proof of the superiority of sailing-ship education. But there is no such striking difference. Some officers say Training Squadron men are better, but there is no agreement on this point. Another weak point is that the ships of the Training Squadron do not have to rely entirely upon their masts and sails. They are fitted with engines, and there are Service critics who say that, when bad weather comes on, they take to their engines and leave sailing for a fine day! However, there is no disputing the fact that "drill aloft" turns out fine seamen. The questions to be solved are whether another kind of training will bring out equally well all that is best in a man, and, if so, what that kind of training is.

The controversy is much like the dispute between the schoolmaster who teaches Latin and Greek by way of mental discipline and the "practical man" who would have boys and girls taught at school things that will be actually useful to them in after life. Education should be a means, not an end. So should Naval training. If a man can use his wits the better for a classical education when he has to begin his work in the world, the time he has spent over Latin and Greek authors has been well spent, even though he never open one of their books again. In the same way, if masts-and-sails training makes a seaman steady and cool and self-reliant, forms his character, and gives him an understanding of the sea, then it has justified itself, even though he never have to climb the rigging or to shake out a reef during the rest of his life. It is a subject that can be discussed *ad infinitum*, and most people, both in the Service and outside it, start with a violent prejudice one way or the other. It is, however, of immense importance to arrive at the right solution of the difficulty. Upon our doing so may depend the very existence of the Empire, for unless we can man our ships with thoroughly good fighters we shall not keep the command of the sea. Therefore the question ought to be discussed as fully and freely as possible, and with a serious attempt to approach it without bias. We must not pay too much heed to tradition. We must not blindly follow the example of other nations. We have to find out what system will be best at the present time for us, not what was best for us a hundred years ago, nor what is considered best by the French or the Germans. It is a matter that ought to interest every Briton in every corner of the Empire. So far we have been occupied with preliminaries. Now the advocates of change and the praisers of past time are ranged in order on either side. Mr. Thursfield's paper was the kick-off. The ball is fairly in the field of play.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JUNE 27, 1760.—A strong horde of Cherokee Indians defeated by Colonel Archibald Montgomery, and their town of Etchoey destroyed. 1794.—Morne Mascot (Guadaloupe) taken and held against attack. 1801.—Cairo, which was taken by the French, under Napoleon, on July 23, 1798, retaken by the British and Turks, when 6,000 French capitulated. 1812.—Fort San Vincente, outside Salamanca, surrendered.

June 28, 1801.—Surrender of Cairo and Gazeli by the French, and conventions entered into by which the French forces were to evacuate Egypt. 1813.—The Fortress of Sambas, Borneo, carried by Lieutenant-Colonel Watson.

June 29, 1762.—Attack on the British force before Havana repulsed. 1794.—A second attack on Morne Mascot (Guadaloupe) repulsed.

June 30, 1860.—British troops defeated with great loss at Taranaki, New Zealand.

July 1, 1690.—Battle of the Boyne. William III. signally defeated James II. 1762.—Action near Homburg. The French, under de Rochambeau, defeated by a force under the Marquis of Granby. 1781.—Battle of Porto Novo. Hyder Ali, with 80,000 men, defeated by Sir Eyre Coote with 9,500 men. 1803.—Island of Tobago captured by General Grinfield. 1857.—Residency at Lucknow besieged by the mutineers. 1881.—Mr. Childers's new Army Organisation came into effect.

July 2, 1600.—The Spanish defeated by Sir Francis Vere near Nieuport. 1704.—Battle of Donauwerth. The English and Dutch under Marlborough defeated the French and Bavarians. Of 12,000 men in the enemy's army only 3,000 rejoined the Elector after the victory. The allies lost 1,500 killed and 4,000 wounded. 1804.—Capture of Holkar's fortress of Hinglaisghur, by Brigadier-General Monson. 1860.—First meeting of the National Rifle Association, at Wimbledon, before the Queen and Prince Consort.

July 3, 1592.—Surrender of Steenkirk after a successful storming by Sir Francis Vere. 1756.—The French defeated near Oswego. 1841.—A detachment of Shah Souja's army, under Captain Woodburn, defeated the Afghan insurgents near Candahar.

JUNE 27, 1687.—Robert Simcock, boatswain, made a post captain for gallantry in action. 1798.—Capture of the French "Sensible," 36, by the "Seahorse," 40. 1897.—The "Isis" launched.

June 28, 1706.—Storming of Alicant, the Naval Brigade first mounting the breach. 1776.—Bombardment of Charlestown. 1800.—Boats of the "Renown" and "Defence," 74's, and "Fisgard," 36, destroyed a French convoy under heavy batteries in Noirmoutiers Bay. 1899.—The "Pioneer" launched.

June 29, 1798.—Capture of the French "Seine," 40, by the "Jason," "Pique," and "Mermaid" frigates, off the Brittany coast. 1810.—Boats of the "Amphion" and "Cerberus," 32's, defeated the French troops and captured a large convoy near Groa, Gulf of Trieste. 1818.—The "Leven," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

June 30, 1690.—Battle of Beachy Head. 1696.—First stone of Greenwich Hospital laid. 1707.—Sir Cloudesley Shovell's fleet with a Naval Brigade forced the passage of the Var. 1797.—The mutiny at the Nore. 1803.—The "Cumberland" and "Vanguard," 74's, captured the French "Creole," 40, off San Domingo. 1834.—Admiral Sir Alexander Buller born. 1843.—Rear-Admiral H. L. Pearson born. 1890.—The "Pallas" launched.

July 1, 1719.—The "Grafton," 70, off the coast of Spain captured two Genoese store-ships, and drove a third on shore. 1780.—The "Romney," 50, captured the French "Artois," 40, off Cape Finisterre. 1801.—First steamer on the Thames. 1857.—Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock sailed in the "Fox." 1878.—The "Champion" launched. 1890.—The "Phœbe" launched.

July 2, 1745.—Admiral Sir Robert Calder born. 1781.—Action between small British squadron with convoy and two French 40-gun frigates off the American coast.

July 3, 1745.—Capture of a squadron of Dunkirk privateers by the "Bridgewater" and "Sheerness," 24's. 1764.—Admiral Byron sailed on his voyage of discovery. 1797.—Nelson's fight with the Spanish gunboats off Cadiz. 1812.—A flotilla of fourteen French gun-brigs defeated and driven ashore by the "Raven," 14-gun brig.

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On the Golf Links, Esquimalt.

WHATEVER may be the future of other games—and the revival of croquet, which everyone thought defunct, is a marvellous fact—there can be no question that golf has come to stay among the English-speaking people.

In this country, as everyone knows, the proximity of golf links is always regarded as an attraction when letting or taking a house, and it was only a day or two ago that the present writer received a letter from Bermuda giving a glowing account of a golf tournament there.

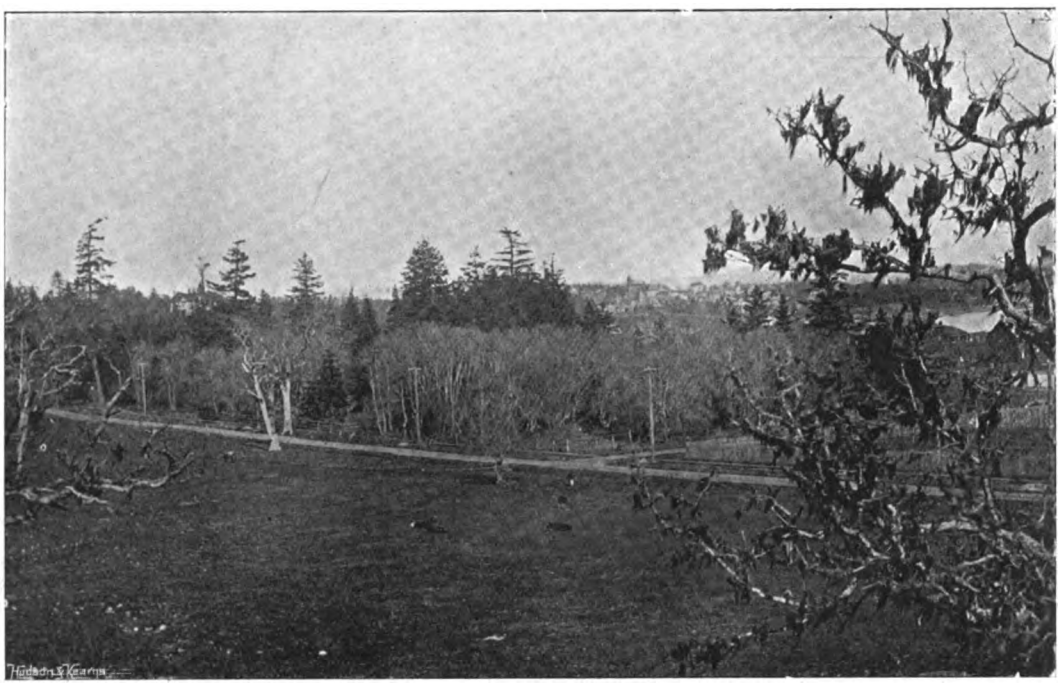
This is one of the tributes that Scotland has paid to the Empire—or is it one of the tributes that Scotland has exacted from it? We have the teaching, from one point of view; the extension of a national game from the other. Nowhere, however, has the game been taken up with more enthusiasm than in far-off British Columbia; and at Esquimalt, which, in truth, lies even further off, on the borders of Vancouver Island, there are links which would be the envy of innumerable British players. There is a comfortable club-house, of which we give an illustration, and the links offer almost every variety of play.

There is ground which lends itself readily to a long drive, but there is also ground which presents difficulties in every shape and form—difficulties which call for skill, fertility of resource, and that unfailing quality required as much in golf as in other games—good temper—before they can be surmounted.

The pictures which we give all illustrate the United Service Golf Links, Esquimalt, and they show how pretty are the links in their various portions, and how fortunate are those who get the chance of playing on them. There must be many a man who, when sent cruising down South, longs to be back at Esquimalt to try a drive or a long putt on his familiar ground.

It is well that such clubs as that with which these links are associated should exist in different parts of the world. They aid in promoting that freemasonry of sport which plays so great a part in its contribution to that good-fellowship which is never wanting, but which, nevertheless, has to find new springs from time to time as a man is moved from station to station. It is only necessary to watch the records of our various squadrons, or even of our ships, to see that golf has become as much a part of those amusements to which a spell in harbour lends itself as cricket or football. The two latter games, however, are ship's games; they bring the lower deck into the competition. This is a thing which golf is hardly likely ever to do, but its growing popularity is evidenced by the increasing number of places abroad in which links have been laid out, and, while they seem to be everywhere popular, there are perhaps few places where the links are more fair and more diversified than they are at Esquimalt.

THE UNITED SERVICE GOLF LINKS.
Situated in a Far-away Station.



JUST THE PLACE FOR A "DRIVE."
A Part of the Links Much Frequented by Players.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE RESORT OF NAVAL GOLFERS.
Links as Good as Any in Scotland.

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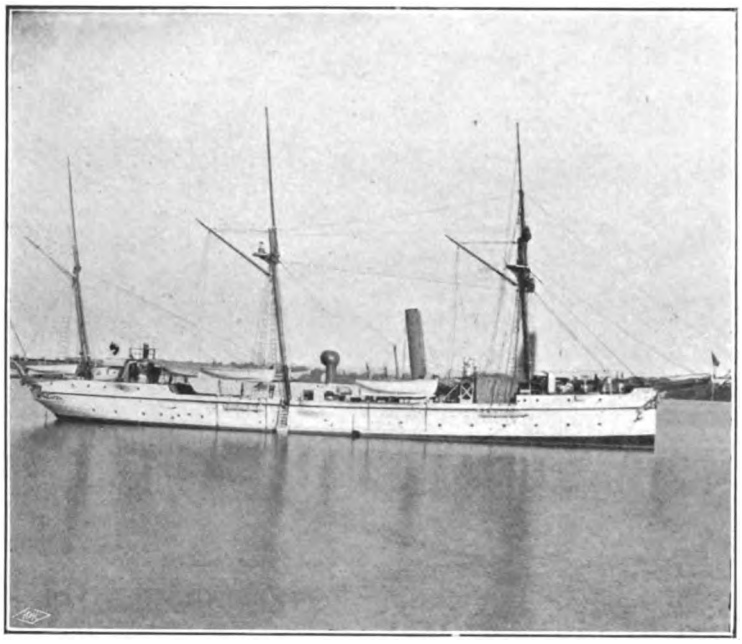
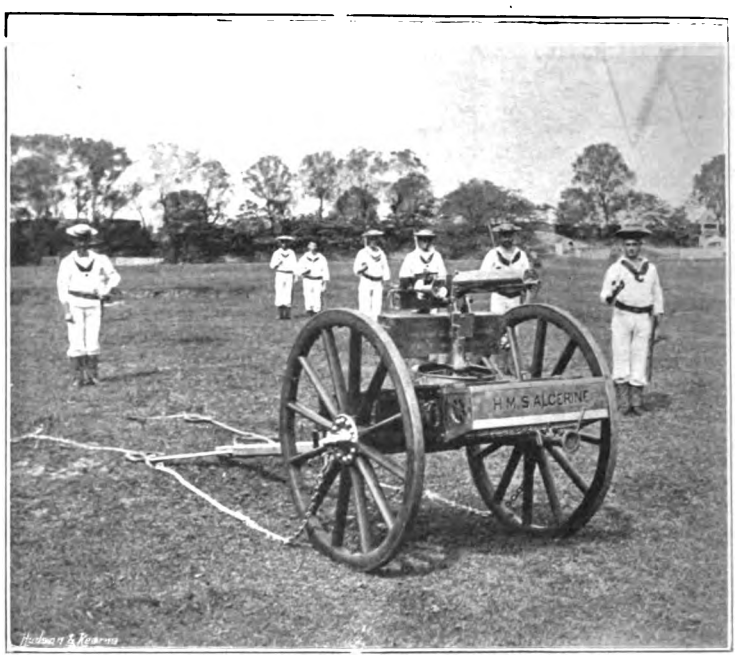
The New Trouble in China.



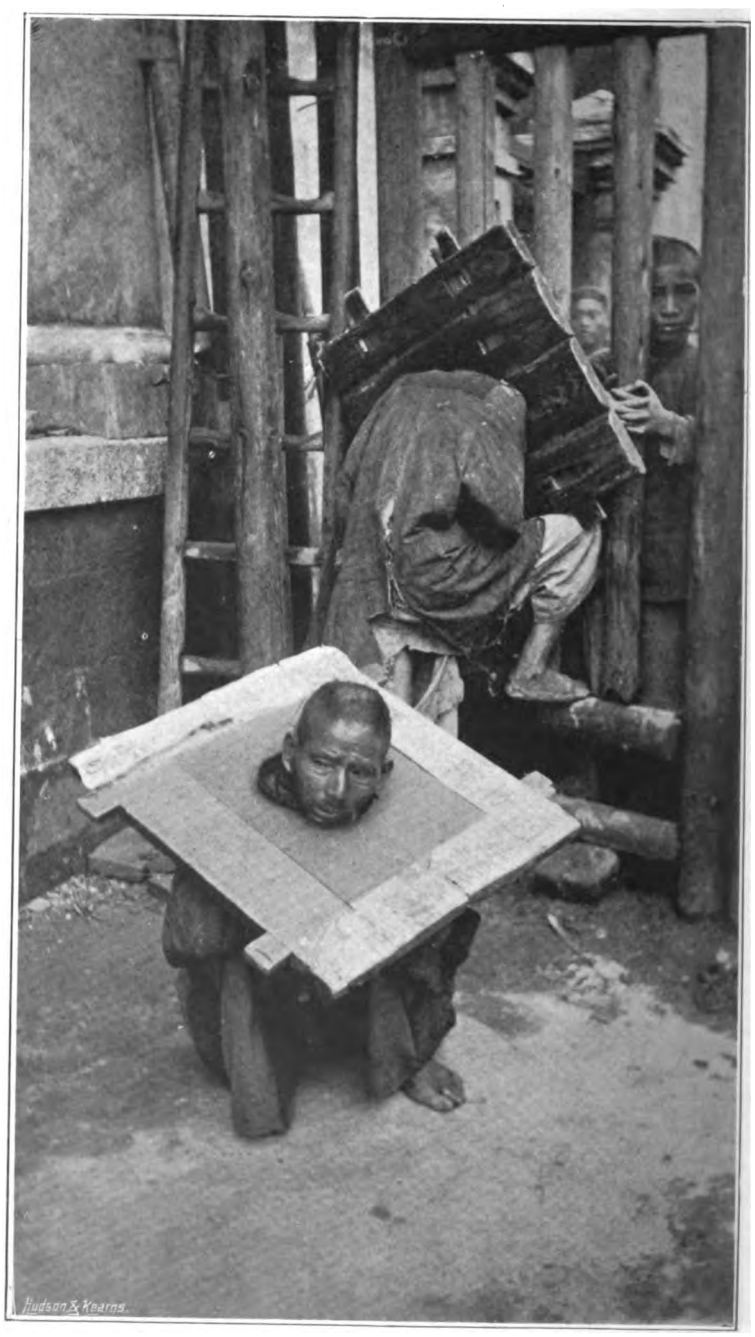
HER MAJESTY'S SLOOP "ALGERINE."
Which Bombarded the Forts at Taku.



A MAXIM FROM THE "ALGERINE."
A Gun's Crew Drilling Ashore.

Photos. Copyright,

A NATIVE AND HIS DAUGHTER.
Representing the Peaceful Classes.



PRISONERS IN THE CANGUE.
Types Constituting the Boxers.

Payne.

Things Much in the Public Mind.

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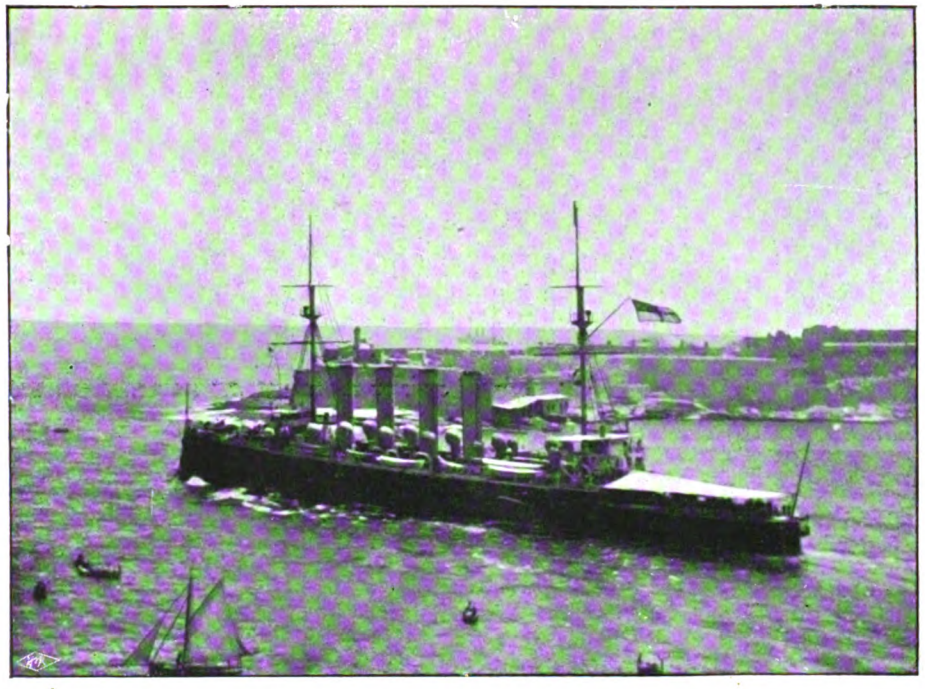
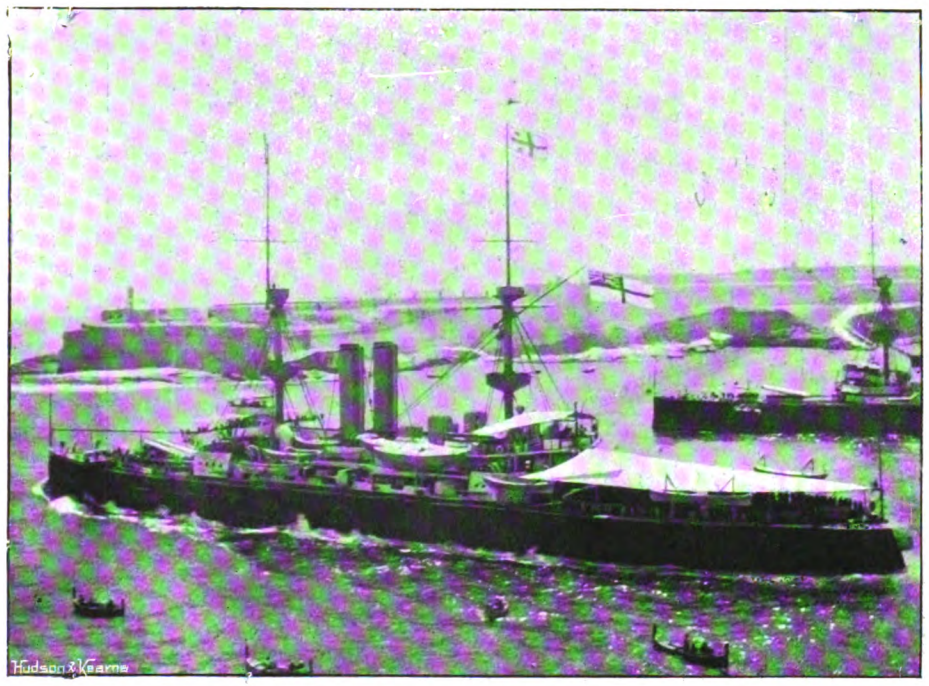
Off for the Summer Cruise.



GOOD-BYE TO THE JOYS OF MALTA.
The Cruiser "Andromeda" Leaving the Harbour.

WATCHING THE DEPARTURE FROM THE LOWER BARRACA,
Which Overlooks the Harbour and is a Favourite Gathering-place.

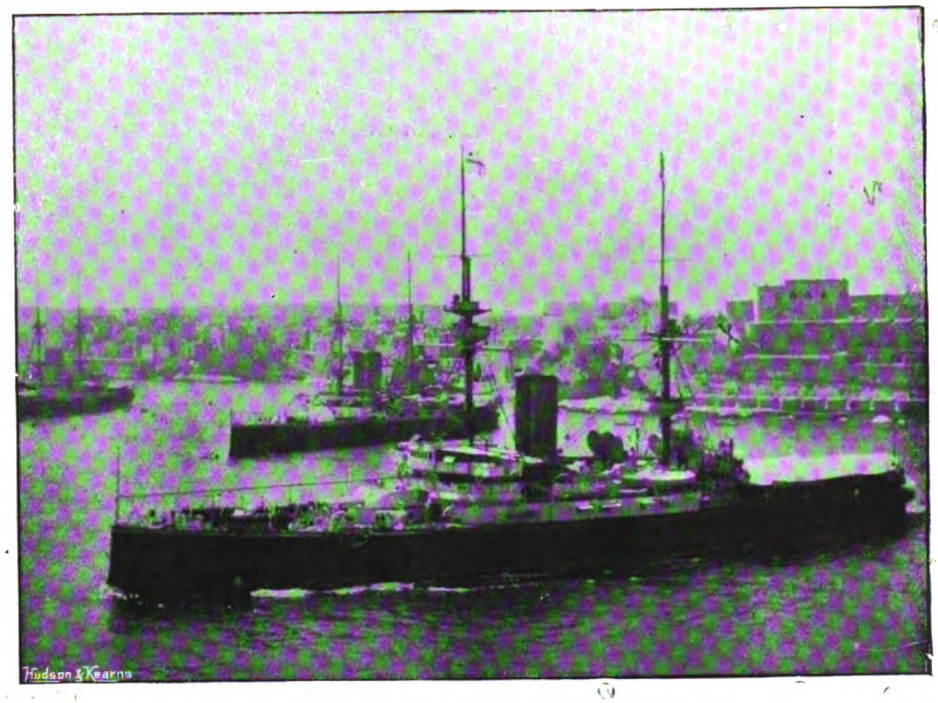
ON DETACHED SERVICE TO THE LEVANT.
The "Canopus" and other Ships Steering to the Eastward.



WITH LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
The "Ramillies" on Her Way Out of Port.

With the Mediterranean Squadron.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.



THE PRETTIEST BATTLE-SHIP AFLOAT.
The "Renown," Sir John Fisher's Flag-ship.

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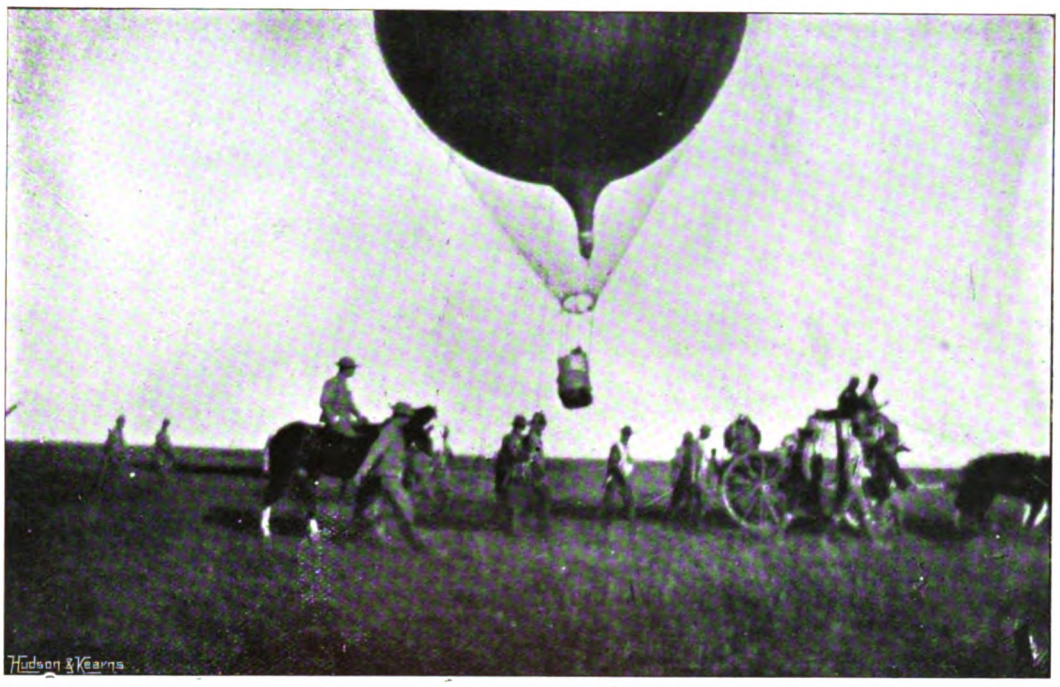
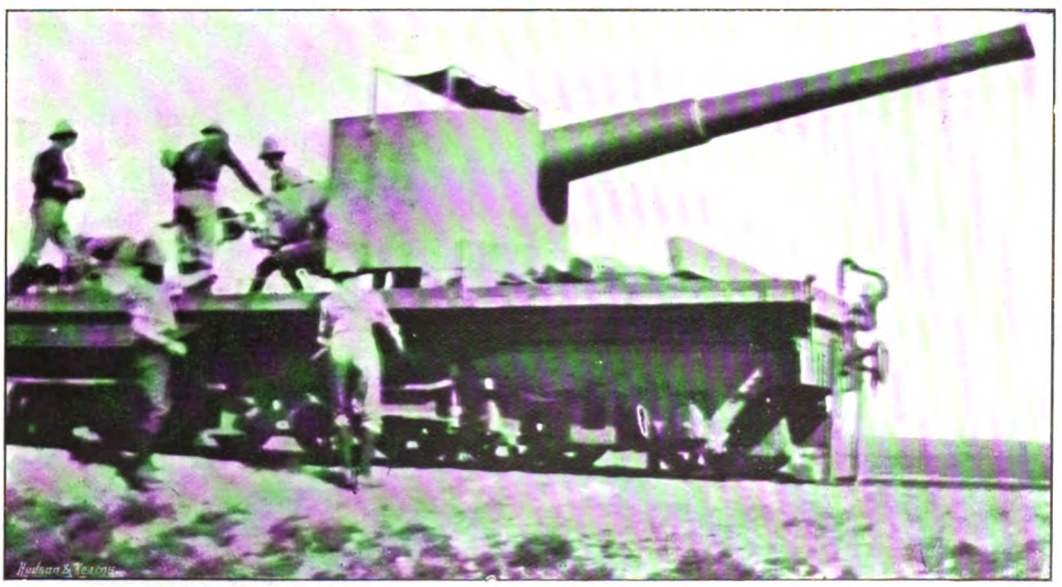
The Advance from Kimberley.



OBSERVATION SERVICE AT WARRENTON.
Ballooning is Now a Very Practical Part of Warfare.

IN no part of what was originally the enemy's country in South Africa has there been more persistent opposition than in that portion of the Orange River Colony which, starting, say, from Maseru, on the borders of Basutoland, stretches northwards on the Senekal-Lindley-Heilbron line. To the east of this—that is to say, in the portion of the Orange River Colony lying to the east of this line—there has been continual fighting. But, though this is true, we do not forget the good work that was done north of Kimberley preparatory to the relief of Mafeking, some incidents of which we illustrate. It was a critical period of the operations, and our pictures tell the story of some of Sir A. Hunter's movements. In the first we see a balloon ascending at Warrenton to observe the enemy's position. Military ballooning is quite a modern idea, and there have been people venturesome enough to say that its value in practical campaigning is still doubtful. At any rate, we have adopted it in our Army, and the Royal Engineers have taken charge of it. Naturally, one can see a great extent of the country, but the balloon and its accessories involve a lot of transport, and one may enquire whether some of the information which the balloon supplies could not be obtained by other means, viz., proper scouting. This is a matter for experts; but the expert scout should be heard as well as the expert balloonist. It is a repetition, in a widely different form, of the old fight in the Navy between guns and armour, and probably in the one case, as in the other, experts will agree to differ. Another of our pictures shows a Military 6-in. gun shelling a Boer laager. The result of such firing is likely to be very unpleasant for the Boer laager; and the bringing up of the 6-in. gun by Major Phillips was a successful piece of work. The authorities at Cape Town mounted the gun in the railway truck, and the piece did excellent work in shelling the Boers at Fourteen Streams. The Navy also has done special ordnance work in South Africa, and has done it well, and in a most memorable fashion, sending its heavy guns on wheel mountings over veldt and kopje. Our third picture indicates that our men are not behind the Boers in "slimness" when once they are released from hard routine and have a chance of developing their own ideas. It is the Munsters we depict and much credit to them, that they have managed to envelop a machine gun in such a wealth of foliage that one can easily imagine it would be difficult of discovery. This is the only way in which to meet the wiliness of the foe—on his own ground, and beat him for ingenuity. We suffered sorely at the outset of the campaign through being too frank. We must amend our ways. Indeed we have already done so, and now possess an army with an unique experience of modern war. Experience is sometimes dearly bought, but it is indispensable whatever the price.

AN IMPROVISED NATURAL CURTAIN.
The Munsters' Maxim Covered with Foliage to Avoid Snipers.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ONLY SIX MILES OFF.
The 6-in. Quick-firing Gun Shelling the Boer Laager.

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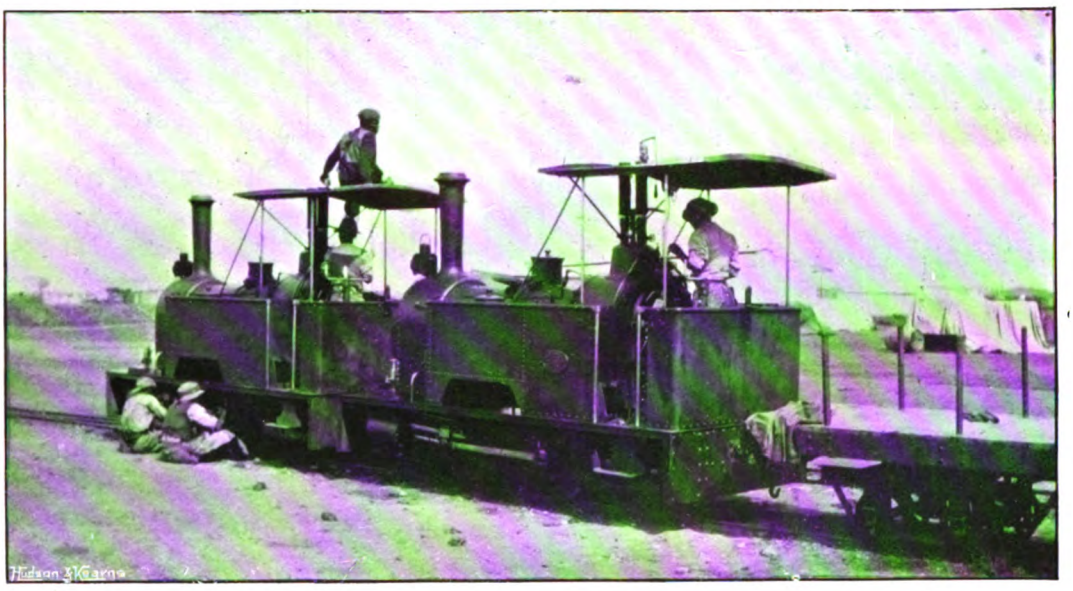
Military Stores for Pretoria.

READY FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE FRONT.

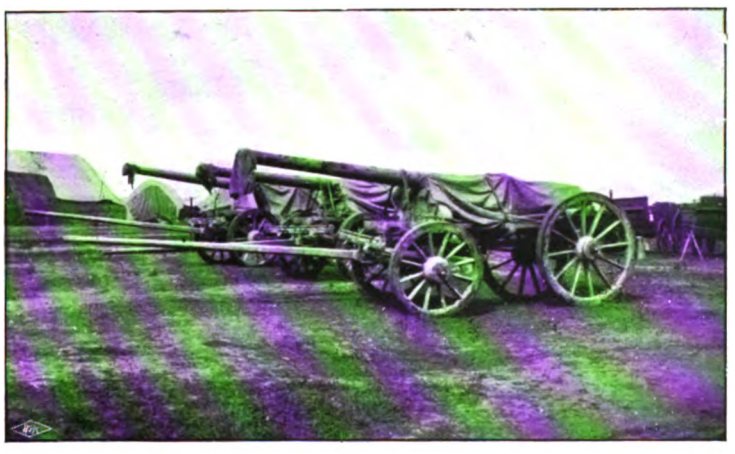
Forage at Cape Town.

THERE is nothing upon which, in ordinary circumstances, a general is more dependent than the security of his communications. There have been occasions in history (and they have not been few) when a general—impelled thereto, be it said, rather by necessity than by willingness—has found it necessary to cut himself free from his communications altogether, and has advanced as a flying column. Shall we say that the relief of Mafeking furnishes the latest example? A flying column, however, is one thing, the advance of a great army is another, and no army has ever yet succeeded in disregarding transport, nor ever will. To suppose otherwise is contrary to the nature of things. A flying column may carry its ammunition with it, and subsist on the country. An army must perpetually have stores, ammunition, and food sent to it; and the further it gets away from its base, the more difficult it is to supply these things. That the Boers are well advised on this point is evidenced by the attack they recently made on the British line of communications near Roodeval, when they cut the telegraph line and destroyed about twenty miles of railway. Of course, they were speedily cleared out. It was an absolute necessity that they should be driven off if the supplies to Lord Roberts at the front were to be continued. Without these he would be helpless, or would have to split his army into a number of corps, advancing on a broad front and living on the country. Against a more highly organised enemy this might be a decidedly dangerous course; but the Boers have never yet shown any great grasp of the possibilities of the moment, and, moreover, the enemy in front of Lord Roberts are decidedly disorganised. The difficulty, however, has not arisen, but our pictures give some idea of the labour involved in getting supplies to the front, and of the amount that is required. The forage at Cape Town seems enormous, but we must remember that it has to feed the horses of an army; while the guns, so carefully waterproofed from the weather, remind us that food and forage are not the only things which have to be sent to the front. There is always a certain wear and tear of artillery, as of other things.



THE MEANS OF PROPULSION.

Awaiting the Order to Start.



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SLUMBERING STRENGTH UNREVEALED.

Guns in Transit Protected from the Weather.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT RAILWAY JUNCTIONS

De Aar, Through which Much Transport Must Pass.

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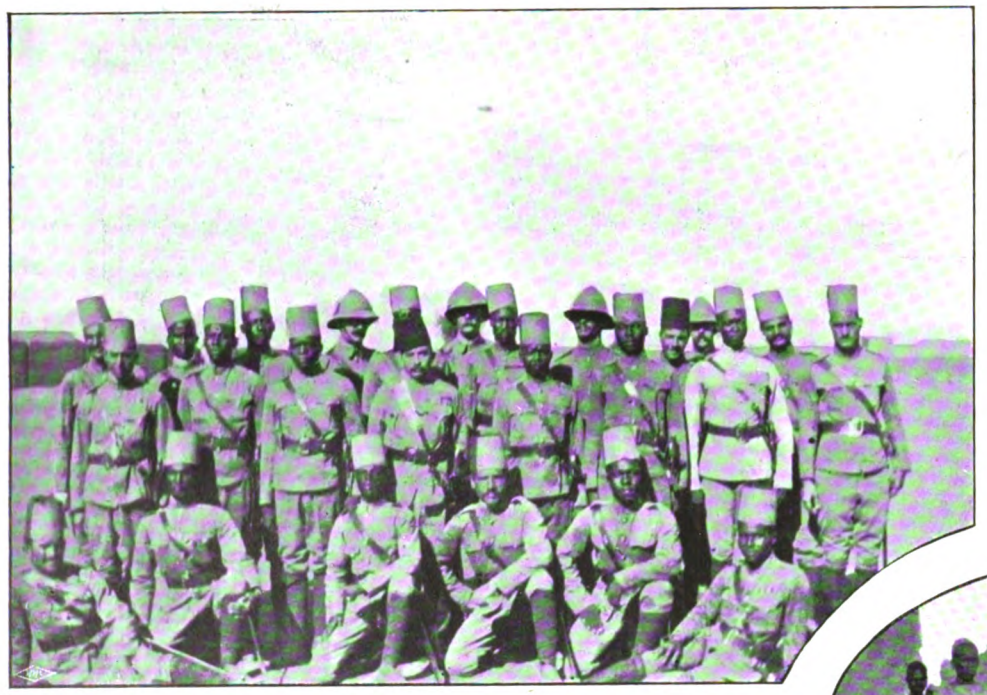
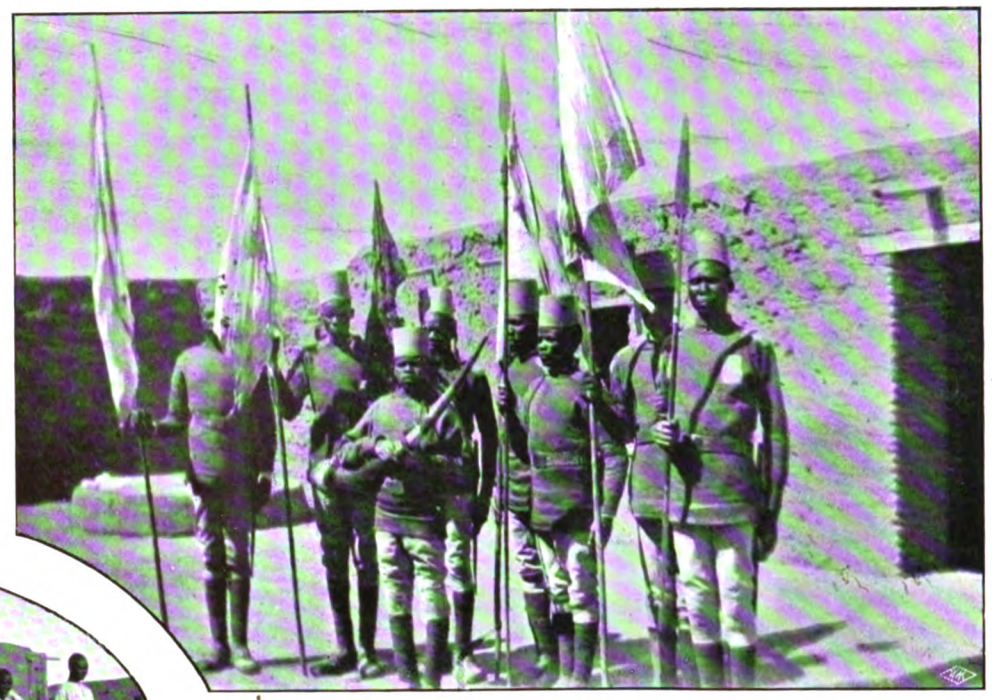
Rebels who now Keep Order.



THE OFFICERS OF THE 9TH SOUDANESE.
Now One of the Crack Regiments of the Egyptian Service.



LEGITIMATELY PROUD OF THEIR TRIUMPH.
Trophies Taken by the 9th Soudanese at Deberikat.

THE RAW MATERIAL.
The Fighting Dervish as He Joins.

Soudanese in the Soudan.

DRUMMERS WHO WERE ONCE REBELS.
Men whom Sir A. Hunter Converted to Loyalty.

AN EXEMPLARY BATTALION OF THE ARMY.
The 9th Soudanese as It Appears on Parade

From Photos. by a Military Officer

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Coaling at Sea.

THE problem of coaling a moving vessel at sea is one which has attracted many inventive minds, but no one seems to have produced so successful a system as that which was recently tried in actual operation in two vessels of the United States Navy. It is no easy task to devise means whereby coal may be transferred from one ship to another while both are moving, even at quite a slow rate of speed. The distance between them is continually varying, both are pitching and tossing on the waves, and it was for these reasons that previous systems have failed. During experimental tests the wire cable-way has a nasty habit of snapping, the coal-bags are apt to be dropped into the sea, or some other accident may prevent the trials from being a success.

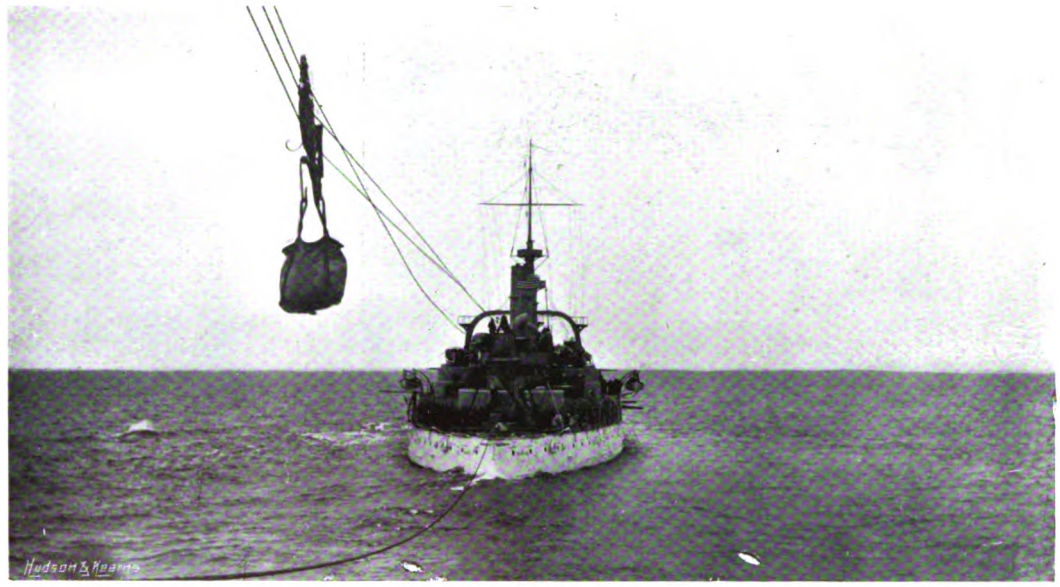
The Miller Conveyer is the invention of an American, Mr. Spencer Miller, who was afforded an opportunity of demonstrating the working of his method of coaling at sea by the United States Naval authorities. In the United States collier "Marcellus" there was installed aft of the foremast an engine having two winding drums. A steel cable led from one drum to a sheave at the top of the foremast, and thence to a sheave in the war-ship to be coaled; it then passed back to another sheave at the top of the collier's foremast, and thence to the other drum.

It is to the special design of the engine for working the conveyer that Mr. Miller's success is due. During its transit from collier to man-of-war the carriage for the coals ran backwards and forwards on the cable with perfect freedom, and its altitude above the waves hardly varied during the trials. Whether the vessels drew near to each other or drew apart, the even running of the carriage was not interfered with in any way.

The man-of-war selected for the trials was the United States battle-ship "Massachusetts," and it was arranged that she should take the collier in tow, the distance between the two vessels never being allowed to get less than 300-ft.

At the extreme end of the "Massachusetts" there was erected a pair of shear poles, which supported a sheave wheel and a chute to receive the load. Every time the bags of coal (each containing some 800-lb.) came over from the collier and were received by the battle-ship the bags were immediately detached and the carriage sent back to the collier. The time taken for the load to pass from ship to ship was about 20-sec. The trials lasted for three days, and the Miller Conveyer was tested under varying conditions, the vessels manœuvring at a speed of eight knots an hour. On the conclusion of the trials the Naval officers appointed to report on the system declared themselves as quite satisfied with its working.

On one of the test days the sea was rough; but though the collier and the battle-ship pitched and tossed on the waves, and although the distance between them sometimes varied, the conveying cable always remained taut and did not break under the strain, and the bags were never once deposited in the water.



THE COAL BAGS IN TRANSIT.
Both Collier and Battle-ship Under Steam.

HAULAGE BY THE MILLER CONVEYER.
The Bags Arrive in the Battle ship.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A VIEW FROM THE COLLIER.
Hoisting the Bags from the Hold.

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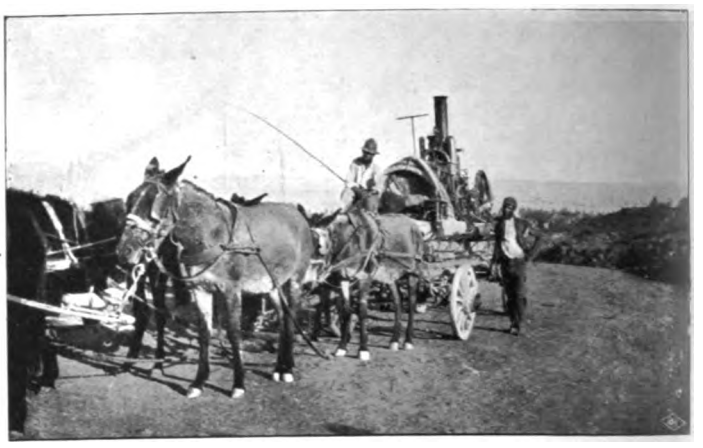
With Buller in Natal.

ACROSS THE TUGELA AT COLENSO.
This was the First Pont to Cross the River.

RECOVERING FROM THE RECOIL.
Dragging a Gun into Position after Firing.

APPARENTLY A TRANSPORT WAGGON.
But the White Hood Concealed a Pom-pom.



A USEFUL ENGINE CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY.
It Worked the Boers' Search-light and then Our Own.

TWO OF OUR SPLENDID NON-COMBATANTS.
Army Chaplains Gedge and Hill, who have Done much Good Work.

IN POSITION ON THE TOP OF HUSSAR HILL.
A Naval 12-pounder Gun Behind an Embankment.

UNDER THE RED CROSS AT HUSSAR HILL.
Placing the Wounded in an Ambulance.

COLONEL STANLEY WATCHING THE ATTACK ON VAAL KRANTZ.
Illustrating the Sort of Country that Impedes Our Advance.

From Photos by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Harland.

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Chaplains AND Doctors.

A GROUP AT THE HOSPITAL, INTOMBI.
Members of the Medical and Clerical Staffs.

ANOTHER GROUP AT INTOMBI
Officers whose Work has been Hard and Trying

ON SERVICE IN THE FIELD.
Members of the Natal Carbineers' Medical Staff Detachment.

EFFICIENT HANDS EAGER TO HELP.
Military Nursing Sisters from Netley.

NURSING SISTERS ATTACHED TO THE HOSPITAL.
Surgeon Fernandez is Seated in the Front Row.

With Our Troops IN South Africa.

From Photos by Armstrong.

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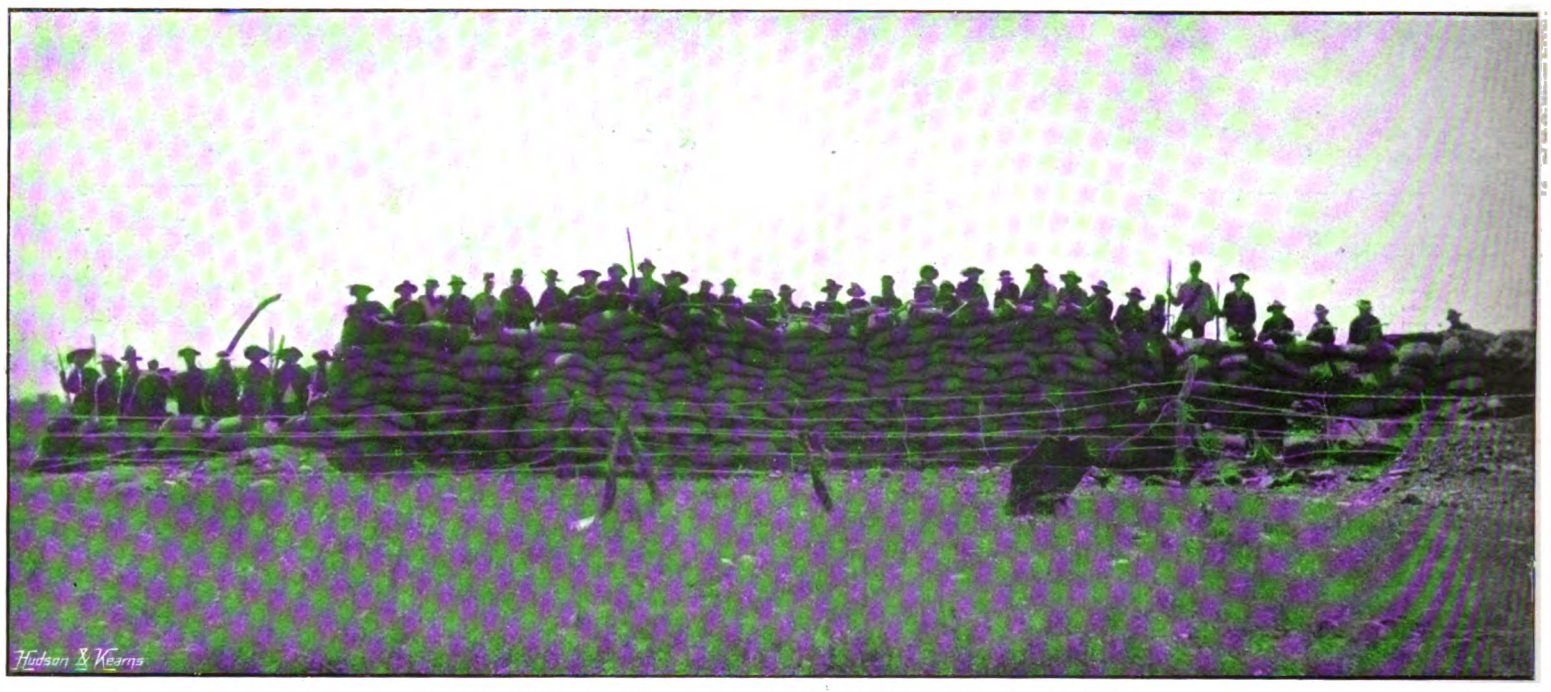
The Boers at Mafeking.

Photo. Copyright "*Navy & Army.*

GUN PRACTICE AT THE TOWN.

A Position of the Boers on the Veldt.



A FORT OF THE ENEMY NEAR MAFEKING.

Whence the Defenders were Frequently Shelled.

Photos Copyright. *Van Hoepen*

BOER DEFENCES FROM THE REAR.

Showing Their Well-prepared Shelters.

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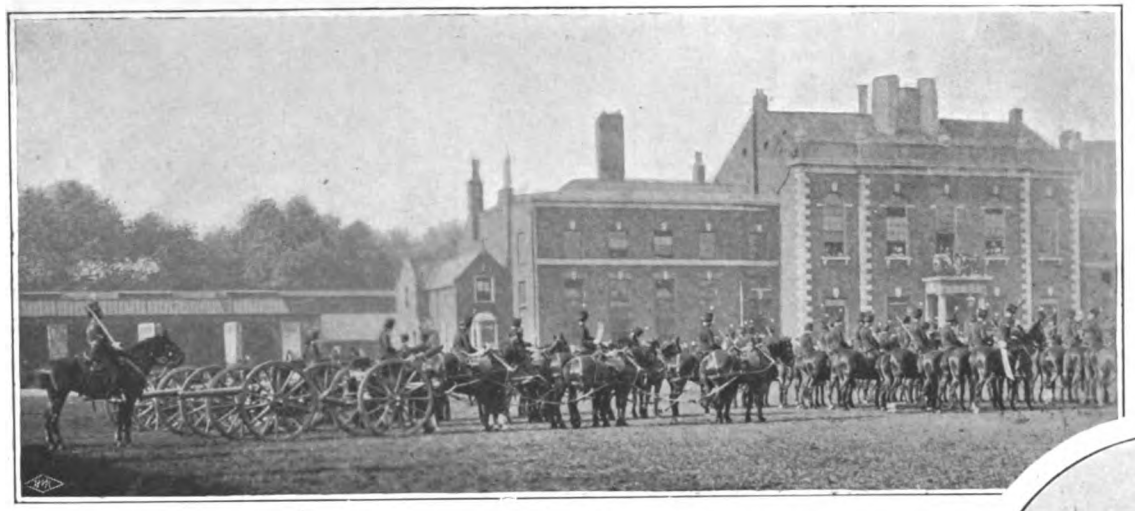
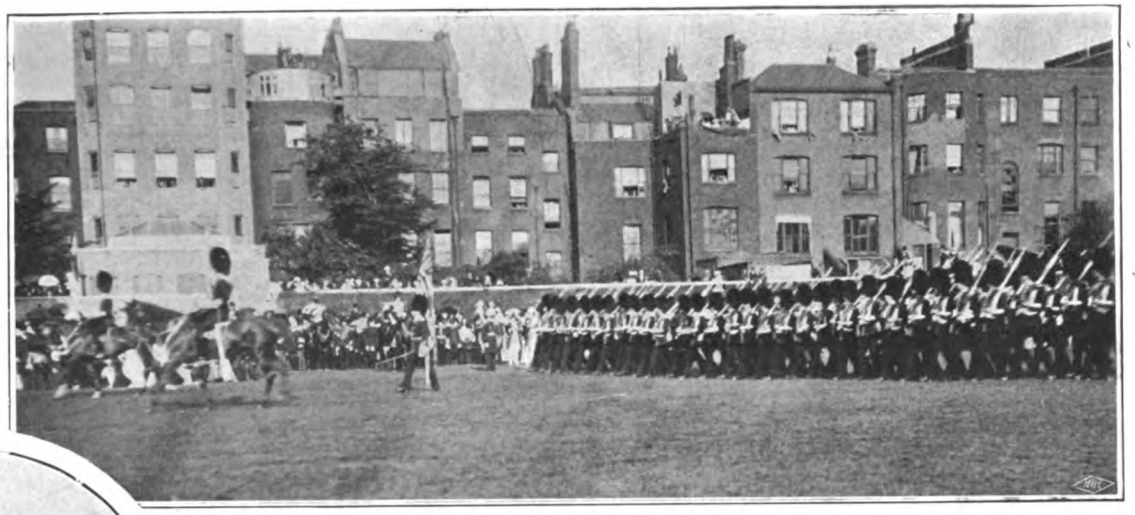


A BATTERY OF THE COMPANY ON PARADE.

Inspection of the Honourable Artillery Company.

LT.-COL. THE EARL OF DENBIGH.
Commanding the H.A.C.



THE INFANTRY SALUTING THE COLOUR.

The Trooping of The Colour at Finsbury.

THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS PARTY ON THE GROUND.

GENERAL STEPHENSON DISCUSSING THE EVENT.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

ALL EUROPE IN THE POOL.

IT is a well-known, if rarely harped upon, fact that the Peninsular War would have ended fatally for England, and consequently for Europe, in the winter of the year 1808-9 had it not been for an untoward accident to a French aide-de-camp.

As it is possible that the precise circumstances of the case may be fresh to, or forgotten by, some of my readers, I think it as well to set them down concisely here. In December, 1808, Sir John Moore, with 20,000 men and sixty-four guns, was marching gaily after Marshal Soult, who had the same strength, with the intention of giving him such a pounding as would astonish him, while, unknown to Sir John, Napoleon himself with 50,000 men, including the Imperial Guard, and with 150 guns, was pursuing Moore with a like intention.

The Napoleonic trap was exquisitely baited, the very door ready to snap. Napoleon's aide-de-camp was on his way to give Soult the order to stand at Astorga and fight, for the moment was arrived when the English leopard might be driven into the sea.

Happily for the leopard aforesaid, Napoleon's messenger came to grief, and his despatches fell into the hands of Sir John, who learned in the nick of time the fate that was awaiting him.

The sequel we all know; the masterly if awful retreat across the Esla, the pursuit by Soult and the Emperor, until the diversion of the latter and his Guard by the Austrian War, and finally the sad triumph of Corunna, which inspired the British Parliament to renew the strife, and gave Wellesley his chance in Portugal.

The manner in which these fateful despatches came into English hands has been variously set down, the story to which most credence has hitherto been given running that the bearer, a man of choleric disposition and intemperate habits, allowed himself to be drawn into a tavern brawl, and was then and there knifed, his despatches being carried by his slayers to the English camp and sold to the headquarter staff for what they would fetch.

This was the view of the matter I myself until recently entertained. But since access has been given me to the papers of Captain Daly, I have been fain to believe that this admittedly extraordinary business was even yet more peculiar in its reality than has been generally supposed. This is my reconstruction of the plain tale which the gallant officer's papers (more particularly those pertaining to his card account) attest.

On Christmas Eve, 1808, early in the morning, Captain Daly was to be found playing lansquenet with two young gentlemen and an elder one, who were assisting him in the arduous task of commanding a squadron of the Horse Grenadiers thrown forward towards the river Carrion, in the Spanish province of Leon. They were no great distance from a similar squadron covering the rear guard of Marshal Soult, and no doubt, as we understand war nowadays, it was the duty of all to be on the alert; but Major Appleby, who was the squadron leader, was not a strictly diligent man of war, so the junior subaltern was deputed to do their work while his elders indulged in a quiet flutter.

Luck was in favour of Captain Masham, and so much against Captain Daly, that in tolerably rapid succession he lightened himself of his never enormous stock of ready money, bills on Mr. Greenwood, of Charing Cross, representing a future six months' pay discounted at war rates, his second charger, the saddlery pertaining to the same, various items of his personal wardrobe, and his whole armoury, with the exception of his sword. He played away not only what he had with him at the advanced post in the regimental carts, and aboard the transport down at the base, but every other possession near and far of which the recollection occurred to him, including a half interest in a chasing stable at the Curragh. After he had actually mortgaged the services of his batman, he had nothing left but his horse, Pious William, the clothes he stood in, the sword he carried, and the value of his commission.

Then he smilingly observed that he would play no more, and, notwithstanding a pressing invitation from Masham to put Pious William in the pool, shook himself and retired, still smiling, from the little knot of gamblers.

The men called a bantering jest after the jauntily retreating figure, and saw the shoulders shake as readily as their own; but had they marked the wistful look which, now his back was turned to them, appeared on Captain Daly's face they would have spared their chaff.

Sauntering past the sentry, Daly made for a clump of olive trees a few hundred yards in front of the furthest vedette; it ought to have been either cut down or occupied, but the youngest subaltern had not a rudimentary knowledge of the business of placing pickets, and no one else bothered his head about the matter.

Captain Daly's object in approaching these trees was to pick out a nice one on which to hang himself, out of sight of his friends; for Captain Daly was as broke as broke could be. Had he been at home he would have put a pistol bullet through the roof of his mouth, but he was good enough soldier to remember the worry the report of firearms causes on outpost duty; and, besides, he had no pistol, having just parted with his to Captain Masham. Again, he might have played the Roman fool and died on his own sword, but he feared that some wretched peasant might be strung up under suspicion of having murdered him. If he were found hanging, his sword in its scabbard by his side, people would understand no one was to blame but himself.

His mind intent upon the dread sacrifice, he entered the little grove and cast a critical glance around; he had hanged other men in his day, and knew what to look for.

The precise kind of tree he wanted stood in the middle of the grove, but as he approached he was disgusted to find that it had already a tenant, a French officer of Chasseurs, who had clearly been there some time.

With a revulsion of feeling from his own fell intent, Daly cut down the melancholy remnant of what seemed to have been just such another man as himself, and prodding out with his sword a shallow hole in the moist ground, laid him reverently to rest and said a short prayer over him—in French, as a compliment to his client.

Then he meditated awhile upon the unpleasant appearance one presents if one hangs for a long time upon a tree, shuddered, and made his way to the far side of the thicket to take a whiff of fresh air before he finally made up his mind.

"'Tis an uncommon fine morning," he observed to himself, as he gazed away down the frosty slopes towards the river. He could see a little hamlet on the other side of the stream, but it did not appear to be occupied, nor, indeed, were any of the enemy visible, although a curl of black smoke up the hill a mile or more behind the buildings suggested the probable whereabouts of a picket.

Captain Daly looked long and lovingly upon the hamlet; his eye had caught the glare of sun upon a signboard, and a desire for sherry entered into him.

He had no money to pay for refreshments, but the inn, lying as it did under French protection, was clearly fair game for the poor brave British soldier.

In the other scale, for the poor brave British soldier to venture across the stream in the light of day meant death or capture. "But," quoth Captain Daly aloud, very pleased at the reflection, "if I'm killed it'll save me the anxiety of dying. And if I'm captured it'll save me messing expenses. And if neither happens I'll have a good drink for nothing. And whatever happens there's the fun of the thing. So here goes."

He was about to start upon his journey, when a brilliant thought of how the perils of it might be diminished struck him. He turned back to the newly-made grave, rooted up the occupant, and having as delicately as he could removed the uniform, proceeded to don it in place of his own, which, carefully folded, he hid away in the foliage. Then he buried the body again, gave it a second prayer as interest on the loan, and with a light heart danced away on his adventure, caring little whether his own interment were the next to take place in these parts.

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In the appropriate uniform, Captain Daly, with his Celtic appearance, passed muster well enough for an officer of Chasseurs, so well indeed that one of his own vedettes let fly a carbine bullet at him when he emerged from cover at the far side of the trees.

"Bad luck to the man," growled Captain Daly, as he marked the fall of the projectile; "he sees as crooked as a ram's horn. It's ashamed of him I am that he didn't hit me. If I was Boney himself, I'd lay seventeen to two he'd miss me all the same."

Putting his hands to his mouth he bellowed:

"It's a reprimand you'll be having, my friend, if I live to give it to you."

Passing on, he approached the river bank by a route as devious as time would permit, and keeping his body crouched low, searched for signs of a ferry-boat of some kind. He continued this endeavour until he had journeyed about a mile along the bank, to where the houses of the hamlet lay right opposite to him, and, consequently, concealed him from the view of the French post on the hill. The stream here was narrow, and as there was nothing to be found in the shape of a boat, he decided to risk everything and swim across. He was strengthened in this resolve by the reflection that he was not wearing his own clothes, which he could have ill afforded to spoil, seeing that he had gamed away every article of apparel not essential to decency. In he plumped.

The current was running stronger than Captain Daly had suspected, and the water was icy cold. He had not taken five strokes when he wished himself safe on shore. He strove to turn back, but felt himself carried down stream, the action of his already numbed limbs sufficing only to keep his head above water.

Happily down stream meant southward, and, therefore, away from the opposing forces, or he might well have had a bullet put through his head by friend or foe, as he struggled in the water, an interesting mark for weary sentinels.

Presently, after drifting in spite of himself many hundred yards, his failing ears caught the splash of oars upon the circumambient tides. A small boat was pulling across the stream a stone's throw ahead of him; in it he caught the glimpse of a scarlet tunic.

"That's lucky, by the lord!" thought Captain Daly, and spitting the foam from his mouth, yelped out: "Help! Murder! Fire!"

The splash of oars came quicker, the scarlet figure rose, and pointed a long horse pistol at Daly's head.

"Halt! or I you will kill!"

The words came in English, but with a foreign accent.

"Arrah! are you talking to the current or to me?" retorted Daly, angrily, trying to tread water to have a look at the stranger.

Instantly the latter dropped his pistol, and crying "Je vous demande pardon, mon ami!" stretched out a long arm, and grabbed him as the current swept him past the boat.

It was a small, frail craft into which Captain Daly was pulled. It nearly turned upside down during the operation, and when Daly had mopped the spray out of his eyes sufficiently to clear his vision he found himself in company with an evil-visaged Spanish waterman, and his rescuer, who, seen near by, presented a most outlandish aspect. He was a man of some forty years of age, and wore a fierce Gallic beard. On his head he bore an Hussar's busby, with the scarlet bag of the 10th, his tunic was a British infantry coatee, with the tails lopped off, around his loins hung a peasant woman's petticoat, the hem of which touched his calves, and beneath this Captain Daly perceived the high jack-boots of the French Cuirassiers. Lastly, there was suspended from his belt a Scottish claymore, and also (this from the buckle) a horsehair plume.

Daly gaped at this monstrosity with something approaching awe.

"Is it the Alcalde of the village, or a lunatic, or what?" he asked himself.

The monster smiled reassuringly.

"Have no fear," he said. "Although I wear the Scottish uniform, I am as good a Frenchman as yourself."

"The devil you are!" thought Captain Daly. "And if that's the Scottish uniform I come from Pekin."

"Je vous demande pardon, mon ami!"

He quickly gathered that the Frenchman was a staff officer, carrying despatches to Marshal Soult, in the supposed disguise of a Highlander; but from whom the despatches came Daly could not for the life of him make out.

The Frenchman had been travelling by four-horsed chaise, which was too big for the wherry, and had to be left at the other side of the stream. He hoped to be able to find a vehicle and horses at the village with which to continue his journey.

He asked Daly whether he knew of any cattle being available, and the latter, after an affectation of cudgelling his brains, declared that he would not like to say yes, for fear of causing disappointment should he prove to be wrong.

The aide-de-camp suggested that probably some of Daly's Chasseurs would be found in the village, whereupon the gallant officer replied that it was impossible for him to be sure, as he had been absent for some days, having been taken prisoner by the English, from whom he had only just escaped.

"I see you have recovered your sword," observed the stranger, a shade suspiciously.

"I never parted with it," answered Daly, in tones which made the stranger forget his doubts of him in his admiration for his spirit.

"You must share my carriage with me," cried the aide-de-camp. "You will, no doubt, have much information concerning the English to impart to the Marshal. Tell me, what is their moral state? I hear they are afraid."

"Afraid," answered Daly, "I should think so. The officers are hiding behind the men, the men behind the horses, the horses behind the hedges, and the hedges——" he pulled up abruptly. "They are indescribably afraid."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the aide-de-camp delightedly; "and they would be ten times more afraid if they knew what I have in the lining of my tunic."

"Indeed," said Captain Daly, "I doubt if anything could make them more afraid."

"Not even," cried the aide-de-camp, "if they knew that

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the Emperor and the Guard were within striking distance of them."

The boat had reached the shore, and Daly was stepping out when he heard these words, whereupon he stumbled heavily upon the gunwale, capsizing the craft, which dropped its two occupants in the water. The Spaniard was swept away by the current, but, driving the boat-hook through the Frenchman's petticoat, Daly was enabled to bring him safely to *terra firmâ*.

"How glad I am of this opportunity to show you my gratitude," he cried, before the Frenchman could open his mouth.

"It's very amiable of you," returned the other ruefully; "but I should have been glad to postpone the occasion until I had delivered my despatches. I'm wet to the skin."

"So am I," declared Daly, who was busy righting the boat and securing her to the bank; "but a brisk walk and a blazing fire will soon make us ourselves again. Let us only consider how fortunate we have been in making each other's acquaintance when so much in need of mutual assistance."

"You are a true philosopher, sir," observed the aide-de-camp, with chattering teeth; and the two stepped out towards the village, leaving the boatman, who happily had been washed ashore on the opposite bank, where the stream took a short sharp turn, to curse them for not bringing him back his boat.

"I do not doubt he meant to murder us both," observed the aide-de-camp; "they are relentless villains, these Spaniards."

"Indeed," agreed Captain Daly. "We have had a most fortunate escape," meanwhile considering whether it was not his duty to cut down his man then and there, seize his papers, and escape. He had certainly the power to do this, and probably few men in his position would have hesitated; but Captain Daly's honour, however inscrutable were its twistings, did not allow of his slaying in cold blood the man who had saved his life; so he racked his brains to think of some other means of possessing himself of the priceless documents.

Fate favoured him. There were no troops in the village, but the inn was open, and the patron believed he could provide a chaise and four horses; meanwhile he made a great fire for his guests and prepared for them a meal.

When the two were alone Daly nonchalantly drew off his coat and stretched it out before the fire to dry, doing the same with all his clothing. The other innocently followed his example. The two men faced each other stark naked.

Then the Captain took up a pack of cards that stood on the mantel-shelf. "Vous savez le jeu de lansquenet?" he demanded.

"Bien sur!" answered the other eagerly, and in a minute they were at it.

Daly lost the first coup, and suddenly remembered that he had no money. Blushing with shame, he nevertheless mechanically went over to the fire and put his hand in his pocket—the pocket, that is to say, of the dead Chasseur. His fingers burned at the touch of five louis d'or.

He lost four out of the five, and then at last his luck turned. He won back his four gold pieces and twenty more belonging to the aide-de-camp. It was the other now who looked small.

"I have no more money to stake," said he.

"Never mind," said Daly; "stake anything at all—stake your clothes."

"If you don't want them at once, I will do so willingly," said the aide-de-camp; "but I fear they will be too big for you."

"You are right," replied Daly; "perhaps I had better try them on. Have I your permission?"

"Certainly," said the aide-de-camp.

Then Captain Daly slowly and deliberately drew on his own socks, and over them the long cuirassier boots; he tied the petticoat round his waist, drew on the tunic, buttoned it, and buckled the claymore belt around him.

Then he took up the clothes which he had discarded, and under the nose of the dumbfounded aide-de-camp pitched the heap into the roaring fire.

The next instant he was out of the house and footing it down the street as though ten thousand devils trod on his heels.

The naked aide-de-camp pursued him to the water's edge, but only to receive the paternal advice from the departing skiff that if he jumped in he would drown, and if he drowned his body would shock the Spanish ladies.

Within twenty-four hours the retreat to Corunna had commenced.

Captain Daly caught a severe influenza as the result of his escapade, but he saved an army in the field, and in consequence little things were thrown in his way which re-established, only temporarily it must be admitted, his financial equilibrium.

Lord Roberts at Pretoria.

WHILE China looms larger in the public mind, the events in South Africa have lost that exciting character which they possessed in the time of our checks and reverses and of the rapid marches which carried us from the Modder to Bloemfontein and thence to the capital of the Transvaal. The attack which was made upon Lord Roberts's communications appears to have been carefully planned, but has failed entirely, and if it is possible to read the signs aright, it was the last chance that lay before the Boers. Prompt measures were taken, and Lord Kitchener rapidly marched south to join hands with Lord Methuen, with the result that what was called a "complete victory over De Wet" was obtained, his forces being scattered entirely. This event occurred on June 11, but the Boers were not quelled, for three days later Lord Kitchener himself narrowly escaped capture by a force under the same De Wet near the Rhenoster River, while a strong party of Boers made an attempt upon a construction train working in the same vicinity. There had been ample warning of the presence and activity of the enemy in this quarter, for General Colvile was attacked on his way to Heilbron, Colonel Spragge when he was marching to Lindley, and Lord Methuen when proceeding to his relief.

Mr. Steyn appears to be the moving spirit in the hostility in this part of the Orange River Colony, but the forcing of the passes of the Drakensberg by Sir Redvers Buller puts a different complexion upon the matter, and Lord Roberts has now taken such efficient steps that his communications may be regarded as safe, while the Boers in that quarter will almost certainly be obliged very soon to disperse. Lord Roberts proclaimed that, after June 15, any "Free Staters" remaining in the field would be treated as rebels instead of belligerents, and large numbers of burghers are laying down their arms.

At Pretoria, Lord Roberts reports that things are settling down, and his action with General Botha at Eerste Fabrieken on June 11 and 12, though not decisive, was sufficient to drive the enemy much further to the east. Botha fought with considerable determination on both days, and on the second held our cavalry on both flanks, thereby weakening his centre, which opened him to attack, and at night he was compelled to abandon his position, his rear guard being afterwards surprised and routed. Botha has again been defeated, and Roberts's troops are joining hands with Buller.

On the western side of Pretoria all is going well. Lieut.-General Baden-Powell, having marched across country from Mafeking, reached Pretoria, but on June 20 started back again to Rustenburg, while Hutton's Mounted Infantry in the same neighbourhood engaged a force of Boers and captured a couple of guns. The duty of our officers in this part of the Transvaal is one of pacification, and large numbers of the burghers have laid down their arms and surrendered. Colonel Plumer has marched eastward through Zeerust, while Sir Archibald Hunter further south has come up to Johannesburg. Both Pretoria and Johannesburg have accepted their position under British authority. About 3,000 of our troops captured in various actions have been released, and are being armed, thus forming a valuable addition to Lord Roberts's forces.

Sir Redvers Buller has made a great success by forcing the Drakensberg. The tunnel through Laing's Nek had been seriously damaged, but, by the energetic efforts of the Engineers, it was speedily reopened for traffic, thus bringing the troops in the Transvaal into communication with Durban, and forming a second line of supply. All the railways in both states are now in our hands, except that leading eastward from Pretoria to Lorenzo Marquez, which itself has been interrupted through the destruction of a bridge on the way. Lord Roberts generously admitted the effect upon the Boers of Buller's success in determining their retreat at Eerste Fabrieken. Relating to affairs on the northern side, there is, as we write, little to say, but General Carrington may soon be heard of in some part of the Transvaal.

Although it would be unsafe to say that no more serious fighting can occur, it is quite clear that the collapse of the Boers is general, and will soon be complete. By the capture of the railways, the means of concerted action among them were almost done away with, and they are now broken up into scattered and dwindling bodies. From the beginning, of course, this was inevitable, and, though mistakes were made on our side, they were never so serious as those made by the enemy. Our troops, both regulars and volunteers, have revealed all their old qualities, and the colonial troops have done yeoman's service to the Empire. Already a number of the latter have returned to their homes after winning the highest encomiums from Sir Redvers Buller and other officers under whom they have served.

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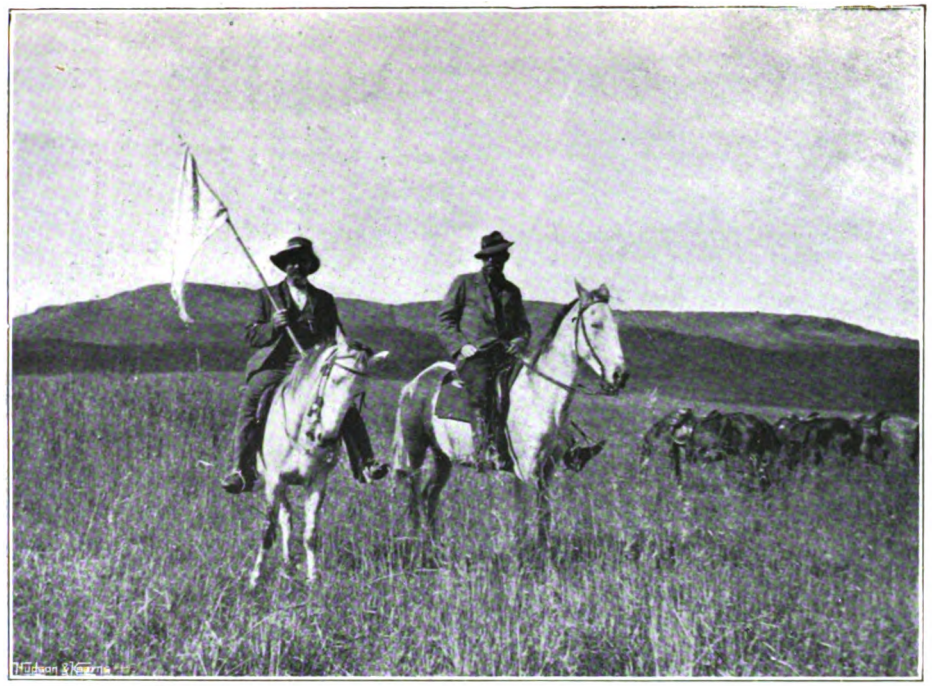
The Advance OF Lord Roberts.



A FLAG OF TRUCE FROM THE ENEMY.
Burghers Seeking a Parley at the Outposts.

TWELVE MILES TOWARDS THE FRONT.
An Officer Reading the Boer Commandant's Message.

CAPTAIN P. A. KENNA, V.C.,
Provost-Marshal,
A Real Good Fellow, but the Terror of Evildoers.

Episodes NEAR Pretoria.

IN THE MIDST OF THE SUN AND GLARING HEAT.
A Mid-day Halt and a Greatly-needed Rest.

A WELCOME BREAK IN A LONG MARCH.
There are no Better Marchers than Our Men.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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The Crisis in the Far East.

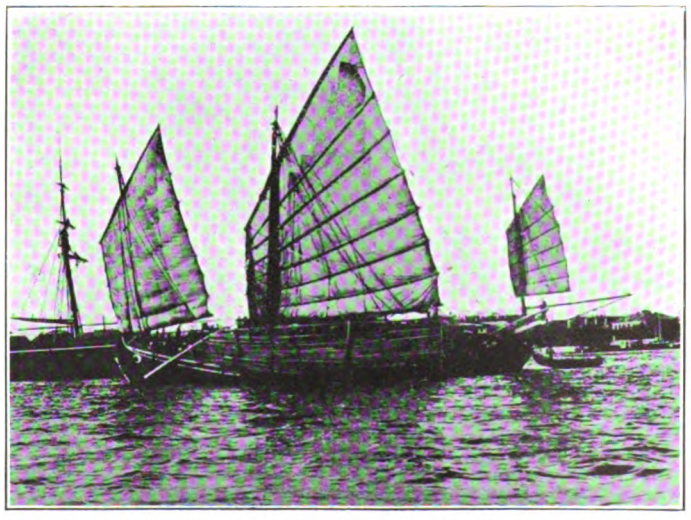
A CHINESE TEA-HOUSE.
Observe the Zigzag Entrance Across the Stream.

IT has always been held that it is impossible to coerce a nation, and a nation of about 400,000,000, whose ever-increasing population is continually overflowing its borders, is very difficult to deal with. This is the case with China, and there have never been wanting those who have feared that if ever the Mongolian hordes awoke to the knowledge of their strength it would be a difficult task to deal with the race which once swept across Asia to the shores of the great inland sea, and who left physical traces which can even now be distinguished in certain places in Western Asia. Apparently the difficulty has arisen, and will have to be treated in drastic fashion. But what a place China is, and how unlike what anyone who has not seen it could ever imagine it to be! True, it is the abode of a civilisation some 2,000 years old, which has stood still since that time, but the civilisation is only a veneer which affects certain habits and certain classes of the community, and beyond it all is squalor and filth, ignorance and degradation. The pink walls of the Forbidden City of Pekin are all very well, so is the daintily-carved and gilded woodwork of monumental shop fronts which hide matted hovels of bamboo, bright, nevertheless, with flags and streamers. These, and the spacious enclosures of the temples, gaudy with bright colours, and the attractive frontages of the tea-houses—of which we give an illustration, showing the access to one across the still water by means of a bamboo bridge broken into angular sections—are what the "foreign devil" sees. But behind are dirt, depravity, and filth—women and girls, unwashed, malodorous, with last year's paint streaked in yesterday's perspiration; streets that in the dry season are ankle-deep in dust, and in the wet season are just as profuse in mud, both equally the product of the abominations of an undrained city where every street is an open sewer. As has been already hinted, it is impossible for anyone who has not lived in China to fully realise the horrors of life there. And yet the country is capable of the highest degree of productiveness, and under an enlightened Government could be made to yield both agricultural and mineral wealth. Let one speak who is in a position to lend authority to his words: "She grows her own cotton, while Japan has to import it: she grows silk of a better quality, and might increase its production to almost any extent; the same may be said of her teas; she is beginning to export wool; the cultivation of sugar and tobacco is capable of enormous development and improvement." These are the words of Mr. Valentine Chirol in his valuable book on "The Far Eastern Question."

Our second illustration is sufficient to indicate the present condition of the country. Two thousand years ago, when our ancestors were roaming the forests of Britain, it was as civilised as it is to-day, and the junk with its obsolete hull and its bamboo sails, working its weary way up the Peiho to Tientsin, is typical of the arrested progress of the country.

Our third illustration deals with the revival of life which has caused the present crisis. Unfortunately it is a revival which is based on prejudice, and which has for its motto "Down with the foreigners." China is honeycombed with secret societies, and it is one of these, whose real name is "The League of United Patriots," which has brought about the present trouble. In Chinese, the last word of the name and the word "Boxer" are identical in sound, although the symbol is different, and so, by a punning intrepretation, the original rebels, whose action has been practically endorsed by the Empress, have been called "Boxers." All the Chinese elements of disorder, all the opponents of foreign intrusion into the country—in other words, all the supporters of everything which is corrupt and vicious—flocked to their support, and when Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, in command of an international force, advanced to the relief of the white residents in Pekin, he found himself confronted by a large force of Chinese, who represented all that was hostile to Europeans. Meantime, the extreme party in China, by opening fire from the Taku Forts on the foreign war-ships, bade defiance to the civilised Powers. The forts were speedily captured after the heavy bombardment, but the problem of the future of China remains for solution

SOME CHINESE FIGHTING MEN.
A March of Braves Through the Streets.



Photos Copyright. "Navy & Army."
IN A JUNK ON THE PEIHO.
Just as it might have been Two Thousand Years Ago.

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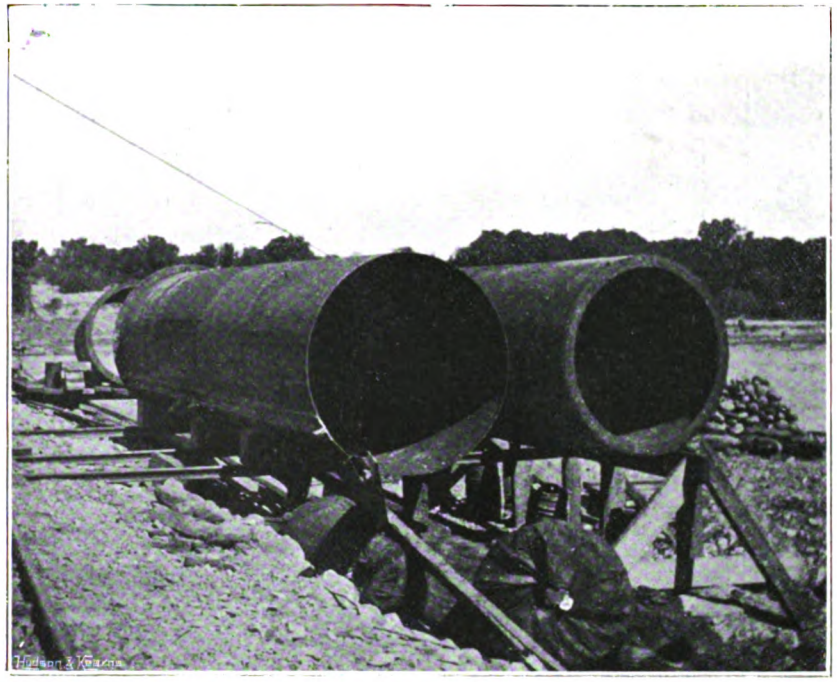
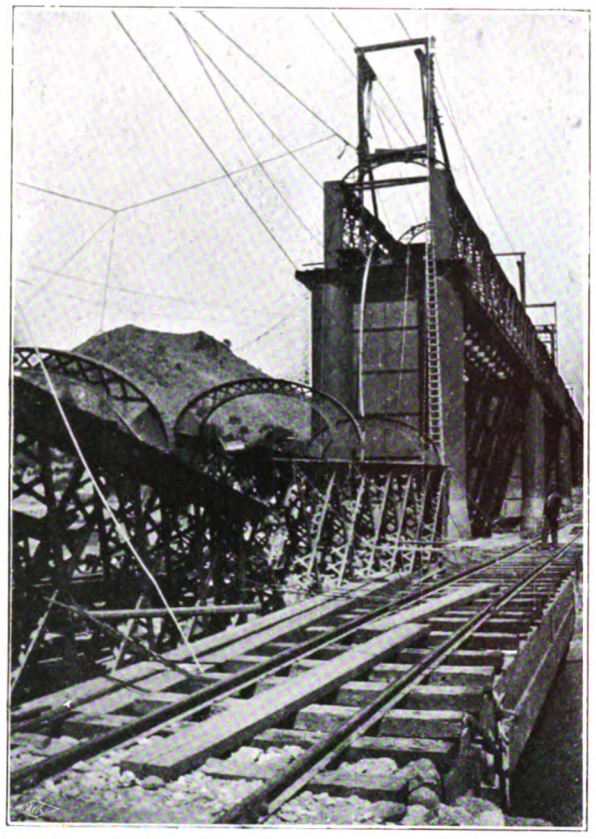
The Operations
OF THE
Railway Pioneers.

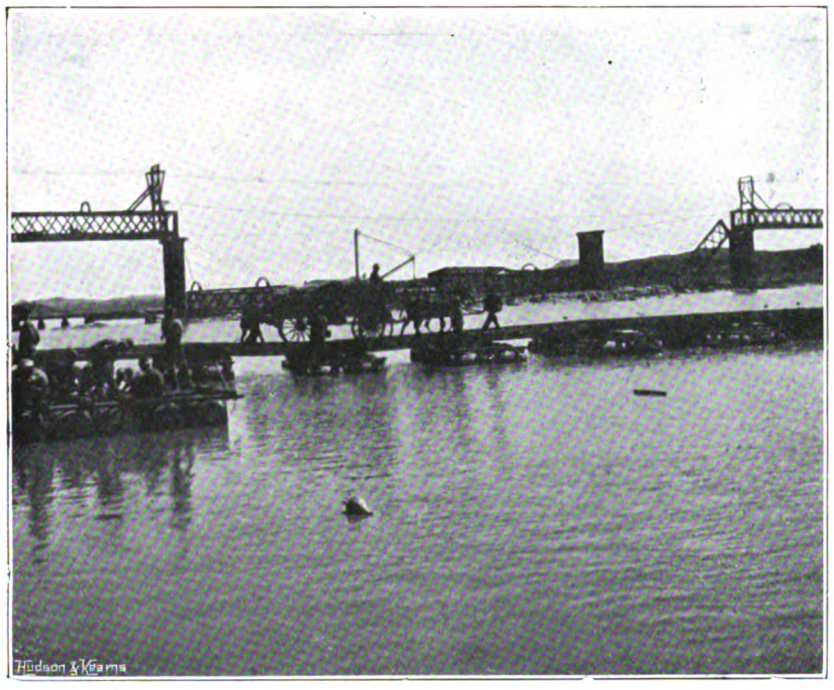


STIFF WORK FOR THE NEVER-SLEEPING CORPS.
Supporting Columns for the Repair of the Norval's Pont Bridge.



THE RAILWAY PIONEERS AT WORK ON THE BRIDGE.
Aerial Tramlines Used in the Reconstruction.

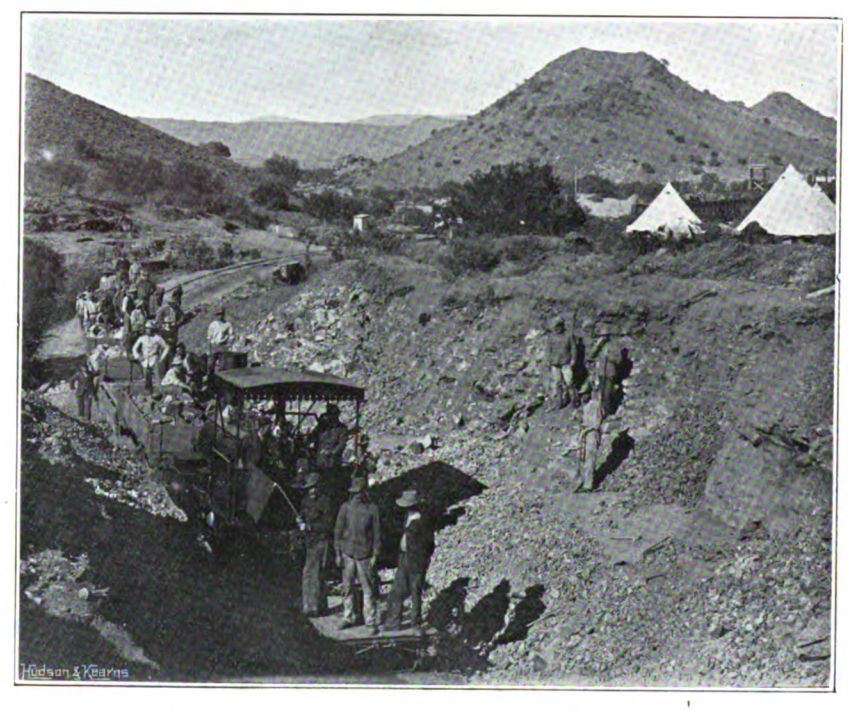
AN EXCELLENT PICTURE OF THE DAMAGE DONE.
Much Work for the Railway Pioneer Regiment.



IN PROCESS OF REPAIR, BUT STILL USELESS.
A Railway Deviation Bridge has been Constructed Below.

Making Good
DAMAGE DONE
During the War.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.



ONE OF THE PROSAIC DUTIES THAT HAVE TO BE DONE.
Digging Ballast while the Bridge is being Rebuilt.

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Mafeking Day in the Garden Colony.

Photo Copyright. THE MASS MEETING IN THE ALBERT PARK, DURBAN. *Bradley.*

"Hurrah for Baden-Powell"—"God Save the Queen."

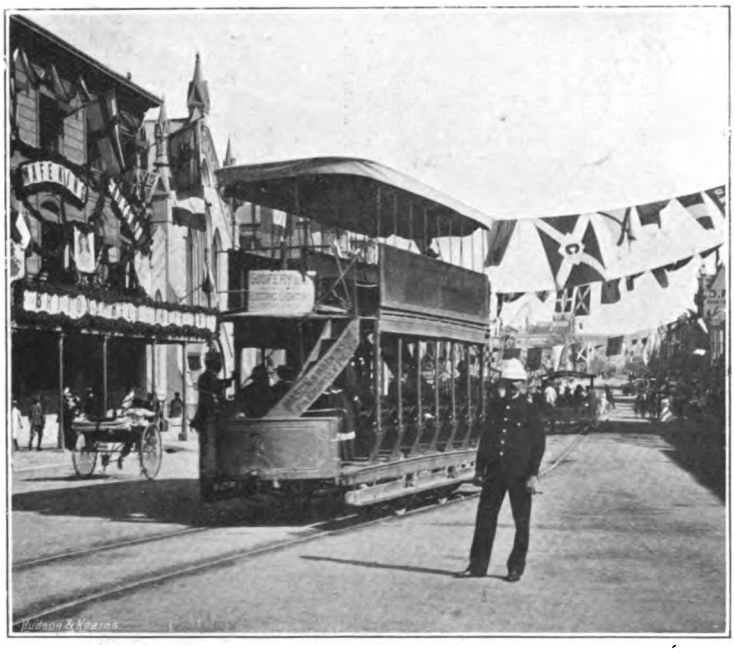


Photo. Copyright. HOW DURBAN DECORATED. *Bradley.*

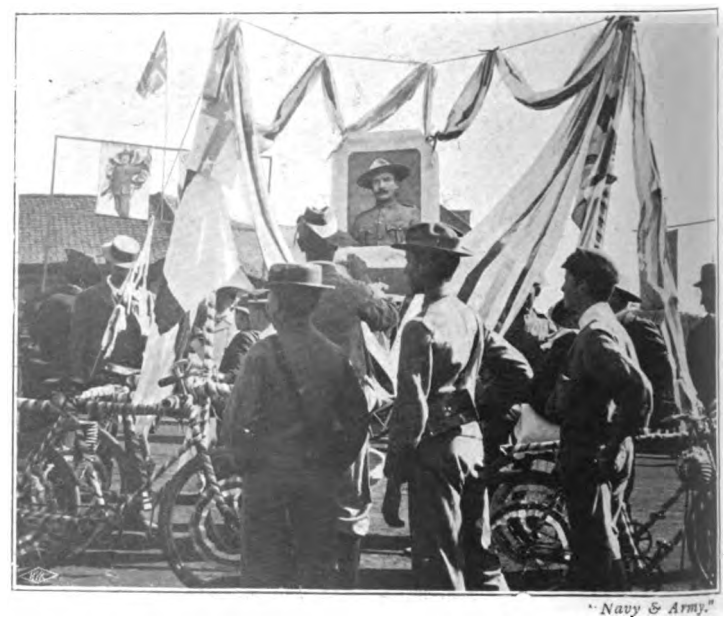
The Principal Streets adorned for Mafeking Day.

Photo. Copyright. WITH THE CHILDREN'S PROCESSION. *Stranack.*

About Four Thousand Children Marched Through the Streets.

Photos. Copyright. CHILDREN'S ENTHUSIASM IN MARITZBURG.

Boys Cheering as Their Procession Passed the Club.



"Navy & Army."

"B.P.'s" PICTURE IN THE CAPITAL OF NATAL.

Carried in Procession by Four Gaily-decorated Bicycles.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—NO. 179.] SATURDAY, JULY 7th, 1900.

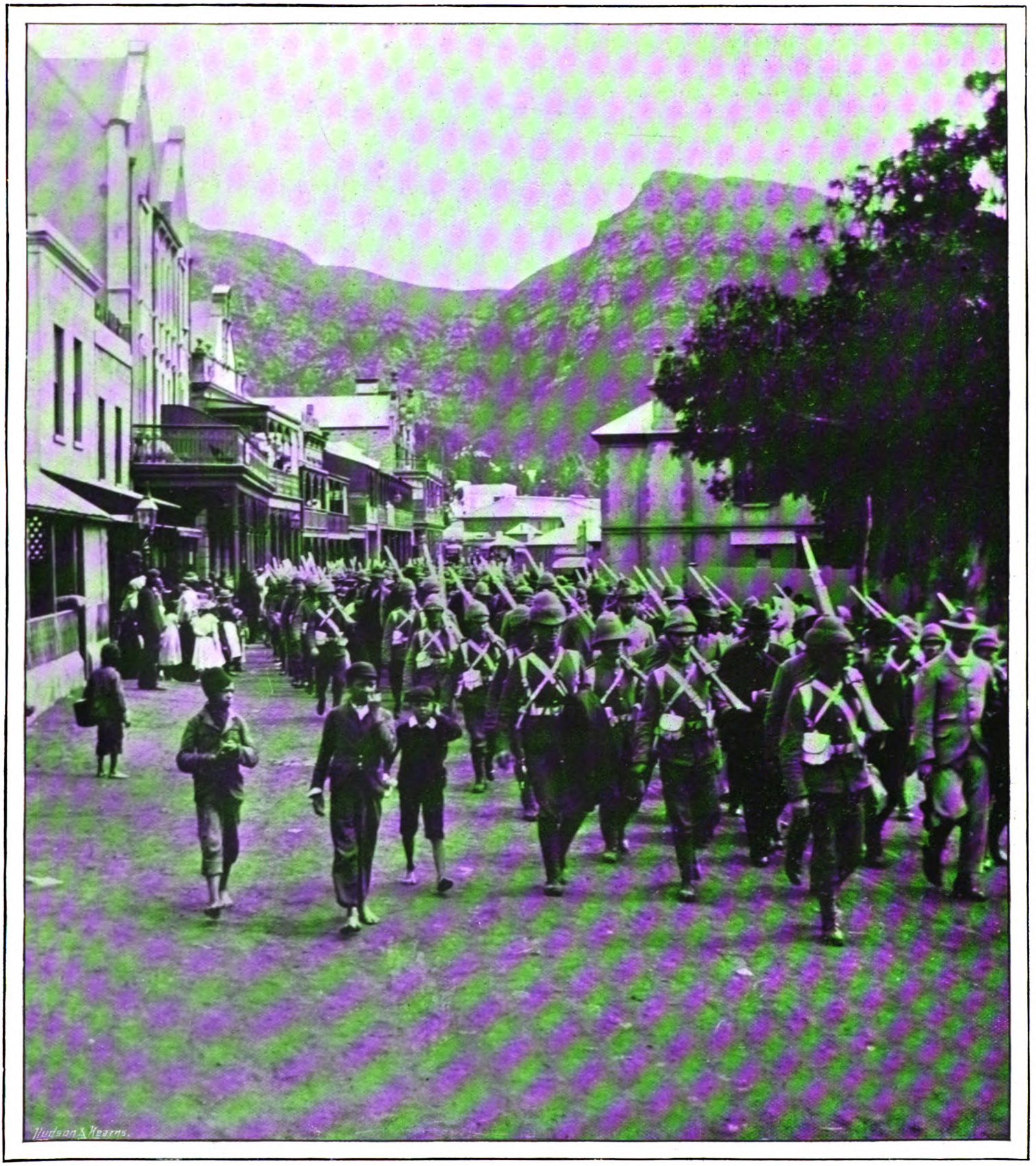

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

IMPORTANT BOER PRISONERS AT CAPE TOWN.

Our striking picture represents a number of Boer commandants and others, made prisoners in Natal and sent by sea to Cape Town, being escorted from one of the transports to the Boer prisoners' camp. The escorting of prisoners through a town in which they have many friends is an important business, and we have always to beware not only of any efforts to escape on the part of the prisoners themselves, but also of any action by their sympathisers among that portion of the population of the Colony which is unfortunately disloyal.

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ROUND THE WORLD

EUROPE has now an opportunity of bringing China to reason. This business must be carried through, and the removal of the capital to some other place would be the first step to real reform. Prince Tuan, who lately commanded 10,000 "Glorified Tigers," assumed command of the whole of the Chinese forces in Chihli, where the Empress-Dowager has carefully fostered that "grand society," as she call it, of the Boxers destined to drive out the "devils." It is no longer possible to distinguish precisely between the Celestial regulars and their friends the Boxers, and the lesson will have to be enforced at Peking, which is the head-quarters of the anti-foreigners. The business must be done thoroughly, for, when our troops and the French marched into the capital in 1860, the astute mandarins had little difficulty in persuading the gullible Celestials that they came to render homage to the Son of Heaven. Even the destruction of the Summer Palace was never known many miles away from the scene of the event. It is practically impossible for an Englishman who has not lived long in China to understand the spirit that led the redoubtable Empress to throw defiance in the teeth of the Powers.

Photo *Rischgitz.*

ADMIRAL SIR M. SEYMOUR, G.C.B.

He Commanded the Allied British and French Fleets at the First Capture of the Taku Forts, May 20, 1858. He was an Uncle of Sir E. H. Seymour, now Commander-in-Chief in China, and his Nephew Served under him as a Midshipman in his Flag-ship.

THE late Lord Loch, when private secretary to Lord Elgin, had a dire experience of the things they do in China and their short way with diplomatists and envoys. In 1860, even when peace was being negotiated, and it was arranged that the ambassadors and their escorts should proceed direct to Peking, he was seized, with the future Sir Harry Parkes, and thrown into a Chinese gaol, where he was treated with callous indignity, nearly starved, and loaded with chains. He was handcuffed and fettered, with his elbows pinioned to a beam in the ceiling, and an iron collar round his neck was attached by heavy chains to rings upon his ankles. Thus he was kept with a set of barbarous criminals who, were he said, as savage a lot of half-naked demons as he had ever beheld. Once, to satisfy the brutal spite of his gaoler, the chain by which he was fastened to the beams was tightened, so that he was tortured through a whole night by being suspended by his neck and feet, the latter barely touching the ground, and he would scarcely have survived until the morning if one of his fellow-unfortunates, moved by a little pity, had not occasionally lifted him to relieve the pressure on his throat, which threatened suffocation. So nearly did the negotiations for the relief of Messrs. Parkes and Loch fail, that they were only released ten minutes before the order arrived for their execution. Truly there should be a short way with the officials at Peking.

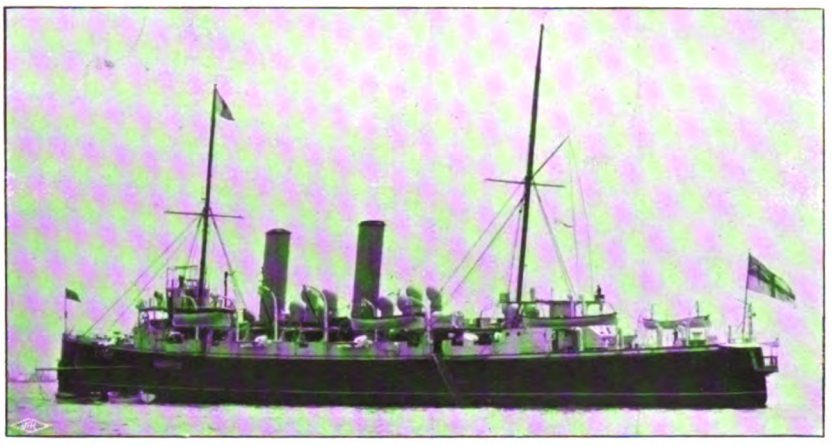
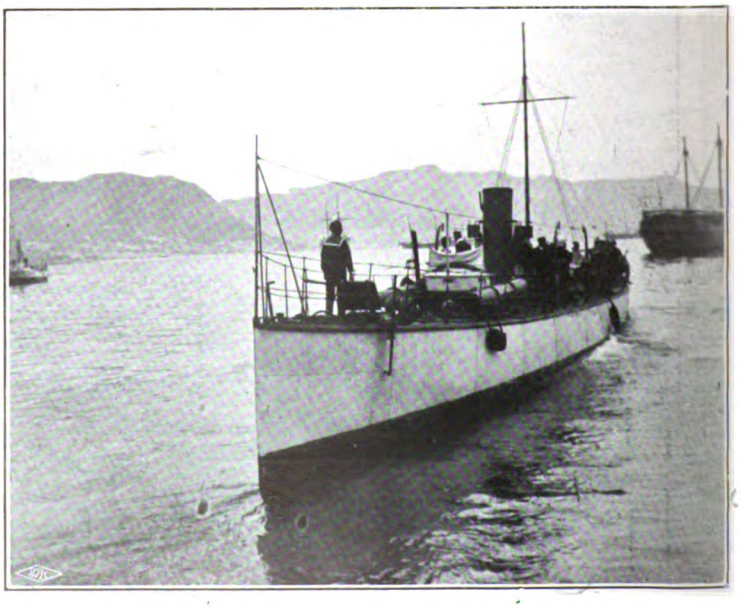


Photo. Copyright *Cribb.*

THE "BONAVENTURE."

A Recent Arrival at Taku. She is a Second-class Cruiser of 4 360 tons, and of Modern and Efficient Character.

THE visit of the Gaekwar Maharaja of Baroda is an interesting incident, for that prince is a descendant of the fourth of the Northern Mahratta houses, exercising power over a large and scattered but very rich area on the north-western coast of Bombay, and the adjacent peninsula of Kathiawar. He is a great admirer of our English customs and methods of administration, which are reflected in the country he rules, and he is making arrangements for the education of his children in England. He has been three times among us



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE UNITED SERVICES PAY THE LAST HONOURS TO A BRAVE NURSE.

Miss Mary Kingsley, the Celebrated African Traveller, Died at Simon's Town of Disease Contracted whilst Engaged in the Task of Nursing the Boer Prisoners of War

By Her Special Request She was Buried at Sea, and the Torpedo-boat No. 29 Carried the Body Outside Cape Point, where it was Committed to the Deep.

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before, and now has brought with him the Maharanee, who is consulting London specialists. The Gaekwar is one of the three premier princes of India, and Mysore, Hyderabad, and Baroda are the only States whose rulers are entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns. Since the last Mahratta War in 1817, Baroda has been ruled with the help of an English Resident. Twenty-five years ago the then reigning Gaekwar fell under a foul suspicion, and, being tried by a High Commission, composed of three Europeans and three native members, was found guilty of attempting to poison the Resident, and was deposed. The Indian Government wisely refrained from annexing the State, and raised a descendant of the founder of the family from poverty and obscurity to the headship. The Gaekwar is thus a very interesting personage, and has good reason for loyalty to the Imperial throne.

MANY strange things have happened in the history of the House of Hapsburg since the days of the famous Rudolph, and another is now added to the number. That venerable and respected monarch, the Emperor Francis Joseph, has felt himself obliged to consent to the morganatic marriage of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne. The lady is charming and all that she should be, save that she does not come from rank sufficiently high to be the consort of an emperor. The Archduke has taken a solemn oath that he will never regularise the marriage, and he will thus have a wife who cannot share his throne, and their children under this agreement cannot succeed to the crown. But who is to put a curb on ambition, or ward off the evils of a disputed succession, if these unborn Hapsburgs should aspire to rule? A military race among whom many strong spirits have risen,

Photo. Copyright. *Robinson.*

THE LATE LORD LOCH, P.C., G.C.B.

The Deceased Soldier, Diplomat, and Statesman is here seen with Several Officers of Loch's Horse, the Corps of Colonial Veterans which He Raised and Equipped and which has Rendered such Signal Service throughout the Present War.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army"*

THE COMMANDER OF THE 19th BRIGADE.

Major-General Dorrien is a Good Sportsman. Prior to the War he was Commanding the 1st Sherwood Foresters at Malta, and Our Picture shows Him on His Racing Pony, Mad Moon.

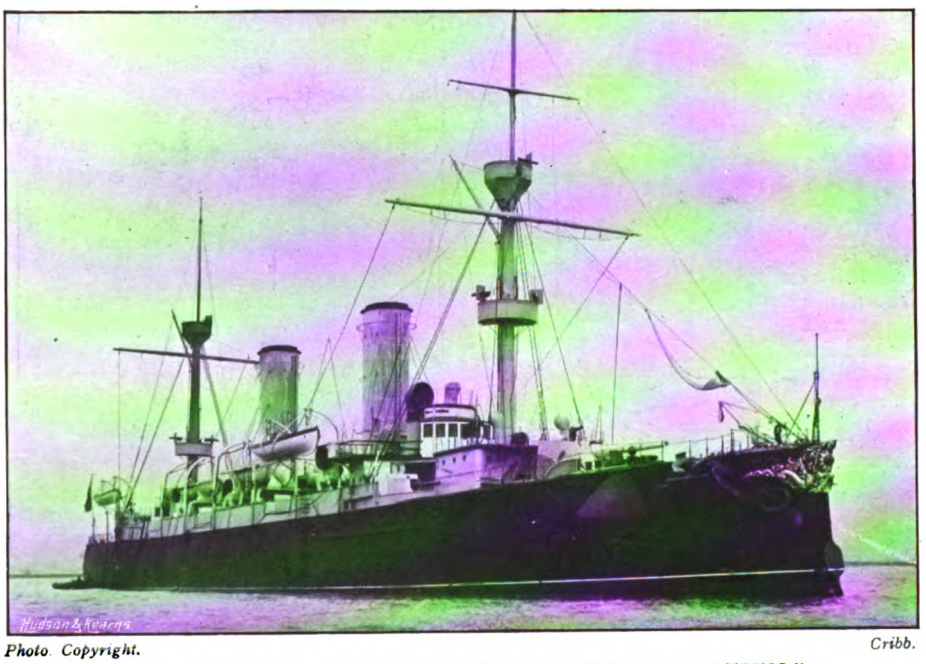

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE CHINESE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "HAI-TIEN."

In which the Allied Commanders Detained the Chinese Admiral, with Extinguished Fires, when the Taku Forts were Captured.

AN account has been received from a correspondent at the front with the Imperial Yeomanry of the march from Brandfort to the Zand River. There was no mistaking, he says, what had gone before him. He was travelling in the track of a great army. Lord Roberts had marched that way, and the trail of his force was unmistakable. There were the empty tins that had contained biscuits, bully beef, or jam, the ashes of camp-fires, the absence of anything that could be burned, sometimes the carcase of a horse or a mule, occasionally a meek-eyed trek-ox looking piteously at the new-comers. The country, meagre to begin with, was swept clear. It is always so with a great army—which leads us to reflect that, whatever else has gone wrong, the business of supply has been all right. There we have done what perhaps no army has ever done before, and have done it very well. An army that lives on the country will sweep the track bare for miles on either side. If it carries its food with it—as we practically have had to do in South Africa—it requires a prodigious train. To supply the vast army by means of a single line of rails, often by means of ox-waggons, has been a prodigious task, and when at last the true story of the war is written many heroes will be recognised, whose names are not written large in the telegrams or letters of correspondents, nor even in the many despatches published by the War Office, which tell the official story.

ABSURD stories have been spread as to quarrels imagined to have taken place between Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, but the loyalty and confidence with which they have worked together is sufficient refutation of the rumours. In the nature of the case the Chief of the Staff does not come prominently forward. We did not hear much of Archibald Hunter in Natal.

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The function of such an officer is to work out the plans of the leader, and the splendid efficiency of our military machine in South Africa is new testimony to the wonderful organising power of the victor of Omdurman. The story of the supposed quarrel has been told with a certain air of substantiality, but it has all sprung from the absence of Lord Kitchener's name from despatches. Here is displayed an utter ignorance of the military duties of the Chief of the Staff, but, if we would find Lord Kitchener in action, we do find that he has been entrusted with, and has gained high credit for, much difficult work that has lain outside the actual province of the Chief of the Staff. And when Lord Roberts's communications were cut, to whom did he commit the duty of restoring them but to Lord Kitchener? The whole story is an idle fabrication.

INDEPENDENCE DAY has been celebrated this year by Americans at home and throughout the world with even more than the usual enthusiasm, and, although it marks an event which Englishmen must ever regret, we have learned the excellent qualities of our American kinsmen, and heartily wish them well on this day. It was in China that Tatnall made the famous remark that "blood is thicker than water," when he lent us a helping hand, and now once again we are fighting in China in the same cause.

THE bronze equestrian statue of Lafayette, presented by American citizens to France, which has been unveiled this week at the junction of the Avenue d'Iéna and the Avenue du Trocadéro, is a mark of old sympathy between two republics; and we cannot but regard the act as graceful. It is a ponderous piece of statuary, representing the famous Frenchman raising his sword in the act of offering it to the service of the Americans, and stands on a granite pedestal about 12-ft. high. The full height of the mounted figure from the ground is 36-ft. The sculptor is Mr. Paul W. Bartlett. Lafayette was a brave man who took arms against us. After landing in South Carolina, he rode to Philadelphia, there to offer his sword to Congress, and it is this incident that has been seized by the sculptor. Gustave Hennocque, Lafayette's nine year old descendant, was selected to perform the Independence Day unveiling ceremony.

THERE was recently a disastrous fire at the Russian Admiralty in St. Petersburg, but it was not known at the time that some valuable historical records and books were lost, greatly prized in the Russian Navy. These belonged to Admiral Kasnakoff, the commandant at Kronstadt, who had placed his private and priceless library in the Admiralty building. The whole was consumed, including a collection of Naval literature perhaps unique, embracing many rare specimens of books and manuscripts. Many of the contents of this remarkable library had been presented to Admiral Kasnakoff by the late High Admiral the Grand Duke Constantine Nikolaievitch.

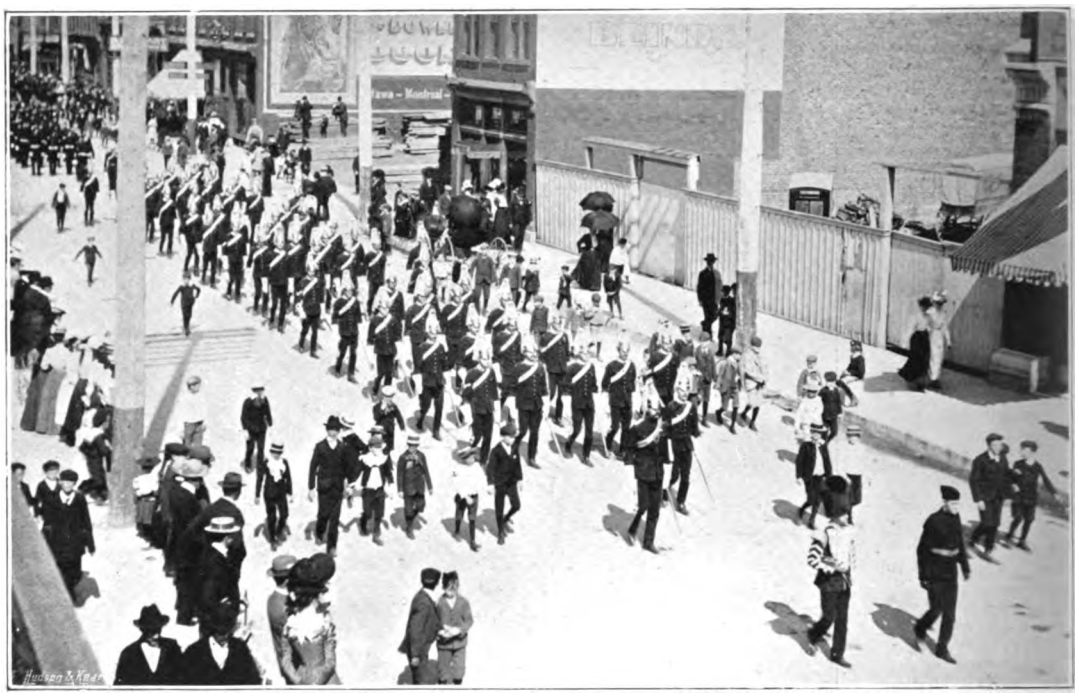

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A CHURCH PARADE OF THE OTTAWA GARRISON.

The Corps here shown is One of the Independent Squadrons of Canadian Cavalry, whose Headquarters are at Ottawa. It has the Proud Distinction of being the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

Photo. Copyright. *Hogg.*

BELFAST'S PRESENT TO SIR GEORGE WHITE.

No Present could have been in better taste than the Thoroughbred Irish Charger which the People of Belfast have Presented to Their Countryman, the Defender of Ladysmith. The Horse is a Magnificent Brown Hunter, 16-hands high, and already a Prize-winner.

Photo. Copyright. *Miell & Kidley.*

MAILS FOR "TOMMY" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Union-Castle Liner, "Saxon," the Finest of this Great Fleet of Mail Steamers, has Recently Left on Her Maiden Voyage for the Cape. Les des Mails she took out Drafts of Troops and of Seamen to Replace Casualties in the Fleet in South African Waters.

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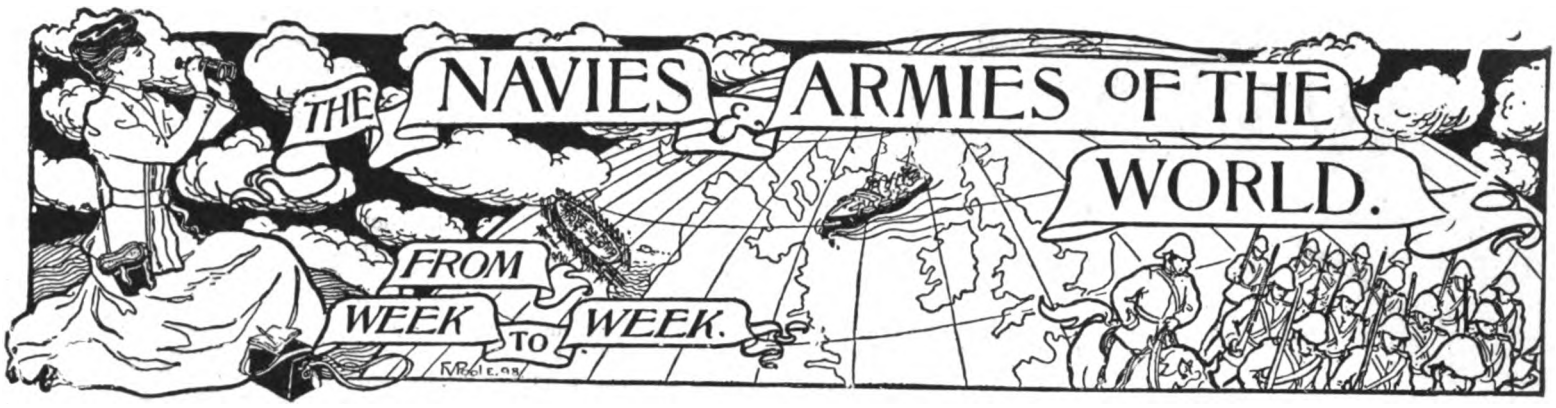

IT may seem a rather weak course to take, and yet it is doubtful whether one can say anything much more to the purpose about the debate on the medical service in South Africa which took place in the House of Commons last week, than is contained in a good formula, or in two good old formulas. They are that there was a great deal to be said on both sides of the question, and very much in what each side had to quote on its own behalf. The question was whether as much had been done for the sick and wounded in the field as might have been and ought to have been done. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has written in the *Times* to the effect that there has been failure, and that it is due to mismanagement somewhere, and on the part of somebody. The War Office replies in substance that this is not true either of itself, of the medical officers, or of the generals in the field. There has been suffering, certainly, but less than is usual in war, and none which could in these circumstances have been avoided.

* * * *

The respective cases are something like this, in their main lines. Mr. Wyndham, on behalf of the War Office, asserts that whatever stores, of every kind, and whatever staff of competent doctors, nurses, etc., were needed, were sent out *pari passu* with the army. He allows that great hardship was incurred, but maintains that it was not more than was to be expected, considering the enormous difficulties thrown in the way of the transport service, first by Lord Roberts's advance from the Modder for the relief of Kimberley and the occupation of Bloemfontein, and then by the interruption of the communications with the south. Mr. Wyndham, very properly, tackled the complaint—a standing one with us—that there is too much formality and red tape about our system. Of course he could not go into full details, but he laid down the general principle that you must have system, for if you do not, and applications for stores are made from every direction unchecked, the result will be a confusion far more injurious than the outcome of the worst red tape. This is an undeniably sound general proposition. Where there is bread to be divided among a given number of mouths, it must be served out in proportion. If it is not, the inevitable result will be that one gets two loaves, and another no bread. Each applicant will want to have a margin of safety for his particular hospital, company, or what not, and the sum of their demands will exceed any possible supply. It will be a case of each for himself, and nothing for the hindermost. No organisation can possibly provide unlimited supplies. There are limitations imposed by space available for stowage, means of transport, and so forth. If everybody is to have a share, somebody must control the distribution. As a general proposition this is as true as that all the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or that A plus B minus B is equal to A.

* * * *

So much for the case for the defence. But then comes Mr. Burdett-Coutts and points out the holes in the armour, or what he considers such. True, he says, that difficulties caused by rapid flank movements must be allowed for, and that difficulties of communication must be taken into account. But the question is, were these necessities so great and so unmanageable that the disorders he noted at Bloemfontein could not have been avoided? Mr. Burdett-Coutts also lays down a general principle which is very sound. It is this: Where the interest of the campaign as a whole, and the pressing call to secure victory, have to be considered, then humanity must give way to military needs. War, when all is said and done, when science has made all the changes it can make, is and must remain a business of killing and of being killed, by the bullet and the sword, by fatigue, by hunger, and by disease. Therefore at a great crisis all must give way to the commanding obligation to win. When Badajos has to be taken before a certain day, and the work has to be done with limited material, there is nothing for it but to spend men's lives in the great breach. But when there is no such crisis, when only a slight advantage is to be won, or an already sure victory to be hastened by a few days, then considerations of humanity are not to be over-ridden. This is perfectly sound, whether from the point of view of humanity or of common-sense; a rational commander or Government will be avaricious of the blood of his or its soldiers, if only because trained men are hard to replace; a victory may be bought too dearly. It is mere waste to hasten one, which is already certain, at a great cost of life.

* * * *

By accepting the general principles both of Mr. Wyndham and of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, one can get the ground cleared for the real issue—one cannot, of course, decide it. That can only be done after a thorough examination of all the evidence. Still, it is something to know what it is we have to settle, and here the problem is clearly defined. Have the sick and wounded suffered unnecessary hardship through wants and deficiencies not directly attributable to military needs? And if they have, was the failure due to the misconduct of individuals, or to the working of a system which did not allow them to receive adequate attention? For the present one cannot answer with absolute confidence. One can only give a general impression, which is not worth much. Still, giving it for what it is worth, I imagine that most people will remain with a conviction, first, that there has been some under-estimating of the task before us; secondly, that this under-estimate was certain to prove much less easy to correct where attention to the sick was in question than where all we had to do was to send increased numbers of men, because an organisation is by the nature of it a thing requiring time to be adjusted in; and, finally, that our whole Army medical system is far better adapted to prevent the waste of money in peace than to meet the confusing and ever-varying calls of a campaign. What better one could be framed is more than we can discuss here, but surely it is absurd that when armies are in the field there should be an obligation imposed on the doctors to apply to various sources for what they want, and that even small things cannot be bought for a field hospital on the spot, but must be applied for to somebody a long way off, and with a profusion of forms.

* * * *

Meanwhile there is another and less painful general impression to be gathered, and it is that, putting all our failures at the worst, this campaign has caused less avoidable suffering to the soldiers than any of which there is record in the past—any, that is, which were on the same scale, and which presented similar difficulties to be overcome. We need not judge it by such scandals as the expedition to Cartagena, as described by Smollett, or even the camp on the uplands in the first Crimean winter. Cartagena came of downright brutality, and the Crimea was the fruit of considerable stupidity. But even if we establish the comparison with the Franco-German War of 1870-71, when the operations were conducted in Europe, in a country full of beautifully-made high roads, and close to Germany, when there certainly was no want of the wish to do all that could be done for the sick and wounded, we have no great cause to be ashamed. Better might very possibly have been done, and better will be done; but we have not done very badly.

DAVID HANNAY.

VOLUNTEERS only become subject to the Army Act when attached to regulars or embodied Militia, or when on actual military service, but all officers, except chaplains, are encouraged to study Military Law, and may present themselves for examination at the same time as regular officers who are candidates for promotion. The examinations are held half-yearly, usually in May and November. The other subjects in which Volunteer officers, except chaplains, medical officers, and veterinary surgeons, may present themselves for examination are tactics, military engineering, military topography, and organisation and equipment. The subjects may be taken up separately, and half the number of the maximum marks is required to secure a "pass" in each. An officer who knows any subject sufficiently well to obtain 80 of the full marks is returned as "distinguished" in that subject. Certificates are granted to successful candidates in all subjects except tactics. Those who pass in that important branch of military education may, however, be identified by distinguishing letters against their names in the Army List.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

China 'contra Mundum.'

TO the reflective mind the war between China and Europe offers much food for reflection. What first strikes an observer, looking at the situation broadly, is the curious analogy between this outbreak and the outbreak of the war in South Africa. In China, as in South Africa, we watched the situation coming to a head without any attempt to make adequate preparation for meeting it. Irresponsibility appears to be a vice of other Governments besides our own. The Boxer movement is not a growth of yesterday. For months past the watchers of events, officials as well as private persons, have given warning that the outlook was grave. Their warnings were disregarded. Europe did nothing. And yet we all knew what must happen if the anti-foreign agitation were not checked. We all knew that the Chinaman was pig-headed as well as pig-tailed, and that his hatred of foreigners would take shape in deeds of blood as soon as he dared to let himself go. Yet no serious steps were taken either to check the agitation or to meet the armed rising to which it was bound, if left alone, to lead. What the consequences are we have seen. At first it was thought a few Naval Brigades and a handful of soldiers would do what was necessary. Now we find out what we ought to have appreciated long ago, if we had heeded our warnings—that Europe has to fight China and not merely some few Chinese. Last year 35,000 troops were sent by the War Office to subdue the Boer Republics. The British Empire has now in South Africa a force of some 200,000 men. Allow the same sort of proportion in China, and you see what a task lies before the Allied Powers. In the Far East, too, there is a shadow which did not darken our South African Campaign. No sensible person doubted, as soon as war broke out, that we should be obliged to annex the territory of the Republics. There has never been any danger of trouble arising over the disposal of the conquered States. But in China the risks which will attend the settlement of the country when Europe has beaten back the Boxers and their friends, the regular troops, are even more to be feared than the risks of the actual war. If 100,000 troops are needed, Russia and Japan may supply the bulk of them readily. But the ambitions of Russia and Japan in China run in directly opposite directions. What will happen when China lies helpless and the Powers range themselves into opposing sides, prepared to support one or other of these ambitions, to the exclusion of all comfortable policies of leaving things as much as possible as they are?

Happen what may, we must be prepared to support our policy by whatever means are necessary. And this leads us from general considerations to the discussion of the Chinese tangle from our own particular point of view. There are two questions which the events of the past few weeks have brought specially into our minds. One is the question of Naval Brigades; the other, the question of an Imperial Army distributed throughout the Empire, and ready to concentrate at need upon any given point. In this year's "Naval Annual" Mr. David Hannay, whose writings are well known to readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, discusses the use of Naval Brigades on shore in a very instructive article. He admits that the needs of a situation must, of course, override all theories as to the duties which the Navy has to perform. But, at the same time, he points out the danger of sending large numbers of men on shore away from their ships, and leaving the ships unfitted to play their proper part on the sea should the necessity arise. As a rule, Naval Brigades do not go far enough inland to be out of touch with their base. But it so happens that both in South Africa last autumn, and now in China, Naval Brigades have been completely cut off from their ships. If the squadron at Durban had had a sudden call made upon it, how could it have made up its numbers? It would have been handicapped seriously by the want of the officers and men shut up in Ladysmith. The fleet on the China station is in the same position now. It is difficult to show how in either instance this depletion of the ships could have been avoided. But, somehow or other, we must manage to avoid such depletion, or else we must alter our Naval arrangements, and act upon the assumption that ships should always be prepared to spare a certain number of their crews for service inland. If we go on heedlessly, trusting to our luck, we shall some day find that an enemy has counted upon our heedlessness and that our luck has left us.

The obvious remedy is to provide ourselves in every part of the Empire with land forces which can be brought into action almost as soon as Naval Brigades. No one can look round the world without realising how badly we need a larger and better-organised Imperial Army than we now have. In South Africa we have 200,000 troops, none of whom can yet be safely spared for service elsewhere. In this country we have a large number of soldiers, but they are mostly new and untrained. The force which we are obliged to concentrate in China must therefore be drawn from India. In all our huge dominions we have no other reserve to draw from. But already before the 10,000 men were put under orders for China we had heard murmurs from India about the danger of decreasing our garrison there. Suppose for a moment that we had to face trouble in India, as well as in South Africa and in the Far East and in Ashanti. It is not a supposition that can be faced without very uncomfortable misgiving. And now suppose, by way of contrast, that we had in Canada and Australia and South Africa bodies of troops well-equipped and well-led, and under contract for service wherever they might be wanted. India would be secure. There would be no need to reduce our army there below the figure of absolute safety. In South Africa, local forces would be doing a large part of the work. In China and in West Africa we could quickly assemble troops from the nearest Imperial military centres. Our difficulties would be simplified greatly. With populations rapidly increasing in all our great colonies, the time has come for calling upon them to take their share in holding what we've got. They will not turn a deaf ear to the call. It wants but a whisper of the Empire's need, and wherever the Flag waves there will spring forward loyal Britons eager to prove their blood and lineage and to carry the symbol of the race in triumph through the world.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 4, 1652.—Admiral Ayscue attacked and captured the French St. Ubes merchant fleet. 1673.—Prince Rupert appointed Lord High Admiral. 1695.—Bombardment of St. Malo by Admiral Lord Berkeley.

July 5, 1742.—James Cook ran away to sea. 1797.—Bombardment of Cadiz by part of Lord St. Vincent's fleet. 1840.—Reduction of Chusan.

July 6, 1782.—Sir E. Hughes's action with M. De Suffren off Negapatam. 1801.—Sir James Saumarez's action with Linois off Algeciras. 1808.—The "Seahorse," 42, captured the Turkish "Badere Zaffer," 52, in the Ægean Sea. 1812.—The "Dictator," 64, and three gun-brigs destroyed a Danish squadron on the coast of Norway.

July 7, 1787.—Launch of the first iron boat ever built. 1800.—Capture of the "Desirée," 40, in Dunkirk Roads by the "Dart," 30. 1809.—British ships' boats took seven Russian gun-boats off Hango Head, Finland.

July 8, 1685.—Existing Charter of Trinity House granted. 1695.—Bombardment of Granville by the "Benbow." 1707.—Queen Anne's Proclamation appointing the Red Ensign as the flag of the mercantile marine. 1810.—Reduction of the Island of Bourbon by Commodore Rowley's squadron.

July 9, 1745.—Action in the Channel between the "Lion," 60, and the French "Elisabeth," 60, escorting the Pretender to Scotland. 1810.—Reduction of Banda Neira by the "Caroline" and "Piedmontane," 36's, and "Barracouta," 18. 1834.—Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour died.

July 10, 1745.—Capture of the French "Prince D'Antin," 24, and "Louis Erasmus," 28, by the "Prince Frederic," 28, and "Duke," 20 (Royal Family privateers). 1866.—The "Amazon" sunk in the Channel in collision.

JULY 4, 1806.—Attack by Tippoo Sahib upon Mangalore repulsed by Colonel Campbell. Battle of Maida. The French, under General Regnier, signally defeated by Sir John Stuart. 1879.—Battle of Ulundi. Lord Chelmsford decisively defeated about 23,000 Zulus under Cetewayo.

July 5, 1420.—Montereau taken by Henry V. and Charles VI. of France from the Dauphin. 1840.—Attack upon Aden by 4,000 Arabs repulsed. 1840.—Reduction of Chusan. A landing was effected after a severe bombardment, and the town was abandoned by the Chinese.

July 6, 1706.—Reduction of Ostend by the allied armies under Marlborough. After a week's investment the counterscarp was carried, and the town capitulated.

July 7, 1704.—Reduction of Aicha. The town was abandoned on the approach of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. 1742.—Action at Georgia. Spanish attack repulsed by General Oglethorpe. 1777.—The Americans defeated near Hubberton by Colonel Francis.

July 8, 1810.—Reduction of the Island of Bourbon. A force under Colonel Keating landed on July 7, and the French, after being driven from their position, surrendered the island next day.

July 9, 1695.—Reduction of Casal. The Marquis de Crenan, after withstanding several vigorous assaults, surrendered to the confederate army under Prince Eugene. 1709.—Sortie from Tournay repulsed by Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

July 10, 1794.—The Rajah Viziaram Kanze defeated by Colonel Prendergast. The Rajah was killed, and the Rachawar district fell into our hands. 1796.—Surrender of Porto Ferrajo (Island of Elba) to Major Duncan.

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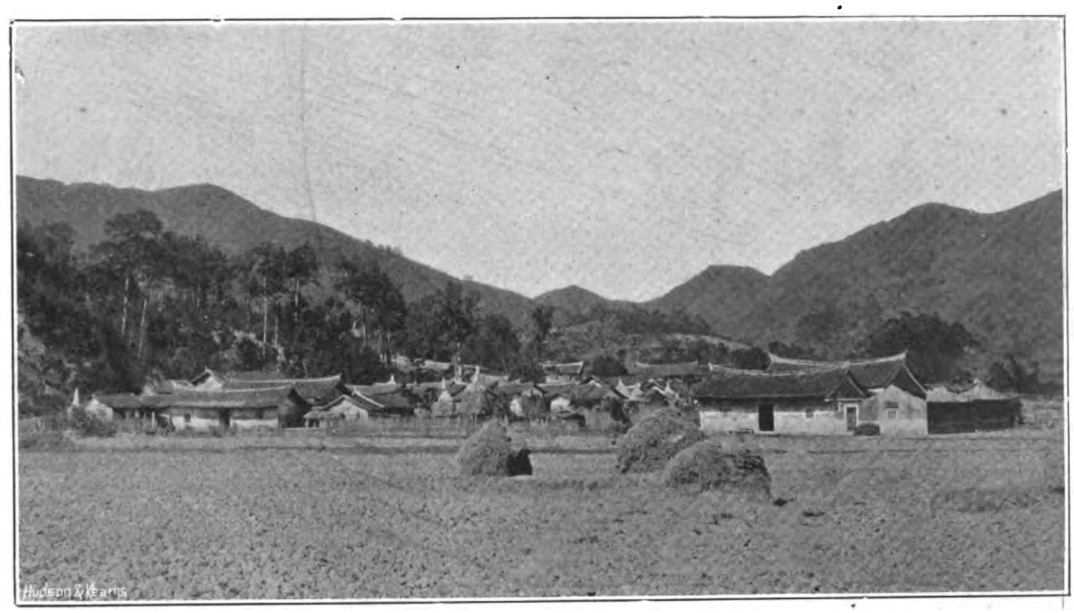
The Fighting at Tientsin.

"POST tenebras lux!" Out of this Chinese darkness we look for light. Tientsin fighting for life, Sir Edward Seymour beset by a Chinese horde, the Ambassadors of all the Powers in unholy Celestial hands—here, remembering what happened to the hostages in 1857, were gloomy materials for dread forebodings. But Tientsin was relieved from imminent peril by the marching in of the allies. Our gallant troops and their comrades broke through the enemy's line after a severe struggle, and the Russians were there in greater force, and thought so much of their achievements that they forgot to mention their allies. They had lost very heavily in their fighting at the railway station in the city before the relief was effected. Between Tientsin and the place where Admiral Seymour was holding his position stubbornly, encumbered with his sick and wounded, was a large body of the Chinese and their Boxer friends. Colonel Dorward, R.E., led out a mixed force of Welsh Fusiliers, Sikhs, Americans, Germans, Japanese, and others, and the gallant Vice-Admiral was extricated. He had been fighting for fifteen days, and his men were in a state of great exhaustion, but holding their own in the position they had entrenched. The loss in the column had been very heavy, as the daily papers have recorded, and the attempt to reach Peking had failed. A truly gallant stand had been made by the forces, and the news of the relief took a great anxiety from the public mind.

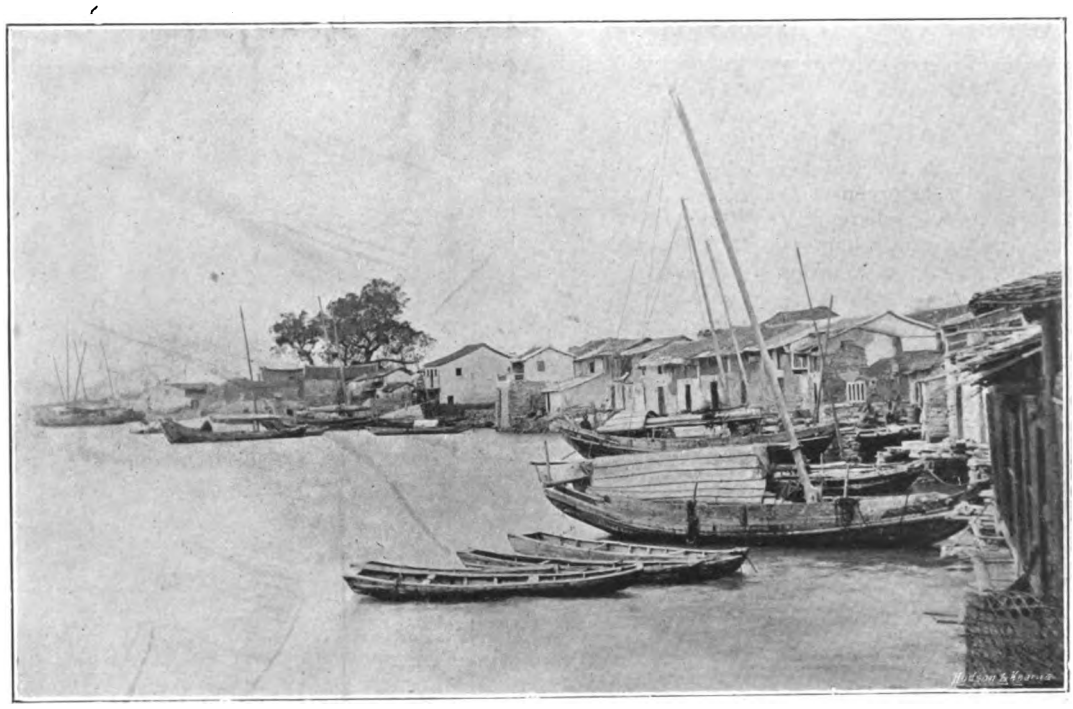
The strength of the Boxer movement and the completeness with which its operations were identified with the purposes of the Chinese Government, appears not to have been suspected by our Foreign Office or the Chancelleries of Europe, though solemn warnings had been given by the *North China Herald* and other organs in the East. It will be curious to learn in what degree our Consuls in China foresaw or were able to anticipate what has happened. So rapid was the development of the hostile movement that the seizure of the Taku Forts was forced upon the allied commanders to forestall a greater evil, and they did not know the serious straits in which the British Commander-in-Chief found himself until Tientsin was isolated and half burned. Prodigious damage has already been done to the interests of foreigners, and trade in the disturbed provinces has been for a time destroyed.

We may shudder to think of the massacre that would have occurred if the brutal Chinese had had their way in the foreign settlements in Tientsin; and severe as have been Admiral Seymour's losses, things would have been far worse if he had been unable to hold his own until help arrived.

There is still a great deal to do, even at Tientsin, for the Chinese are in overpowering force. Our pictures are illustrative of the scenes in which the fighting has been going on.



NEARING THE CHINESE CAPITAL.
The Tung-Chau Hills South of Peking.



A TYPICAL CHINESE FISHING VILLAGE.
Lying on the Peiho below Tientsin.

Photos. Copyright, "Navy & Army."

A LARGE VILLAGE ON THE RAILWAY.
Between the Capital and Tientsin.

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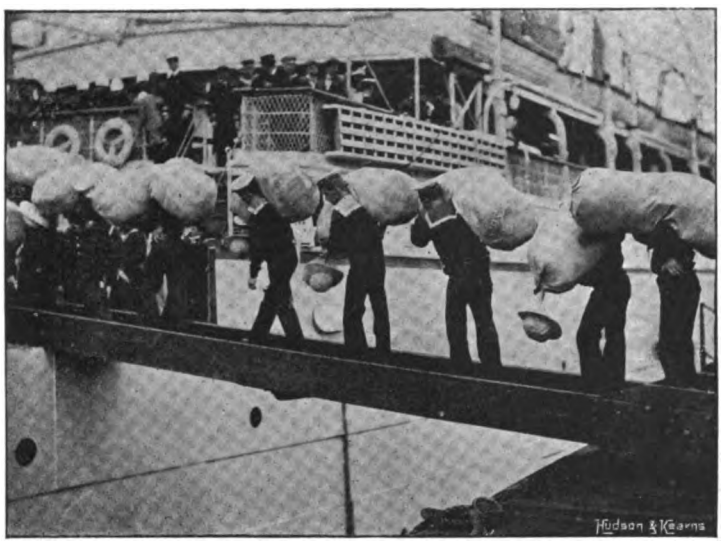
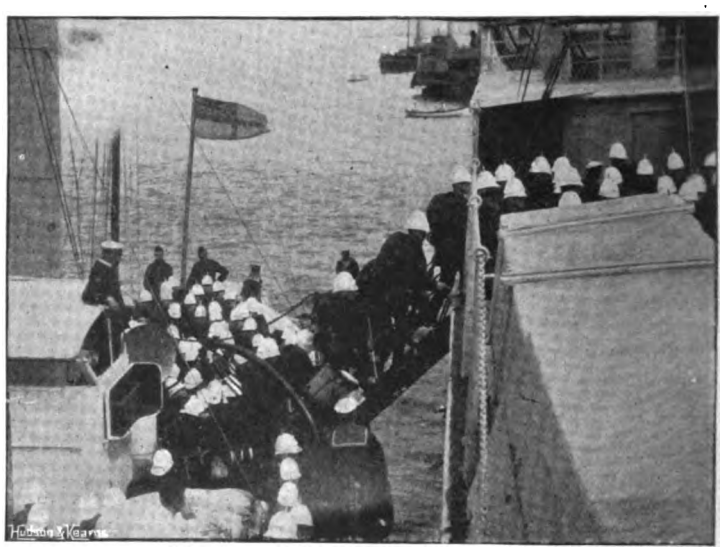
Seamen and Marines for the Far East.

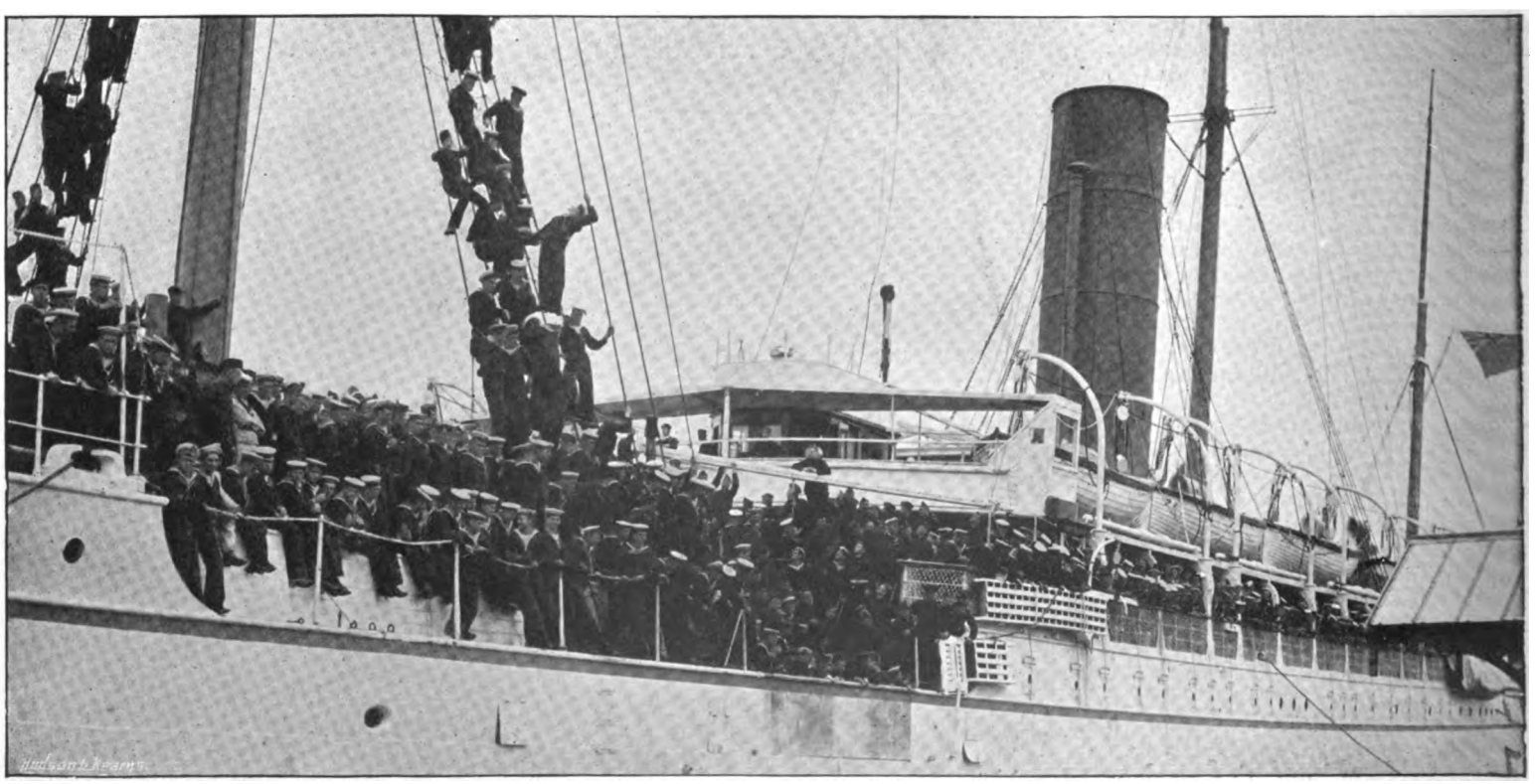
READY TO GO ABOARD THE "JELUNGA."
The Brigade Drawn Up on the Jetty at Portsmouth.



THE SEAMEN EMBARKING.
Up the Gangway with Their Kits.



MARINES FROM FORTON.
Brought in the Gun-boat "Ant."



"LET GO THE ROPES."
The Troop-ship Moves Off Amid Tears and Cheers.
From Photos Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by Stephen Cribb.

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At the Paris Exhibition.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army.

1. *Entrance to Vieux Paris—The Bonne Bourgeoise Asks the Way to the Trottoir Roulant.*
2. *Vieux Paris—"Nom de nom! How this Armour Hurts Me."*
3. *"Camelots" Selling Tickets d'Entree in Front of the Main Entrance.*
4. *The Official Kiosk for the Sale of Tickets.*
5. *A Functionary at the Doorway of the Austrian Pavilion.*
6. *Getting on to the Trottoir Roulant.*
7. *Round and Round the Sights We Go, Sometimes Fast and Sometimes Slow.*

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The Crisis in China.

Photo. Copyright. *Heath.*

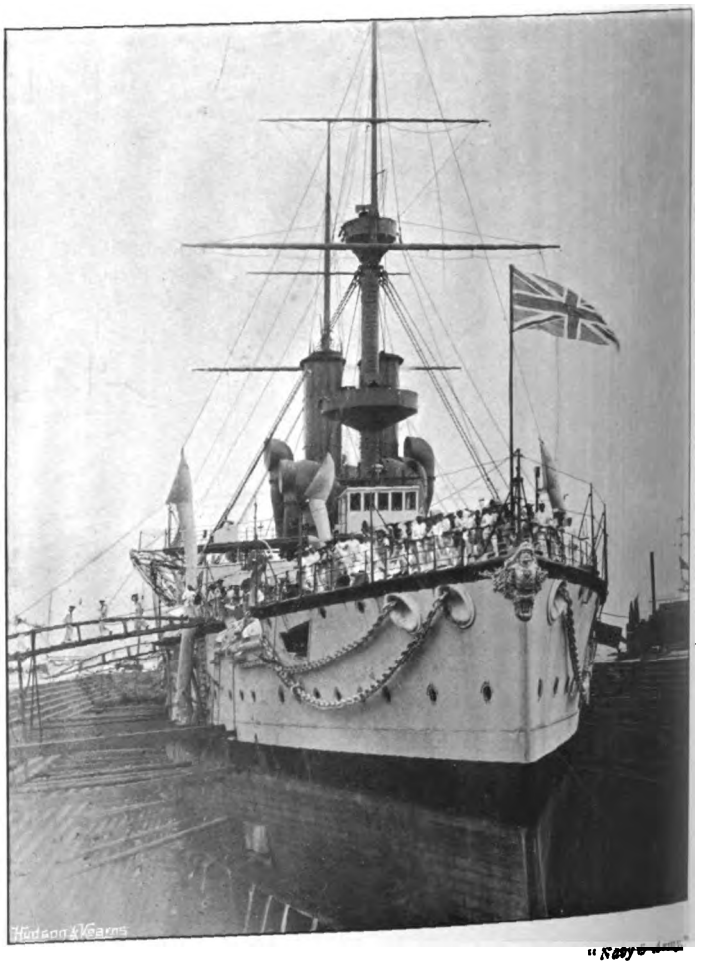
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, K.C.B.
Who Commands the International Force in China.

THE events of the last few weeks have made the name of Sir E. H. Seymour, the admiral who for more than three years has commanded on the China station, a very familiar one to the British public, to the great bulk of whom he was prior to the troubles in China unknown. The "Boxer" outbreak certainly found the right man in the right place, for Sir Edward has long had the reputation of being one of the ablest of British admirals. Like many another great man, he is of Irish descent, for the founder of the family to which he belongs was an Alderman of Limerick and Mayor of that town exactly 180 years ago. His grandfather, Sir Michael Seymour, K.C.B., was the first Baronet, so created for many gallant actions during the Great War, notably in the capture of the French frigate "Thetis," which, though of about the same gun-power as his own frigate, the "Amethyst," carried a superior crew and had, moreover, a body of 100 soldiers on board. He is also, curiously enough, the nephew of that Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., who commanded the fleet in Chinese waters at the outbreak of the second China War in 1856, and by whom the Taku Forts were for the first time captured in 1858. He is also first cousin to Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the present Baronet, now Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. Sir Edward, who is just sixty, has had a long and distinguished career in his profession, which he entered at the age of twelve. As a midshipman in the "Terrible" he served throughout the Russian War, and was with his uncle in China, taking part in the action in Fatshan Creek, the capture of Canton in 1857, and the first seizure of the Taku Forts.

As a commander he was severely wounded when engaged in rescuing an English vessel from pirates in the Congo River in 1870. He also took part in the Egyptian War of 1882. He has been second in command of the Channel Squadron, Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves, and commanded fleets at the Naval Manœuvres in the years 1893-94-95-96. It was whilst in China in 1860, as a mate, that he earned the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for a gallant effort to save the life of a marine who had fallen overboard in the Rhio Straits. He was appointed to his command on December 12, 1897, and hoisted his flag on board the "Centurion," and she and her sister the "Barfleur" are the two battle-ships on the station, though they are on the point of being joined by a third and more powerful battle-ship, the "Goliath," which has gone out to take the place of the "Victorious," the latter having recently returned to the Mediterranean station. Of late years the China squadron has been considerably increased, and two flag officers are now allotted to it, the second being Rear-Admiral J. A. T. Bruce, who flies his flag in the "Barfleur," and took charge of the fleet at Taku whilst Sir Edward Seymour was on shore.

Our second portrait is that of Vice-Admiral Eugene Ivanovitch Alexieff, who is in command of the Russian squadron in Far Eastern waters. Not only is this officer the Naval Commander-in-Chief, but he is also Military Governor of the Kwangtung Peninsula, at the end of the wedge which Manchuria pushes into the sea between the Gulf of Liao-tong and the Bay of Korea. This promontory forms the north side of the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, the sea approach to Pekin, and on it are the Russian stations of Port Arthur and Talienwan. Russia has a very powerful squadron in the Pacific, and the flag-ship is one of the most recent of her battle-ships, the "Petropavlovsk," which has not long been on the station. As the great Powers in the world have not only subjects to defend, but important interests at stake, in China, the fleets of all are represented at the mouth of the Peiho River. Two of the foreign flag-ships are shown in our illustrations, viz., the "D'Entrecasteaux," a fine first-class cruiser, which carries the flag of the French Admiral Courrejolles, and the "Newark," a United States cruiser, in which Rear-Admiral Kempff flies his flag. Among other British ships are the great cruiser "Terrible," and the two destroyers "Fame" and "Whiting." These latter little craft—in our picture the "Whiting" is seen in the mud dock at Taku, with the forts in the background—are the vessels which played such a prominent part in the attack on the Taku Forts. The "Terrible" has also been of great assistance, as the big vessel was able to bring up a strong reinforcement of troops from Hong Kong. Our readers will not have forgotten that she is commanded by Captain Scott, the inventor of the gun-carriage which is now doing such useful work in South Africa.

VICE-ADMIRAL EUGENE IVANOVITCH ALEXIEFF.
Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Pacific Squadron.



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THE "CENTURION."
The Flag-ship on the China Station.

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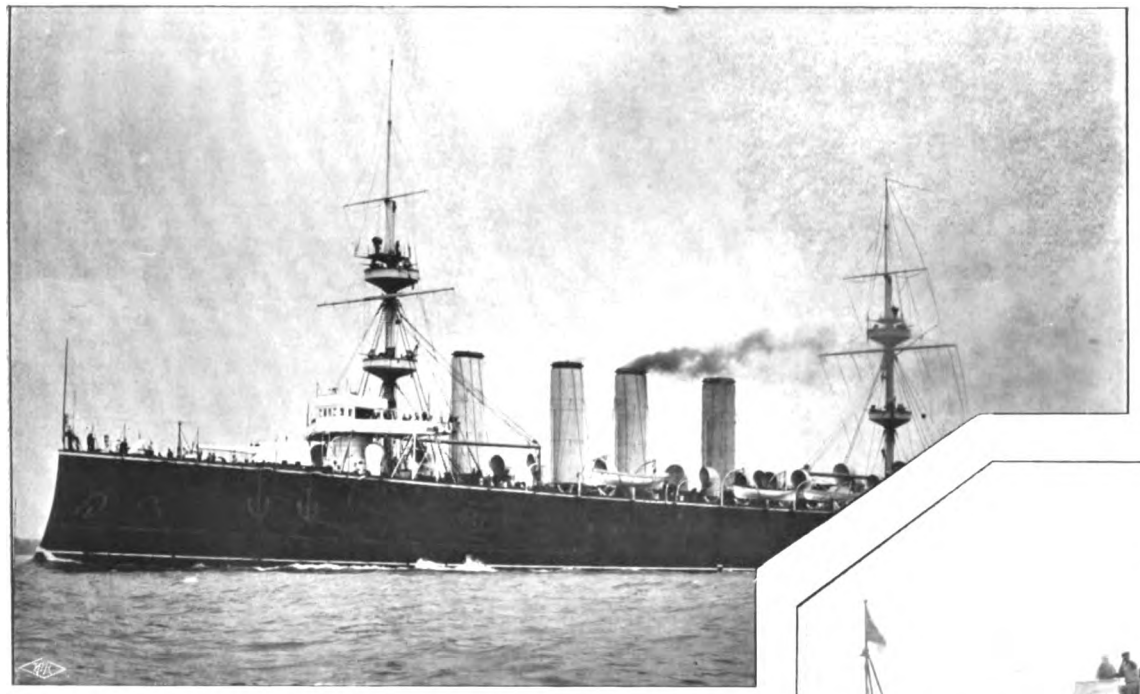

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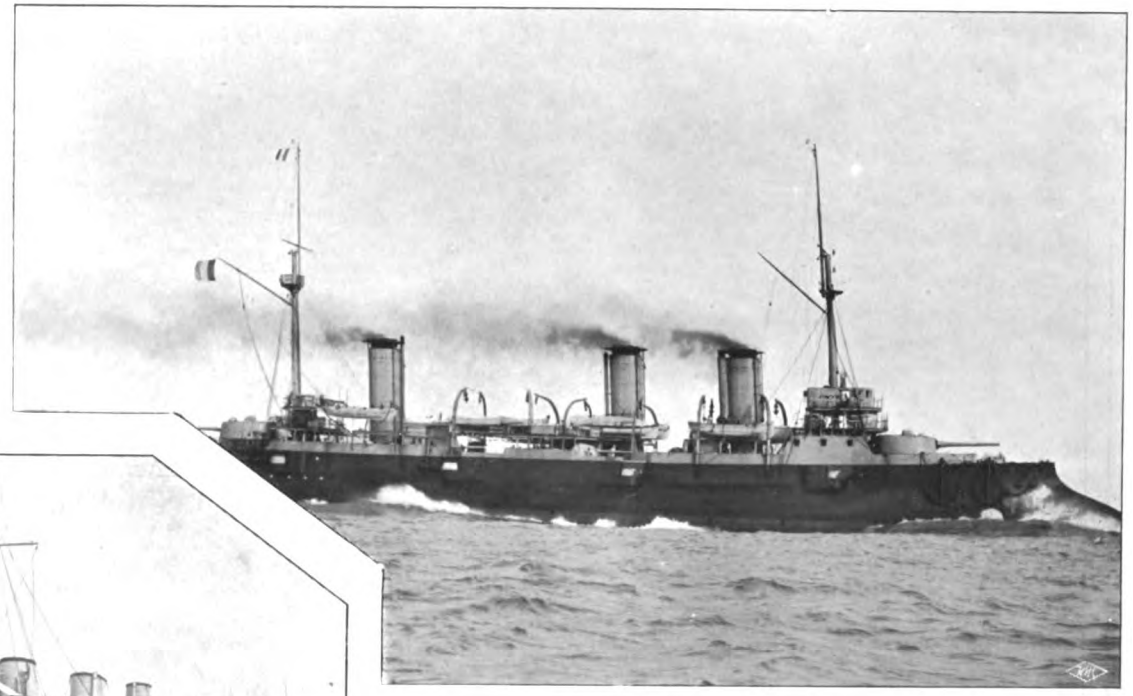
THE "TERRIBLE."

The Cruiser which Brought Up Troops from Hong Kong.



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THE "D'ENTRECASTEAUX."

The Flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Courrejolles.

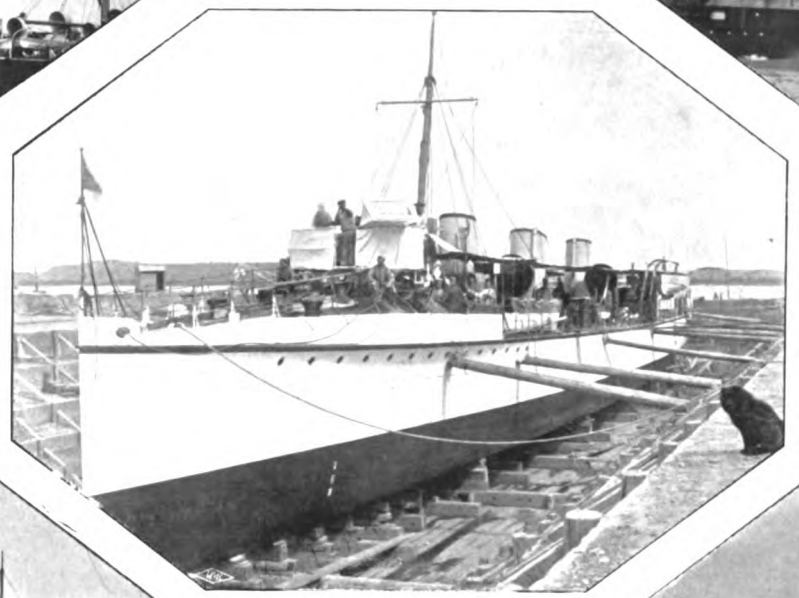
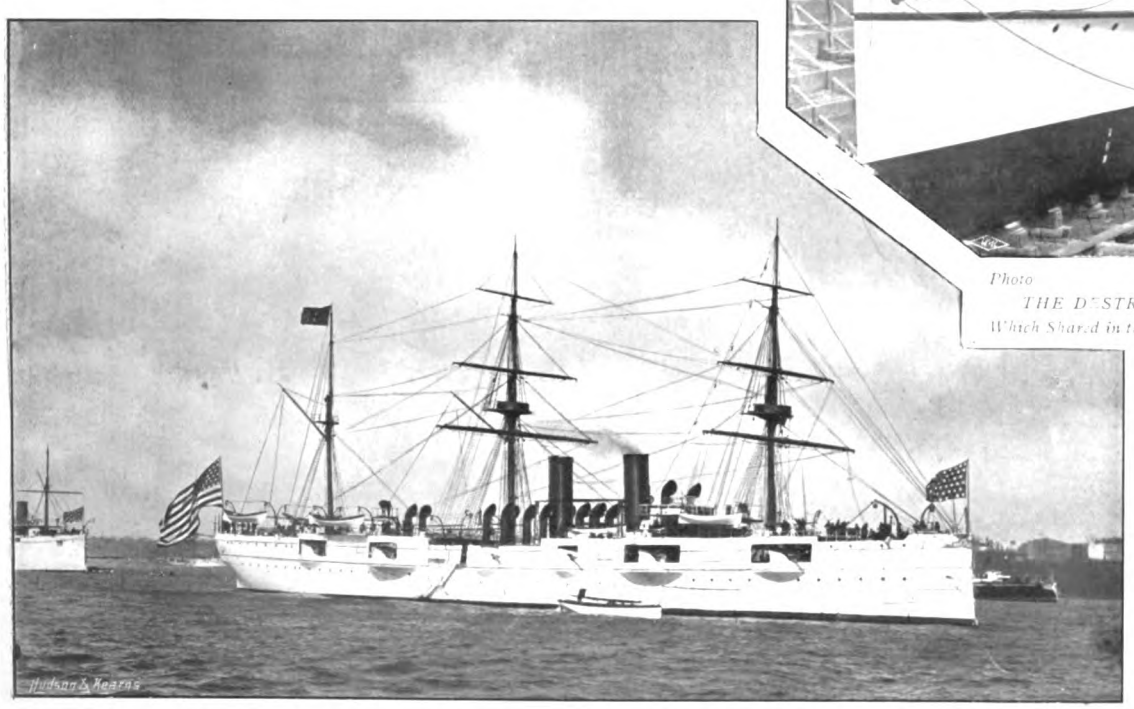


Photo "Navy & Army."

THE DESTROYER "WHITING"

Which Shared in the Attack on the Taku Forts.



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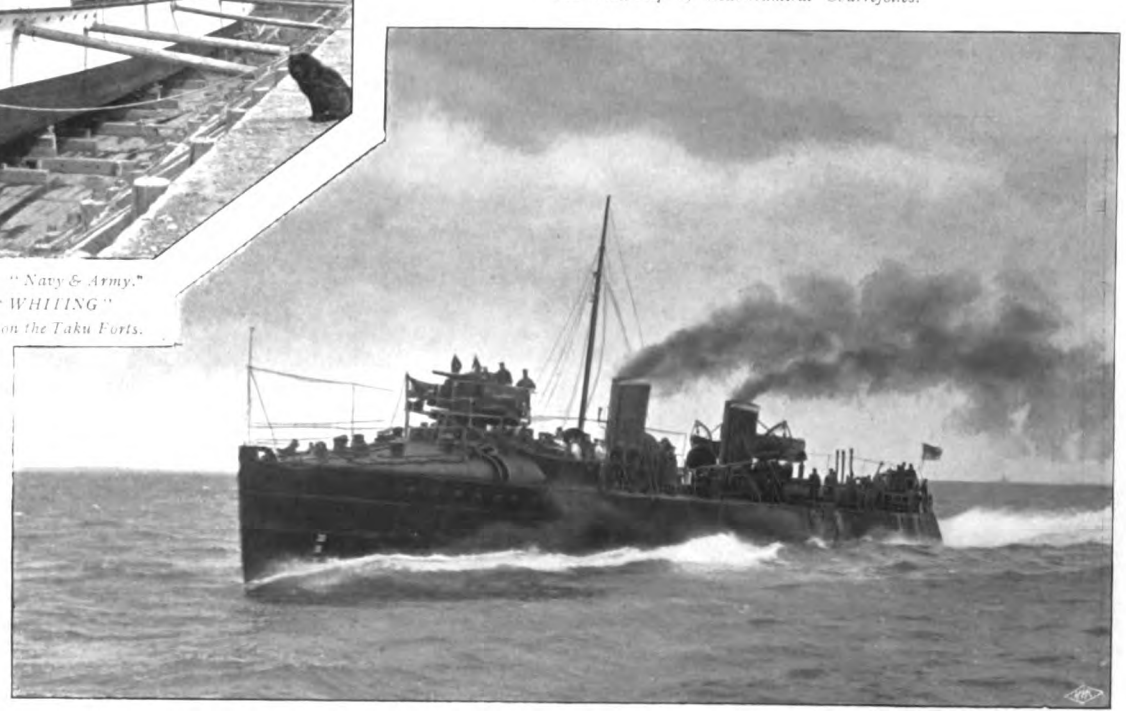
THE "NEWARK."

The Flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Kempff.



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THE DESTROYER "FAME."

One of the Boats which Attacked the Forts at Taku.

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The Way Our Boys Do Their Soldiering.

THE HARROW MEN HOLDING A ROAD.
They will Soon Learn to Take Cover.

GROUPED ON THE LAWN AT CLAYDON PARK.
Sir William Gatacre and Sir Edmund Verney have a Chat.

RUGBY IN A HOLLOW AT CATHERINE BARN.
Snatching Time for a Hasty Sandwich.

THE CLOSE OF A HARD DAY'S WORK.
Highgate Boys Waiting for the Train.

A Cadets' Field Day at Claydon Park.

From Photos. by Newman, Berkhamstead.

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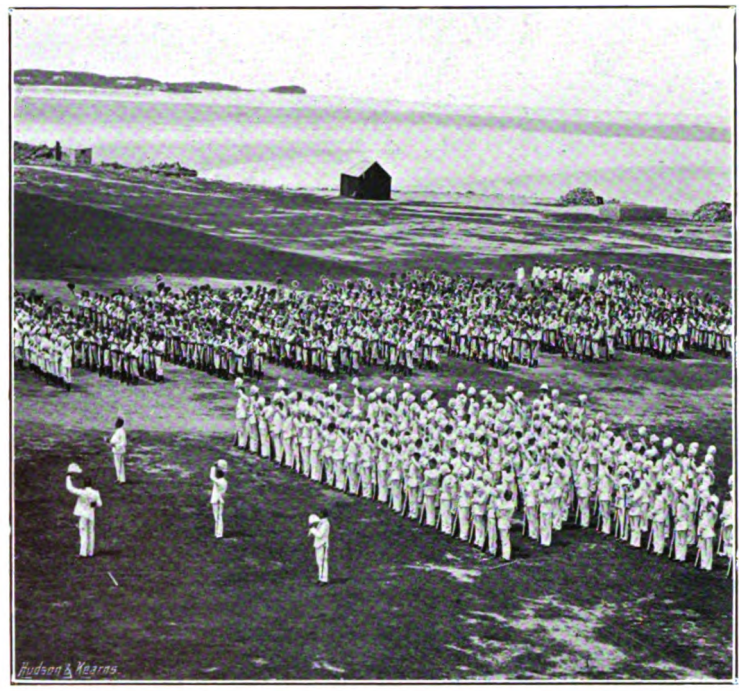
The Queen's Birthday in Northern America.

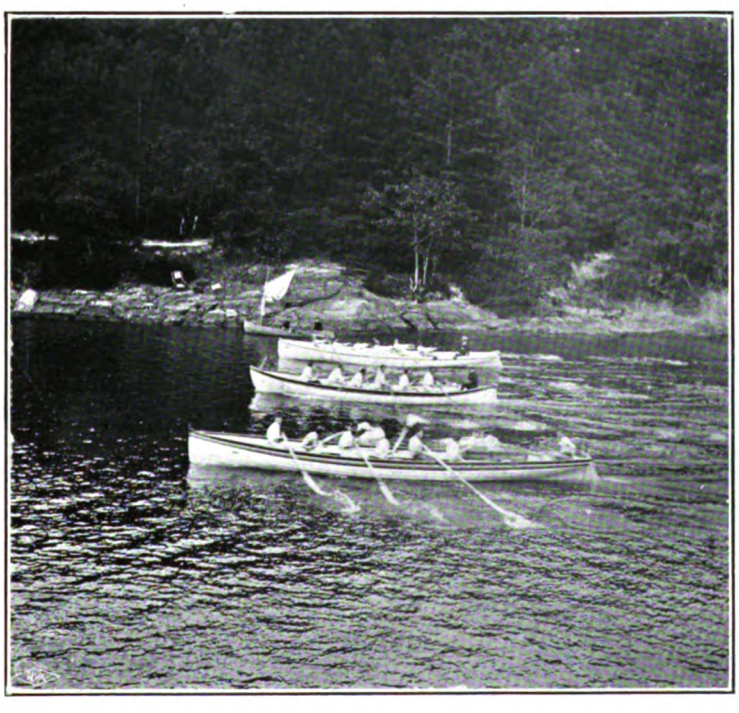
AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF OUR NORTH AMERICAN SQUADRON.
The Seamen Marching Past at Bermuda.



SCENE AT THE CLOSE OF THE PARADE AT BERMUDA.
"Three Cheers for the Queen" at Hamilton.

THE REJOICINGS IN DISTANT VANCOUVER ISLAND.
The Royal Marines and Canadian Artillery at Victoria.

CELEBRATING THE EVENT WITH A REGATTA.
The Indian Canoe Race, a Well-fought Contest.



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A POPULAR EVENT AT VICTORIA.
The Officers Make a Level Start in the Galley Race.

"Navy & Army.
CANOES DRAWING INTO LINE FOR THE START.
"Ready, aye, Ready," but Who Wins?

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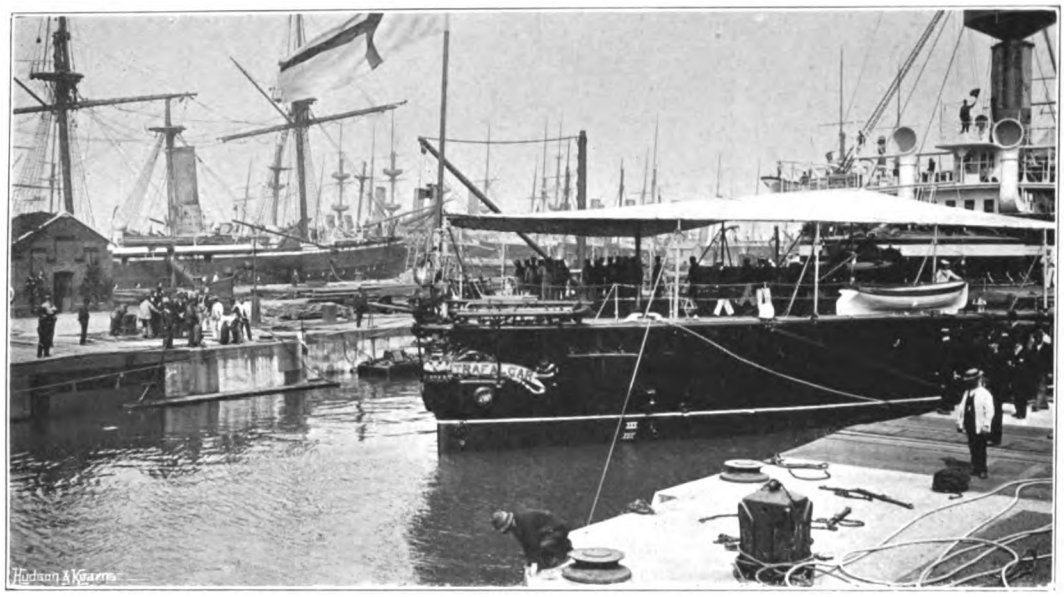
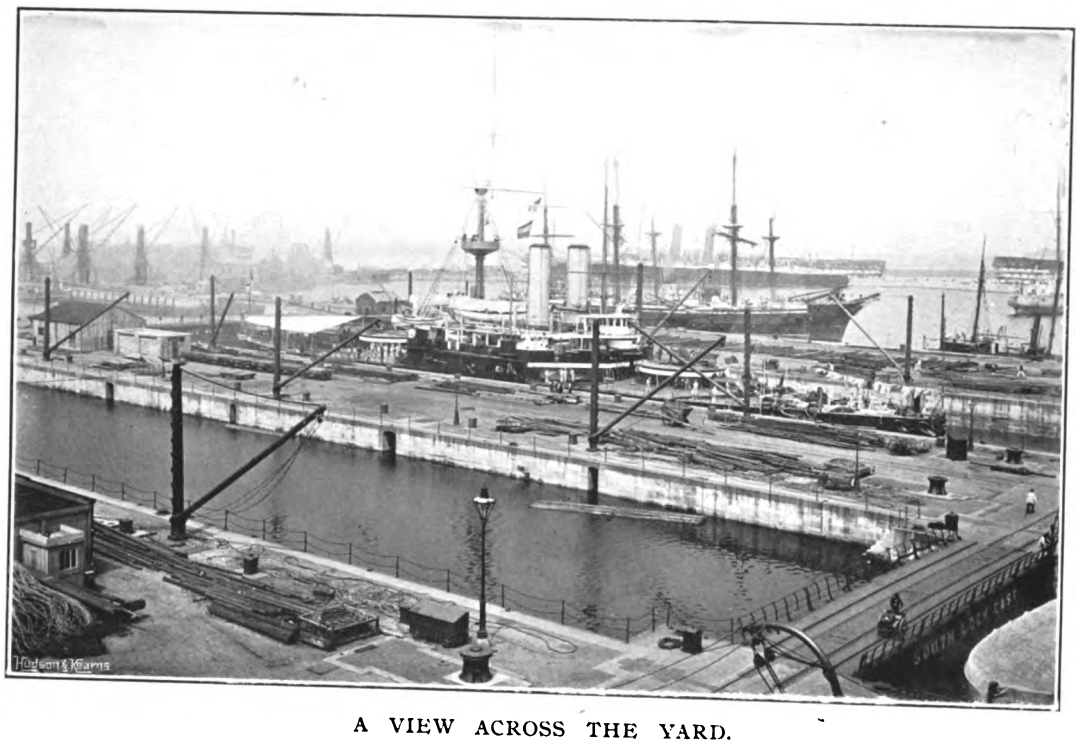
Preparing for the Manœuvres.



IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.
Hauling a Battleship Out of the Basin.



A VIEW ACROSS THE YARD.
Ships Refitting at Portsmouth.

SHIPS IN THE HAMOAZE.
The "Magnificent" at Devonport.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

WHEN the war tocsin sounds and the wire carries the word "mobilise," not only to the great Naval stations of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth, but all around the coasts, the work well known at each annual mobilisation of the fleet for manœuvres begins with its usual smartness. As yet, the new Navy has not had the serious call made upon it; but when the day does come, the man in the street may rest quite assured that the Navy will be ready for it. The gentleman in London has but to press the button and the Navy will do the rest. The annual manœuvres now about to commence are the test by which the mechanism is periodically tried, to ensure that when the necessity for using it occurs the working parts will all be found in thorough order. The nucleus of the two squadrons that are engaged in the mimic war is always ready, for they comprise the Channel and Reserve Squadrons; the Channel Squadron always in full commission, the Reserve, comprising the coastguard and port-guard ships, with the bulk of its complements on board, but requiring to complete its full strength from the coastguard of the district to which each ship belongs. This latter operation, however, is a matter of but little time, and throws no strain on the depôts to supply the personnel to the ships. But each of these squadrons has to be largely supplemented, and a considerable number of cruisers and auxiliary craft, in the shape of destroyers and torpedo-boats, have to be at once brought into play. Probably also the fleets already existent will be strengthened by one or more battle-ships ready for commissioning. The opportunity will be taken to test new types, and the large cruisers swallow up quite as much in personnel and material as do the battle-ships. Thus on the depôts will fall the task of supplying men and material for all the craft that are to be commissioned, and the filling up and completing with coal and stores of those already in commission.

And the task is one that requires for its successful completion a most carefully-thought-out and rigorously-tested organisation. To man each ship numberless ratings have to be chosen, and she must have her proper quota of gunnery, torpedo, navigating, and signalling experts, to say nothing of the engine-room complements, perhaps the most important of all. These being told off and allotted from the depôt, all officers and men new to the ship must at once shake down and proceed to make themselves acquainted with their new habitation. The work of arranging all this devolves mainly on the commander and first lieutenant; but the Admiralty regulations and the customs of the Service cover most eventualities, though the commissioning of every ship requires certain special arrangements. On the day the ship commissions, the ratings told off to her go on board from the depôt, and as each man is told off he receives a card which tells him his exact place

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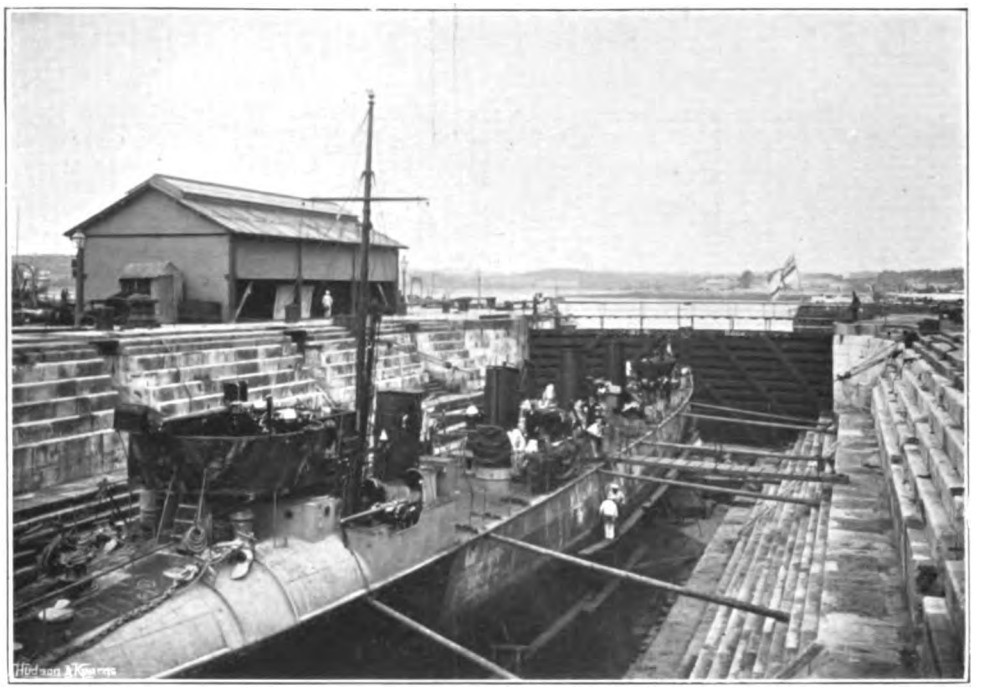
in his new domicile. From it he learns the watch and mess he belongs to, his place at fire stations and in the boats, and his location for duty when the ship goes to quarters, whether he be Bluejacket or stoker. Settled down in his new domicile, Jack has a busy time, for the ship is by no means completed by the crew passing on board. Stores, provisions, ammunition, all in fact that is necessary to make her an efficient fighting machine, have to be got on board and stowed, and finally she has to be coaled. All ready, she puts to sea to proceed to the port where the fleet to which she is attached is to concentrate. The engine-room complements now have much work on their hands, for as she proceeds to her destination steam trials will be made, and the hands will have to learn all the little idiosyncrasies of the particular engines and boilers they have to care for, and coax the utmost out of, during the ship's commission. The Bluejackets also are not idle. The gunnery and torpedo officers will be busy seeing to it that the weapons they respectively control are in thorough condition to play their part, and that the men who are to work them know their place and part

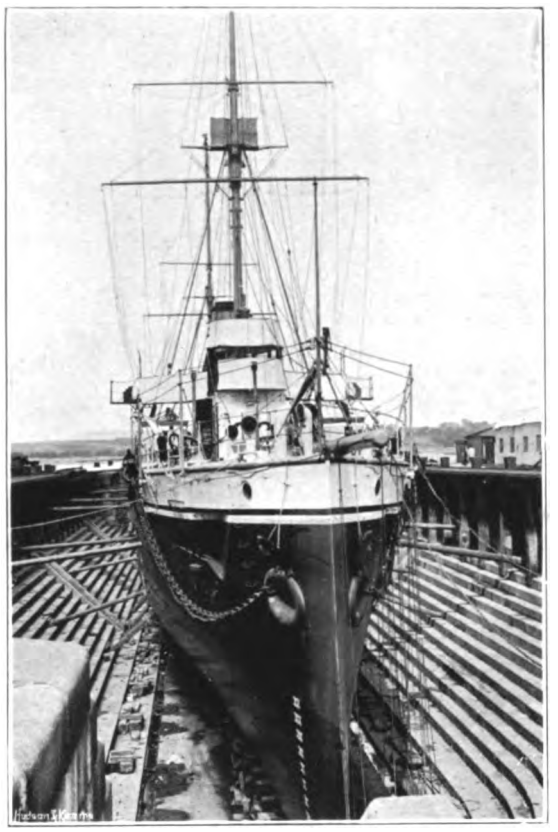


A CONDITION ESSENTIAL TO SPEED.

The Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Panther," in Dry Dock at Devonport, being Scraped.

individual responsibility resting upon him, however small his jobs may be. For he knows that in other ships men are doing exactly the same work as he is; and it has been impressed upon him since he joined the Royal Navy that his ambition must be to do that work as quickly and as well as any man in any other ship, and, if it be possible, quicker and better. And it is this training that makes our Navy the smartest at mobilisation in the world. The work must be done quickly, but it must not be hurried or scamped. It must be perfect when completed. That is the training man or officer gets from the day he joins the Navy till the day he leaves it. And then behind it is the *esprit de corps*. The seaman, whatever his rating, knows he belongs to the finest Service in the world. He knows that no foreign Navy can teach him anything as far as seamanship—in the fullest sense of the word—is concerned. But he knows also that his comrades in the other ships of the squadron are watching him, and he feels that it behoves him that his ship, as far as his own particular little job of work is concerned, shall not only be better than any foreign ship could possibly be, but that she shall also be *primus inter pares* and the envy of the fleet. Apart from the instruction which the annual manœuvres give to all ranks in the fleet, their worth in testing the organisation for rapid mobilisation considerably outweighs their cost, and when the day comes it will be found that not the least factor in the efficiency of the fleet will be the rapidity with which it can be mobilised.

To the man in the street the work seems easy, because all moves smoothly and well, but the fact of this smoothness and perfection implies that a vast amount of forethought and care has been exercised in advance, and above all that the personnel in every rank and grade has by its training been fitted to allow of the very utmost being extracted from it when the strain is put on. The strength of a chain is that of the weakest link, and similarly the strength of an organism is dependent on that of each working part. Luckily for us, in all the links in the Naval chain there is not a weak one.



GETTING HER FINAL POLISH.

A Third class Cruiser just Delivered from the Contractor in Dry Dock at Chatham.

when the curtain is rung up for the performance to commence. Behind them the commander, or first lieutenant in the case of a small cruiser, allots to each officer in charge of a department the quota of "hands" necessary for the efficient carrying out of the duties that go to make the whole organism efficient. Above all is the captain, not troubled so much with detail, but on whose shoulders rests the responsibility for the perfect working of the marvellous mechanism that comes into being when one of Her Majesty's ships hoists the pennant. By the preliminary training each and all of the units that compose the personnel of the ship have received, they have been fitted each to drop into his own work, and do it to the best of his ability. There are no square pegs in round holes. From lower deck to bridge every man knows his place and what he has to do when he gets there. To the landsman, a ship going to quarters looks—especially if it be at night—a scene of aimless confusion, but it is in reality the quintessence of perfect organisation. Every man pushing and scurrying through the crowd knows exactly where he has to go to, and what to do when he gets there. And in every case he has a sense of

FROM LABOUR TO REFRESHMENT.

Dockyard "Mateys" Leaving a Battle-ship.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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Died for the Flag.

"Men are they, noblemen, loyal and dutiful;
'This is our pride!' they exclaim as they die.
Noblesse oblige—O the sacrifice beautiful!
Dash down the tear, brother!—Stifle the cry!
Stood they in front, as their forefathers stood,
They of the Blood!"—*Robert Dennis.*

MAJOR C. C. MILLER-WALLNUTT, D.S.O.
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

CAPTAIN W. E. D. GOFF.
3rd Dragoon Guards.

CAPTAIN P. R. DENNY.
1st King's Dragoon Guards.

MAJOR S. L. ROBINSON.
1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

WHEN the story of the war comes to be written, the doings of our Highland soldiers will loom large in every phase of the campaign. Major Miller-Wallnutt, who had earned his D.S.O. for gallantry in the Tirah Campaign, perished at Ladysmith when the Gordons played such a large part in the repulse of the Boer attack on January 6. Major Robinson, of the Argyll and Sutherland, died of wounds received at the Modder River. Lord Airlie, who was killed in the attack on Botha's position outside Pretoria, was one of the smartest cavalry leaders in the British Army, loved by his officers, and idolised by his men. He only recovered from a wound previously received to hurry back to again lead his regiment and meet his death. Captain Goff, who belonged to the 3rd Dragoon Guards, perished in an ambush near Vryheid on May 20. Captain Denny was attached to the 13th Hussars, and met his death in the operations near Dewetsdorp. Lord Chesham, the organiser of the Imperial Yeomanry, has in this sad campaign lost his son and heir, the Hon. C. W. H. Cavendish, a lad barely of age, and who joined the 17th Lancers less than two years ago. He was killed in the fighting near Pretoria on June 11. Majors Dalbiac and Orr-Ewing belonged to the Imperial Yeomanry. The former was an excellent Gunner, and renowned as one of the best steeplechase riders in the Army. He had seen service in Egypt, where he was severely wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, and is credited with being the hero of Kipling's ballad, "The Jacket." He went out to South Africa in command of a company of Middlesex Yeomanry, whilst his comrade, Orr-Ewing, another noted steeplechase rider and sportsman, and formerly of the 16th Lancers, commanded the Warwickshire Company. Trooper Porter, of the 13th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, died of wounds received at Lindley on May 31. He was a son of the Right Hon. A. M. Porter, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. Major Guille, the Artillery officer whose portrait is here, died at Bloemfontein of wounds received at Kimberley. Major Marsh, of the R.A.M.C., died at Dulfontein on May 22 from enteric, contracted when carrying out his duty in the hospital there. Assistant-Surgeon Jackson belonged to the Indian Subordinate Medical Department. He was taken prisoner at Lombard's Kop, and was sent to Pretoria, where he died on March 9 of enteric. Lieut. W. L. B. Alt, the first C.I.V. officer killed in the war, was only twenty-two years of age, and belonged to a family of whom three generations have worthily served their Queen and country. He fell during the fighting before Pretoria on June 11 and 12.

TROOPER A. M. PORTER.
Imperial Yeomanry.

LIEUTENANT W. L. B. ALT.
City Imperial Volunteers.

LIEUT.-COL. THE EARL OF AIRLIE.
12th Lancers.

LIEUT. The Hon. C. W. H. CAVENDISH.
17th Lancers

A.-SURGEON L. E. JACKSON.
Indian Medical Department.

MAJOR T. A. P. MARSH.
Royal Army Medical Corps.

MAJOR H. S. DALBIAC.
Imperial Yeomanry.

MAJOR H. S. Le M. GUILLE.
Royal Artillery.

MAJOR J. A. ORR-EWING.
Imperial Yeomanry.

From Photos. by A. Debenham, Ryde, Chancellor, Crooke, Russell & Sons, Bassano, Heath, and Higgins

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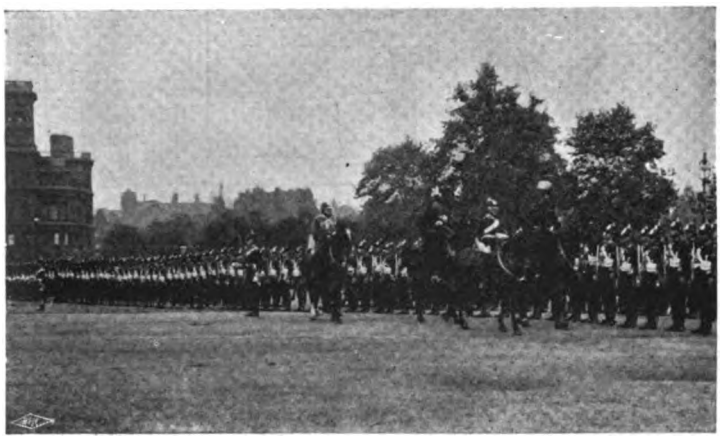
Inspecting the Volunteers.

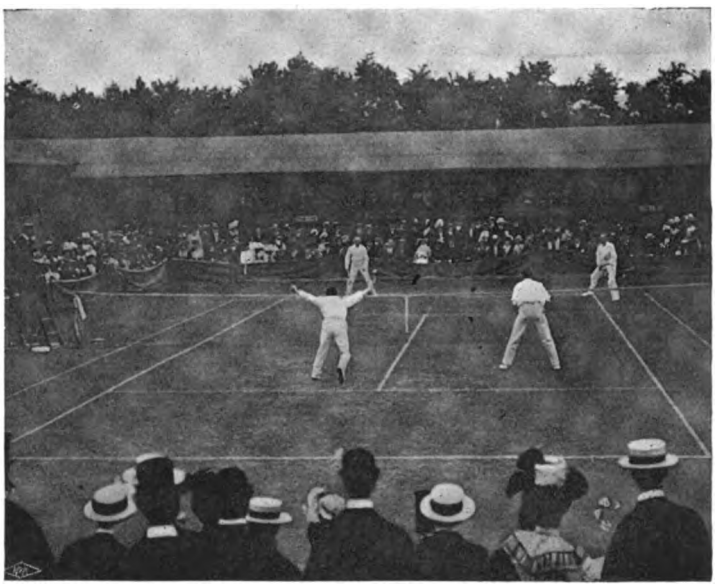


THE 3rd LONDON RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.
Colonel H. Ricardo Inspecting the Lines.

THE 4th V.B. EAST SURREY REGIMENT.
The Cyclists Ready for Inspection.

The Tennis Championships.

THE LADIES' DOUBLES.
An Exciting Moment.



THE MEN'S DOUBLES.
In Full Play.

The Coaching Club Meet.

THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE MALL.
A Ship-shape Turn-out.

THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY COACH
Leaves the Horse Guards' Parade.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

"THE KISSING OF JACINTHA."

"HUM!" said Captain Daly, "ye'd have me ride fourteen mile, find a woman I don't know, drink three bottles of her father's port, and kiss her pretty cheeks. All that for twenty guineas! 'Sruth, Captain Masham, it isn't good enough!"

"I thought he wouldn't take it," declared Major Appleby, shaking his head. "The danger is out of all proportion to the stake. They say the French have a cavalry picket in the village."

Daly turned round and stared at him.

"Maybe ye can inform me, Major Appleby, whether 'tis a handsome wench?"

"How should I know?" protested Appleby.

"Then," declared Captain Daly, "I'm not going till I find out."

"Come, come," said Masham, testily; "what does it matter to you what she's like?"

"Thank ye, Captain Masham," returned Daly, "when ye ask me to risk my immortal soul for your twenty guineas you might at least consider my temporal happiness."

Cornet Chevening chirped in:

"That captain of Chasseurs we found down there beyond by the brook, the chap that had lost his leg, told me just before he died that the French Army counted Jacintha as the prettiest girl in the Peninsula."

"They seem to have studied that sort of notation," said Captain Daly. "But d'ye suppose this Jacintha is the one he meant?"

"There can be no mistake about that," declared Chevening. "Müller, of the Legion, knows all about her. She is the innkeeper's daughter at St. Iago da Cadenza di Montijos."

"And Jacintha's father's port, is that sound?" Captain Daly enquired.

"The bottles with the yellow seals are all right, Müller says."

Captain Daly sprang to his feet.

"Make it twenty-five guineas to twenty, Captain Masham, and I'll engage to kiss the girl's lips and bring you the bottles."

"Taken," said Masham.

Daly called his servant.

"Tomkins, ye son of Satan, saddle Pious William, lay out my parade kit, all but the boots, borrow me a loaded pistol, shave me, and bring me a brandy and water quick as lightning, for I've got to ride ten Irish miles this very minute, and my will not made."

"Why do you want to shave?" asked Morgate, the Adjutant.

"Faith, I'm going to call on a lady, that's why," answered the Captain. "By the same token, Adjutant, will ye draw up me will for me? 'Twill save time, and if the worst comes to the worst I can sign it when I get back."

Ten minutes later, shaven, spruce, and debonair, Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers was cantering out of Aquinqua village, where the foremost post of the British Army found itself in Spain on a certain day in a certain year in the second decade of the present century.

Captain Daly's heart was light, for the day was yet young, and Pious William going strong, so he counted on being back by bedtime, if he came back at all; if he did not come back, so much the worse for the Horse Grenadiers, who would certainly miss him.

Road to St. Iago da Cadenza di Montijos there was none, but the path was easily traceable by the ruts of the artillery and waggon wheels which the opposing armies each had alternately drawn backwards and forwards from one position to the other. Seven quarters of an hour's trot brought him within sight of the hamlet, which nestled to the hillside forming the further boundary of a valley once closely wooded, but now despoiled of its timber, partly to clear ranges and partly for fuel. Here and there clumps of cork trees still rallied together, and of their cover the Horse Grenadier availed himself as he advanced.

At first he thought the place deserted, but presently he observed that a slender column of smoke curled in the placid air from a house in the middle of the only street.

"That'll be me lady love's," said Captain Daly to Pious William, and Pious William whisked the stump of his tail in silent affirmation, wondering whether there was any fresh hay to be had this journey. His master also thought of provender. "Will ye come to luncheon?" he asked a fat chicken which fluttered past Pious William's forelegs; but the bird tarried not to reply, and her clucking nearly made an end of Captain Daly: a carbine bullet whizzed by his nose as the capote of a dismounted Hussar popped up from behind a hedge.

"Bad luck to your unsportsmanlike conduct," ejaculated Captain Daly. "Who in the name of the Goddess of Reason are ye, Friend—Freund, Amico, or Ami?"

"Ami!" retorted the Frenchman suspiciously. "Qu'est-ce que c'est pour un ami?" He reloaded his carbine while awaiting the reply, but Daly's spurs closed in Pious William's flanks, and in two bounds he was at the soldier's side, holding the borrowed pistol to his temple.

"Rendez-vous, ye inhospitable blackguard," said he. The man pluckily opened his mouth to call, but Daly promptly slipped the pistol barrel in it and frustrated the attempt.

When the Frenchman had grated his teeth on the iron in a vain effort to articulate, he felt that he had done enough for honour and grew more tractable.

After the minutes had elapsed which Daly allowed for the defiant spirit to ooze out of his prisoner, he withdrew the pistol till it was just clear of the Frenchman's lips and proceeded to interrogate him.

"Do ye know any English at all?"

"I can a ver' little."

"What regiment are ye?"

"Le cinquième Chasseurs à Cheval."

"Were ye at Talavera?"

"Si, Monsieur. Yes."

"D'ye know a man called Durand?"

"Pierre Durand, Antoine Durand, Paul Durand?"

"Paul Durand—that's he."

"He is caporal now."

"Have you ever heard him speak of a Captain Daly?"

"Si, si, Capitaine Anglais, who has him given the liberty to see his wife, n'est-ce pas?"

"I am Captain Daly."

The man lifted his right hand to his capote. "Quel bonheur de vous rencontrer, Monsieur."

This politeness constrained the Irishman to drop the pistol from its unfriendly attitude and return it to its holster. The man bowed.

"And what may be your pretty name?" asked Daly.

"Garnier, mon officer, from the town of Troyes."

"Ah! Monsieur Garnier," declared Daly, "you're the gentleman I want."

"A votre service," responded the soldier.

"Tell me, Monsieur Garnier, what have they to drink there beyond?"

"Port, mon officer, chez Alvarez, ze vazer of Jacinthe la bien-amiée."

"And you recommend his wine?"

"Parfaitement, Monsieur."

"Your word is sufficient, Monsieur Garnier," said the Captain gravely; "I will try the wine."

"Monsieur will not regret it," the Frenchman assured him.

"And now," resumed Daly boldly, "pardon the question, but will I find any of your fellows in the village?"

"Un sergent et quatre at ze inn," answered the soldier, and "Devil take it," thought Daly, "I can't kill the lot of them for a handful of guineas."

He was reassured. "Zey are all ver' likely drunk," said the soldier.

Daly explained to the man as shortly as he could the nature of his bet. The soldier was interested, and on the Irishman's promise to take no military advantage of the situation, covenanted not to give the alarm should a patrol

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unexpectedly appear. As a token of good faith Daly left his sword and pistol with him and rode unarmed to finish his quest.

When he entered the village street a storm of noisy voices rolled down between the houses. Thinking that a quarrel was taking place he pulled up his mount and listened. Then he grinned as the riot resolved itself into a quintet in unison bellowing out the line,

"Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

The Sergeant and his men were singing the "Marseillaise."

Captain Daly proceeded at a hand pace and dismounted at the inn door, very much at his ease, for there could be no possible misgiving about the insobriety of the choir.

A tall, scraggy girl came to take his horse. He did not admire the look of her, but "Business first, pleasure afterwards," he reflected, and, mindful of his wager, kissed her on the lips.

"C'est bon, n'est-ce pas?" he queried laughingly; and taking him for another of those gallant if bloodthirsty Frenchmen, she led Pious William away.

Inside the inn there reigned an uproar that even impressed Captain Daly as disorderly. All the crockery and furniture but one table and six chairs were smashed to atoms and scattered on all sides; the remaining table stood in the middle of the room surrounded by the chairs and heaped up with bottles, which were also strewn over the floor; a barrel with the bung drawn was emptying its last drops into an encardined milk-pail in the corner.

At the table sat a fat and furiously intoxicated sergeant, and beside him lolled and carolled his men, only less drunk than he.

"Soldats!" he bellowed. "Soldats de la belle France, chantez!

"'L'étendard sanglant est levé, est levé.'"

and here catching sight of the Captain, who had come in quietly and seated himself at the other end of the table, he broke off into a yell: "Vous, vous là-bas, vous ne chantez point. J'insiste que vous chantez. Allons!"

Captain Daly, nothing loth, chimed in with

"St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent people,"

which lent itself readily as a fugue to the "Marseillaise."

As he gave forth his lay he picked up a bottle with a yellow seal from the litter on the table, and, gently disengaging the corkscrew from the feverish hands of a trooper, poured a libation to Bacchus down his thirsty throat.

"Bedad, 'twas worth the journey," he observed, as he pitched the empty bottle into the fireplace.

"Chantez, chantez; j'insiste que vous chantez!" howled the Sergeant, his attention reawakened by the click of the glass.

"Oh, have yez ne'er been to Donnybrook Fair?
An Irishman all in his glory is there
With his sprig of shillelagh——"

trolled Captain Daly.

"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!" chorused the Frenchmen.

Captain Daly helped himself to another bottle, which he tapped more slowly to get better the flavour of the wine.

Suddenly one of the troopers clambered to his feet.

"Mon Sergent, mes camarades. A la belle Jacinthe!"

"A la belle Jacinthe!" clamoured the others, each draining his flask, and then crashing it down upon the floor.

"No heel-taps!" cried Captain Daly, entering more and more into the spirit of the thing, and, emptying his bottle, he tumbled about for a third.

"Le Voila!" screamed Dona Jacintha, "Le Voila!"

"C'est trop fort!" screamed the Sergeant. "Vous ne chantez pas; j'insiste que vous chantez."

"'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay,"

chanted the visitor, feeling himself a little tipsy as he cracked his third bottle. "'Tis the pace that kills," he remarked to his neighbour; but the man was too far gone to do anything but repeat: "Abreuve nos sillons," again and again, each time more loudly and less distinctly than before.

His third bottle turned marine. Captain Daly reflected that he might now rejoin his regiment; but the honest fellow did not like to leave the inn without expressing to the landlord his appreciation of his hospitality since he could not better requite him for it.

"Où est le patron?" he demanded.

"Le patron, c'est moi," answered the fat Sergeant.

"Où donc est le tavernier?" asked the Captain.

"Le tavernier, c'est moi," replied the Sergeant; and "Chantez, chantez," he added.

Seeing that there was nothing to be learned from him, Captain Daly rose carefully from the table and equally carefully walked to the door.

"Où est le patron?" he called out to the thin girl; then he thought she was not alone.

He shut his eyes, and opening them again looked steadily as he could to make sure. There was no mistake about it; there, in the sunlight, stood a tall, graceful girl, talking to the one who had taken his horse.

Captain Daly advanced undauntedly and smiling.

"Doña Jacintha?" he enquired.

"Señor!" the girl turned towards him.

"A mighty pleasant face ye have, my dear," observed Captain Daly.

Suddenly he slipped his arms gently round her, kissing her on the ears, eyes, cheeks, and lips.

His manner was so tender and his appearance so brave that Doña Jacintha did not resent the familiarity, and a romance might well have been built on it that would have lightened the horrors of the Peninsular War had not Captain Daly incontinently hiccoughed.

Doña Jacintha's finer feelings were shocked. She disengaged herself abruptly.

"'Tis all your father's 'mazin' fine wine," protested the Captain, apologetically, but by no means abashed.

At the sound of the English language, Miss Jacintha changed colour and sprang away from him to the door of the tavern.

"Aux armes!" she called loudly to the soldiers. But as they themselves had been calling it much louder for the better part of the day they took little heed of it.

"Chantez, mam'zel, chantez!" Captain Daly heard the Sergeant say.

Withal the Captain reflected that he had no more time to lose. Picking his way through an alley to the stables, he found Pious William immersed in the consumption of more hay than was good for him, and in a few minutes they were trotting down the village street.

With a sharp pull that would have toppled Pious William over backwards had he been less acquainted with his master's after-wine vagaries, Captain Daly drew rein. "Bad luck to it! I've forgotten the bottles," he burst out.

There was nothing for it but to retrace his steps. Captain Daly could not afford to lose five guineas for fear of a bullet or two.

This time he approached the inn more circumspectly, wondering whether Doña Jacintha had yet succeeded in gaining the Sergeant's ear.

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Not a bit of it: there were Jacintha and an obese old man, evidently her father, striving to explain the situation to the most sober of the troopers, while another lay under the table, and the rest, faithful to their leader, still entoned the "Marseillaise."

So frantic was the hubbub that Captain Daly entered quite unnoticed, and dropping on all fours for safety, in two senses of the word, poked about in the rubbish on the floor to find three bottles with yellow seals.

Two soon came to hand empty and in sufficiently sound condition to bear transport, but the third he fell upon was full.

As he would have counted it a sin to spill its contents on the floor, and he did not like to burden Pious William with its weight, remembering the beast was packed with hay, he thought it best to drink it then and there, and rose to his feet to get the corkscrew.

"Le voilà!" screamed Doña Jacintha, "le voilà!"

"Ah! le voilà!" repeated the Sergeant, the gleam of recognition in his eye as it fell upon Daly. "Vous ne chantez plus," he thumped his fist upon the table so that the bottles leaped and tumbled; "j'insiste que vous chantez."

As Captain Daly drew the cork, he racked his slumbrous brains for a tune; but his repertory was well-nigh exhausted. He was more than halfway through the bottle when he was startled to hear himself quaver out:

"When Br-r-r-itain fi-r-r-r-r-st at Heaven's command,
A-r-r-r-r-ose fr-r-r-om out the az-z-z-zure main."

The Sergeant's eyes flashed fire, and he clutched at his sabre.

"Nom d'un nom! C'est un espion! Nous sommes trahis!" he bellowed.

The effect on the troopers was magical; springing up, they sought tipsily for their weapons. "Nous sommes trahis!" they echoed, and even the man under the table repeated "Espion," sleepily.

Captain Daly knew he had not a second to spare; he emptied his bottle, snatched up the three in his left hand, knocked down the innkeeper with his right, and ran.

In a trice he was across Pious William's back, a bottle in either holster and the third under his bridle arm, and Pious William stretching himself down the street.

Two carbine shots rang out, and the bottle under Daly's arm shivered to fragments, tearing his tunic and scratching his side.

"Holy Patrick, give me patience!" he cried. "They've not even left me the neck of it!"

On he galloped until Monsieur Garnier's friendly capote peeped over the hedge again. Hearing the shots, he had the officer's sword and pistol ready to hand him, but Daly disregarded them.

"For the love of charity, have ye a bottle with a yellow seal?" he begged.

Monsieur Garnier knew the tap, and his knapsack disgorged the identical article, which he considered a better make-weight than the Marshal's bâton.

The mighty men of war shook hands, and then Captain Daly left the Frenchman to empty his cartridge-box into the air and cry "A moi, a moi!" while he himself galloped back to Aquinqua with three empty bottles, the kisses of Jacintha, and the first throbs of a bad headache.

"After all," he reflected, "even glory is a sordid and unworthy thing." And he wished he could get the "Marseillaise" out of his ears.

"Fancy my singing them 'Rule, Britannia!'" was his last thought before, having tied the third bottle round his neck for its better preservation, he confided himself frankly to the wisdom of Pious William.

THE recognised "abbreviations" used in the official Army List are certainly confusing to the uninitiated. (Q) and (q) are letters greatly coveted by Militia, Volunteer, and Yeomanry officers. Both signify that the person against whose name they stand has passed in what are known as the "voluntary" military subjects (of which there are five, viz., tactics, military engineering, military topography, military law, and organisation and equipment) within five years. The capital letter distinguishes those who have passed when captains or field officers. The small letter applies only to officers who have qualified as subalterns. The officers who can claim either of the letters, and their number is not large, have formed the "Q" Club, which has for its object the encouragement of study in the subjects named. The club has done much to improve the military qualifications of auxiliary officers, and is always willing to assist those desirous of entering its charmed circle. The Home District Military Society, by forming classes in military subjects for officers of Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, has also helped to swell the number of those who can claim one or other of the letters.

* * * *

WITH this week's issue of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, we present a Supplement which will be found of special interest to all lovers of our national pastime. Mr. C. B. Fry's "Book of Cricket" should be known wherever the English language is spoken.

Jack's Language.

By DAVY JONES.

THE nautical language of seamen is always picturesque, and abounding in quaint and oftentimes poetical expressions, but the language of British tars possesses these qualities in a higher degree than any other with which I am acquainted.

The British sailor seems to have always looked upon his ship not only as a home, but as a loved creature, endowed with life, and reminding him of a sweetheart or a wife. Hence everything about a ship, especially a sailing ship, brings back to the mind of the sailor the words he has so often heard at home.

A ship first enters the water in a cradle. She has a forefoot, a heel, a waist, various kinds of stays, and goes in for lacings. Her wardrobe is a varied one. It contains caps, braces, and bonnets; an apron, or stomach piece, a shoe, and several jackets. She is also a needlewoman, has all sorts of needles and pins, hooks and eyes, thimbles and tacks, and may often be seen "darning the waters." Womanlike, she does not forget her personal appearance, is fond of "dressing rainbow fashion," wears hoods and ribands, crowns, ear-rings, diamonds, garnets, and other jewels. Her larder is amply supplied with catheads, catharpins, crow's feet, goose necks, goose wings, sheep shanks, gudgeons, ducks, dead eyes, leeches, and even knight heads. She does not care much for vegetables, except "nettles," which are always in great demand on board. She is no teetotaler, for she frequently uses "gins." In her yards she keeps various animals, among which I have seen a dog, a horse, a fox, a hound, a mouse, a rabbit, and a cat-o'-nine-tails. She "keeps a close watch" over them all, and keeps them in order by means of various "whips." She is a bit flighty, likes plenty of "companions," and among her favourite "mates" are Jack Tar, Jack Stay, and several "guys." They say she is fond of "gammoning" them, and often "jeers" them. However, she generally keeps a "true course," and takes a "husband" who becomes the "controller" of her actions and the "partner" of her joy. Even then she is not averse to a good "nip," and occasionally "gybes." It is then advisable to use a "bridle" to "snub" her and "spank(h)er." She seldom goes through life without many "crosses," and if she be not "steady," and runs a wrong course, her "day's work" is often abruptly terminated, and she goes down to "Davy Jones's locker" in her "shrouds and sheets."

By the side of this language, of which the above words are only the building materials, Jack has another lingo of his own, full of imagery, and so rich that pages could be filled with it. Among the expressions used by sailors, some are familiar even to longshoremen, such, for instance, as "rowing in the same boat," "backing out of difficulty," "keeping aloof," and "to be in low water."

A man who has got over a difficulty, for instance, is said to have "weathered it." If Jack has had more drink than is good for him he is said to be "fresh with drink" or "to be a cloth in the wind," or, if in a more advanced stage of inebriety, "to be three sheets in the wind." A man smart in his dress is a "kiddy fellow," and a great talker a "galley orator," or a "Queen's bencher"; "to haul one's wind," or "to save one's bacon," is to get out of a scrape, whilst "to lie gunwale" (pronounced "gunnel"), "under" is to be sorely pressed. To remind someone forcibly of something is expressed by "touching one in the bunt." An idler, or skulk, is said "to work Tom Cox's traverse," or again "to take three turns round the long boat and to give a pull at the scuttle." To run away is "to freshen away," and to intimate that someone had better make himself scarce he is told "to cut his painter." A propensity for telling wondrous stories is denoted by "spinning yarns," and those who amplify excessively are said "to be paying it out." To spin a yarn smartly and neatly is expressed by spinning it "clean off the reel." "Backing and filling" is to be equivocatory, whilst "to blow the gaff" is to let out a secret. If Jack is hungry he says he is going "to choke the luff," but "to choke someone's luff" is to put him out of the way. When Jack is out of sorts he is "all overish," and sea-sickness is expressed by "casting accounts."

The officers having a quarter-deck, Jack has also his quarter-deck at the opposite end of the vessel. It is called "Jack's quarter-deck," but properly it is the top-gallant forecastle, pronounced somewhat like "tugullant fo'c's'l'." Ship's news, the authenticity of which is far from reliable, is known as "galley packets," and if it should excite anyone's anger the party is advised "not to get into a hank," that is to keep cool. Marriage is denoted by "being spliced," but "to splice the main brace" means to take substantial refreshment. To die is expressed by such phrases as "to be with a clew up," "to have lost the number of one's mess," "to go into Davy Jones's locker," "to be stowed in the hold," "to have kicked the bucket," or, more poetically "to have unrove one's life-line."

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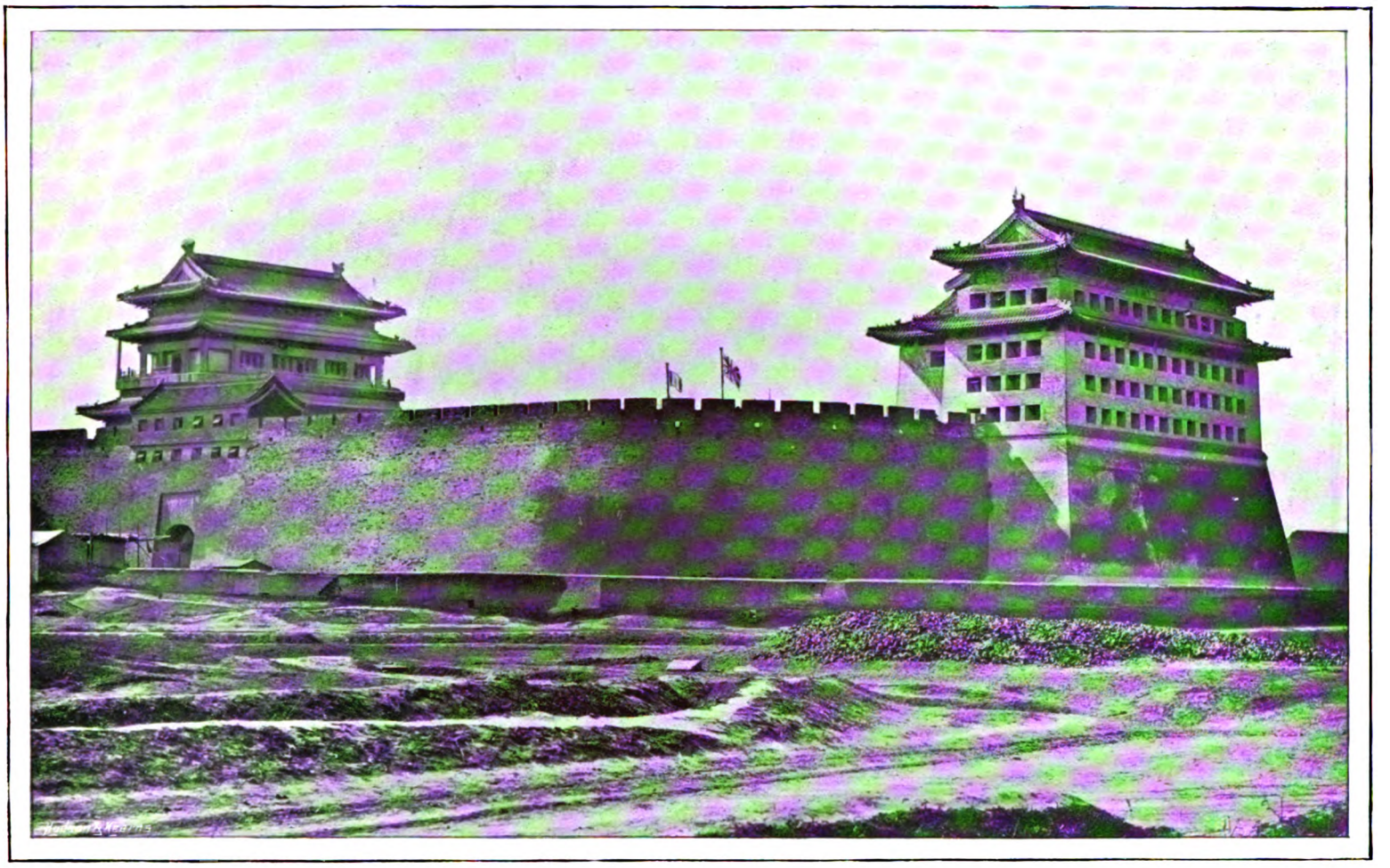
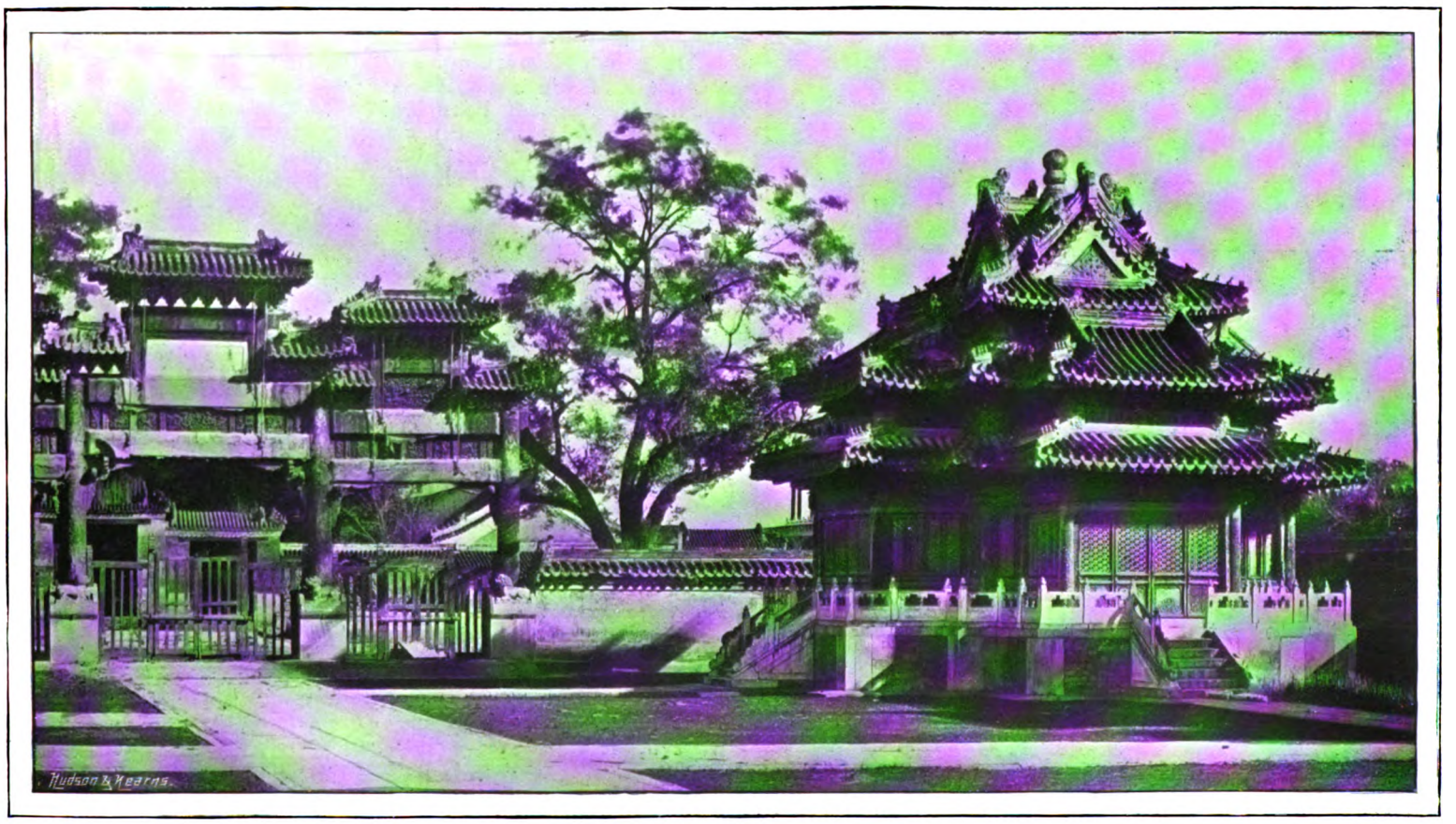
In the Celestial Capital.



Photos. Copyright. "WITHOUT THE CITY WALLS"—THE AN-TING GATE. *"Navy & Army."*

Pekin consists of two parts, and the walls of the Tartar City, with which we have more particularly to deal—and a portion of which is shown in our picture—have been very irregularly built. The average height is about 50-ft. and the average width about 40-ft., but these averages are taken from widely varying extremes. Every forty or fifty yards there are large buttresses. The walls are built mainly of huge bricks which look like stone, and a good deal of concrete enters into their composition, concrete which, upon a former occasion, our Engineers found it very difficult to remove.



PEKIN'S MOST IMPORTANT BUILDING—THE IMPERIAL WINTER PALACE.

The Chinese building of which we depict the gateway represents really the fountain of everything that is evil in China. From it has sprung the initiative that has caused the whole of the present trouble. It is the abode of the Dowager-Empress, whose anti-European machinations are responsible for the so-called "Boxer" movement, which has since found support in the Chinese regular forces. Within its limit is confined the unfortunate Emperor, who desires reform, and from it issued Prince Tuan, the father of the little boy whom the Dowager-Empress proposes to substitute for the present Emperor.

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Nearing the End

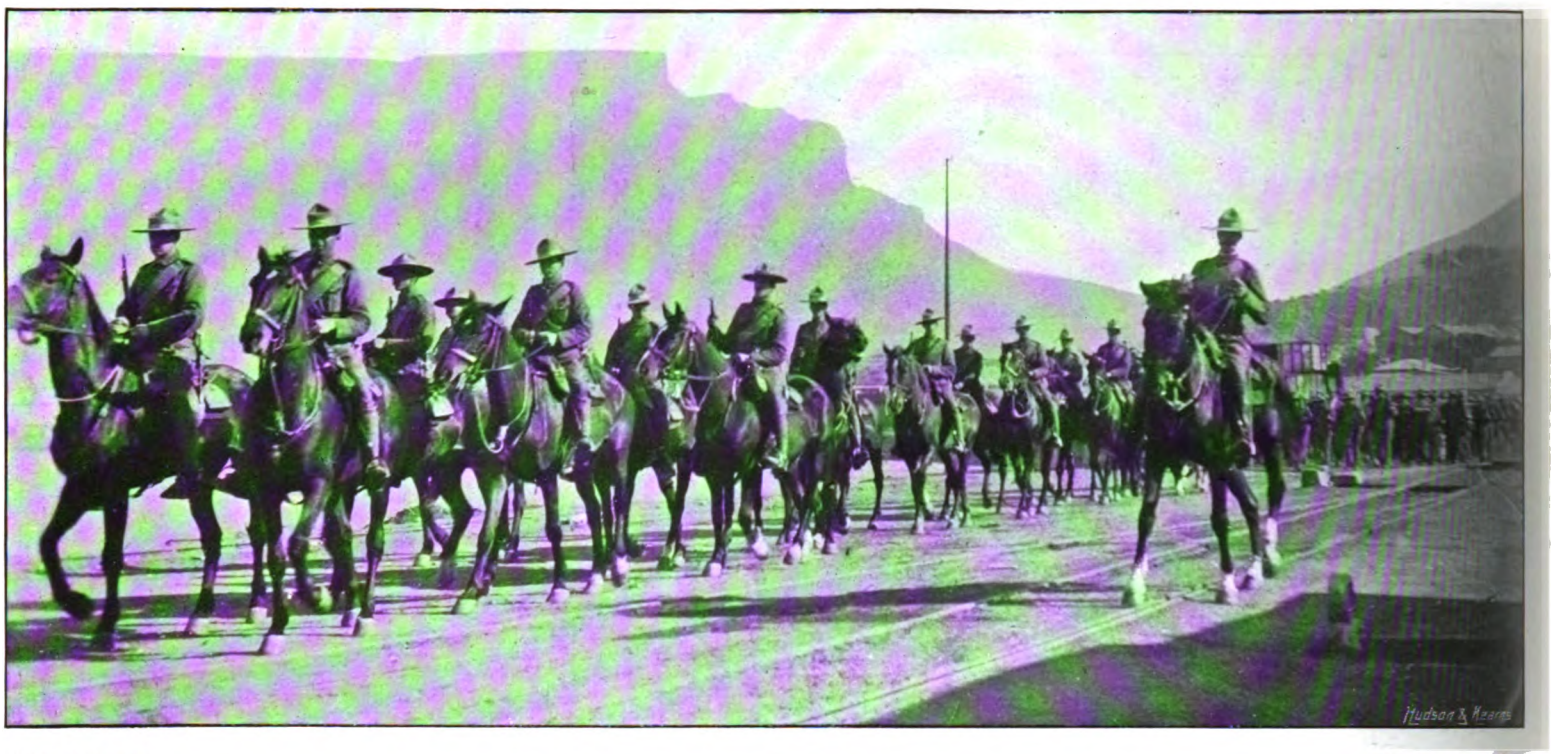
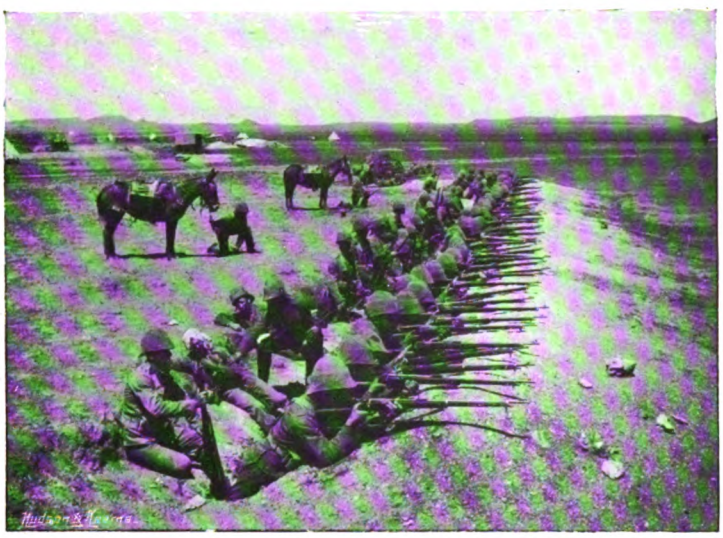


Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A COLONIAL CONTINGENT DOING GOOD SERVICE.

Canadian Troopers Conveying Boer Prisoners.



IRISHMEN UNDER FIRE.

The Royal Munster Fusiliers Lining the Trenches on an Alarm.

A BUSY SCENE AND HARD WORK.

The Royal Australian Artillery at "Stables."

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

IT is difficult to fix the precise point which marked the beginning of the end, but we all know that real heavy fighting in South Africa has terminated, and that, though numbers of troops are still needed, and a sporadic guerilla warfare may continue for a long time, the period is within sight when the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony will be controlled by a strong force of military police. All that is to be hoped is that the force of police will be sufficiently strong for the arduous work which it will have to perform for some time to come, and that no sentimental considerations, of which we have seen too much already, will be allowed to interfere with the efficiency of its operations. As to guerilla warfare, it is to be feared that until food and ammunition run short it is inevitable in a country of steep hills and correspondingly deep valleys, where there are always a certain number of desperate men of the bandit class who have nothing to lose by fighting, and certainly nothing to gain by returning to civilisation. In the present case, many of the most desperate of the Boer adherents are the off-scourings of Europe, who dare not return to their own countries, and whose remaining instincts of manhood suffice to teach them that it is better to die with arms in their hands. With these men, secreted in their mountain fastnesses, we may yet have a good deal of trouble; but there is now very little to fear from serious organised opposition. Many burghers now fully recognise the uselessness of resistance, and our first picture shows a body of Canadian troops in charge of a number of Boer prisoners. Throughout this war nothing has been of brighter omen for the future than the way in which the contingents from the various colonies — never under fire before, and often only half-drilled according to Aldershot notions—have fought and bled and died side by side with one another, and with the Imperial forces. Politics are eschewed in these columns, but if this does not mean practical Imperial unity—by whatever name we may elect to describe it—there is rather a difficulty in arriving at its signification.

Then in another picture we see some of the Australian Artillery at work at the duty of "Stables," which is perhaps not particularly agreeable to any mounted man. Thus we have excellent illustrations of the work of two colonial forces drawn from what may be described as opposite ends of the Empire. The intervening picture shows the Royal Munster Fusiliers lining the trenches on an alarm, and this brings us back to the fact that we are still fighting in South Africa. In a sense the occupation of Pretoria marked the close of the war. It indicated the end of all big battles, of all serious opposition. Since then, General Buller has been able to advance from Laing's Nek, and his appearance at Standerton meant the severance of the Boers still in arms in the Transvaal from those obeying the behests of the desperate Steyn in the Orange River Colony, and the enclosure of the latter within a wall of steel. The efforts to break through the wall were natural enough, and equally naturally, since its weakest point—which would have been the normal objective—was doubtful, Mr. Steyn's followers, including Cape rebels and foreign

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In South Africa.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF OUR DIFFICULTIES

A Culvert Blown Up to Delay Our Advance.

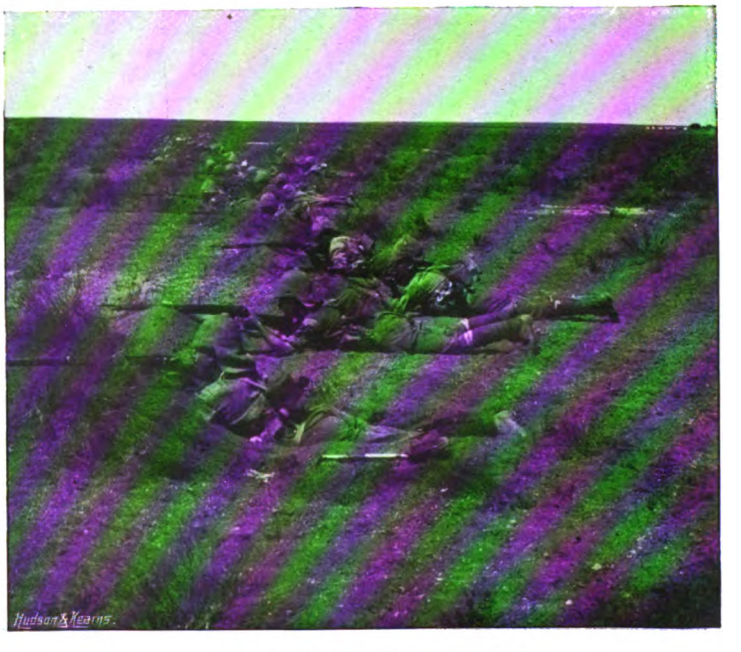
desperadoes, tried to get through at the point that would enable them to do the maximum of mischief and to interfere with our communications. For like attempts we must be prepared probably for some time to come. Hatred dies out slowly; contempt still more slowly. We have allowed the name of Englishman to be a name of contumely in South Africa ever since Majuba Hill. It is because we have done so that the present war has come to us; but the hatred engendered of the discovery that the contempt has been altogether misplaced will be conquered only by years of beneficent rule. Perhaps the petticoat may have something to say to it. When an Englishman beats a foe he shakes hands and forgets. Feminine nature is differently constituted, and it will be a decade at least before Englishwomen in South Africa forget to pay back to the Dutch vrouws the slights they have endured since 1884. When that feeling in the female sex is lost, and not till then, will any question of the fusion of races enter into the arena of practical politics. This is a much more important point than the people who talk glibly about the future of South Africa seem to realise. That within a period which counts for nothing in the life of a nation there will be one great loyal English-speaking community in South Africa, as a portion of that British Empire which has superseded our old conception of England and her colonies, is as certain as anything can be; but the lapse of time which is scarcely appreciable in a nation's life counts for much in the shorter life of the individual, and certainly we must not reckon that, judging by the individual standard, the conversion of South Africa from the Zambesi to Cape Agulhas into a loyal component part of the Empire is an affair of to-morrow.

Perhaps we have been betrayed into looking too far into the future. For the moment the situation is still disturbed, and it is likely to remain so for many months to come. Although the Boers' resistance has long since become obviously futile, and they have retired from carefully-prepared positions before both Roberts and Buller, they have been desirous of doing as much mischief as they can and of showing us what we may expect from their guerilla warfare whenever the opportunity of working evil is given to them. One of our pictures shows a broken culvert, and the Boers have blown up bridges and culverts, and destroyed railway lines whenever they have had the opportunity. For all this, for all the damage done to loyal colonists, for all the costs of the war, they ought to be made to pay. This is not the place to discuss financial matters, but it should not be a very difficult thing to elaborate a scheme by which the whole burden would fall on the burghers who have fought against us, and who ought to pay the expenses of the war which they wantonly provoked.

All this, however, is for the future. For the present, our field telegraphists have still to lie out in some wretched little shelter on the veldt, and to take their chance of storm and foe, whilst our troops have still to creep forward on the enemy and to make their shelter as they go. But they have at last learned a little of Boer "slimness." It may be hoped that we have seen almost the last of such fighting as this indicates.

FULFILLING AN IMPORTANT TASK.

A Royal Engineer Telegraphist Engaged on Field Duty.



GOOD WORK IN THE TWILIGHT.

The Warwickshires Stealing on the Foe and Taking Cover on the Way.

From Stereoscopic Photograph, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

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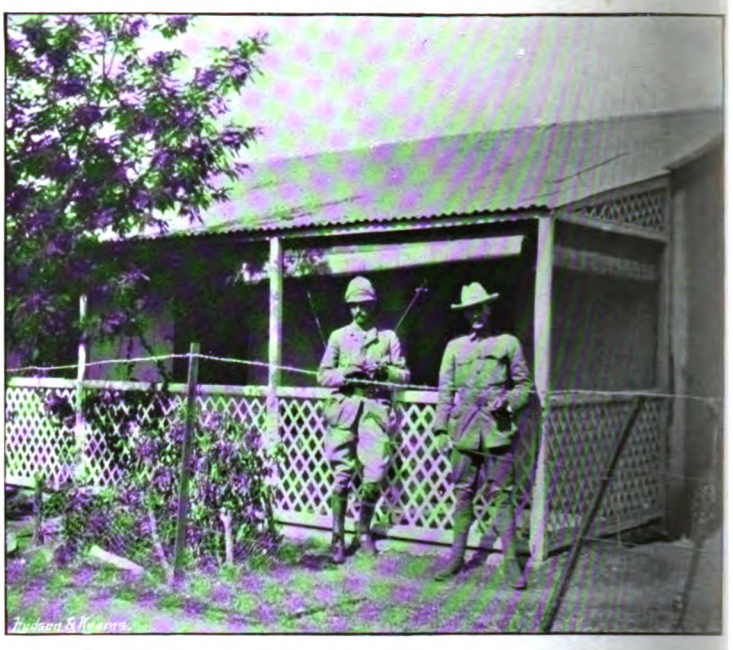
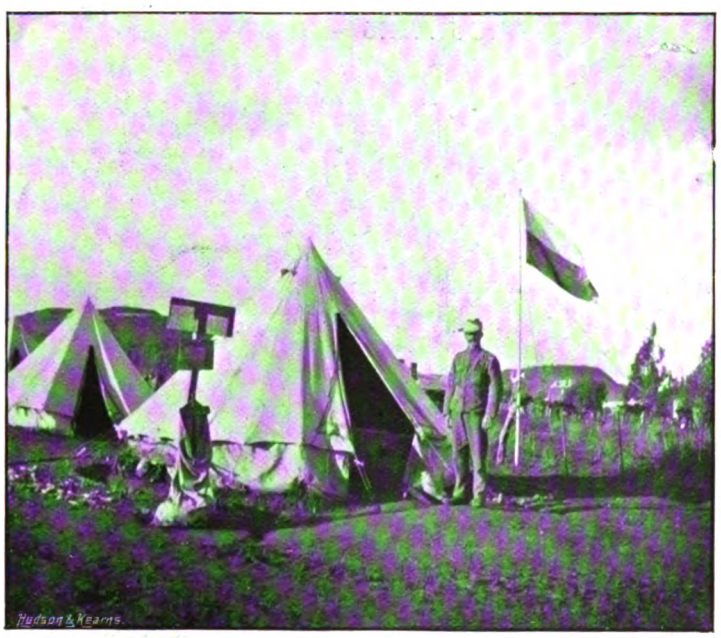
Letters and Correspondents at the Front.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT ON HIS WAY.
Mr. Lionel James and His Outfit.

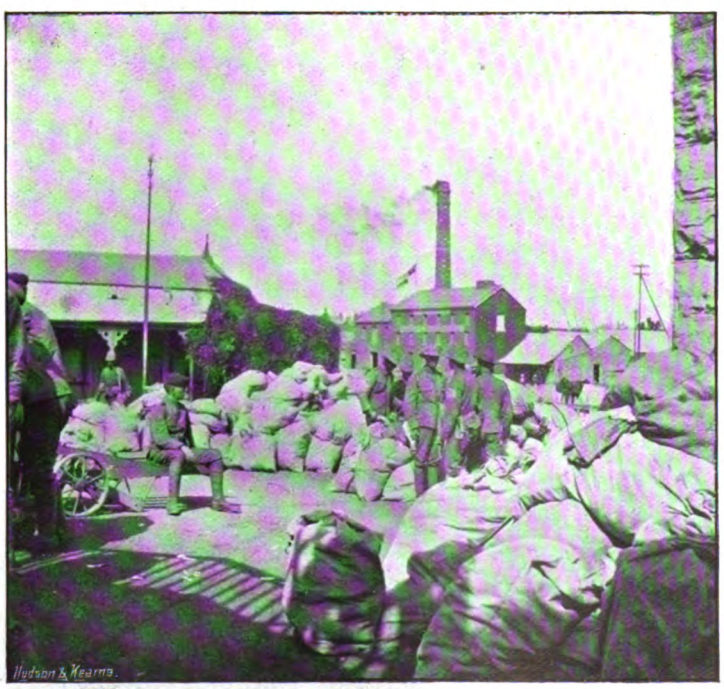


TWO CORRESPONDENTS AT THEIR QUARTERS.
Mr. Macdonell and Mr. Somerset of the "Times."

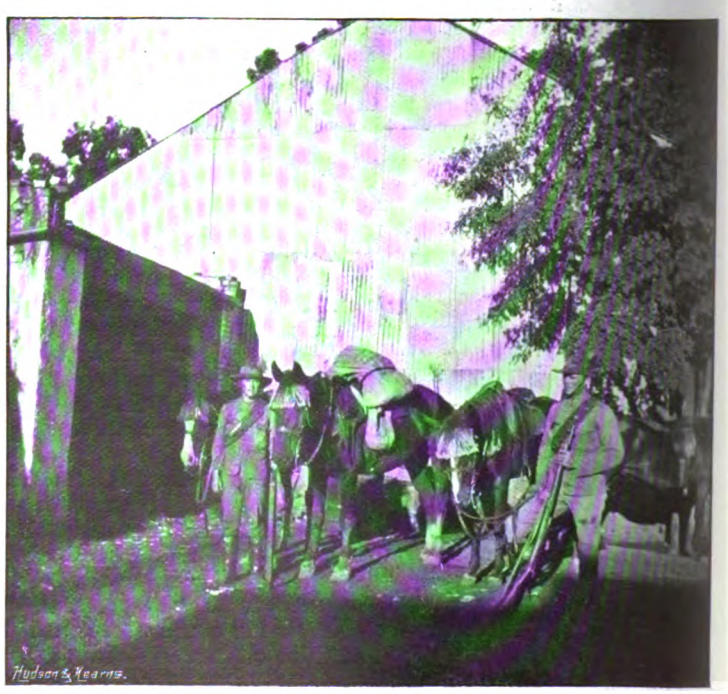


WAITING FOR THE MAIL-CARTS TO COME.
The Field Post Office of the Sixth Division.

LOADING UP A MAIL ON THE VELDT.
The Letters are Sent Forward in Mule carts.



ORDER FROM CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.
Mail Bags at Johannesburg on Their Way to the Front.



HOW LETTERS ARE DISTRIBUTED BY THE POST OFFICE.
Queenslander Orderlies Taking Away Their Mails.

From Photos by Our Own Correspondents.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—NO. 180.] SATURDAY, JULY 14th, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. *N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.*

A CHINESE BOXER CHIEF AND HIS BRAVES.

These Boxers, armed with the horrible jagged knife and the three-pronged fork, are typical of one class of our adversaries, those who yet have the primitive armament of barbaric times—evidently not yet passed away. But some of the Chinese soldiers, who are scarcely distinguishable from Boxers, appear to have a much more up-to-date equipment, and are, indeed, provided with quite modern arms.

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ROUND THE WORLD

OUT of this Chinese trouble no man can tell what will come, but the death of Count Muravieff removed a great figure from the diplomatic world upon which rests the settlement. Not that his successor will necessarily change the course of Russian policy. When Prince Lobanoff dropped dead on the platform of a village railway station, Muravieff stepped into his place and the same course went on. The dead Count had a purposeful and restless temperament, but like all Russian gentlemen, he was socially charming, and his deeper intentions were concealed behind his eyeglass and the blandness of his manner. That head, smooth as a billiard-ball, contained the brain of a typical Russian—all things to all men, and everything for himself. Much has happened since Muravieff died, and he might now scarcely recognise the world he so lately quitted. But the power behind the throne in Russia is an organised tradition, and Muravieff, dead or living, would play a part in the settlement. Admiral Alexieff and General Stoessel are not working for nothing.

Photo. A. Debenham.

CAPTAIN PITCAIRN JONES, R.N.,

Who Commanded the Naval Brigade with Sir Redvers Buller. The Men have now Returned to Durban, where they Met with an Enthusiastic Reception. Before Leaving His Command, General Buller Publicly Thanked Them for Their Splendid Service.

Photo "Navy & Army"

MAJOR J. FOWLE, 21st Lancers.

Specially Seconded for Service in South Africa. After Bringing Mules from New Orleans, He Served throughout all the Arduous Cavalry Fighting from Kimberley to Kroonstad with Kitchener's Horse.

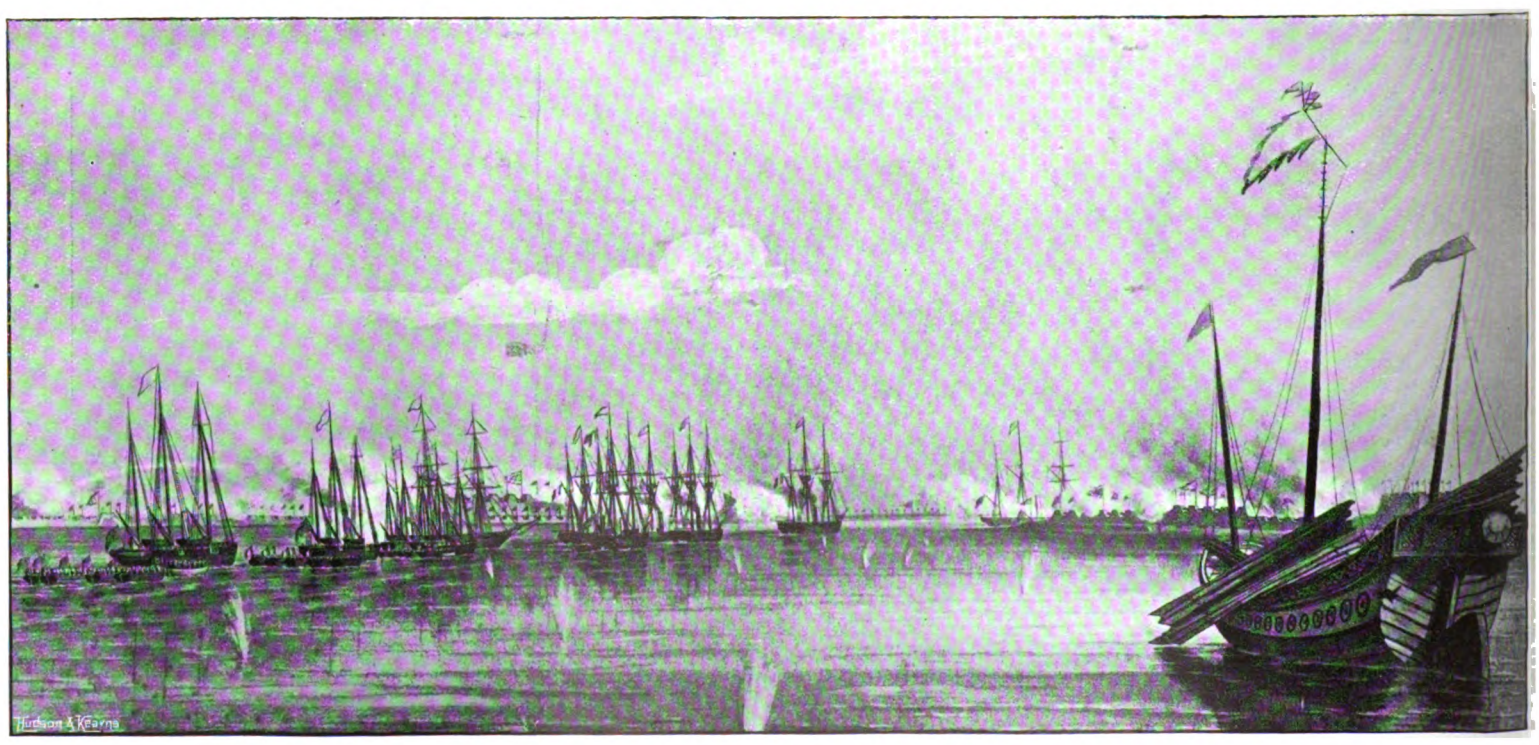
IN Sir Claude MacDonald, who since 1896 has had charge of our dealings with the Celestial Empire, we have had a typical diplomatist in that important post, combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. He began life as a soldier in the Highland Light Infantry, but was clearly marked out for a diplomatic career. He has always been very popular wherever he went, and the story goes that a native Princess, black but comely, made him an offer of marriage when he was Commissioner on the West Coast of Africa. It was in 1892, when Commissioner for the Niger Coast Protectorate, that he married a daughter of the late Major Cairns Armstrong, of the East Yorkshire Regiment, and widow of Mr. Craigie Robertson, of the Indian Civil Service. The terrors of recent weeks, with the keen anxiety and sad revelations that have accompanied them, have been a grim lesson to the Powers, for not all the skill of diplomacy could avail against the blind fury of cruel fanaticism and hate.

THOSE who know Commander Cradock, who led our storming party into the forts at Taku, and fought his way at the head of the Naval Brigade into Tientsin, know that a better man could scarcely have been found. Commander Cradock is an excellent type of the British Naval officer, and his men will follow him anywhere. Many of our young officers are his warm admirers, for he was extremely popular among the cadets of the "Britannia" when he was commander of the training-ship in the time of Captain Curzon-Howe.

Photo. Russell.

LIEUTENANT M. H. HODGES, R.N.

A Ladysmith Hero of the "Powerful's" Brigade. When in the "Powerful" on the China Station He Gained the Royal Humane Society's Testimonial for Saving a Seaman who had Fallen Overboard in Manila Bay.



THE TAKING OF THE TAKU FORTS IN 1858.

The Forts at the Mouth of the Peiho have now for the Third Time been Captured by British Bravery. Although the Bulk of the Armament is Obsolete, the Forts Mounted a Dozen 5-in. Breech-loaders and some Six or Seven Large Calibre Krupp Guns.

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He was master of the "Britannia" beagles, and many an enjoyable day did the cadets spend with the pack. Commander Cradock is the author of a capital volume on seamanship—his well-known "Wrinkles," or "A Help to Salt Horse," and he has lately been giving wrinkles to Chinamen and also to our foreign allies. The good officer and the sportsman are often found in the same personality, and Commander Cradock is both, as those are aware who have read his "Sporting Notes in the Far East." As lieutenant of the "Dolphin" he served in the Eastern Soudan Field Force as A.D.C. to the Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral, and was present at the battle of Tokar and the occupation of Affafit. Afterwards he was lieutenant of the Royal Yacht, and was with a party of the crew who were bearers at the funeral of Prince Henry of Battenberg. He was promoted to commander from the Royal Yacht.

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SEVERAL of Meissonier's cabinet military pictures are in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, recently opened. When he painted such pictures he took extraordinary pains to secure accuracy of detail, and even devised a special means of studying the paces of the horse, which instantaneous photography had not then revealed. But even Meissonier has been exceeded by Vassili Verestchagin, whose cycle of Napoleonic pictures — "The Retreat from Moscow"—is now being exhibited in Paris. The Russian painter has been engaged for ten years upon his sixteen pictures, and has studied the subject most thoroughly. The result is a fine realism arising from great fidelity to fact combined with poetic insight. Verestchagin has read everything that has been written about Napoleon, has studied the actual scenes on the spot in the winter cold, has inspected the original French uniforms now preserved in the military museum at St. Petersburg, the camp beds kept at Moscow, the travelling carriage at Madame Tussaud's, and has worked up every detail that could conduce to accuracy. But the pictures are not merely archæological. They give the real Napoleon. Here, in his drab frock-coat, he looks gloomily over the half-abandoned city; then he is gazing out through the loopholes at the fire luridly lapping around; again he is led by torchlight to the Petrovsky Palace; lastly, he is on the white and dreary plain overwhelmed. It is all most impressive, and the exhibition is attracting many to the Rue de Sèze. Verestchagin is the artist who climbed 15,000-ft. to paint the Himalayas amid their own snows.

Photo. Copyright. SPANISH LADY BULL-FIGHTERS. *Benabu.*

Spain Possesses Ladies whose Pride it is to Distinguish Themselves at the National "Sport." In the Group here shown are Some of the Most Celebrated. They were photographed at Gibraltar on Their Way to Linea, in the Bull-ring of which Town they Killed Six Bulls.

Photo. Copyright. TWO NOTED AMATEUR ACTORS AT MALTA. *Ellis.*

The Nondescript Hussar to the Left of the Picture is the Versatile Baden Powell, while the Picturesque-looking Brigand, who is Apparently about to Pulverise Him, is Captain the Hon Maurice Bourke, who at the time Commanded the Ill-fated "Victoria."

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THE Admiralty deserve credit for a very smart piece of work in despatching nearly 900 various Naval ratings to China in the "Jelunga" within a week, and the men are eagerly anticipating active service. As to the officers, those in China deem themselves fortunate, and are the objects of envy on the part of their less fortunate comrades on other stations. The "Jelunga" has gone out with stores, ammunition, guns, and hospital staff all complete, and there is a traction engine also on board in case of eventualities. South Africa has shown us how valuable steam traction is in military operations for hauling big guns and heavy stores. The coming months are the best for campaigning in Northern China. Afterwards the country about the Peiho becomes a quagmire, and then follows Arctic cold. The Japanese do not forget their freezing experiences when they captured Wei-hai-Wei, their vessels actually being coated with ice at the time, and our officers realise the need of prompt action.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE DEAD.

This Exquisite Monument has been Erected in Canterbury Cathedral by "The Buffs" (East Kent Regiment) in Memory of Their Comrades who Fell in the Tirah and Chitral Campaigns. It was recently Unveiled by Princess Louis of Battenberg.

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THE late Prince de Joinville, whom French seamen knew as Prince Poule-au-Pot, was perhaps the most popular of all the sons of Louis Philippe. He was a typical seaman, and in his life something of the *bourgeois*, but in his innermost fibre he was a true aristocrat, and a fearless gentleman always. This *ami du matelot* was ever looking after the seaman's interests, and this, combined with a slang allusion to his Bourbon nose, gave him his nickname. He loved the Navy with a firm affection, and never was tired of dwelling upon its exploits, and he wrote with the skill of an Academy diplomé. We shall always respect him in this country as a good friend and loyal admirer of our Royal house, and he dwelt among us in the days of his exile. His most prominent exploit was his capture, with his own hand, and in most gallant circumstances, of his adversary, General Arista, at the seizure of Vera Cruz in 1838. But what most bound him to the French people was the fact that it was he who, in the "Belle Poule," brought home from St. Helena the ashes of the great Napoleon, which now lie beneath the dome of the Invalides in the midst of the French people *qu'il a tant aimé*. It was a chivalric act on the part of Louis Philippe to

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Photo. Copyright. THE ROYAL ARTILLERY DRAMATIC CLUB AT MALTA. *Ellis*

This Club always Draws a Large and Appreciative Audience, for its Members are all Excellent Actors, and it Possesses a Capital Stage Outfit. They are now Rehearsing Six Plays, Two of which deal with the Transvaal War. Our Rehearsal Picture Illustrates a Scene from Their Latest Production, "London by Night."

send his son to bring home the remains of the man who had done so much to destroy the traditions of the Royal house of France. But Prince Poule-au-Pot was proud of his task, and he accomplished it worthily, and in his later days, in a loud voice, for he was very deaf, often spoke of the service.

PRINCE LEO GALITZIN lately thought well to send from Moscow to Paris a silver wreath, which he desired should be placed on the bust of President Kruger in the Transvaal pavilion of the Exhibition. The inscription upon it reads thus: "To the representative of a small people and a great idea; homage of admiration from Prince Galitzin." As in duty bound, and no doubt with heartfelt pleasure, the Transvaal delegate at the Exhibition telegraphed his thanks for the "Precious testimony of sympathy and pledge of sincere friendship given to our venerable President and his people." It is a pity that the delegate in question did not telegraph to the head of the Finnish House of Representatives his regret at the absence of such precious testimony. The idea that inspires the Finns is certainly far greater than that which moved President Kruger and his Pretorian brethren, anxious to preserve their monopolies. But the Government of which Prince Galitzin is so devoted an adherent is doing all it can to crush the nationality of Finland. The Finnish House has refused to promulgate the decree which would be the national death-warrant, and a deadlock has occurred. No doubt the Russian Government will find a way of executing its purpose, but its means will not commend themselves to those people who admire the independent spirit of "small people" who cherish "great ideas."

From a Photo. *By A Naval Officer.*

AIDING A CRIPPLED COMRADE.

The First-class Cruiser "Crescent" is here seen Towing the Disabled "Hermes" at Nine Knots in Mid-Atlantic.

Photo. Copyright. YACHTING AT KIEL. *Renard, Kiel.*

The Emperor of Germany is a most Ardent Yachtsman, and our Illustration is of a Race at Kiel in which His Boat took part. The "Meteor" is the Nearest Yacht in the Picture, and the Figure seen right Aft Lending a Hand with His Crew is the Kaiser Himself.

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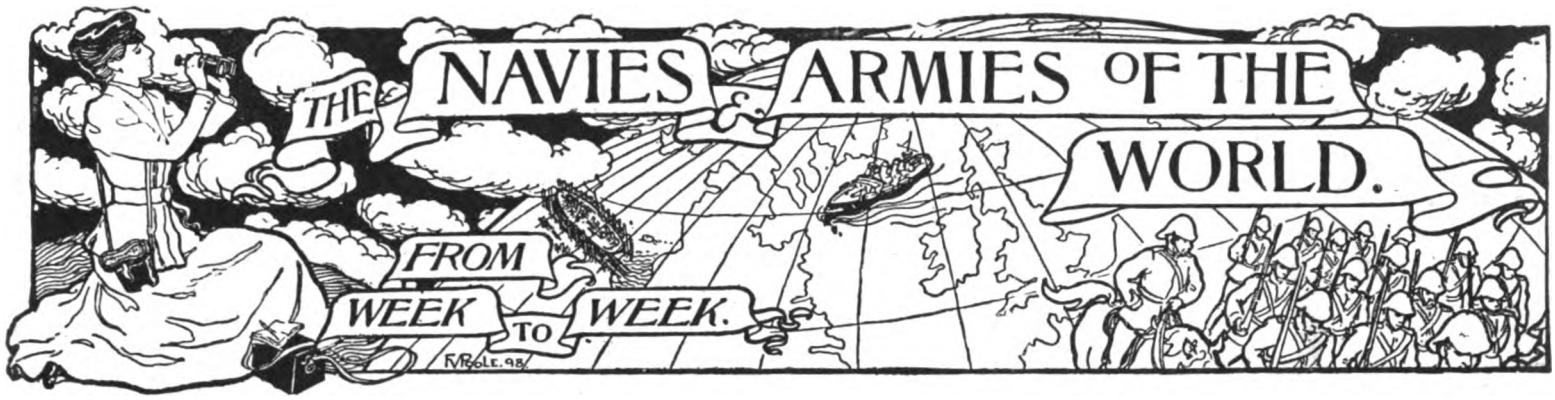

IN the course of his speech on the hospitals in South Africa, Mr. Burdett-Coutts said a thing which seemed rather to startle some of his hearers. He spoke of the repulsion, not to say the horror, which the military hospitals inspired among the soldiers—at least in former times, and he implied that some of this feeling remains. It was not very clear whether Mr. Burdett-Coutts meant to convey the impression that the men were harshly treated. If so, there are reasons for believing that he was not in the right. But it is a fact that the soldiers both in our Army and in others had a certain prejudice against their doctors. G. de la Landelle, a French Naval writer who is now rather forgotten, remarks on the wide difference between soldiers and sailors in this respect. The sailors, he said, had every confidence in their doctors, which is much to the honour of the French medical men. M. de la Landelle was writing of things as they were in the early part of this century, when it would hardly have been possible to say as much of our Navy. We had excellent and devoted doctors, but as a corps they were not what they ought to have been, and for a very simple reason. As no regular medical staff was maintained in peace, we were utterly unable to meet the calls made by a great fleet on a war footing, so that the Admiralty—or, rather, the Navy Board—had to take what it could get. The ships were too often provided with doctors, so-called, who were only licentiates of Edinburgh or of Apothecaries' Hall, and very ill-trained. The Navy, too, was the refuge of the failures of the profession. Brenton says that the doctors were the only class of officers against whom the mutineers at the Nore showed a general spite. They flogged one of them who had been drunk in his cabin for weeks—which, by the way, throws an unpleasant light on the seamy side of the old sea life.

* * * *

With the French Navy this did not happen, according to M. de la Landelle. He explains the soldier's fear of the doctor by saying that he was generally suspected of making experiments on his patients, and of using their bodies as anatomical specimens. There was probably no foundation whatever for the belief, but it existed, as many other superstitions do. Among the sailors there could be no such delusion, for they had seen their dead comrades consigned to the deep. The real reason for the soldier's fear of the doctor, so far as it existed, must be looked for elsewhere than in an excess of professional zeal, for the existence of which there is no evidence. One very important part of the duty of the military medical staff was the driving out of the malingerer. The latter was a notorious character in every camp in Europe, and if all tales be true he was tolerably well known in the American hospitals during the Civil War. Napier tells how very severe measures had to be taken to clear the hospitals in Portugal during the Peninsular War of men who were pretending to be sick. It was not so much that they were afraid to fight, as that they wanted to avoid the tedium and the hardships of the intervals between the battles. "Every man," said the Duke of Wellington, "who wears a red coat is not a hero," and Marryat quoted the saying as being equally accurate of those who wear blue. Yet the great majority of disciplined men will fight well enough, even though they are internally conscious of a certain human and natural shrinking from death and wounds. If all men enjoyed danger, as some do, military discipline might be very much changed. Still, the explanation of the malingerer was not so much cowardice as that it was much more pleasant to be in a base hospital at Coimbra or Lisbon than to be quartered during the autumn rains in a mud hut in Estremadura, with a big hole in the roof, and to spend your time pipeclaying, and cleaning your musket, and going on fatigue duty—very often on half rations. Soldiers would sham sick just as children will to escape their lessons.

* * * *

Of course, the devices of these too artful warriors to provide themselves with a comfortable life had to be counteracted by the doctors. Strange tales have been told of the amount of pain which men would stand before confessing that they were shamming. Very often it was only by putting men to severe tests that their honesty could be proved. One can quite understand that after a certain experience of these frauds, and after, in all probability, being subjected to a good deal of driving from headquarters, the doctors got to regard every man who came into their hands with suspicion unless there was something visibly wrong. They had to be harsh in their own defence and in the interest of the Army. Thus we can easily understand that the hospital came to be regarded as a place where one was liable to be bullied, and that men who really were ill were not always very sympathetically treated. So the feeling of which Mr. Burdett-Coutts spoke might very well arise, and it would be strongest among the best soldiers. In this war, and so far, we have heard very little of malingering. That is much to the credit of the soldiers. But, though it may sound a brutal thing to say, it is only too likely to be the truth that the more uncomfortable the hospitals are, the less shall we hear of this form of military offence.

* * * *

It is now clear that we are at the beginning of the third, and in all probability by far the most serious, of our Chinese Wars. Things have altered very greatly since 1860, and much more since 1840. When first we began fighting the Chinese, in the reign of the Emperor Tonkwang, we were alone, and we sent a handful of sailors and soldiers. They proved enough, and more than enough, for the work. It was hardly, in the proper sense of the word, fighting. Our enemy was brave enough in his odd way. When the German Emperor told his sailors and marines the other day that they were going against men as brave as themselves he was not wrong. The Manchus, the Mongols, and some of the Chinese of the centre and south, have plenty of bravery, and even at times a singularly devoted courage. There are few more heroic stories in the history of war than that of the hopeless fight made by the Manchu General, Hailing, at the town of Chinkiangfoo, when it was stormed by Sir Hugh Gough. When it was clear that all was lost he fired his own house and was burned to death rather than surrender. His Manchu garrison supported him well, for they not only fought as well as they could, but when they saw that the place could no longer be defended they killed their women and children, and, for the most part, committed suicide themselves. Stories of this kind were not rare in either of the Chinese Wars, and they certainly show that there is an ample supply of courage of a sort among the soldiers of the Emperor of China. When a man does really prefer death to dishonour he has got to the very extreme point that a soldier of any race can reach. Only, courage of this sort is not sufficient, as has been proved often enough in the East before. There have been cases in which the Rajput chiefs in India have behaved like General Hailing—fought to the last, killed their women and children—and then did what the Tartars at Chinkiangfoo did not do, namely, throw the gates open, and charge with the resolute determination not to go back and to take no quarter. Yet the Rajputs have been conquered by the Mohammedan Rulers of Northern India and by us. The loss which Hailing was able to inflict was very small. Had it been in proportion to the desperation of his defence, Sir Hugh Gough would have lost a good half of his officers and at least a third of his men. Then there would have been nothing for him to do but to go on board his transports and sail away. But the loss he suffered was very slight, and the chief effect produced on us by the self-sacrifice of Hailing was a sentiment of pity and horror

* * * *

Inferiority of armament explains a good deal. In the first Chinese War our opponents were armed with spears, bows and arrows, and with a few very clumsy firearms. Yet our weapon was the "Brown Bess," and the Sepoy soldiers still carried the flintlock. The fight was always ended by a bayonet charge. But five times 100,000 would not be enough if equality of weapons could make the Chinese our equals. That they are not is clearly shown by the fact that Admiral Seymour's column got back to Tientsin. Had it been opposed to a European population in such circumstances, the men composing it would have been all killed or captured.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Nation and the Public Service.

ABUSING the War Office has long been a habit of those who are specially interested in military matters. During the past few months it has become a national pastime. The war has made clear to the nation the faults and follies of the system that rules our Army. From the date of the memorable "Unmounted men preferred" despatch to the storm which is now raging round Mr. Burdett-Coutts's charges of inefficient medical service, every week has brought some fresh ineptitude to light. The War Office appears to be managed on a plan that would ruin any house of business in a month. The dominant idea in Pall Mall seems to be to provide as much clerk-work as possible for the staff, and never to do anything in the manner of an institution which exists for the public benefit. Anything at all out of the ordinary groove is made an excuse for endless correspondence of a kind that irritates to madness anyone accustomed to doing business in a common-sense way. One day we hear of a long discussion by post as to whether a certain ammunition-carrying animal is a horse or a mule; the commanding officer's assurance is distrusted, and a veterinary surgeon is sent from some distance to examine and certify! Another day the repayment of kit allowances for Volunteer officers is demanded from Volunteer corps, because certain officers have accepted commissions in the Regular force! The day after that it appears that the War Office has been sending wounded soldiers, discharged from military hospitals, to the workhouse! And all these are small matters, charges subsidiary to the heavy indictment of culpable negligence in preparing for war which will be presented as soon as the war is really over. What is the cause of this mismanagement in great things and small? Chiefly the lack of individual responsibility. The system is so complicated that it is impossible to fix any particular action upon any particular man. Even if you did discover the actual perpetrator of some special piece of folly, you would find that he took refuge behind some rule, some precedent, some roll of red tape. Red tape and routine, in short, are allowed to strangle all initiative. An official with a warm heart and an active brain, anxious to do the right thing instead of the usual thing, whether right or wrong, is a Laocoon struggling with the deadly coils of these all-powerful serpents.

Let us look round, however, and see whether this shrinking from responsibility, this want of resource and initiative, are confined to Pall Mall. Every country has the institutions it deserves. Is it not the case that we have such a War Office as we should expect from the mental attitude of the nation as a whole? Beginning at the top, what do we find? A Prime Minister who blandly remarks that the Government has handed over its principal responsibility to the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa; who querulously complains that circumstances prevent him from taking thought for the morrow, yet makes no attempt to alter the circumstances which are at fault. A Leader of the House of Commons who does not see how he can be expected to know more about affairs of State than the man in the street. A War Minister who explains that, when the Government introduce a Militia Ballot Bill, they do not really mean to revive the Militia ballot, but only to show what kind of a Bill they would bring forward if they had such an intention. Descend a little in the scale. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association is administered by the middle-class. A local branch receives an application for help from the family of a soldier whose health and strength have been lost in his country's service. There is nothing against his character. There seems to be every reason to grant relief gladly. But the local branch can do nothing, "because the soldier is not actually serving at the front." Was there no one in authority who could muster courage to break through a rule, to understand that there are times when the ordinary course must be disregarded, and special circumstances allowed to direct our steps? In the grade lower, we find the same discouraging signs. The Slough railway accident was caused by the engine-driver failing to notice signals against him. What is the remedy proposed? To stir up railway servants to a deeper sense of their responsibilities, to train their minds more carefully for their very important duties? Oh! no. It is to have three men on the engine instead of two, to distribute responsibility more widely, to depend upon a committee rather than upon an individual. What a pusillanimous proposal! What an inability to gauge the real forces of life, the true interest of mankind!

It does look as if we were suffering from a temporary weakness of backbone, a slackening of national fibre. Life rushes past us at such headlong speed that we have no energy for aught but the things of the moment. We are like a crew whose vessel is carried down stream by a swirling current. To avoid the rocks in the channel is all they can do. They have no time to think what their plan must be when the falls come in sight and the roar of destruction is in their ears. No one, however, can live entirely in and for the present. We must look ahead if we are to keep our vessel whole and bring ourselves safe to shore. And the only way to guard against the dangers that are already on the horizon is to cultivate and not to kill the sense of responsibility. Unless we do this, unless we make up our minds that mental energy is wanted in our public offices, instead of blind dependence upon rules and forms, it is useless to talk of putting our house in order. Let us take a lesson from the colonies, where means are not confused with ends, as they too often are in our old polity. Let us clearly understand that routine was made for man, and not man for routine; that the letter killeth, that it is the spirit which giveth life.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 11, 1703.—Battle of Oudenarde. The allied army, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the French with the loss of 11,000 killed and wounded and 9,000 prisoners. 1762.—Surrender of Waldeck to a force under General Conway.

July 12, 1191.—Siege of Acre. Saladin surrendered to Richard I. after a siege of two years. 1779.—Newhaven, Connecticut, taken by Major-General Tryon. 1856.—The allies evacuated the Crimea.

July 13, 1558.—Battle of Gravelines. Count Egmont, Spanish Governor of Flanders, assisted by guns of British men-of-war, defeated the French.

July 14, 1563.—French attack on one of the defences of Havre repulsed by the Earl of Warwick. 1690.—Reduction of St. Christopher Island. A landing was effected on June 21, and three weeks later the island surrendered to Major-General Thornhill.

July 15, 1702.—The Island of St. Christopher surrendered on summons to Major-General Hamilton. 1761.—Action near Kirch Denckern. Lord Granby drove back the French and occupied their position. 1813.—Heights round San Sebastian taken by Wellington.

July 16, 1710.—The Earl of Stanhope, with British and Spanish horse, routed King Philip's army near Almanara. 1760.—Action near Emsdorf. The allies (British under Major Erskine) defeated the French under Major-General Glabnitz. 1761.—The French defeated near Kirch Denckern after an attempt to retake the position they had lost on the previous day. The losses of the allies amounted to about 1,500, while the enemy lost 5,000 all told, and nine guns. 1857.—Havelock defeated Nana Sahib and recaptured Cawnpore.

July 17, 1695.—Attack on Namur. Counterscarp carried. 1705.—Marlborough surprised the French at Hespen and Helexum, and drove them from their lines. A cavalry engagement followed, in which the enemy were routed.

July 18, 1545.—The French invasion of Sussex, at Brighthelmstone, defeated. 1794.—The Mozello Fort in Corsica carried.

July 19, 1333.—Battle of Hallidon Hill. The Scotch, under Douglas, defeated by Edward III. 1763.—Army of Cassim Ali Khan routed by Major Adams, near Cutwa.

JULY 11, 1792.—Captain Frederick Marryat born. 1804.—Boats of the "Narcissus," "Seahorse," and "Maidstone" destroyed twelve French store vessels under heavy batteries in Hyères Bay. 1882.—Alexandria bombarded.

July 12, 1346.—Edward III. and the Black Prince destroyed eleven French war-ships at La Hogue and Barfleur. 1694.—Dieppe bombarded by Admiral Lord Berkeley.

July 13, 1795.—Hotham's action off Hyères. 1809.—Taking of Senegal by a Naval force with transports. 1830.—Captain Sir Thomas Staines died. 1834.—Admiral Sir John Ommanney Hopkins born.

July 14, 1780.—Capture of the French "Belle Poule," 32, in the Bay of Biscay, by the "Nonsuch," 64. 1855.—Her Majesty's first cruise in the "Victoria and Albert."

July 15, 1796.—The "Glatton," 56, engaged five French ships, one of 50 guns, two of 40 guns, one of 28 guns, and one of 22 guns. 1815.—Surrender of Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon."

July 16, 1797.—Destruction of the French "Calliope," 28, and large convoy on the Brittany Coast by Sir J. B. Warren's frigate squadron.

July 17, 1707.—Bombardment of Toulon by Sir Cloudesley Shovell. 1761.—The "Thunderer," 74, captured the French "Achille," 70.

July 18, 1545.—Sinking of the "Mary Rose" at Spithead. 1692.—Capture of a French 32-gun frigate in the Channel by the "St. Albans," 50. 1887.—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales made Admiral of the Fleet.

July 19, 1806.—Capture of the French "Guerrière," 40, by the "Blanche," 38, off the Faroe Islands. 1814.—Captain Matthew Flinders, the navigator, died.

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ON FINGERS AND TOES.
The Schoolboys at Gymnastic Exercise.

The Duke of York's Royal Military School.

LORD WOLSELEY SHAKES HANDS WITH THE PRINCIPAL PRIZE-WINNER.

AN ARTISTIC TABLEAU.
A Display which was Warmly Applauded.

The Annual Inspection By the Commander-in-Chief.

THE INSPECTION BY LORD WOLSELEY.
"No Reason why Every Boy should not Get a Commission."

A CHAT WITH THE SCHOOLMASTER.
Lord Wolseley Compliments Him for His Work.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE MUSICAL RIDE.
Amazonian Lancers at Cavalry Drill.

POLO ON BICYCLES.
A Quick Run for the Blue Goal.

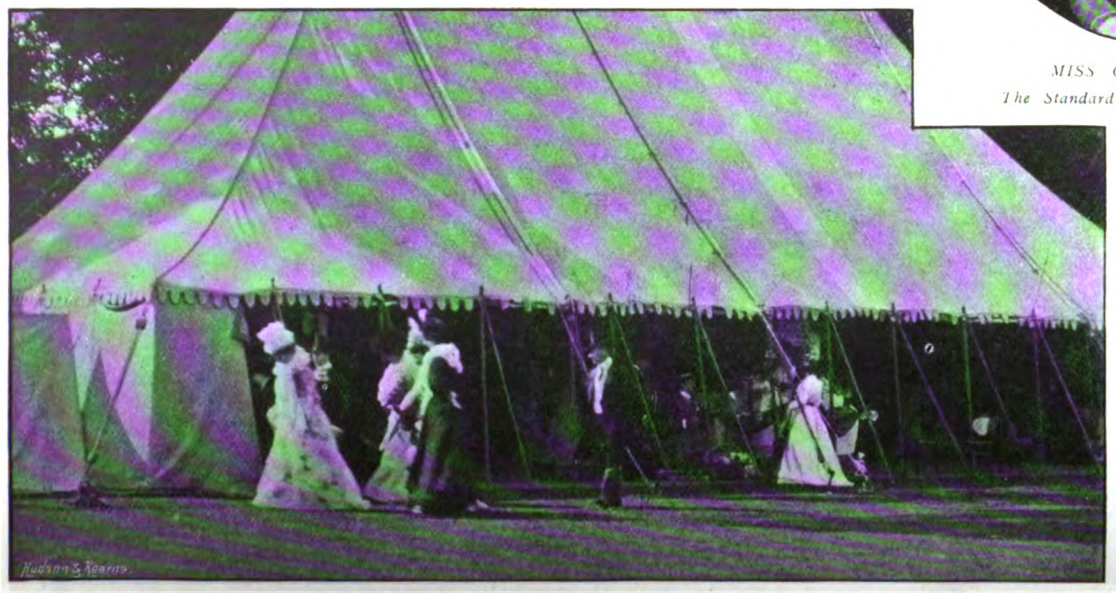
Sheen House

IN AID OF LADY LANSDOWNE'S FUND

MISS QUEENIE BLAKE.
The Standard Bearer of the Amazons.

Garden Fete.

FOR WIDOWS AND FAMILIES OF OFFICERS.



THE "BACHELORS'" STALL.
The Marchioness of Blandford Makes a Purchase.

A FAIR FOUR-IN-HAND.
The Last Turn of the Cycling Competition.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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The City Imperial Volunteers at the Front.

THE formation of the corps of City of London Imperial Volunteers is one of the most remarkable results of the war in South Africa, which has been productive of so many and such far-reaching consequences. It has caused the nation and even military men to take quite a different view of the capabilities of the best of the Volunteers from that which was held, say, a couple of years ago. Of course, it is easy to push this to an extreme, and the conditions of warfare in South Africa do not coincide with those which would prevail in the event of a struggle with an European Power. Even in the latter case, however, the national warlike instinct might, and probably would, suffice to induce a number of men, more or less trained, to offer their services to the country. At any rate, the City of London Imperial Volunteers came to the fore when their services were of value, and they have abundantly proved in South Africa that they are soldiers and not mere amateurs. It was on December 15, 1899, that the Lord Mayor had an interview with the Commander-in-Chief. On the following day he received an intimation—unofficially—that his offer would be accepted. Let us see what the offer was. On behalf of the City of London he offered to find a regiment, 1,000 strong, to equip them, and to transport them to the seat of war. Every man was to be a marksman, and at least 250 were to be equipped as mounted infantry. The Common Council voted £25,000 for the purpose, the Livery Companies and various important business houses followed suit, and a number of shipping firms undertook to convey some of the men to South Africa free of charge. Eventually, the regiment was formed on an increased basis. It may almost be said to have comprised all arms, for it consisted of a four-gun battery of field artillery, two companies of mounted infantry, and a battalion of infantry.

How, then, have the City of London Imperial Volunteers justified their existence by their work at the front? It is really hardly necessary to ask such a question. Their story is graven deep on the record of the war. Lord Roberts wrote from Modder River on February 11: "I have no finer or keener material under my command than the City of London Imperial Volunteers," and the men have proved their mettle in many a hardly-contested fight. Good service at Jacobsdal and Britstown was followed by taking a part in enforcing the surrender of Cronje at Paardeberg. Then came Thaba N'chu, Klip River, Roodepoort, and finally the entrances into Johannesburg and Pretoria. Since that time the City Imperial Volunteers have taken part in almost every action that has been fought, and they have always come out of the fight with credit to themselves. Why not? They are Englishmen, and by this time they must be seasoned troops, accustomed to all the hardships of campaigning, to all the incidents of the battlefield. It is useless to attempt to bring their achievements up to date. The City Imperial Volunteers have continued as they began, and have justified the selection of the great metropolis which sent them to the front.

The City Imperial Volunteers have suffered, of course, in many ways in the war. This is one of the features of campaigning which cannot be avoided. Bullets have laid some of them low, and others have suffered from that awful scourge which has been so prevalent in South Africa during the present campaign, and which must presumably be due in great part to insanitary surroundings—enteric fever. One of the first members of the corps—if not absolutely the first—to fall was Lieutenant W. L. B. Alt. He was certainly the first officer of the regiment to be killed, and he met his fate while returning to the firing line after having been wounded. He was only twenty-two years of age, and died in the fighting before Pretoria. He belonged to a family which has done good service for the country, and he had just been promoted to a captaincy in the Volunteer corps of which his father is colonel when he elected to offer himself for service with the City Imperial Volunteers.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photos. Copyright. A PARADE AT A CAMP IN THE ORANGE RIVER COLONY. *"Navy & Army."*

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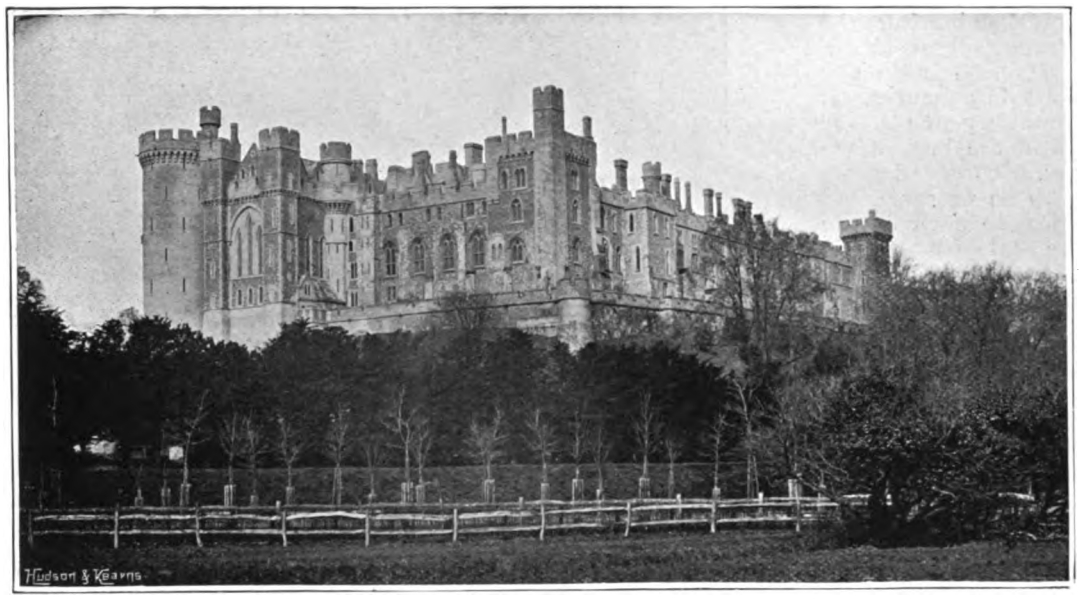
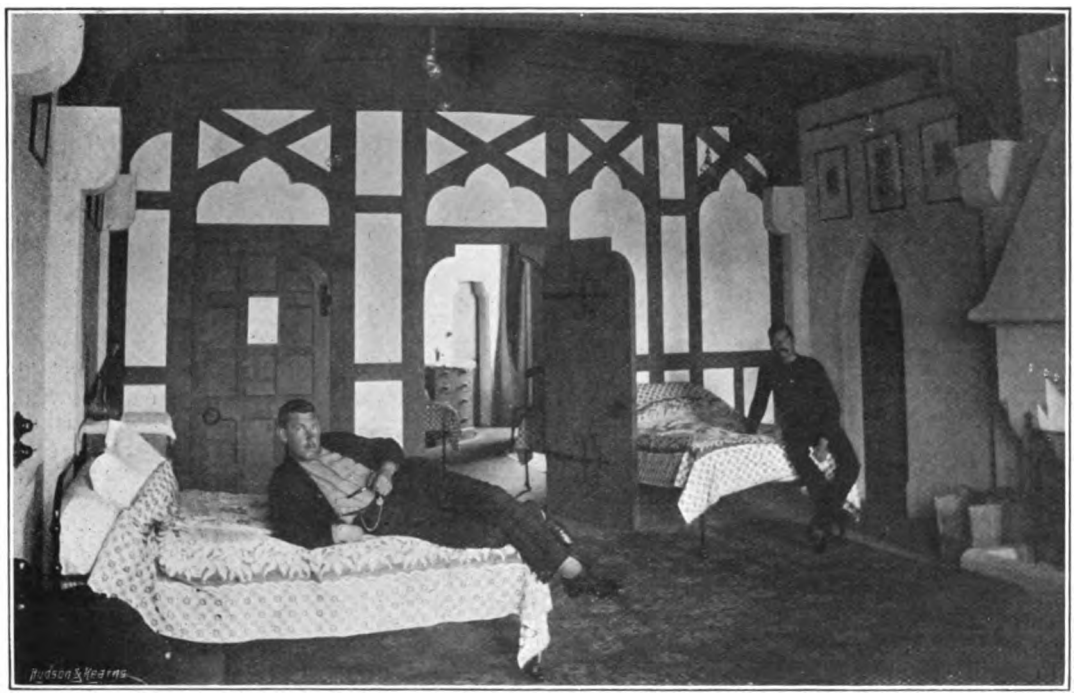
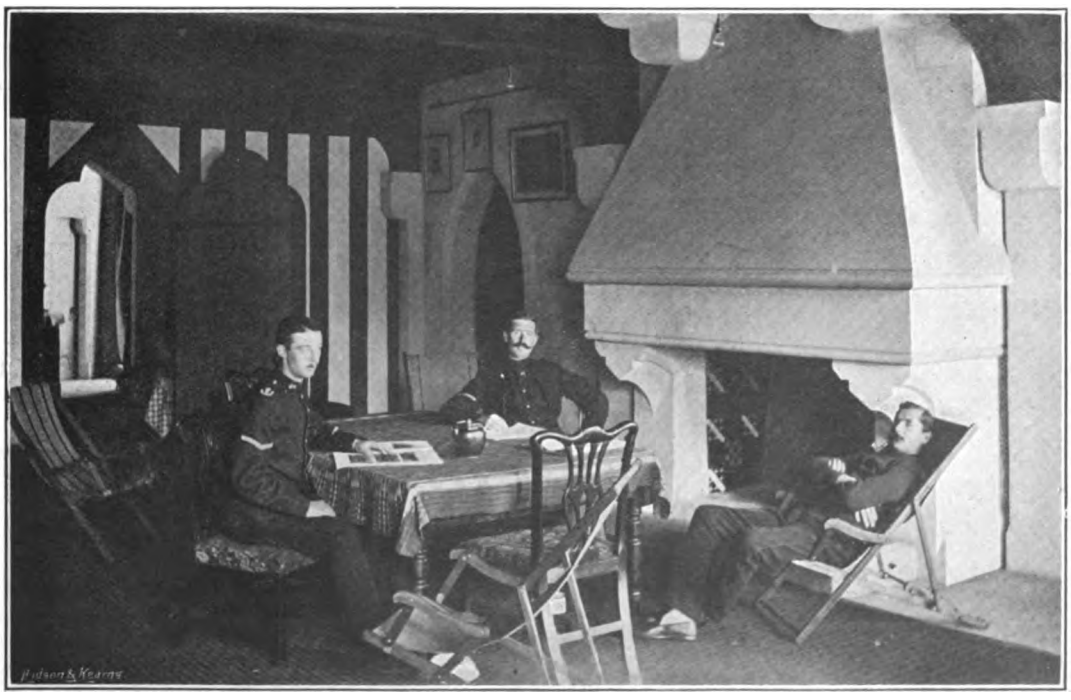
Convalescent Soldiers at Arundel Castle.



ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



THE SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION ON THE UPPER FLOOR.



Photos. Copyright. SUNDAY MORNING—THE AFTER-BREAKFAST PIPE. *A. G. Pearce.*

AMONG the numerous organisations which the war in South Africa has called into being, there is one, as our readers are probably aware, for providing temporary convalescent homes for the large number of sick and wounded returning from the front. Many wealthy families, with large country residences, have placed these at the disposal of the authorities, and a list of them is kept at the various Military Hospitals, so that when a man is sufficiently recovered to be considered fully convalescent, he can be given the option of spending his furlough with his friends, or enjoying at least a portion of it in comfortable quarters in the country.

As would be anticipated, the Duke of Norfolk, whose charitable work is well known, and who has given a very practical proof of his patriotism by going to the front, is among those who have offered accommodation, his sister, Lady Mary Howard, taking a very active part as president of the association.

Arundel Castle—a very effective general view of which is given in one of our illustrations—is admirably adapted for the purpose, surrounded as it is by beautiful country, with large private grounds and a park of very great extent.

The number of men provided for is six, and their quarters consist of a suite of new rooms in that part of the castle which has been recently rebuilt, including a large comfortable sitting-room, a bedroom over it of similar dimensions, a smaller bedroom opening off each, two bathrooms, lavatories, etc., all fitted in the most perfect modern style.

These rooms have been specially furnished by the Duke; the men are provided with an abundance of excellent food and every necessary, including daily and weekly papers, and unlimited tobacco. They have the run of the private grounds—containing an ideal cricket ground in the most beautiful surroundings in the park—and the great hall, a magnificent room, 130ft. in length, with lofty timbered roof, is available as a promenade in wet weather, and they are practically unrestricted by regulations, the only stipulations being that they must behave soberly and respectably, and be in their quarters at a reasonable hour at night.

One of our illustrations shows the sitting-room, with the small bedroom beyond, and some of the men sitting about after breakfast on Sunday morning. Wood fires are lit in the spacious grates when necessary, and the rooms are brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the Duke's electric plant being the finest private one in England.

Another picture shows the large and small bedrooms above; the bathrooms are beyond on each floor.

A more delightful home in which to throw off the last remains of disease or injury could scarcely be imagined, and it is very thoroughly appreciated by the men, who have benefited greatly by their stay, some having already left to make room for new comers, for whom accommodation is now being frequently requested.

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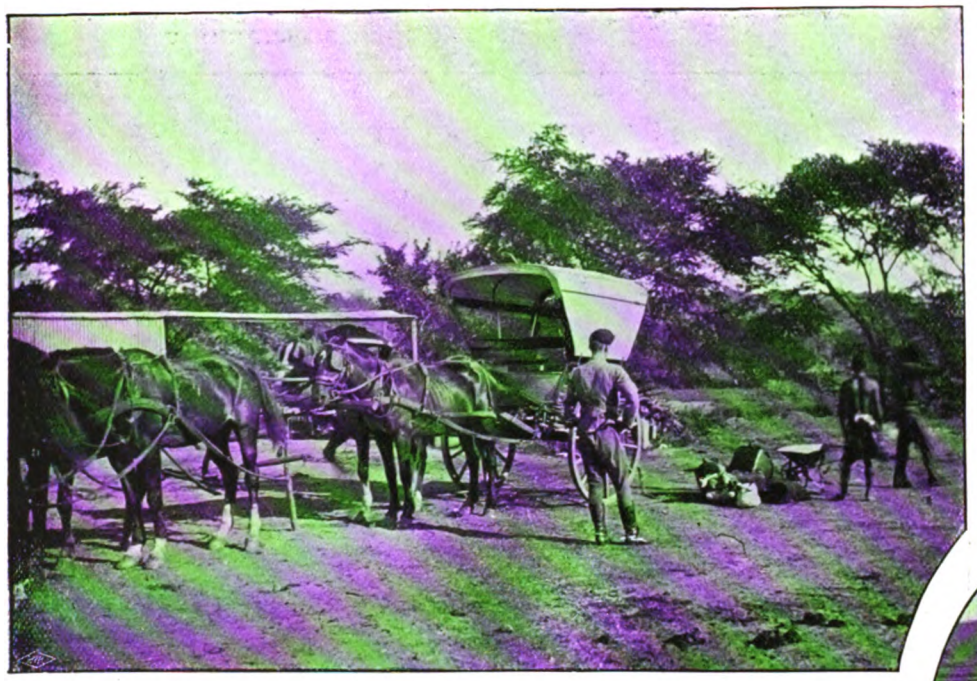
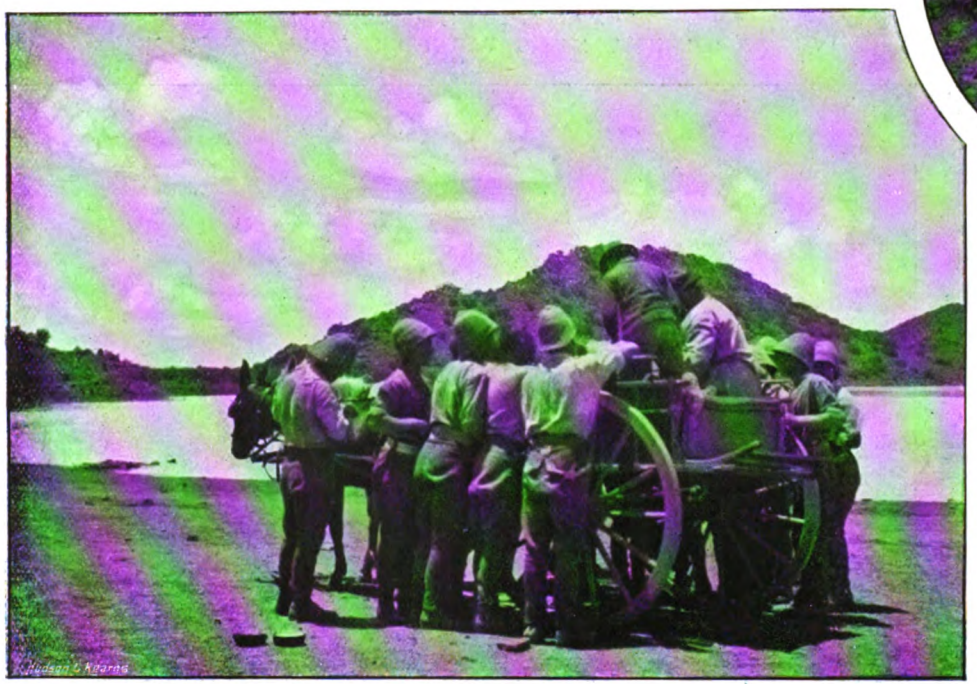
Incidents of the Great Advance to Pretoria.



THE MILITARY POST-CART READY TO START.
Very Rough Journeying at the Unbroken Gallop.

SOME ACCESSORIES OF AN ARMY IN THE FIELD.
Search-lights and Traction Engines for Our Forces.

EARLY MORNING.
A "Tub" Under Difficulties.



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MEN EAGER FOR A MORNING DRAUGHT.
Soldiers Crowding Round a Boer Cart to Buy Milk.

"Navy & Army."

A SCENE ON THE PRETORIA RAILWAY.
Troops Skylarking while Waiting to Go Forward.

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Recent Theatricals IN THE Fleet.

A SCENE THAT BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.
The Comic Lady Admonished by the King.

TWO SHY "LITTLE MAIDS ARE WE."
Officers of the "Hannibal" in Witching Disguise.

JACK AT HIS OLD GAME AGAIN.
The Naval Cupid Bending His Bow.

A GROUP OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS
Observe the Fascination of the Girls (?).

"Hiawala" BY Officers IN THE Channel.

From Photos by a Naval Officer

"CAPTAIN STOPPER" AND HIS COLLEAGUES.
Some of the Male Characters in "Hiawala."

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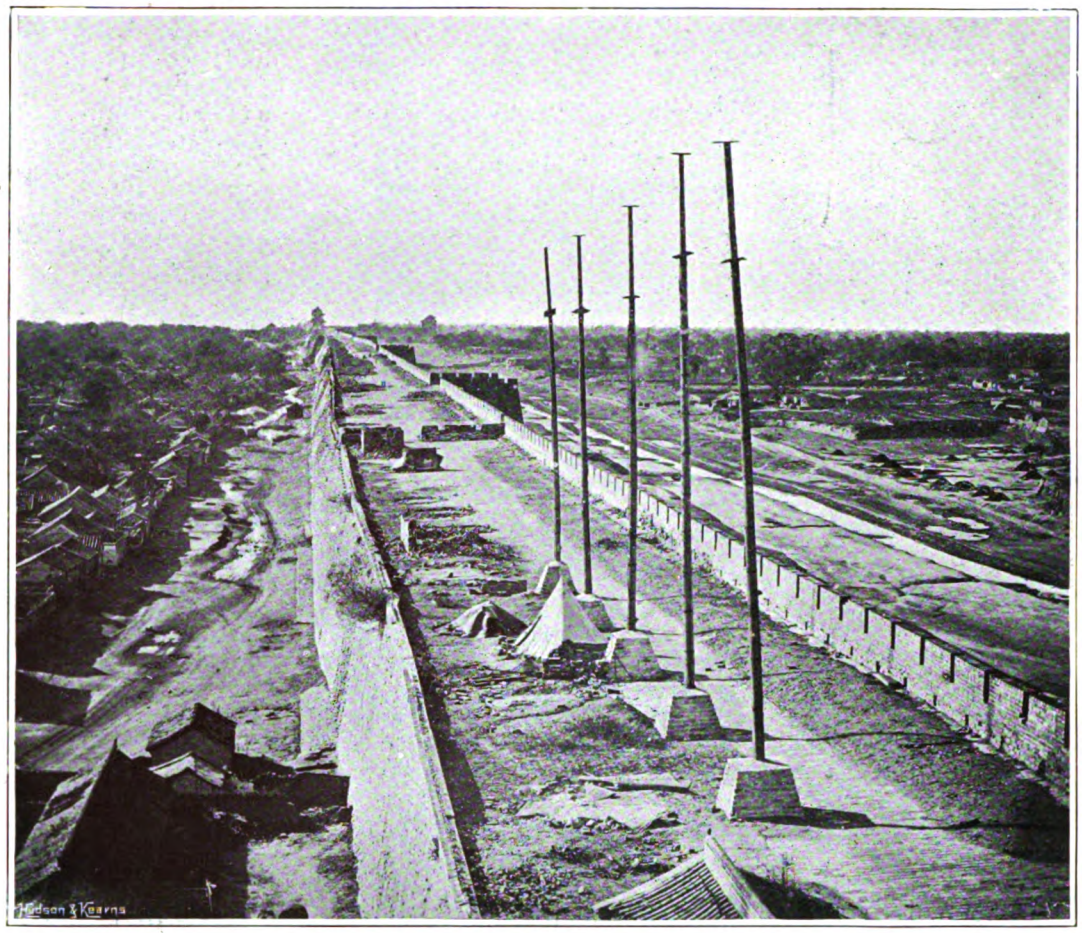
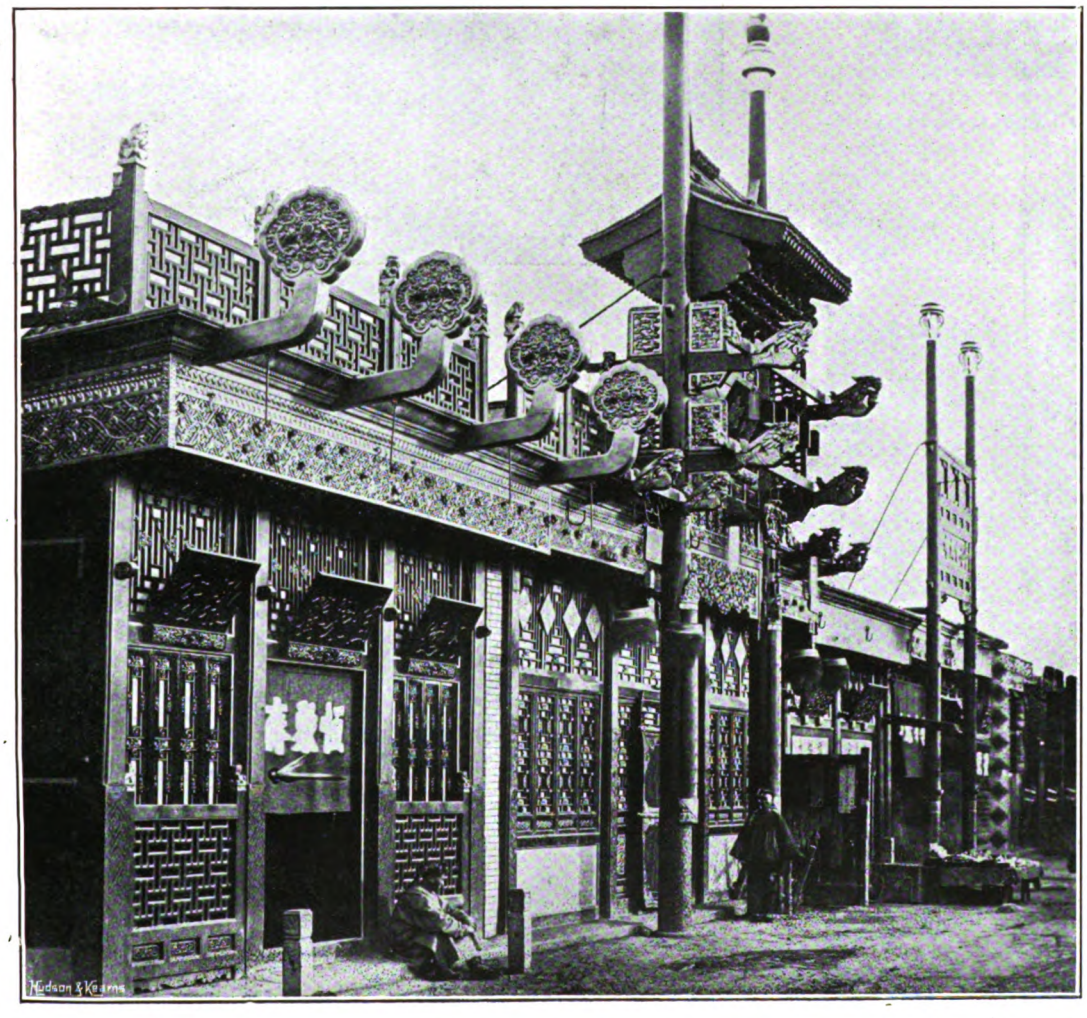
In the Chinese Capital.

IT is some 380 years since the honour of being the capital of the Chinese Empire was transferred from Nankin to Peking. Even then the city was much as it is now. Its early history is involved in obscurity, but it is supposed to be one of the most ancient cities in China, and it is clear, from Marco Polo's account, that the Northern, Imperial, or Tartar City was either built or restored by Kublai Khan. For Peking consists really of two separate cities, adjoining one another. There is the square to the northward, and the oblong Chinese City to the southward. The majority of the streets run at right angles. In the Imperial City they do so entirely, and there are only two or three streets that lead to gates and break the uniformity by reason of their deflection. The two towns—or the two cities, as we like to call them—are entirely distinct. The Northern, or Imperial, City is the seat of government, and its frequent designation of "the Tartar City" indicates the cleavage there is in the life of the Chinese nation — the difference, in fact, which exists between the dominant Manchus and the real Chinese. It is in the Southern City that the latter find their home, and it is from that portion of Peking that we have taken our picture, which is illustrative of a Chinese street with all its Oriental character. It is many years since Barrow wrote: "The shops in the principal streets make an ostentatious display of painting and gilding. Sky-blue and green, mixed with gold, are the prevailing colours upon the walls." Then he talks of "various coloured flags, streamers, and ribands, exhibiting the appearance of a line of shipping dressed in their different colours." All this is as true to-day as it was when Barrow wrote, and it indicates how unalterable is the life of China. Generation succeeds generation, but there is no change in the social life, although quick-firing artillery and machine guns and modern rifles may have been surreptitiously introduced into the country. These are excrescences procured by the dominant Manchus. In the remote parts of the huge Empire the life of the native Chinese is not even disturbed.



ON THE WALLS OF THE TARTAR CITY.



Photos. Copyright. A STREET VIEW IN THE CHINESE CITY, PEKING. *"Navy & Army."*

The chief features of Peking are, of course, its huge walls. Our picture shows their width; but it does more. By giving, as it does, a glimpse of the surrounding country, it establishes a standard of comparison, and renders it possible to judge of the real effect of these enormous ramparts. They are most irregular; they vary in thickness, and they vary in height, but it would take a good deal of battering to bring them down. The parapets may be weak, but, held by European troops with modern guns, Peking might easily be a formidable fortress. To adequately garrison the place would need a strong body of troops, seeing that its circumference has been estimated at something like thirty miles; but, on the other hand, the mere extent of the fortifications would prevent an attack in all places at once, and the defenders would always be on the inner line. In dealing with this matter, however, we are touching technical ground, which must be avoided. The picture of the ramparts speaks for itself.

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Our Lancers.

CARRY LANCE.

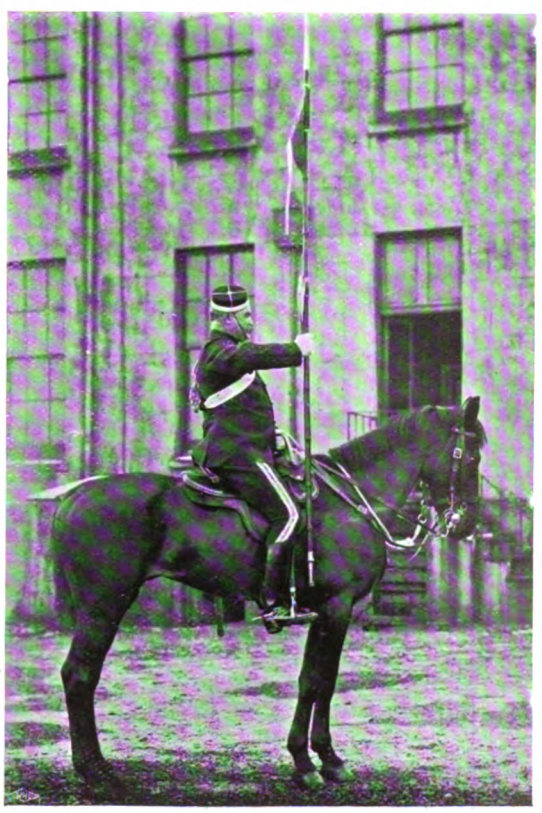
IN the British Army the cavalry of the line is divided into 10 Dragoon, 12 Hussar, and 6 Lancer regiments, and of these there are now serving in South Africa 6 Dragoon, 6 Hussar, and 5 Lancer regiments; thus it will be seen that whilst 50 per cent. of our Hussar and 60 per cent. of our Dragoon regiments are engaged in South Africa, over 83 per cent. of the Lancer regiments are there seeing service.

The illustrations on this and the following pages will therefore prove of special interest to our readers, for they show, in all its phases, the drill by which our cavalry are taught the use of the lance, the queen of weapons. We say "cavalry" instead of "Lancers" advisedly, for of late it has become the arm of all cavalry more or less. In Dragoon regiments the front rank carry the lance, and in Hussar regiments the men are trained in its use. It is, in fact, constantly being used by nearly all cavalrymen, and practically any cavalry regiment we have could in a week or two be turned into a Lancer regiment.

Hence the importance of the weapon, and we know now how the Boers have learnt to dread it, more, indeed, than the lyddite shell. To fully realise the importance of the lance one must look back on its history. In the early days, prior to the introduction of firearms, the most important part of a military force consisted of cavalry, and all cavalry were practically composed of spearmen or lancers. But when the introduction of firearms revolutionised war, the foot soldier became the paramount factor. Even cavalry were to a great extent only mobile infantry, for all dragoons were originally mounted infantry. As far back as the commencement of the seventeenth century the French had abandoned the use of the lance and had in lieu of it introduced the pistol. Marshal Saxe, however, reintroduced it into the French Service in the first half of the eighteenth century, and called the regiment so armed "Hulans," after the Poles, whose cavalry were throughout armed with the lance. All history goes to show — and we have seen it again exemplified in the present campaign — that in the hands of well-drilled and carefully disciplined troops the lance has a terrible moral effect on an enemy, though, of course, when a fight becomes a *mêlée* rather than a charge, the lance is by its nature more awkward and cumbersome than a sword or pistol. In the charge, however, the lance is without exception the most powerful and effective weapon that cavalry can be armed with. At Albuera the Polish Lancers, getting in the rear of General Stewart's division, got home on his right brigade, under Colborne, and with the exception of the 31st,

ENGAGE.

2nd POINT, RIGHT FRONT.



Photos. Copyright. PARRY.

RIGHT REAR, 3rd POINT Ryan.

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the regiment on the extreme left of the brigade, which escaped the charge, practically annihilated them—probably the only occasion on record when British infantry have been absolutely wiped out by a cavalry charge. Take, again, one of the toughest fights of the first Sikh War, the battle of Aliwal. The 16th Lancers, charging against Sikh infantry and artillery, broke two squares, spearing the gunners at the guns. And the Sikhs were no mean foes—the best of India's many fine fighting races, and trained, drilled, and disciplined by Europeans. During the Mexican War, United States' officers gave ungrudging praise to the Mexican cavalry armed with lances. The nineteenth century has seen the restoration of the lance in all the armies of Europe, and the most scientific of modern armies, the German, took the lead.

2nd DIVISION, RIGHT FRONT, 1st POINT.

In our Service the Lancer regiments are numbered 5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 17th, and 21st. The 5th formed part of the gallant Ladysmith garrison and is now with General Buller; the 9th and 12th have also been through the whole war, first with Lord Methuen and now with Lord Roberts, and later were joined by the 16th and 17th, and all four shared in the glorious dash with General French to the relief of the long-besieged city of Kimberley, the occupation of the capital of the one-time Orange Free State, Bloemfontein, and the march on and capture of Johannesburg and Pretoria. The 21st has not been long back from Egypt, with the laurels it gained at Omdurman still fresh and green. The 5th, though the senior, is not the oldest regiment of the six. "Royal Irish" is its title, and Irish it always has been, for it was originally raised as part of the Inniskilling forces that did such good service for William of Orange. It was brigaded with the Scots Greys at Ramillies, and with them rode in the charge that annihilated the French Grenadiers of Picardy, and gave both regiments the privilege of wearing the grenadier cap, which the Greys still retain in the shape of their bearskin head-dress. But trouble was to fall on the corps, for in the rebellion of 1798 it was stationed in Ireland.

2nd DIVISION, THRUST.

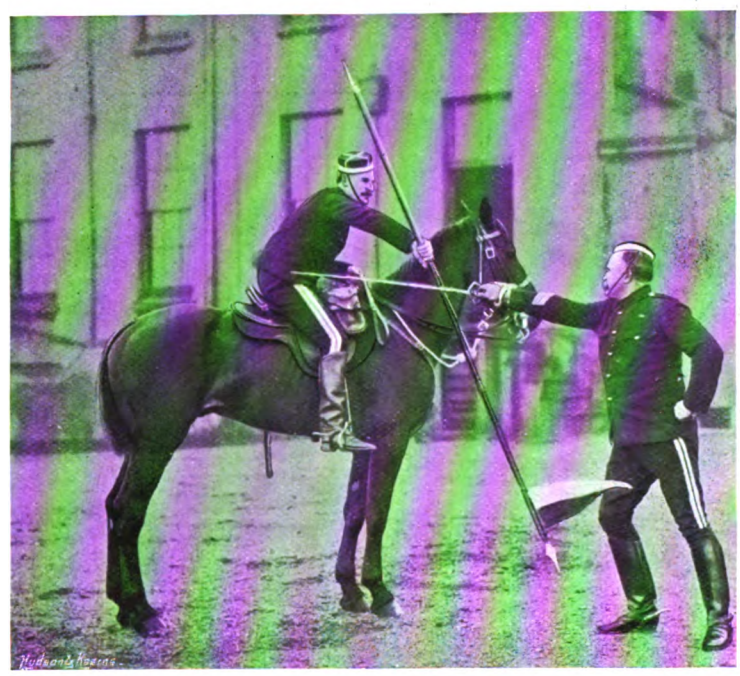
Into its ranks enlisted a number of recruits (disguised rebels), and the upshot was a plot—discovered, as all Irish plots are—to massacre the officers and loyal soldiers. The corps was disbanded, and for sixty years its name and number were blank in the Army List, until in 1858 Her Majesty revived the historic regiment as the 5th Royal Irish and made them Lancers.

2nd DIVISION, LEFT FRONT, 1st POINT.

Up till 1816 we had no Lancer corps, but four regiments were then made—the 9th, 12th, 16th, and 23rd Light Dragoons. The latter, which as Light Dragoons had fought at Corunna, Talavera, and Waterloo, was disbanded a year later.

TRAIL LANCE.

The first three are to-day in the Army List. The 9th, "Queen's Royal," has a record of Indian service that no cavalry regiment can beat. The regiment served through the Gwalior Campaign, both the first and second Sikh Wars, the



Photos. Copyright. *A CUT PARRIED.* *Ryan.*

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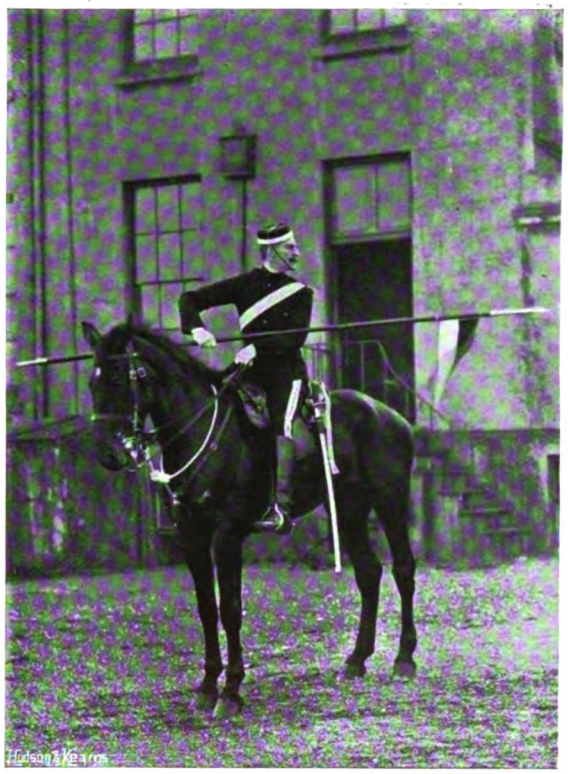
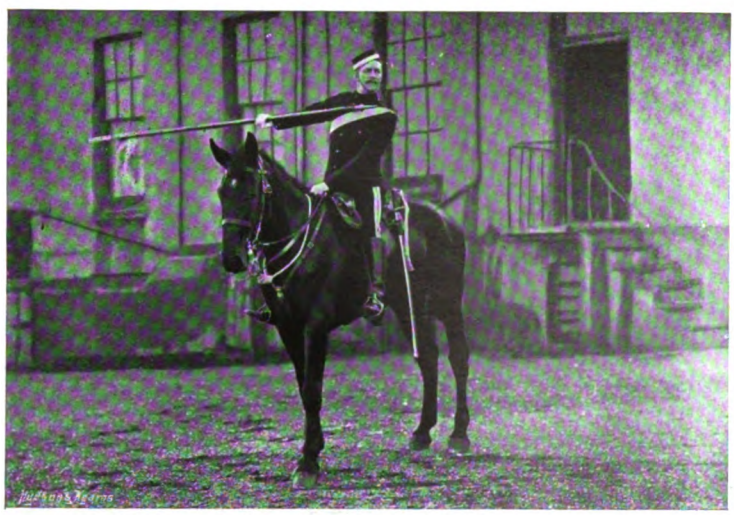


LEFT REAR, 3rd POINT.

LEFT FRONT, 4th POINT.

Indian Mutiny, and the Afghan War of 1878-80; and in one and all it did yeoman's work, from Punniar in 1843 to "Bobs's" march from Cabul to Candahar, in which it was the only British cavalry regiment. It served through the last-named campaign with "Bobs," and will do him equally good service in South Africa. The 12th is a cavalry regiment that has a unique record, for it has served as Marines. Dismounted it went in Lord Hood's fleet to Toulon, and served in the operations there and in Corsica. It was at the sieges of Calvi and Bastia, and regimental tradition has it that it was actually under the direct command of Nelson when he was ashore in charge of the small arms men and Marines of the Fleet. The "Prince of Wales's Royal" did not cross the Orange River for the first time in this campaign, for it was in the Kaffir War of 1851-53. The 16th, which earned the title of "Queen's" for Quatre Bras and Waterloo, has the distinction of being the first cavalry regiment that ever served as Lancers in India, for it was at Bhurtpore in 1825, and in Afghanistan in 1839. We have already alluded to the way in which it distinguished itself at Aliwal. The crowning glory of the 17th, "Duke of Cambridge's Own," is the death ride into the Balaclava valley, it being one of the five regiments that took part in the famous charge. It did so as Lancers, for the corps was so constituted in 1823. It also is not seeing service in South Africa for the first time, for it went through the Zulu Campaign of 1879-80, and made a distinguished record at Ulundi, the crowning victory of that arduous campaign. Finally, there remains only the 21st Lancers. Raised after the Mutiny, the regiment was formed from volunteers of the old Bengal European cavalry when the forces of the Honourable East India Company were finally transferred to the Crown. In 1862 the regiment was equipped as Hussars, but when the new organisation of our cavalry was entered upon a year or two back it was made Lancers. In 1898 it went with Kitchener to Khartoum; and the story of how by its gallantry it earned its first battle honour and the title of "Empress of India's Own" is so fresh in our memory as to need no recapitulation. What our Lancers have done elsewhere they have also done in South Africa, and the record they had earned they have superbly maintained. And that record is a splendid one. In the glorious annals of the Victoria Cross the Lancer regiments stand out unique. The 9th has gained no less than thirteen—more than any regiment in the Service, with the exception of the South Wales Borderers, whose two battalions have earned sixteen—the 17th has won four, the 21st three, and the 16th one—in all twenty-one; that is five more than all the other cavalry regiments put together.

A THRUST TO LEFT.



RECOVER LANCE.

Photos. Copyright. Ryan.

1st DIVISION, A THRUST TO RIGHT FRONT.

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Glorious Henley.

A VIEW DOWN THE COURSE. ONE OF THE PRETTIEST SIGHTS ON THE RIVER.

Photo. Copyright. *W. A. Rouch.*

At the Bisley Meeting.

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*

THE ARMY SIXTY ON THE OPENING DAY.

These Men Comprise the Best Shots in the British Army.

The Inter-'Varsity Cricket Match.

THE LUNCHEON PROMENADE AT LORD'S IS A BRILLIANT SPECTACLE.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

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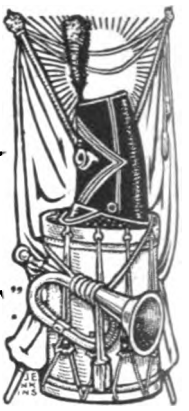
THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY



BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

PORT AND SHERRY.

CAPTAIN DALY was rather badly hurt in the business at Puenta Nuova, and was under the doctor's hands for some time afterwards. It was with difficulty that he wiled the hours away in the hospital at Lisbon, and with joy that he mounted Pious William on the day he was allowed to return to the front.

The headquarters of the Horse Grenadiers then lay at Leiria, while the enemy's pickets occupied Pombal, just beyond.

Daly's man Tomkins was in attendance on his master, and his presence was necessary, for Daly was still very feeble to be trusted on horseback; he had insisted on being allowed to rejoin in time for the advance, and made himself such a nuisance to the other patients, that the medical authorities dismissed him for reasons of expediency against their professional judgment.

One of them, a Mr. Stubbs, took a special interest in the Captain's case. His last advice to the convalescent was: "It's blood you've lost and blood you're wanting, so eat and drink all you can. Drink more if possible. You'll promise me that?"

"I will," returned Captain Daly eagerly, yet with a due sense of the solemnity of the undertaking. "'Struth, I will."

And with these words on his lips and the thought of them in his heart he bade Pious William "gee up," with the result that Pious William, doing so alertly, popped the Dragoon over his head.

"I'm as weak as the hospital tea," Captain Daly observed as Tomkins helped him into his saddle again. "There isn't a drop of blood in my body that's good enough to let a Frenchman look at. But mark ye, Tomkins," he added, "I'll have plenty, and of the best, by the time we reach headquarters. Of the very best, Tomkins, the best money can buy."

"I understand, sir," said Tomkins respectfully; "port or sherry, sir?"

Captain Daly rubbed his chin in cogitation. "Port or sherry," he murmured; then "Both, man, both. What I want," he said, "is blood."

And so they set off on their way down Caldas Street. Pious William, who had breakfasted soundly on oats and had not been ridden, save in mere exercise, for a long time, felt uncommonly skittish, but from the loggish poise of his master and the ease with which he was unseated, he judged that worthy to be tipsy, and so modulated his stride to a pleasant amble.

"It's a blessed thing," said Captain Daly to himself, sufficiently loud for Tomkins to overhear and be edified thereby, "it's a blessed thing to look upon the light of day. To know and to reflect that that light shines alike upon the rich and poor, the happy and the unhappy, the hero and the poltroon, the abbot and the innkeeper; it shines alike upon port and sherry. The light of day knows indeed no prejudice. And with humility I advance the proposition—in that respect I resemble the light of day."

At the first wayside house Captain Daly drank sherry, at the second he drank port, at the third he mixed the two, and at the fourth, where he broke his fast, he again mixed them, and now, truth to tell, they commenced to mix him a little too.

"What I want," said Captain Daly to mine host, "is blood," and mine host looked excessively scared to hear it.

"Whose blood, my lord?" he asked, and was none the happier when Captain Daly answered, "Yours, sirrah, and at once."

Boniface was of a mind to regret the French officers he had murdered by poisoning their cutlets. If they had pillaged the churches and hanged a padre or two, as well as refusing to pay for their drink, that was but delightful gaiety compared with the cold atrocity of requiring from a man his own blood. He had fancied that the worst part of the war was over when he saw the backs of the Napoleonic troops, for they had taxed his hospitality to an outrageous extent, but their very worst demands seemed merely indelicate compared with this latest call upon his resources.

He had given food, drink, money, clothes, and other things still more dear to him to the French; it remained for an Englishman to ask him to open his veins.

"Ah!" he said to himself as he flopped on his knees preparatory to commencing his last supplication. "The corporal of cuirassiers was right: they are vampires after all. Oh, my poor country!"

"What are you after there, my man?" asked Captain Daly, thinking, perhaps, that the fellow groped for the cellar trap.

"I would pray, my lord!" returned the innkeeper, grovelling on the hard earthen floor.

"Thank you," said Daly, "I know a grace or two myself. You fetch the blood, and look sharp, for I'm perishing with weakness."

The innkeeper staggered from his presence, wondering whether he might find a substitute for the sacrifice, and, happily for his peace of mind, came across Mr. Tomkins just returned from baiting the horses.

Desperately Boniface besought him to calm his master's desire for blood. "I have slain many Frenchmen, señor. Come, see, their bones are in the hen-house. I do not deserve so ill of England. Oh! spare me, spare me."

"Glory be to Heaven," replied Mr. Tomkins, "and I've just eaten an egg. It's a cannibal I am!"

"Oh! do not say so, sir," begged Boniface, never doubting of the truth of the statement, and giving himself up entirely for lost. "Oh! do not say so."

"And why does the Captain want your blood?" Mr. Tomkins enquired in his most dispassionate way.

"Why? Ah! Why?" responded the innkeeper. "Alas! I cannot tell. I am innocent of all save defending my country against the French. And that I have done most nobly."

"Ugh!" said Mr. Tomkins, thinking of the egg. "Are you sure it was your blood he asked for? It wasn't a devilled bone by any chance?"

"No, señor; it was blood. He say, 'I am perished of weakness. Blood! Blood!'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Tomkins, "I understand now," and he pointed to the cellar: "Port, sherry; a bottle of each, and of the best."

Mightily relieved at this explanation of the matter, and yet hardly confident that the terror was raised from him, mine host scurried off to search for the gems of his collection, and not Xeres nor Oporto had ever barrelled better wine than graced Captain Daly's repast.

"That's what I call blood," said the Captain dreamily, as he called for Pious William to take the road again, and he left Boniface not only quite reassured, but well contented.

"Ichor of my life," said Captain Daly passionately to the empty air, "but port and sherry are good for the soul. I am a man again. To-morrow I shall be major, on Saturday colonel, general by Thursday week, and field-marshal by the end of the month. I see it all clearly. Gee up, Pious William, gee up. Not a moment to lose."

But Pious William, better aware of his rider's condition than the Captain himself, absolutely refused to go any gait but the steadiest, and even then was at some pains to retain his master on his back.

Daly knew not pusillanimity at any time, even with the dreadest emptiness of stomach; with a square meal as ballast and all sheets in the wind, the God of War was meek and mild to him; and bearing this in mind, Mr. Tomkins prayed fervently that they might not meet an enemy on the road.

When Daly felt that his digestive processes allowed it, he commenced to sing:

"There was a young lady named Brady,
Whose lashes were longish and shady,
For the wink of her eye all were ready to die,
From His Highness to Private O'Grady.

"But there came a young hornet, a Cornet,
And his whiskers were bushy and ornate;
Said he, 'My moustaches just match your eyelashes,
So it's marriage if you do not scorn it.'

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"Said she, blushing lovely, 'You love me?'
Sez he, 'As the Heaven's above me.
If my hair's to your taste, we'll go call on the praste.'
Sez she, 'Faix, to-morrow——'"

At this point Captain Daly's voice went half a tone sharp, for Tomkins, spurring up beside him, implored him to observe caution, as they were approaching another hamlet.

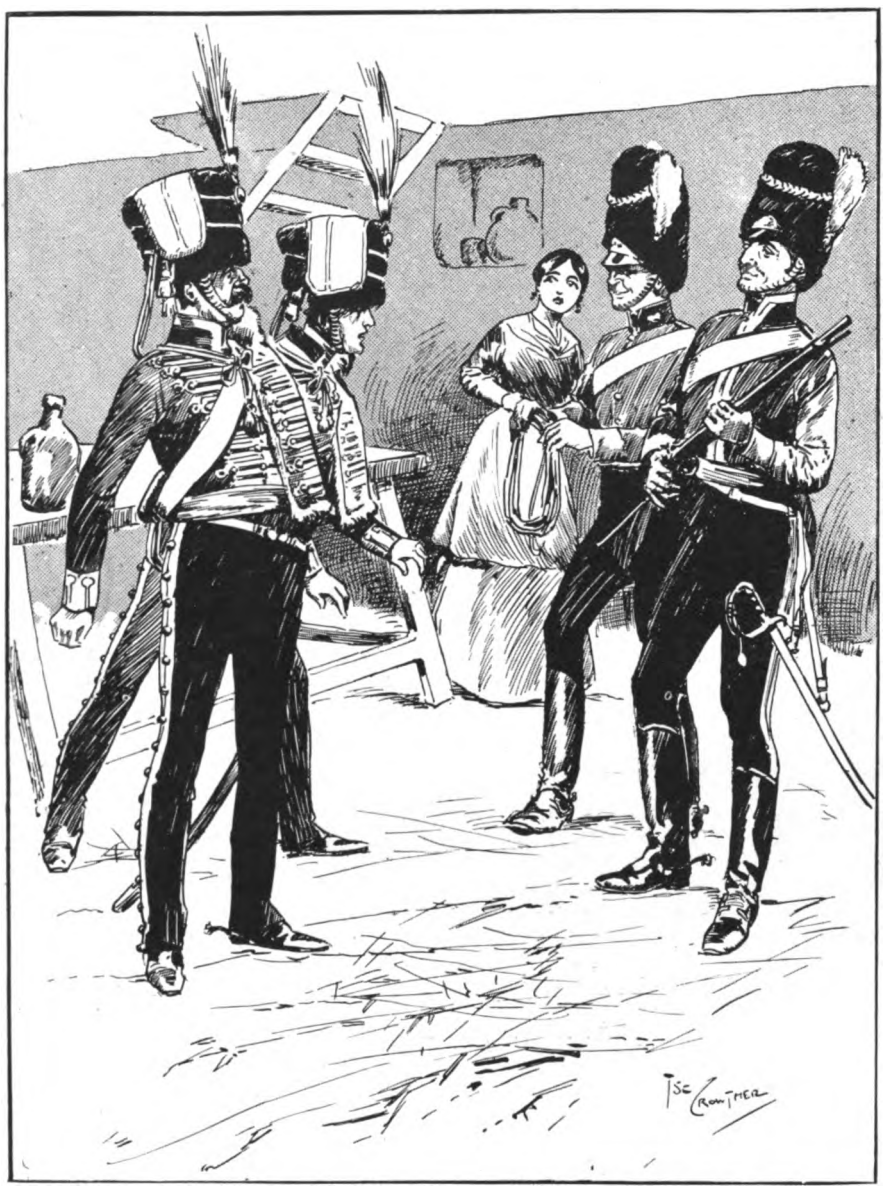
"It is well," said Captain Daly. "I was beginning to feel that faintness coming over me again. A little shound wine will put me to rightsh. Was it Short or Perry we had last?"

Private Tomkins was aghast; he had not realised that his master was so far gone.

"Axing your pardon, sir, but the village may be occupied."

"Occlupied," murmured Captain Daly. "Umpossible." He corrected himself: "Impotchubul."

But occupied the village was, for as the cavaliers drew nearer some horses were to be seen in the street. Captain Daly counted them, jerking his index finger towards them as though he saw them all on one plane: "One, two, three—lemme see, one, two, three, four, five, six—lemme see, one, two, three, four, five, six, four, five, six, and one behind seven, seven and then that other one, seven, eight. Lemme see, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. No, eight; I counted the last one twice before. That'll be eight, only eight. Eight horshes, by the Lord Harry."



"'*My name is Börd, sir,' said the man, crushingly.*"

Now Tomkins failed to perceive more than four of the indicated quadrupeds, but he held his tongue as to this discrepancy between their calculations, on the ground that the more animals the Captain saw the greater the caution he would take in approaching the village, if he had the temerity to approach it at all. He knew that when perfectly sober his master considered it a safe rule for one to fall upon two or three, but he hoped, just faintly hoped, that he was not sufficiently intoxicated to decide that the two of them should attack eight.

"Can you make out what they are?" Daly asked, sobering a little.

"Oh, they're the enemy for sure, sir," said Tomkins.

"Man alive, how d'ye know that when they're not there at all?" cried Daly, struggling manfully to repossess his wits. "How d'ye know?"

"I can see by the horses, by the appointments of the horses, sir."

Daly relapsed. "What short of appointments?" he mumbled. "Never heard of a horsh 'aving an appointment before. Shivil or milifry?"

Mr. Tomkins endeavoured to explain that he meant that several details of the horse furniture, such as the shabraque, differed from those in use by the British cavalry. Captain Daly, however, utterly ignored his demonstration, and interrupted it again and again with the observation that "'Twas all damned fine, but he couldn't understand how a horsh could hold an appointment."

Then a light dawned upon him, and he enquired what the blessed crocks were doing in the benisoned street.

Mr. Tomkins replied that they seemed to be tethered to a door—probably, as Mr. Tomkins suggested, the door of the inn.

"Ah," said Captain Daly; "they're drinking —ck!"

"Very likely, sir," agreed Tomkins.

"Then," said Captain Daly, soberly enough, "they are delivered into our hands."

"I beg your pardon, sir," cried Tomkins.

"They're delivered into our hands," reiterated his master. "Cavalry drinkin' are always li'ble to surprise. Every fool knows that. Come along. Draw swords! Line of troopsh from—— How many of you are there there?" Here he drew up Pious William to the side of the road and passed his hand across his eyes. "For the love of Heaven, Tomkins, tell me quick, are you a man or a squadron?"

"There's only myself, sir," said Tomkins, "and I think your honour counted eight of the enemy, or was it nine?"

"Is that so?" said Captain Daly, and waited to collect his thoughts.

Just then the inn door opened, two men in the uniform of hussars came out, leaped into their saddles, and trotted away by the further exit from the village.

Daly stared at the retreating figures muzzily. "How many's that?" he asked. "That's four; four gone, four from eight," he counted on the fingers of his glove, "four from eight and four remain, carry aught and aught remains—no, four remain. Four of the enemy. And how many of us are there? Lemme see." Again the index finger bobbed forward. "There's one of me, and there's how many of you? Steady, Horse Grenadiers, steady! There's two of you. One and two makes three. And there's four of the enemy. It's not unfair for three to fall upon four. Shound the charge! The moral shuperiority is with us, seeing they're drinkin'."

Mr. Tomkins, seeing that argument would be worse than useless, drew his sword and prepared to follow his master.

"One moment," said the latter; "shouldn't we reconnoitre the ground? Before advancin', care should be taken to discover the condition of the enemy. We don't know what condition they're in. We don't even know what they're drinkin'. Maybe port, maybe sherry. Hope we'll get there before they finish it, anyhow."

He pondered the position a little while.

"Tell you what we'll do," said he; "we'll first ride forward gently to see what they're drinkin'. That ashurtained, we'll come back again and charge them. Forward! Trot!"

It was with some trepidation that Mr. Tomkins followed his master. The road fell straight into the village, and anyone with a carbine could have bagged them at his ease as they came.

Captain Daly's demeanour was equally suited to the leading of a charge or a reconnaissance, for he alternately shouted "Hurrah!" and called for "A little less conversation in the ranks." Which conversation, no doubt, was that taking place between the portmanteau containing Captain Daly's shirts and the flanks of Mr. Tomkins's mount.

As they passed under the oil lamp swinging at the entrance to the village street, a woman's voice rose high and shrill upon the air. To Tomkins's callous ears it sounded like laughter, but Daly knew it for the cry of virtue in distress.

"Tomkins, we shall take them red-handed," he cried; and, quitting his saddle with astonishing agility, he bounced in at the door of the inn, Tomkins after him as fast as he could with his carbine presented.

The room was occupied by three people; two were officers of light cavalry, clearly not English, and the third was a young and comely little country girl. One of the officers, by no means young-looking, had lifted the girl in the air, had apparently kissed her, and was about to do so

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again, when Captain Daly thundered, "Unhand these beautiful ladies, ye grizzled sons of hangmen!"

Startled by this dramatic interruption, the man turned round, and although he did not seem greatly impressed by the solemnity of Captain Daly's manner, the sight of the Dragoon's carbine levelled at his head compelled obedience.

"Vat vill you mean?" he asked.

"Mean!" said Daly, "I'll show you what I mean. You are all my prisoners. Tomkins, secure the four of them."

"I can't see more than two, please, sir," replied the Dragoon, laying down his carbine and producing a stout piece of twine, carried in view of emergencies of the kind.

"Never mind," said Daly, graciously; "shecure as many as you can find. Mushn't be unreasonable."

"But you are unreasonable," cried one of the officers. "Your behaviour is preposterous."

"Don't talk to me about b'haviour," retorted Daly. "First you drink all the port and sherry, and then you maltreat the lady, or ladies, of the house. Dishgraceful! Shecure them, Tomkins, shecure them. Every one."

"We protest. We will not be secured," cried the officers, laying their hands on their swords.

"Oh, won't you?" quoth Captain Daly, taking up the carbine and sweeping the muzzle about within a few inches of their noses. "Shecure them, Tomkins, at once."

"We protest!" cried the officers again.

"Protest to Old Nick!" retorted Captain Daly.

"Do you know my name, sir?" said the elder man, fiercely.

"Not the smallest noshun," replied Captain Daly.

"My name is Börd, sir," said the man, crushingly, but Captain Daly was not crushed; on the contrary, he roared with laughter.

"If your name is that," said he, "then our other friend here is called Sherry."

"Indeed, sir," spoke up the other, "my name is Jerez."

"I knew it!" shouted Captain Daly, "I knew it! Come along, Port and Sherry. You can't gammon me."

Silent at last, but boiling over with indignation, the two officers, with their hands artistically bound with Mr. Tomkins's twine, were brought outside and mounted on their horses. These horses were then placed on either side of Pious William and the reins interchanged, so that the control of all three might be in Captain Daly's hands. Then with Mr. Tomkins, carbine to hip, behind, the cavalcade set out.

Now that his momentary irritation had subsided, Captain Daly felt a little remorseful for his harsh treatment of his captives.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you," he said, "but you know it's really wrong to do what you were at."

The officers vouchsafed no reply. They were speechless with rage.

Two hours later Captain Daly trotted with his captives into the cantonment at Leiria. Almost the first person he met was his Colonel.

"Sir, I must report," said he with a vast effort at sobriety, "the capture of these two French officers; they were accompanied by six others, who were put to flight by my orderly, Tomkins. The names of the prisoners are Sport and Cherry—ck!"

"You're drunk, sir," snapped the Colonel; "these gentlemen are Major Börd and Captain Jerez, of the King's German Hussars."

It was a bad business; it nearly ruined Captain Daly.

THE equivalent of our Victoria Cross has yet to be created, for no other country in the world possesses an emblem of such distinction, by reason of its being so rarely awarded. Germany has its Iron Cross, France its Cross for Valour, and the United States of America its Medal of Honour, but none of them can be so highly prized as the Victoria Cross, which was instituted only a little more than forty-four years ago, for whereas it has been given only on rare occasions, the others have been presented with a fairly free hand. The Iron Cross of Germany was instituted during the Napoleonic wars. It is made, as its name implies, of iron, framed in a thin rim of silver, and it bears in the upper arm the letters "F. W."—it was Frederick William III. of Prussia who founded it—while the lower arm carries the date of its institution, 1813, and its centre bears three oak leaves. The French Cross for Valour was founded by Napoleon in 1802, and is of white enamel mounted on gold or silver, and resting on a wreath of oak and laurel. A figure of the Republic decorates its centre, and on the reverse are two tricolour standards. The Medal of Honour of the United States was instituted in 1862, when no less than 2,000 of the medals were struck. It is a bronze star with five points, having for its centre-piece a figure of Minerva, representative of America, repulsing Discord. This is surrounded by thirty-four stars, the number of States in the Union in 1862, and the medal is surmounted by a bronze emblem consisting of two cannon, cannon balls, and a sword, over which design spreads the American Eagle. These three emblems have all lost much of their value owing to the lavish hand with which they have been distributed, and not always with the greatest discrimination. For instance, during the Franco-German War alone nearly 50,000 German Iron Crosses were awarded, in some cases whole regiments receiving it, while the American Medal of Honour was awarded to every soldier in the 27th Maine Regiment solely because they volunteered to take part in a battle after their time of service had expired.

The Third Ashanti Rising.

By A SPECTATOR.

"THE Ashantis have risen, and are besieging the Governor of the Gold Coast, who, with his wife and 100 Hausa soldiers, are confined to the fort in Kumassi, which is the capital of the Ashanti country. The rising is spreading. More troops are needed to quell it." Such was the gist of the war news two months ago, but now the Governor has marched out through the ring of his assailants. During this interval the rising has grown, and more of our black troops have been despatched in proportion to its growth.

There is none of the glamour of ordinary campaigning for our soldiers on the Gold Coast, and, fresh home from the seat of battle, one cannot help most forcibly comparing the lot of our soldiers there with that of the army in South Africa. In little black batches of about 100 men and three white officers they arrive at Cape Coast Castle, sometimes in a gun-boat, more often in a small unseaworthy branch boat. Seasick and miserably uncomfortable, they are thrown on shore through the surf, and to the anxious enquiry as to where to go and what to do, one meets with the usual nonchalant West Coast reply: "Oh! we don't know; there is no news, but you had better push on to the front." Everyone is unanimous on this last point. Then with a hurried handshake and a "God speed!" one starts. It is raining. Drenched to the skin, but still indomitably cheery, with the officers whistling as well as the rain, on one plods.

Cape Coast and the last of the outer world is soon left behind, and one feels it, for the road is so desolate, and there are no hospital ships or other luxuries in case of accidents. Maudlin thoughts, perhaps, but induced by the far-famed Coast depression. Twenty miles exactly brings one to the first halting-place, where a decent bungalow, containing four rooms, a solid roof, and a table, enables the Europeans to assume for a few brief hours some slight semblance of comfort and dryness.

An exact replica for the next three days, and one arrives at Prahsu, on the banks of the river Prah, to the north of which trouble may be expected. Up to now it has generally been possible to obtain shelter when it rains, and at least to look forward to a dry night's rest; but now *tout cela va changer*.

One wakes at 6 a.m. and finds a heavy white mist rising from the ground and enveloping everything in its sweaty clamour; one's clothes are soaked, and a damp shirt means fever; one calls one's boy and orders a clean shirt, and he quite calmly informs one that the baggage has not turned up yet. One mutters a few suitable words, and puts one's clothes on over one's pyjamas. "Uncleanliness before death" and "Death before dismemberment" are the prevalent mottoes, and they are practical.

"We may get some fun to-day," says a youthful officer as we leave the Prah behind us. His elders smile grimly, but do not speak; words are useless, for human ingenuity cannot foretell—not in this country. I am sure people at home do not know what it is like. May I picture it to you?

The road (there is only one, and you cannot leave it) is narrow. Two abreast, and at many places only one, is the widest front on which troops or anybody else can march; and all round you, touching you, to each side of you, to a depth of miles, over your head and shutting out the light, is impenetrable undergrowth and forest, dripping with moisture and emitting vile smells. The trees drip for forty-eight hours after rain has ceased to fall; but this fact is not important, as the rain never ceases. Kumassi is still some fifty miles away, and it must be reached, and that quite quickly. So on one goes, when suddenly from each side and from nearly over one's head come "bang! bang!" "phtg! phtg!" many shrieks, and a dozen men fall.

"Files, right and left turn!" shouts the nearest officer. "Independent! Ready! Commence!" And "br-r-r-r-r" go the plucky little Hausas with their carbines. "Bang! bang! bang!" comes the reply. From where? You look up, you look to the right and left, and see nothing—nothing but the damp, ugly, impenetrable forest, which no human eye can penetrate for more than ten yards.

"But why not have sent scouts out in advance?" I hear the critic suggest, or "Why not have executed a flank movement?" etc., etc.

Oh, dear critic, leave your club and come and see for yourself; it is not possible.

There is nothing to do but to push on; waiting only means heavier loss. The wounded necessarily have a rough time, and the carriers drop their loads and endeavour to escape, which all means extra work for "Johnny Hausa."

What a good plucky little chap he is, and the way in which, absolutely without a murmur, he goes through every imaginable hardship should evoke the admiration of all.

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The Naval Manœuvres.

THE great fleets which have this week assembled are now to carry out the mimic Naval war which has for the past dozen years played such an important part in the training for war of that portion of the Royal Navy in Home waters at the time. They have been brought together with the smoothness and celerity we have grown accustomed to since the Manœuvres of 1888 first tested the scheme for the mobilisation of the fleet drafted by the then newly-created Naval Intelligence Department. But none the less does the work that has been done reflect great credit on the Admiralty, the dockyards, and the personnel of the Fleet itself.

The Naval Intelligence Department has had to form a scheme which should certainly throw instructive light on various more or less abstruse problems of strategy and tactics. The dockyards have had their hands full in docking and refitting the ships already in commission, and in preparing for commission those ships drawn from the Reserve which have been commissioned for this great Naval event of the year. Above all, the personnel of the Navy that commissions the newly-mobilised ships has its work cut out for it. Both officers and men have had to work their hardest to equip and learn all the little idiosyncrasies of the new craft out of which they will have to get the best work possible, under conditions approximating as nearly as can be to those of actual warfare. Some little idea of what may be seen on an enormous scale at any of our great Naval ports on the actual day of mobilisation may be gathered from the illustrations given on this page. In one the drafts of Bluejackets and other ratings are seen proceeding with their kits on board a ship, which to the great majority will very likely be of quite a distinct type from that in which they served their last commissions. Jones's last spell was in a "bug trap" on the West Coast of Africa or up the Persian Gulf; Smith has just done three years in a sloop on the Australian station; Brown's last turn at sea was in a cruiser in the Pacific. All are going on board a big battle-ship, their way about which must be thoroughly learned in the few brief days of preliminary cruising that precede the actual period of hostilities. In another picture we see the ammunition and projectiles for the guns being hoisted inboard from the lighters that have conveyed them from the magazines in which they have been stowed, to be now lodged in those buried in the bowels of the war-ship. Finally, the ship being duly fitted, equipped, and provided with all necessary stores, ammunition, and provisions, the bunkers have to be filled with the food that the monster herself will devour in enormous quantities whilst her master, man, is utilising her services. To mobilise a fleet is, indeed, a vast business, but in Naval hands the work proceeds with the utmost smoothness, and is a marvel of excellent achievement.

DRAFTS JOINING A NEWLY-MOBILISED SHIP.

HOISTING SHELL INBOARD FROM LIGHTERS.

COALING A CHANNEL BATTLE-SHIP.

From Photos. by A. Lebenham, Ryde.

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In the China Drama.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

VICE-ADMIRAL BENDEMANN.

The Commander of the German Squadron in the Far East.

Photo. Bassano.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GASELEE.

In Command of the British Forces sent from India.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

REAR-ADMIRAL COURREJOLLES.

Who Commands the French Division in China Waters.

Photo. Symonds

CAPTAIN JAMES H. T. BURKE.

Of the "Orlando," who helped to Relieve Tientsin

Photo. Crockett.

COMMANDER C. G. F. M. CRADOCK.

Who Commanded the Naval Forces at Taku and Tientsin.

Photo. **Crockett.**

CAPTAIN E. H. BAYLY.

Of the "Aurora," Prominent in the Relief of Tientsin.

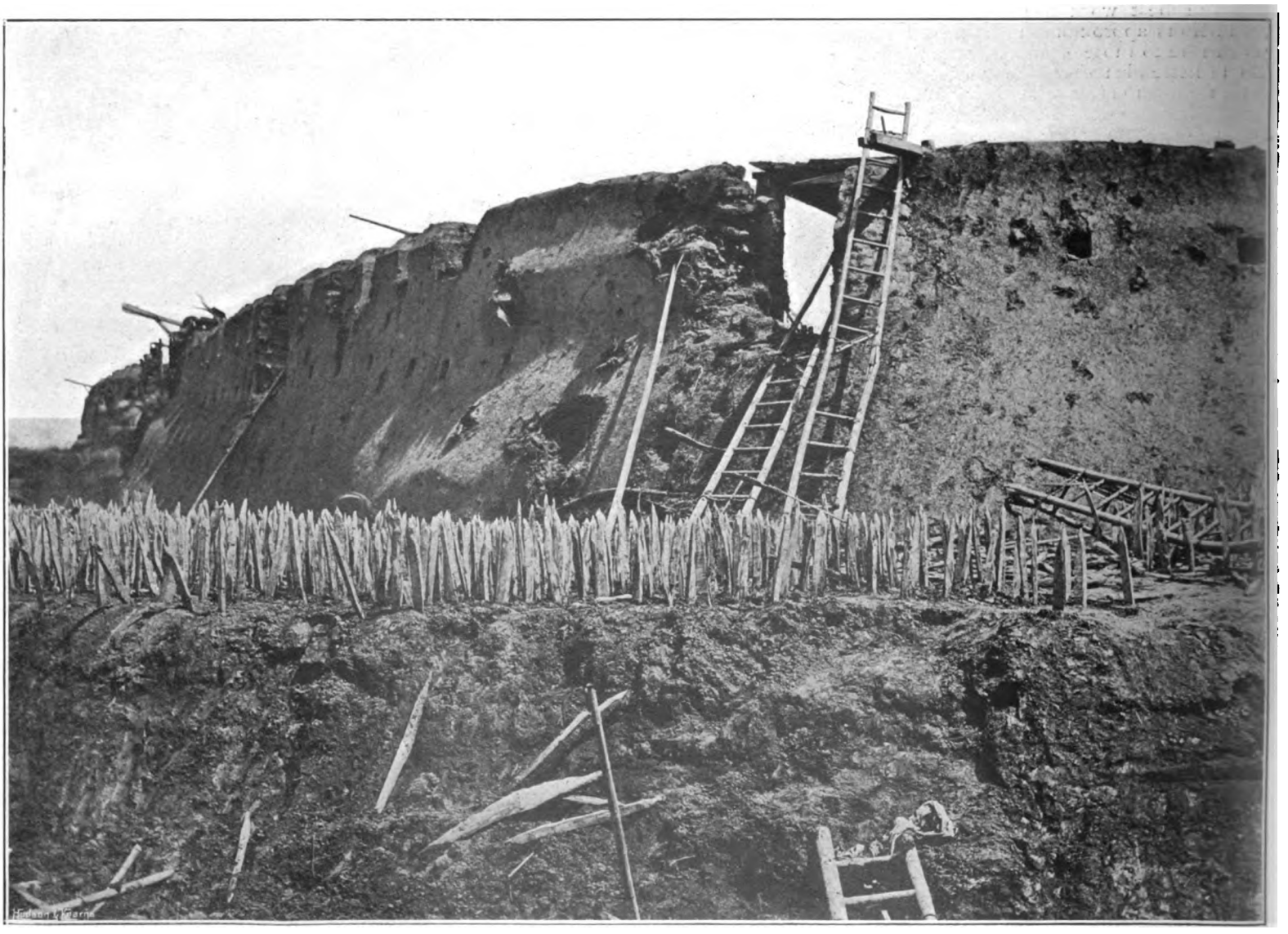

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE BREACH IN ONE OF THE TAKU FORTS AT THE CAPTURE IN 1860.

And the Ladders by which the Stormers Carried the Position.

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THE CHINESE ENCAMPMENT IN THE NORTH FORT ON THE PEIHO, 1860.

The Forts which were Captured are seen on Both Sides of the River.

Photos Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE BREACH IN THE GREAT FORT AS SEEN FROM THE INSIDE.

This was the View Presented after the Troops Got In.

These pictures of ours are very valuable, and are indeed remarkable, the photographs having been taken after the storming of the Peiho Forts by ourselves and the French forty years ago. One of our illustrations shows the breach from the outside, and portrays only too well the stockade after the first line had been captured, which our men had to get through somehow, and did get through. But what an awful obstacle that stockade was to direct attack. In many ways our photographs are as true to-day as they were in 1860. They show so forcibly the entrance to the Peiho, with its forts on each side, that he who runs may read. The story of the splendid capture of the forts in 1860 has often been told, and was distinguished by many gallant acts.

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The Sheen House Bazaar.

THE LADY DOROTHY COVENTRY.

THE DOWAGER LADY ANNALY.

THE LADY TEYNHAM.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

THE MARCHIONESS OF TWEEDDALE.

MISS GERTRUDE WILLOUGHBY.

THE LADY VINCENT.

THEY are brave spirits indeed who dare to organise a garden fete in England. The success of such an entertainment depends so entirely on blue skies and warm sunshine; and these are luxuries that do not necessarily form part of our birthright as English men and women. This year more especially have we had very small part in the joys of summer. But at the fete at Sheen House many did their best in order that Lady Lansdowne's fund should not suffer even if the weather should prove unpropitious.

There to the right of the house, shaded by trees, was the large pavilion in which the stalls were arranged. In the centre was the croquet stall, covered with Venetian glass, over which Lady Lansdowne herself presided after she had opened the fete on the first day, and with her as assistants were Lady Essex, Mrs. Corkran, and Mrs. Jesruam. Lady Lily Greene, with Lady Charlotte Stopford, was at the Shamrock stall close by, and Dora Lady Chesterfield with that which was christened the khaki stall, Lady Dundonald helping her, and Lady White and Miss White, also Mrs. and Miss Baden-Powell.

It seemed curious to see men holding a stall at a bazaar, but here twelve well-known bachelors were selling flowers and fruit, at which no doubt they did a very good trade. Amongst them were Mr. Walter Stopford, Mr. Arthur Brodrick, Mr. Francis Hood, Mr. Arthur Hill Trevor, and Mr. Harry Sparke (Scots Guards). Signor Rupert (Mr. Maude) presided over the witch's tent, which was well filled throughout the afternoon, for people are never tired of peering into the future. Credulous of palmistry, or not, they continually find delight in asking questions about their past, which they already know, and concerning the future, which no one can tell them. Lady Randolph Churchill, too, had gathered together a show of war trophies, including a piece of the shell which burst in the tent adjoining that of Sir George White at Ladysmith; whilst the fashionable craze for cats reached even to this fete, for Lady Walter Gordon Lennox and Miss Willoughby presided over an exhibition of these animals, whose pedigrees were in each case long and irreproachable.

Bicycle rides were arranged, too, and a musical ride in which the ladies taking part were wearing very smart dresses, the coats being sky blue with canary-coloured facings, and their head-dresses helmets with plumes. These costumes, of course, were copied from the old uniform of the 19th Lancers, which was adopted by them in 1819, to be discarded shortly afterwards as being too gay for the grave British Army. There were Lady Margaret Sackville and Lady Evelyn Loster, too, ready with their fish-ponds, at which innumerable bargains were hooked at a shilling a throw, and everywhere we heard the strains of music from various bands, and from the fine orchestra of the Sheen House Club.

But it was in the evening that the gardens looked their best, for on every tree and shrub fairy lights were fastened, shedding a faint radiance over the scene, so that many were tempted to spend some hours here wandering about till eleven o'clock struck and the fete was brought to a happy conclusion.

The Photographs of the Lady Dorothy Coventry, Miss Gertrude Willoughby, and The Countess of Bective are by Messrs. Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street; those of The Lady Teynham, The Duchess of Newcastle, The Marchioness of Tweeddale, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, The Lady Vincent, The Viscountess Coke, The Countess of Essex and The Lady Howard of Glossop are by Miss Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.; those of The Dowager Lady Annaly and The Marchioness of Londonderry are by Messrs. Chancellor, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin; and that of Mrs. Cyril Martineau is by Messrs. Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

MRS. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

MRS. CYRIL MARTINEAU.

THE VISCOUNTESS COKE

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

THE COUNTESS OF BECTIVE.

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

THE LADY HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.

Prominent Patronesses and Stall-holders.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—NO. 181.] *SATURDAY, JULY 21st, 1900.*

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

AT THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The training in signalling given to our Bluejackets is the most perfect in the world. Their quickness and intelligence in this branch of their duties is marvellous and would astonish the landsman. The signalling flags are seen in their rack on the left, and the seaman by the searchlight is working the semaphore. Our men at Taku could keep constant touch and communication with the Fleet by semaphore and heliograph.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THERE is a lesson in the Chinese crisis that will not elude anyone. Who is General Stössel; how are the Japanese here; why came the Germans to Chinese soil? The balance of power has changed, indeed, since we last were fighting in China. Then the French were our colleagues, and the two old Sea Powers settled the business together. The Russians were a shadowy Power in the Far East, the Japanese had not emerged from feudal obscurity, and the Germans were not yet upon the horizon. It will not do to ignore the significant change, nor to lose sight of the fact that our position in the world is profoundly modified. Responsibilities are vastly increased, we have to cope with new dangers, and the discordant concert of the Powers promises difficulties for which we must prepare. There can certainly be no fashioning of sword-blades into ploughshares within the lifetime of living men.

Photo. Copyright. *Fuller.*

THE CHIEF OF THE CHINA TREATY PORTS.

Shanghai, at the Mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, is to us the Most Important Commercial Port in China. Our Trade Interests Centre in the Great Provinces that Comprise Central China, and it is this Great River that is and must be the Main Channel for all Import and Export Trade.

IN one respect the Chinese resemble the Boers. Both can move rapidly in large or small numbers, and are excellent at running away. By this time the country between Taku and Peking is rapidly filling like a sponge, and approach to the capital can only be by the Peiho and by the stone causeway which crosses the swamp, covering the last fifteen miles of the journey. There are plenty of shallow-draught river craft available, but for any operations in the dry season there will be required a large supply of sturdy ponies. In China everything can be bought, and there are large numbers on sale even in the hostile country. Immense droves of ponies are on the plains three or four hundred miles from Peking, which

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

CAPTAIN LANS, of the "Iltis."

In the Attack on the Taku Forts the German Gunboat "Iltis" Figured prominently. Captain Lans had the Order of Merit Conferred upon Him for His Services by Telegram from the Kaiser.

GENERAL STOSSEL.

This Officer Commands the Russian Forces which Took Part in the Relief of Tientsin. His Breast is Covered with Decorations, and He is now getting Plenty of Opportunities to Add to Them.

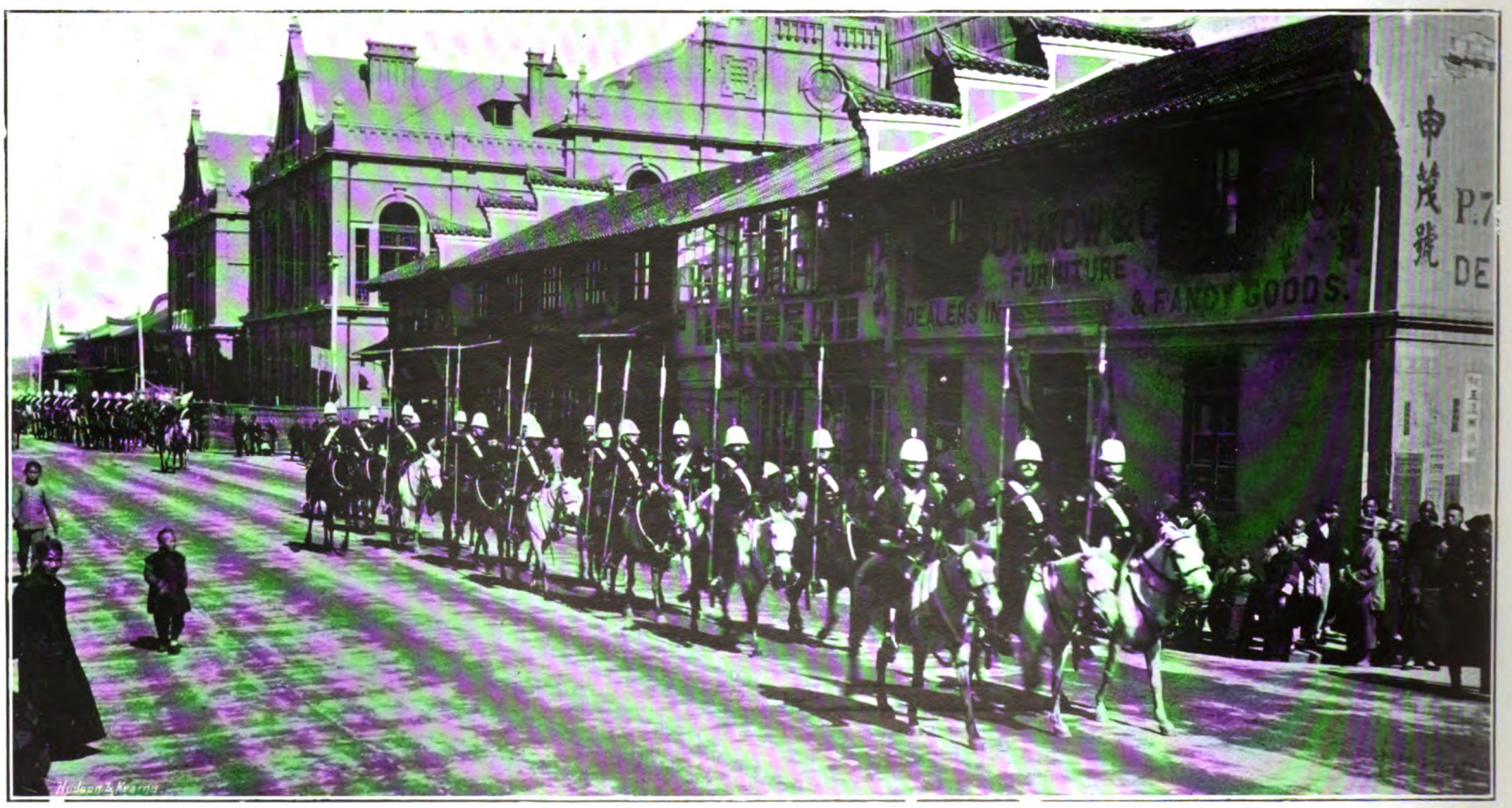

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS.

Our Picture shows some of the Volunteer Forces at the Great Treaty Port, which Comprise a Contingent of Light Horse, Artillery, and Infantry. The Corps was Embodied in 1854, and its Members took an Active Part in the Defence of the Settlement in the Taiping Rebellion of 1862.

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GENERAL FUKUSHIMA.

This Officer Commands the Japanese Troops Despatched to China. He Distinguished Himself in the Last War, is a Great Traveller, and, besides many Journeys in India and Burma, has Ridden from Berlin to Vladivostock. Our Picture was taken at Teheran.

WE have not in England lately heard much concerning the yellow peril, but the epidemic has appeared in Paris, where certain people seem to be afflicted severely. M. Alfred Duquet is a writer of some distinction in military matters, but he thinks, nevertheless, that European statesmen have acted like fools in permitting the Chinese to arm themselves to the teeth, and he unites the Japanese also in his wholesale condemnation of the yellow races. Moreover, he cites Admiral de Beaumont, who was lately French Commander-in-Chief in China, as to the danger. The Chinese will not be content to repel invasion; they will presently take the offensive, "and then what a figure we shall cut when 20,000,000 Chinese descend upon Europe!" Happily for us this spectre has been laid, for the Chinese are not a people in the sense in which we are, but a congeries of clans bitterly hating one another, and the Celestial in one province is very apt to think that his brother in another is a "vellee bad man," even if not quite so dark in hue as the foreign devil. the breeders bring down for sale, in wretched condition, it is true, but the sturdy little creatures soon pick up, and will carry heavy weights any distance, not, perhaps, at rapid speed, but with great endurance. These ponies will thrive on the poorest fare, and are the best animals for Northern China. All other things being equal, it may be taken that the native will always be found most suitable for service in his own country, and this truth was borne out by our experience of South African horses. The Chinese ponies average a little more than 13-hands, and the Russians have capital horses a little bigger in Siberia. Their small post-horses possess wonderful endurance, and though rough, scraggy animals, are capable, upon the roughest of roads of moving at a high speed. These are two good classes of horses and ponies for Chinese service.

SIR WALTER GILBEY urges our need for sound Army horses of small size—about 14-hands or 14·3—stout weight-carriers, covering long distances at fair speed, and subsisting on coarse or poor food for weeks at a time without losing condition, strong of constitution, and capable of withstanding inevitable exposure. We have gone to the United States, Argentina, and Hungary for cobs, but he thinks we should have done better to buy ponies in the Welsh hills, Exmoor, the New Forest, and the northern Fells, these ranging from a little more than 12-hands to 14-hands, and being compact, sturdy, and untiring. They only lack size, and it might be attained by crossing with the Arab. The Eastern horse has soundness and good bone that are not common in the thoroughbred, and Arab sires have given us all our modern race-horses. The Byerly Turk of 1689, the famous Darley Arabian of 1706, and the Godolphin Arabian of 1730, all under 14-hands, were ancestors of all our most noted winners on the turf. These are matters not to be overlooked by the military authorities.

Photo. *Heath.*

COMMANDER STEWART *of the "Algerine."*

The "Algerine" took a Main Share in the Destruction of the Taku Forts. She is Commanded by Commander R. H. G. Stewart. The Ship was Superbly Handled and Fought, but the Gallant Officer has not yet been Gazetted D.S.O.

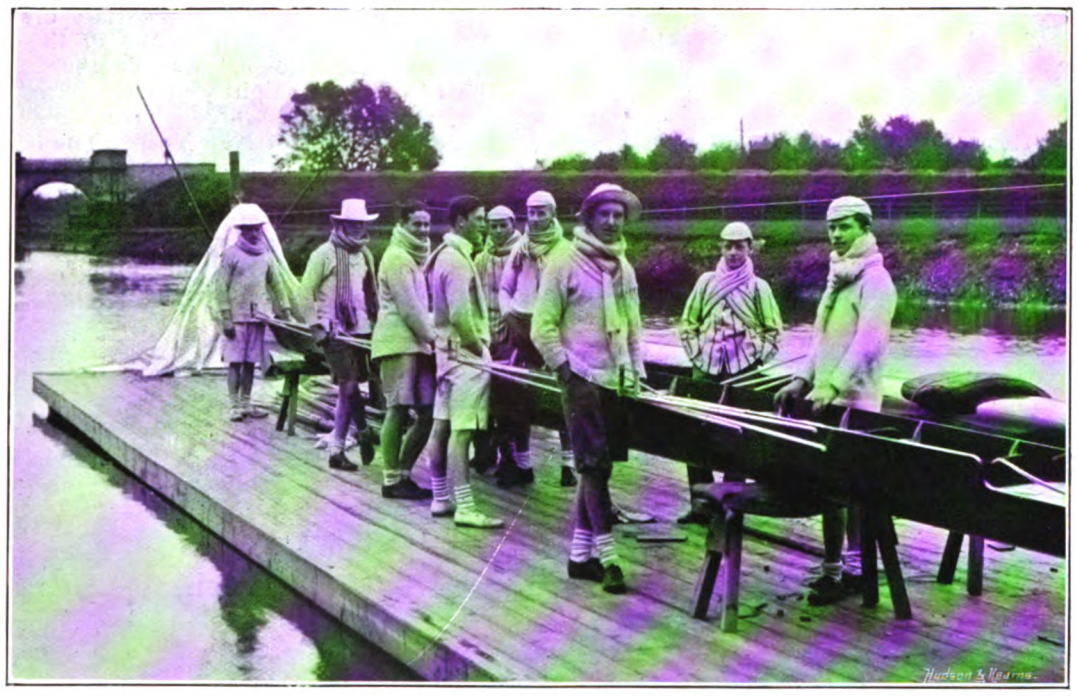

Photo. Copyright. THE ETON EIGHT THAT FIGURED AT HENLEY. *H. W. Macdonald.*

The Eton Eight gave New College, Oxford, a Great Race in the Final for the Ladies' Challenge Plate. They had the Worst of the Toss, being on the Berks Berth, and after a Splendid Spurt at Thirty eight Strokes to the Minute, were Beaten by Half a Length, the Winning Crew's Time being 7-min. 18-sec.

THE report that the City Imperial Volunteers found inadequate numbers presented for the last draft to South Africa proved to be entirely untrue. In any case it could merely have been an indication that the khaki fever was passing away, and that men did not care to embark on a business that was completed. The situation in China proved more imminently serious, and Lord Roberts himself, by the arrangements he made for the administration of the Transvaal, indicated his belief that the serious fighting was over. It has already descended into the inevitable guerilla warfare, and even the resourceful De Wet could not stem an overwhelming tide. War is the furnace that tries men, and the reputations made in South Africa are not a few, while in many instances, Lord Roberts being the

Photo. Copyright. *W. A. Rouch.*

THE WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.

The Final of the Grand Challenge Cup was Contested between the Leander and Trinity (Cambridge) Crews. Trinity, in Spite of having the Berks Berth, was Expected to Win, but Leander Steadily Forged to the Front, and Won a Great Race by Half a Length in 7-min. 6-sec.

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brightest exception, those who went out with the weight of authority have failed to justify their reputations. This is a matter concerning which rumours are many, but to discuss them would be invidious. It is not only on our side that the younger men have come to the front, for Louis Botha and De Wet have arisen among the Boers, and have proved surprisingly resourceful soldiers of notable ability.

ADMIRAL GERVAIS, who has been in command of the combined French fleets in the Channel during the manœuvres which close with the great review at Cherbourg this week, is a man much respected and of great experience, but, like nearly all Frenchmen who rise to high command—and France is not singular in this respect—he is approaching the limit of age, which, within a comparatively short period, will deprive his country of his services. He was born on December 19, 1837, and will therefore retire at the age of sixty-five on the same day in 1902. Admiral Fournier, on the other hand, the remarkable man who commands the Mediterranean Squadron, is young as admirals go, and is still the youngest of French vice-admirals. He was born in May, 1842, and is thus in his fifty-ninth year. The average age of a French vice-admiral appears to be about sixty-two. In this country it is rather less—in fact a little over sixty. For many years back the French have been talking about the *rajeunissement des cadres*, but influence has always stood in the way.

AN extraordinary story is told of the rise of General Brugère, the new generalissimo of the French Army in succession to General Jamont, who recently resigned

Photo Copyright. Reynolds.

A FIRE AT SEA.

A Few Weeks back the Steam-ship "Mariposa" left Canada with a Cargo of Over Four Thousand Tons of Compressed Hay for the Forces in South Africa. Our Picture was taken in Algoa Bay, where the Combustible Cargo and the Ship burnt Furiously for Many Hours through the Night.

in high dudgeon. The general in question is provided with a letter of service which vests in him the supreme command of the French Army in time of war, and it would certainly seem that he should be chosen on the ground of supreme military qualities. That is probably the case, but meanwhile the gossips are telling the *gobe-mouches* that General Brugère owes his rise to power to an act of atonement on the part of the late President Faure. The civil magistrate and the soldier were one day partridge shooting together, and the former, being a clumsy hand at the work, chanced to shoot his companion in the leg, perhaps mistaking him for a bird. The maimed officer, however, lost nothing, for though winged, he rose rapidly by successive promotions, until he qualified for the high position he has attained. This, at least, is the story they are telling on the boulevards.

AMERICA is the country of great catastrophes, and the terrible fire at New York, with its vast destructiveness of life and property, including the burning of the "Saale," "Main," and "Bremen"—auxiliary cruisers of the German Navy—and the narrow escape of the magnificent "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," was another dire experience, and the catastrophe might well have been far more serious, for a high wind could scarcely have failed to spread the flames to the lower part of New York. The recent event recalls the terrible fire in Chicago on October 7, 1871, when an area of nearly three and one-third square miles was devastated, over 17,000 buildings burned, almost 100,000 persons rendered homeless, and some 200 lives lost. That was a catastrophe of almost unparalleled magnitude, and was followed by another great fire in the same city in July, 1874.

Photo. Copyright. W. M. Crockett.

THE "BRITANNIA" CADETS.

The Cadets here depicted are this year's "Fourth Termers" of the "Britannia," and are about to Leave the Ship to enter upon the Practical Duties of Their Profession. It seems as if They might have Plenty of Opportunities in the Near Future.

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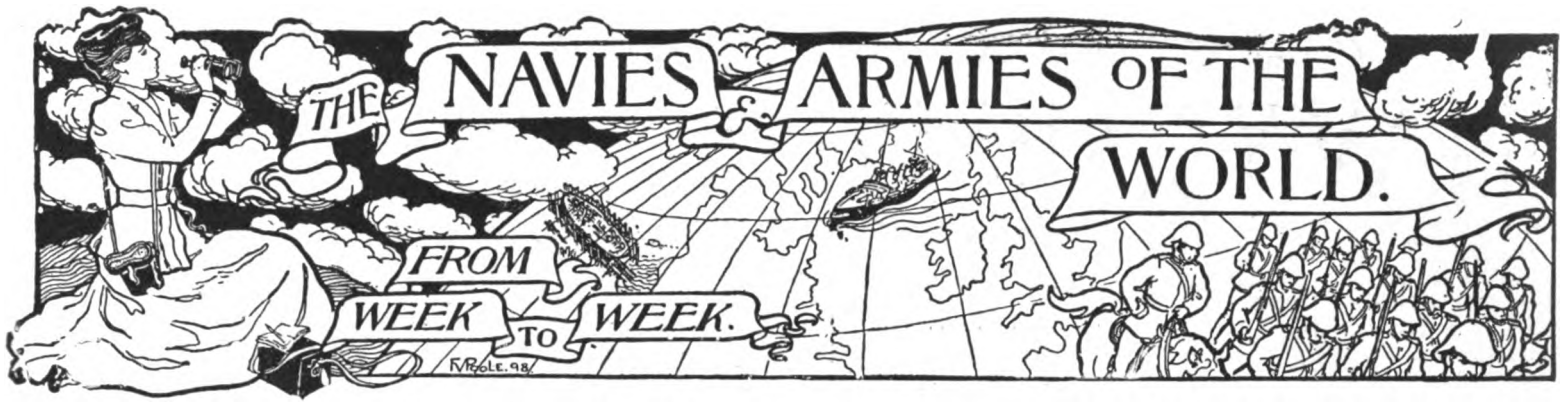

IT would seem that two very considerable military changes are taking place in our time. The barbarous peoples are acquiring skill both in the use of the best European weapons and in those arts of war which had seemed to be peculiar to the civilised races And then it is becoming more and more the case that European armies are engaged in what, for want of a more precise term, must be called colonial wars. It does not follow that the barbarians will ever be able to overcome civilised troops in the long run. The point is that they are not so helpless as they were, say, thirty or forty years ago. They are getting more into the position which opponents held towards the Roman legions. In many cases even Consular armies were destroyed in battle with peoples who were far below the Romans in civilisation. When battles were decided by the white arm this was not surprising. Even when every allowance is made for the fine Roman discipline and military science, numbers, personal courage, and bodily strength would tell when it came to actual push of pike. When the Roman leader made a blunder, or luck was against him, it follows that he was routed. In the end his people won, but they paid dear for victory.

* * * *

In modern times civilised races have had the advantage not only of discipline and of military science, but of weapons which could kill at a distance. Their barbarous opponents have either not had these arms, or had them in a very inferior form, or could not use them intelligently. Against such odds as these, numbers, courage, and physical strength could do little. But within the last generation there has come a considerable change. Thanks to a variety of causes, of which commercial enterprise is the most important, the barbarians are getting much better armed. Moreover, partly by having some useful lessons driven into their heads by defeat, partly through taking service with civilised masters, they are acquiring new arts of war. The defeat of the Italians in Abyssinia is a case in which people not much above the level of absolute savages have fairly beaten a disciplined European enemy on a stricken field. In our last campaign on the North-West Frontier, we found the Pathans handling our rifle as well as we could ourselves. Had they possessed a little more discipline and a reasonable amount of artillery, they might have proved very nearly as difficult to manage as the Boers. The very negroes of Ashanti have shown a most unwonted intelligence during the present fighting. One cannot of course say that the Boers are barbarians, but their army is not a regular one. Yet it does not lie in our mouths to say that they are not formidable enemies. Japan is an example of a country which no man would have thought of calling other than barbarous, twenty or thirty years ago. To-day, the greatest military peoples have to lay their account with her fleets and armies.

* * * *

The Chinese, who were supposed to be quite impervious to the arts and sciences of the outside world, are proving that they have made some progress in the science of killing according to the best rules. True it is that they show many signs of still being a long way behind, but they are not exactly where they were. Once on the right road, who knows what progress they may not make! That John Chinaman should show himself pertinacious in fight is not surprising. Poor old Commissioner Yeh was extremely obstinate at Canton in the last war, and his men stuck to their guns. The point was that they could not shoot with them. Now we hear of very good practice made by their artillery at Tientsin. It is true that this is attributed to the presence of Europeans among them—at least of one European. Of course it may be the case that they are broken and desperate men who have had a military training, and who have drifted into the Chinese armies. Some of them may be now directing the guns at Tientsin. Even so, the Chinamen must have learnt a good deal, and it is something that they have been taught by experience to learn from foreigners. "Chinese Gordon" and the instructors of Li Hung Chang's foreign-drilled army have not laboured wholly in vain. In the end China will no doubt get the worst of it, but things are much altered when it has become clear that she can no longer be coerced by small forces, but that great armies must be put in the field against her. Given her size and population, the work of conquest will be burdensome and costly when once armies on a large scale are required. As for depriving the Chinamen of arms, whoever has money will get weapons somehow; and, besides, the Celestials are ingenious workmen, who have made, and do make, things quite as difficult to construct as rifles or shells.

* * * *

It is this improvement of the barbarians which accounts in part for the development of forces belonging to the military nations of the Continent and designed for colonial service. There are other reasons, but that is one. The change is certainly considerable. Nobody would have thought thirty years ago of hearing that Germany was about to send 10,000 men and more half round the world. To-day this passes for an ordinary incident. It cannot but have a serious effect on the German Army. That would not be the case if matters were likely to stop there. But it is eminently improbable that they will. The chances are that a second 10,000 will have to follow the first, and then a third, and perhaps a fourth. The effect on the German Army must needs be great. That force has been organised, very highly and skilfully, for quite another kind of work, namely, to fight on its native soil. In theory, the whole nation is in the ranks. As a matter of fact Germany does not draw quite so many men for military service as France, or, rather, not quite so large a proportion of her people. Her larger population allows her to maintain a slightly superior army and yet to exempt a higher percentage of her sons from service in the ranks. Still, her organisation is very thorough, and it has hitherto been exclusively aimed at providing an army for home defence. Now a place must be found for a colonial force on no inconsiderable scale. France has taken hers in hand seriously. The one substantial piece of work done by the Chamber of Deputies in this last noisy session was to vote the Bill introduced by the Marquis de Galliffet for establishing a larger colonial army. How to fit in forces of this character with universal obligatory service and a great organisation of reserves at home is already a problem, and it is likely to grow more and not less difficult to solve. Germany is better placed to deal with it than France, for her population, which is poorer than the French, and naturally more martial, is less afraid of exile and produces more voluntary soldiers.

* * * *

With the extension of colonial wars and colonial service there must be an alteration in the standard of military life in these countries. With them, as with us, fighting in remote regions and against barbarians will become the rule. Among the French it is already the case that the only officers of the younger generation who have gained any reputation have won it in colonial wars. Thirty years have passed since there was a great European war—unless we count the Russian invasion of Turkey as one. If the peace of Europe is prolonged for another thirty years, as it may be, now that the risks of war are so tremendous, it will come to pass that there will not be an officer in any European army who has seen the hosts of civilised Powers in the field against one another. All their experience will have been gained against barbarians. Meanwhile at home the military career will have become one of the most peaceful kind. This could hardly be the case without producing a corresponding effect on the military character. It has been said by some of themselves that a large part of the agitation among the French officers in these last three years has been due to a revolt against the tedium of a life passed in strenuous preparation for a war which never comes, and grows less likely to come every successive year. On the whole it does seem credible that men will end by losing all zest for the very arduous life of a German or French officer when it becomes an understood thing that they will never have to fight at home, and in the kind of war for which they are so severely trained. The bolder spirits will certainly seek the colonial work, and it would seem to follow that there will be an inevitable fall in the spirit of the armies left at home. The tendency will be to approximate to our Army, which has always been a "colonial" force in the sense the continental nations give the word.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Playing at War.

MANŒUVRES, Naval and Military, are a modern invention. Just as men are obliged, if they value their health, to "take exercise" in various artificial ways, so must fleets and armies keep themselves up to their work by practising in time of peace the arts of war. Man in his natural state exercised both body and mind in the ordinary course of his occupations. He kept his wits active by pitting them against the forces of Nature, against the animal creation, against his fellow-men; for the most part, we moderns confine our activities to the last-named purpose. He exercised his body in hunting for his food, in fighting, in doing all the tasks of daily life which we nowadays have done for us. Division of labour in complex social communities leads to a state of things in which half the population have no time to cultivate their minds, and the other half no need to exercise their bodies. The same topsy-turviness affects the fighting services. Standing armies and permanent navies are organised on the assumption that there will always be plenty of fighting to do. But wars, especially Naval wars, have been so little in fashion for the best part of a century, that, when we do come to blows, we have to learn how to deliver them effectively in modern conditions on the very field of battle. Manœuvres, you may say, ought to teach us this lesson beforehand. For several reasons this is impossible. We ought to learn much from sham fights and prearranged Naval operations. We ought to learn more than we do. But we never can learn from the friendly rivalry of fleets and armies playing at war exactly how we shall stand in a campaign fought in bloody and grim earnest.

What good purpose then do manœuvres serve? If they are intelligently conducted, they teach our leaders on sea and land how to handle fleets and large bodies of men. They show junior officers something of the qualities needed in war. They ought to interest the rank and file in methods of warfare, to widen their minds and quicken their intelligence. Unfortunately the tendency is so much to treat the rank and file as a collection of machines that they seldom take any interest in manœuvres at all. Mr. Kipling in his "Fleet in Being" did represent A.B.'s as keen followers of every move in the manœuvre game; but, as a matter of fact, neither Jack Tar nor Tommy Atkins, taken in the mass, can be induced to regard manœuvres as anything but an unmitigated nuisance, meaning more drill, more pipeclay, and more "hustle," without any compensating advantage.

However, there is another gain from manœuvres, even if they do not help very much as preparation for war. They attract public notice. The only way of keeping our defensive forces up to a safe standard is to induce the nation to take an interest in them. We have seen this in the case of the Navy. We hope to see it in the case of the Army also. And manœuvres do to a certain extent interest the readers of newspapers. They gain the attention which is not gained by useful work of a less showy kind. Our own Naval Manœuvres which have just begun seem likely to receive more attention than ever. Newspapers understand how important it is to keep the Navy to the fore; they also realise that the public now likes to read about it. This year especially will the accounts of the operations be eagerly read. The outburst of spleen that was caused on the Continent by the Boer War showed us how glad Europe would be to have at us if they dared. It is because of our Navy that they do not dare. The general idea of our manœuvres, the most interesting "general idea" of recent years, is to see whether B, who has more battle-ships to start with than A, can keep command of the sea in spite of reinforcements which A is expecting from the Mediterranean. If B can coop up A's ships in A's ports, and prevent the reinforcements from joining hands with either of A's main bodies, then B will win. If we call Ireland France, A the French fleet, and B the British fleet, we shall have a pretty clear notion of what was at the back of the Admiralty's mind when they drew up the manœuvre scheme.

It is a curious coincidence, nothing more, probably, that the French Naval Manœuvres have taken place this year in the Channel, while their Army Manœuvres in September are also to be held in the North of France. In fact, both the Army and the Navy are to practice doing what they would be called upon to do if France should ever plan the kind of raid upon our shores about which we have heard so much from alarmists during the past few months. Fortunately, there is no reason to believe that France has any such design at present, or would be foolish enough to put it into execution at any time. It might be possible, if the bulk of our fleet were engaged on urgent business in some other part of the world, for France to land an expedition in England; but it would be an exceedingly risky operation. Someone once asked Von Moltke whether the German War Ministry had in its archives a plan for invading England. "Oh! yes," Von Moltke said, "we have about thirty plans for getting in, but no one has ever shown us how we should get out."

Only a European coalition against Great Britain could make such a raid a success. And as long as Great Britain's friendship is worth having she is never likely to be without friends. Neither individuals nor nations care about picking quarrels with powerful and wealthy neighbours. When wealth and power are visibly declining, then the case is altered. If a rich man's property is to be broken up, everyone will want a share. Europe will never combine in an attack upon England, because she is too strong. If ever it does attack, it will be because she has grown weak. The business of every one of us is to do whatever we can, taking thought for to-morrow as well as to-day, to keep our country and the great Empire we are proud to belong to strong enough to make the idea of breaking it up a folly and a snare.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 20, 1588.—First action with the Spanish Armada, off Plymouth. 1803.—Lloyd's Patriotic Fund started. 1810.—Engagement between the "Shearwater" and the French "Ajax" and "Amélee." 1814.—Admiral Cockburn's expedition up the Potomac. 1866.—Battle of Lissa: First action between ironclads.

July 21, 1801.—Cutting out of the "Chevrette." 1812.—Capture off the Start of the French "Ville de Caen," 16, by the "Sealark," 10. 1894.—The "Sturgeon" launched.

July 22, 1588.—Battle with the Spanish Armada off Portland. 1805.—Sir Robert Calder's battle with Admiral Villeneuve off Ferrol. 1891.—The "Endymion" launched.

July 23, 1762.—Action between the "Pallas," 32, and two Spanish xebec frigates. 1796.—Action between the British "Amiable," 32, and the French "Pensée," 36, off Guadaloupe. 1887.—Jubilee Review by the Queen off Spithead.

July 24, 1704.—Reduction of Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke's squadron. 1889.—The "Boomerang" launched. 1895.—The "Powerful" launched.

July 25, 1417.—Earl of Huntingdon's victory off the mouth of the Seine. 1588.—Battle with the Spanish Armada off the Isle of Wight, and capture of the "Santa Ana" by the "Victory," Sir John Hawkins. 1666.—Defeat of the Dutch off the Foreland by Prince Rupert and Monk, Duke of Albemarle. 1797.—Nelson's attack at Teneriffe when he lost his right arm.

July 26, 1800.—Cutting out of the French gun-brig "Cerbère" in the Naval port of l'Orient by the cutter of the "Viper," 14 1806.—Capture of the Dutch "Pallas," 36, by the "Greyhound," 32, off the coast of Java. 1845.—Franklin's expedition seen for the last time—sighted by a whaler.

July 27, 1588.—Fire-ship attack on the Spanish Armada in Calais Roads. 1778.—Keppel's battle with the French Brest fleet. 1866.—Completion of the Atlantic cable.

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JULY 20, 1304.—Surrender of Stirling Castle to Edward I. after a three months' siege. 1702.—Surrender of Gravenbrock to Lord Cutts.

July 21, 1403.—Battle of Shrewsbury. Henry IV. defeated the rebels under Percie. 1545.—The French attempt to land on the Isle of Wight defeated.

July 22, 1812.—Battle of Salamanca. Wellington totally defeated the French under Marmont. Our losses in killed, wounded, and missing amounted to nearly 6,000 men. Marmont left in our hands over 7,000 prisoners, eleven guns, six stands of colours, and two eagles.

July 23, 1839.—Ghuznee carried by storm by Major-General Sir John Keane. Among the prisoners was Kyder Khan, Dost Mohammed's son.

July 24, 1763.—Lines of Mootejil stormed by Major Adams, who thus gained possession of Moorshedabad.

July 25, 1813.—Battle of Roncevalles. Soult defeated by General Byng. 1813.—Battle of Maya. The brigades of Pringle and Cameron, numbering 3,000 men, after severe fighting successfully repelled an attack by 18,000 French, under D'Erlon. Our losses were 1,400, while the French lost 1,500.

July 26, 1758.—Louisburg (Canada) captured by General Amherst after a gallant resistance by the French. 1793.—Successful attack on the hornwork of the fortifications of Valenciennes. 1839.—Khyber Pass forced by General Wade. 1856.—The Duke of Cambridge appointed Commander-in-Chief.

July 27, 1346.—Caen taken by Edward III. 1809.—Action near Talavera. Marshal Victor attacked the height occupied by the forces under Wellington, but was repulsed with the loss of over 1,000 men. 1880.—Disaster at Maiwand. Force under General Burrows, consisting of the 66th Regiment, artillery, and native troops, almost annihilated by the Afghans.

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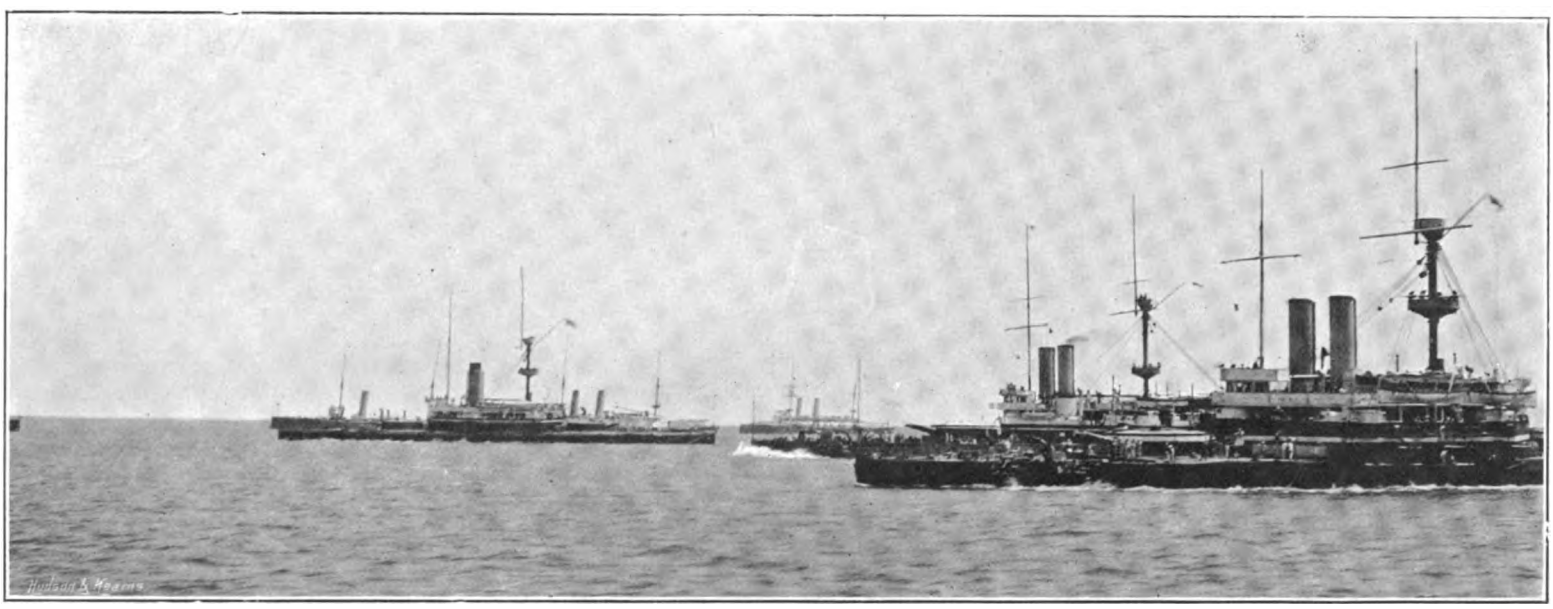
The Naval Manœuvres—With the Reserve Squadron.

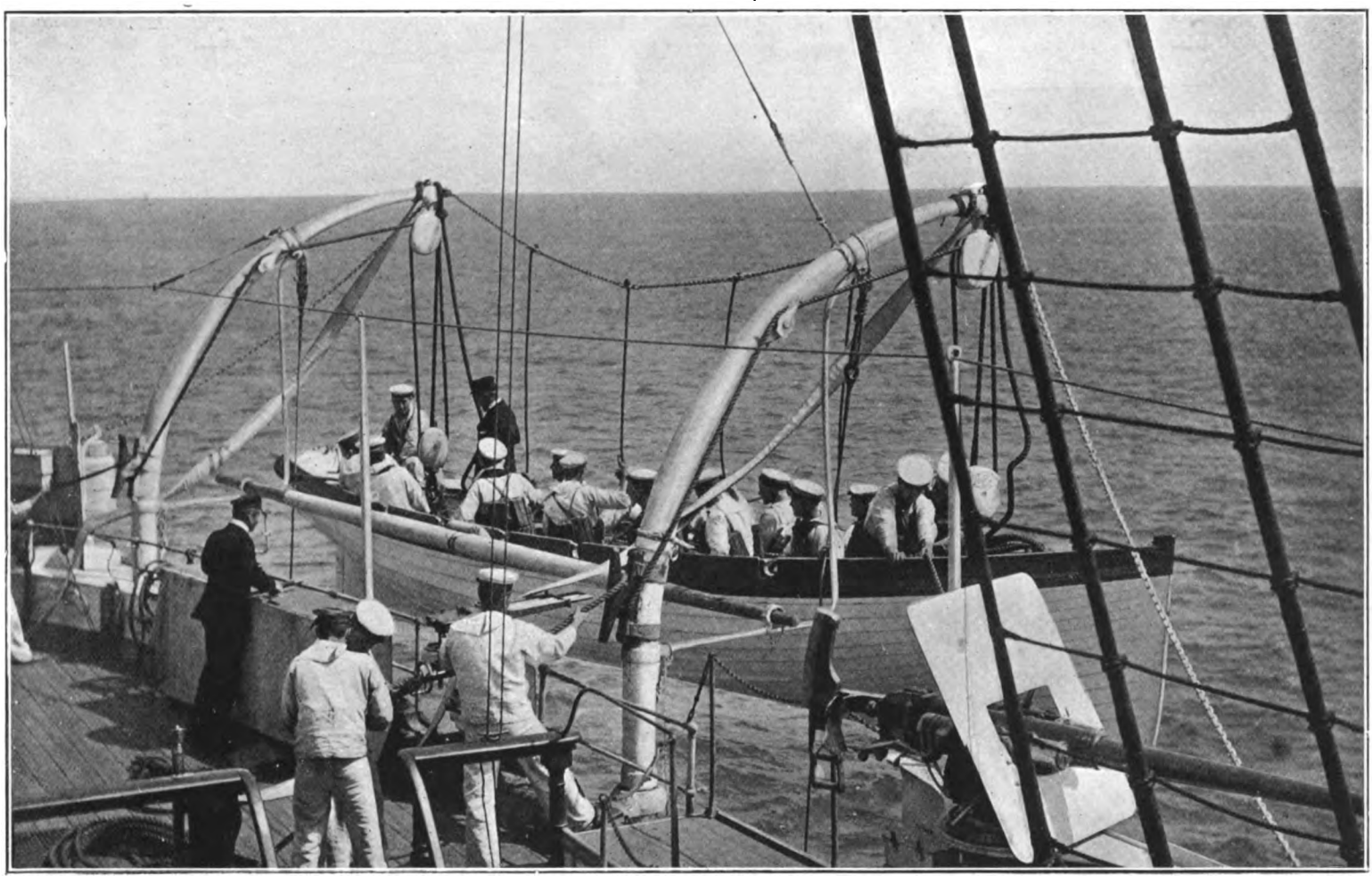
A SAILING RACE IN TORBAY.

Waiting the Gun for the Big Boats.



UNDER WAY WITH SOME OF THE SHIPS.

A Crowded Corner of the Empire.



LOWERING A LIFE-BOAT.

"All Clear—Lower Away."

From Photos. by A. Debenham, Ryde.

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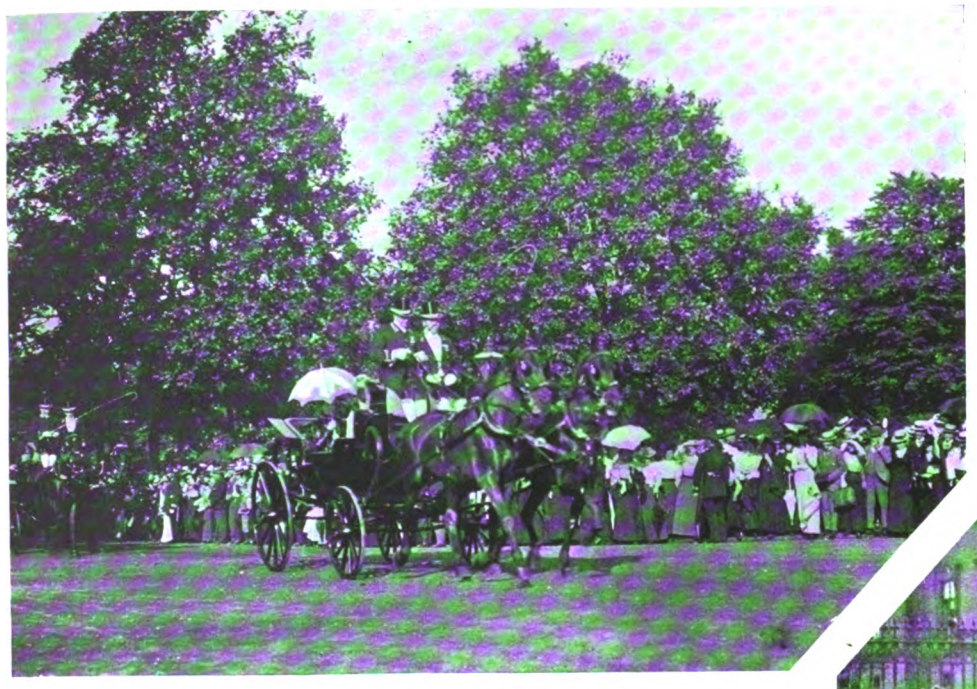
The Queen's Garden Party



DRIVING THROUGH THE MALL.
T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE GUESTS ARRIVE.
The Carriage of Many.

LOYAL LONDON CITIZENS.
Waiting to Welcome the Royal Party.

At Buckingham Palace.

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK
Arrive at the Palace Gate.

TWO LEADING MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.
Leaving the Palace Gardens.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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The Fitting of the Fleet.

IN the mimic war in which the two fleets are now about to engage, torpedo warfare will play an important part. The deadliest opponent of the battle-ship or large cruiser is that wasp of the ocean, the destroyer or large torpedo-boat, which, if it gets home one of its effective projectiles, can send to the bottom the finest of the great leviathans on which we rely for our sea supremacy. Luckily the conditions in which the torpedo can be brought into play are limited, and the delicate craft that use the formidable weapon can only do so by stealth; thus the possibility of their effecting a successful attack against their big enemies is almost reduced to a minimum, unless the latter allow themselves to be caught napping. The searchlight, and the perfection to which the smaller calibres of quick-firing ordnance have been brought, have made it a difficult task for successful torpedo-boat attack to be made on ships on the alert and under steam. Ships at anchor have also their net protection

CHATHAM.

Examining Torpedo Netting in Dry Dock.

to trust to, and this is an important part of the defensive armour which, when war preparations are being made, is carefully looked to. In one of our pictures will be seen the "Diadem," one of our finest first-class cruisers, now attached to the Channel Squadron, lying in dry dock at Chatham. Her opportune position is being taken advantage of to spread her nets and have them overhauled, so that defects in any of the links of chain-petticoat that she will coyly shake out to keep the intruder at a distance may be rectified. The big baulks of timber that shore up the 11,000 tons of material composing the great cruiser serve excellently as a support on which to spread the heavy mass of iron netting, in order that every mesh can be carefully scrutinised. Devonport has played a large part in the present year's mobilisation, and our illustration shows a view of the Hamoaze, that historical Naval anchorage, formed by the estuary of the Tamar as it debouches into Plymouth Sound.

DEVONPORT.

Vessels in the Hamoaze Leaving for the Manœuvres.

Out in the stream lie the ships that prepared at Devonport, and which have now left the great Western Naval port to play their part in the present manœuvres. Both as a construction and fitting yard, Devonport was until comparatively recently more the home of cruisers and small craft than of battle-ships, but in the last few years the Western port has made immense strides, and she can now both build and fit battle-ships of the largest description, and can vie with Chatham, Portsmouth, or Pembroke in the importance of her output. Pembroke, one may note *en passant*, is purely a constructing yard, and the great dockyard within Milford Haven is in no sense a Naval port such as are Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth.

Our third illustration takes us to the greatest Naval port of all—Portsmouth—and shows us the long line of vessels lying in the basin devoted to the steam reserve. Notable amongst them is the "Sultan," now commissioned and forming a unit of the fleet engaged in the Naval Manœuvres. She is the centre ship in the picture, and arouses special interest, for it is the first time she has been put in commission since she was raised from the bottom of the Comino Channel, near Malta, where some years back she ran on a rock and sank in deep water, being afterwards salvaged, brought home, and reconstructed.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

PORTSMOUTH.

Steam Reserve Ships in the Basin.

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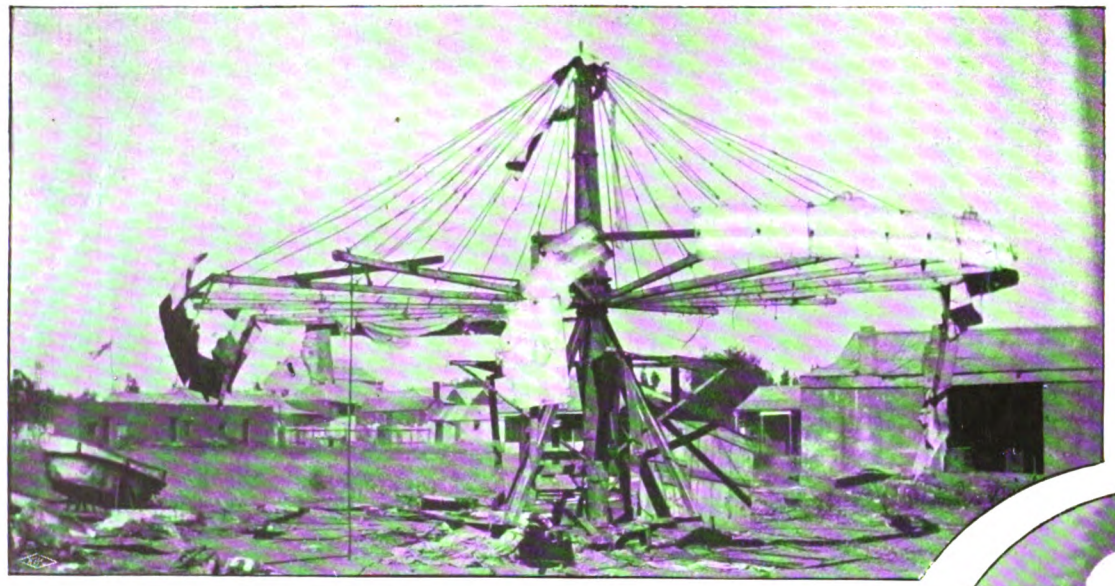


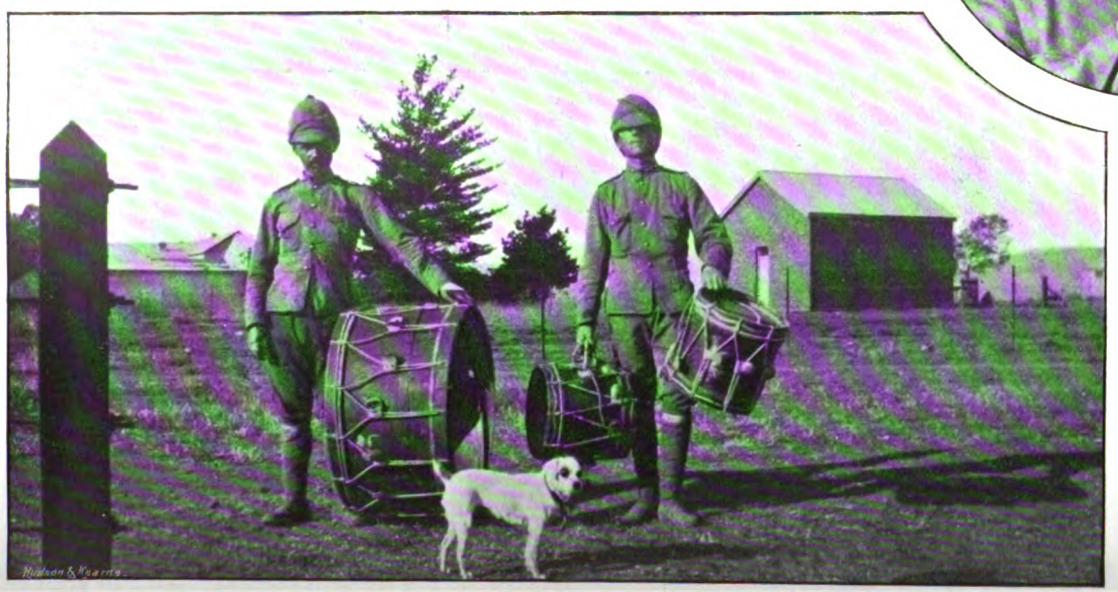
CONTRASTS OF WAR AND PEACE.
The Remains of a Merry-go-round at Newcastle.

THE GRAVE OF SIR W. PENN SYMONS.
Who Fell in the First Battle in Natal.

Scenes and Incidents In Recovered Natal.

MR. HARFORD HARTLAND.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



"WITH THE FIFES AND DRUMS."
Drums Lost at Glencoe and Recovered from the Enemy.

CONCERNING THE WORKS OF THE ENEMY.
The Examination of a Kaffir brought in from the Outposts.

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Good Work Done in the Orange River Colony.

OF the present war in South Africa it may be truly said that one of its characteristics has beer its fertility in lessons. Many of these will doubtless be laid to heart by professional soldiers, by the men who are or ought to be responsible for the efficiency and sufficiency of the British Army. But the average member of the general public has also had the opportunity of learning much, chiefly through the letters sent home by correspondents. Read what Mr. Rudyard Kipling says of some of them he met in the Orange River Colony:

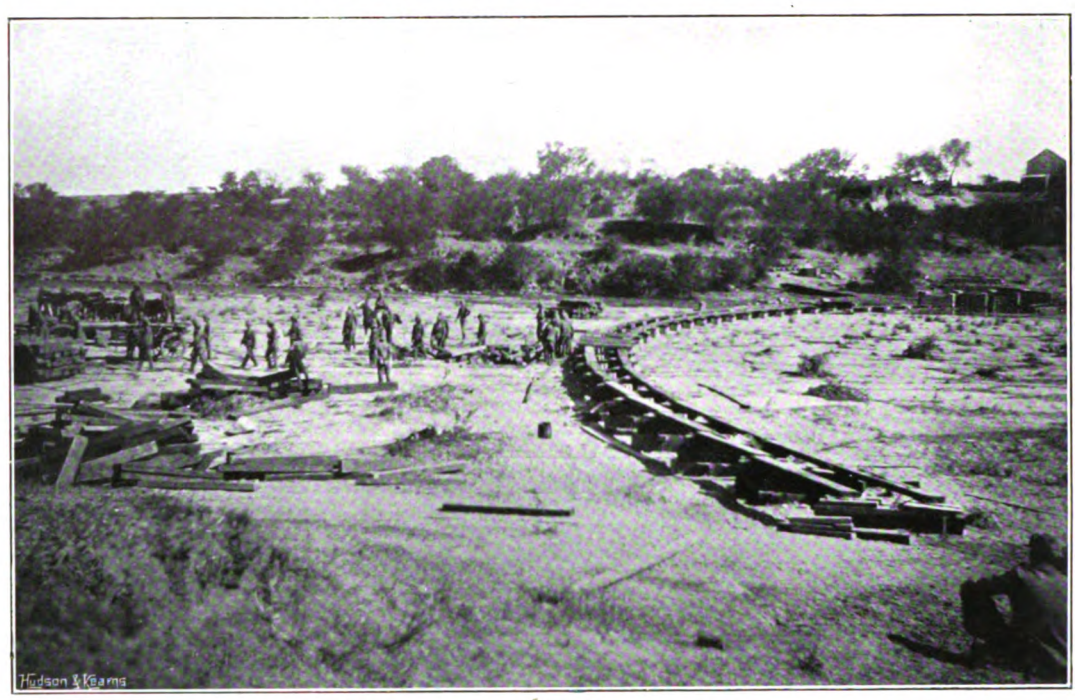
"They counted sixty-seven pitched battles among the three of them, and skirmishes innumerable. It was their business to run without ceasing from strife to strife at a rumour, in constant peril of death, imprisonment, disease, and the wrath of criticised brigadiers; seeing all things, foreseeing all things, fording all things, riding all things, eating all things, proving all things, holding fast to the wire.

"Three continents waited on their words for the truth; and in their hands lay the reputation of every combatant officer. But they took it lightly—from the snubbings of the excited aide-de-camp, who does not understand how a newspaperman can be a human being, to the high-pitched blasphemies of a semi-delirious general trying to curse his command out of a trap into which, against all warning, he proudly marched in close order. Refreshed after sleep on a real bed, and meals at a table, they were saying what they thought of the campaign in language no Press Censor would have countersigned."

Our first illustration is of the Court-house at Kroonstad, and it will be noticed that the Union Flag is flying above it. The second picture is taken from the same neighbourhood. It shows the Royal Engineers at work repairing some of the damage which has been done, and making a low level deviation bridge over the Valsch River, in the vicinity of Kroonstad. Our third picture shows one of the developments incidental to modern war. It indicates how the demands of a public eager for news from the front have been supplied. The two men in the picture are despatch riders for the *Times*. The one on horseback went through the Boer lines at Ladysmith, after being in the final charge at Elandslaagte. The photograph of which the picture is a reproduction was taken just after he had come off a hundred miles' ride. The bicyclist rode ninety miles over the veldt at night in fifteen hours with the news of the surrender of Kroonstad.

Such work, however, has to be done if the demands of the public for news are to be supplied, and the present war has certainly shown the special correspondent and those who work with him in a striking light. Things are very different now from what they were in the early part of the century, and if the modern special correspondent may be said to have originated with Sir W. H. Russell during the Russian War, he has found many capable followers.

THE COURT-HOUSE AT KROONSTAD.
After the Occupation, and with the Union Flag Flying.



SOME INDISPENSABLE WORK OF THE SAPPER.
A Deviation Bridge Across the Valsch at Kroonstad.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

SOME DESPATCH RIDERS FOR THE "TIMES."
Mr. J. Coates (on Horseback) and Mr. J. Saunders.

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Foreign War-ships in the Far East.

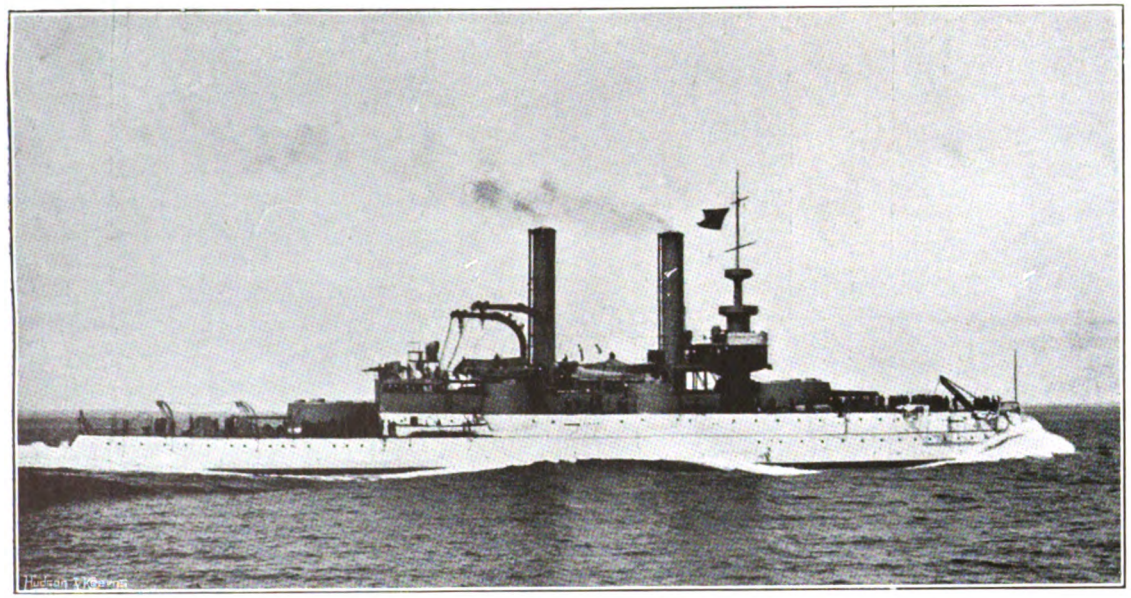

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON."

Recently Ashore on the Pinnacle Rock near Port Arthur.

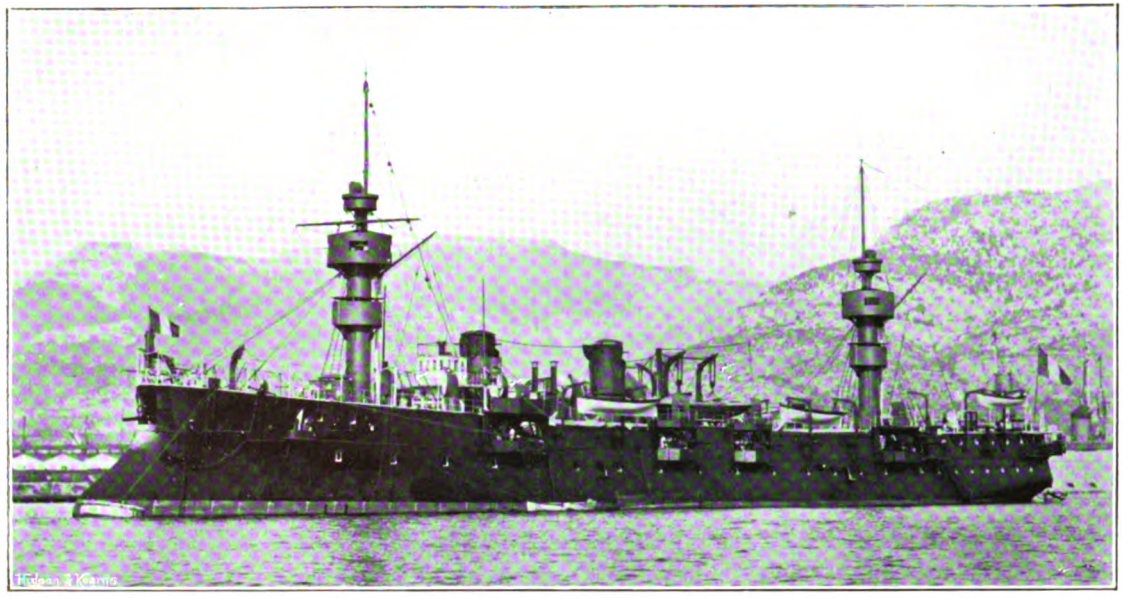

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

THE FRENCH CRUISER "JEAN BART."

A Speedy Vessel Long on the Station.

Photo. Copyright. *Cozens.*

THE RUSSIAN ARMOURED CRUISER "ROSSIA."

One of the Largest Cruisers in Chinese Waters.

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

THE GERMAN CRUISER "KAISERIN AUGUSTA."

The Kaiser's Most Powerful War ship in the Far East

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Life in China.

BIG BULWARKS AND SMALL FIGHTING POWERS.

The Western Gate Through the Walls of Peking.

ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY IN TIENTSIN.

The Hospital, Its Attendants and Surroundings.

Events are progressing so rapidly in the Far East that it is difficult to know, even from day to day, what may be the next point of interest. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the interest which attaches to Peking—the sanguinary "Carnation City"—must be perennial. The antiquity of the city itself, and the terrible scenes it has witnessed, stamp Peking as a thing apart. The walls of the Chinese capital of which we give a picture are famous in history, though even now there is considerable discrepancy among the authorities as to their actual length, and, consequently, the area they enclose. Our picture, however, gives a sufficient indication of their character—high, solid ramparts, with a slope on the inner side and frequent projecting towers. There are sixteen gates to the city, each of which is surmounted by a tower pierced for cannon. Our other picture shows the Hospital at Tientsin, an important commercial place about halfway between the coast and Peking, where there has been much fighting in the present trouble.

From Photos. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

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How the Chinese Live.

THERE are few things more interesting than a study of the peculiarities which are incidental to nations. We find strange things both in Europe and America, and probably each country looks with a certain tolerant amusement upon what it regards, rightly or wrongly, as the eccentricities of its neighbours. It is to the Far East, however, that we must go for those distinctive characteristics that sever the denizen of China or Japan from our Western ideas, and that fix so great a gulf between the Chinaman in particular and the European. The scheme of life of the two types is, indeed, essentially different, if not antagonistic. However much European nations may differ among themselves, however diverse may be their methods, their goal is still progress. China, on the other hand, is the apotheosis of an arrested civilisation. As it was 2,000 years ago, so it is to-day, in all essential respects. The rifle may have partly replaced the matchlock, a few cruisers may have been substituted for a fleet of junks, but these are only the externals existing at the spots where communication with the "foreign devils" has been made imperative. In its essential particulars, Chinese life is unchanged and immutable. Its architecture, for example, is such as it was at a time when our ancestors were clothing themselves in daubs of woad, and it is well illustrated in the picture which

A CHARACTERISTIC CHINESE SCENE.
A Pagoda 500 Miles up the Yang-tse.

we are able to give of a pagoda situated some 500 miles up the Yang-tse. There is a sort of vague idea that this river comes within a British sphere of influence, although spheres of influence in China are officially unknown. At any rate, a couple of British gun-boats recently passed the rapids, and reported that the route was calculated to be of importance from a strategic standpoint, but was useless commercially. It is rather hard to credit the latter statement, looking at the enormous and rich area drained by the Yang-tse, and which is connected with a vast system of canals. If, in the future, we are to have our fair share of the trade of China, it is probably by way of the Yang-tse that we shall obtain it; and this lends additional interest to our picture of the pagoda which is a splendid and well-known landmark for navigators proceeding up that river. It can be seen from a vast distance, and is naturally easily recognisable. It is not, however, in their architecture alone that the Chinese differ so essentially from Western nations. Were this all, it would be a matter of no great import, a mere vagary of taste, as it were, which would attract the attention of curious visitors, and would cease there. The racial differences, however, which are so plainly written on the respective faces of the Mongol and the European, are carried into every detail of social life. The Chinese have no idea, for example, of sanitary arrangements. Their codes of morality are different, their food is different, every custom by which ordinary life is

A CHINESE ITINERANT MUSICIAN.
Making Music for Celestials.

regulated is diverse and often antagonistic. Surely no nation but the Chinese would have continued to use the method of writing which prevails in the Flowery Land. Certainly no other nation would have persisted in cramping its women's feet, and in thus condemning a whole sex to an absolute incapacity to walk with freedom or comfort. Our last picture shows two Chinese girls, with their cramped feet, busily engaged in toilsomely reproducing the difficult Chinese characters.

TWO SWEET LITTLE MAIDS ARE WE.
Chinese Girls Writing.

From Photos. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

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The New Battle-ship for China.

A BEAUTIFUL SHIP WELL POISED ON THE WATER.

The "Goliath" about to Get Under Way.

CAPTAIN L. E. WINTZ AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "GOLIATH."

The New Battle-ship Just Arriving on the China Station.

The battle-ship "Goliath," of which, as well as of her officers, we give a picture, is representative of a class of ships of which we cannot have too many in the Navy. She is one of a group of six vessels belonging to what is known as the "Canopus" class, these being about 2,000 tons smaller than the "Majestic" class, which immediately preceded them. The "Goliath" and her sisters, however, are well armed and well protected. Their armour is of Harveyed steel, and varies from 6-in. on the belt to 12-in. on the barbettes. The primary armament consists of four 12-in. wire guns, and this is supplemented by twelve 6-in. quick-firers and eighteen smaller guns, while the vessels are supposed to have a speed exceeding 18 knots. The "Ocean," indeed, a sister ship to the "Goliath," recently proved herself the fastest battle-ship in the Mediterranean Fleet. Our picture gives a good idea of the appearance of the very handsome ship, and will confute those who seem to think that all beauty disappeared with the abolition of masts and sails.

From Photos. by E. W. C. Hopkins.

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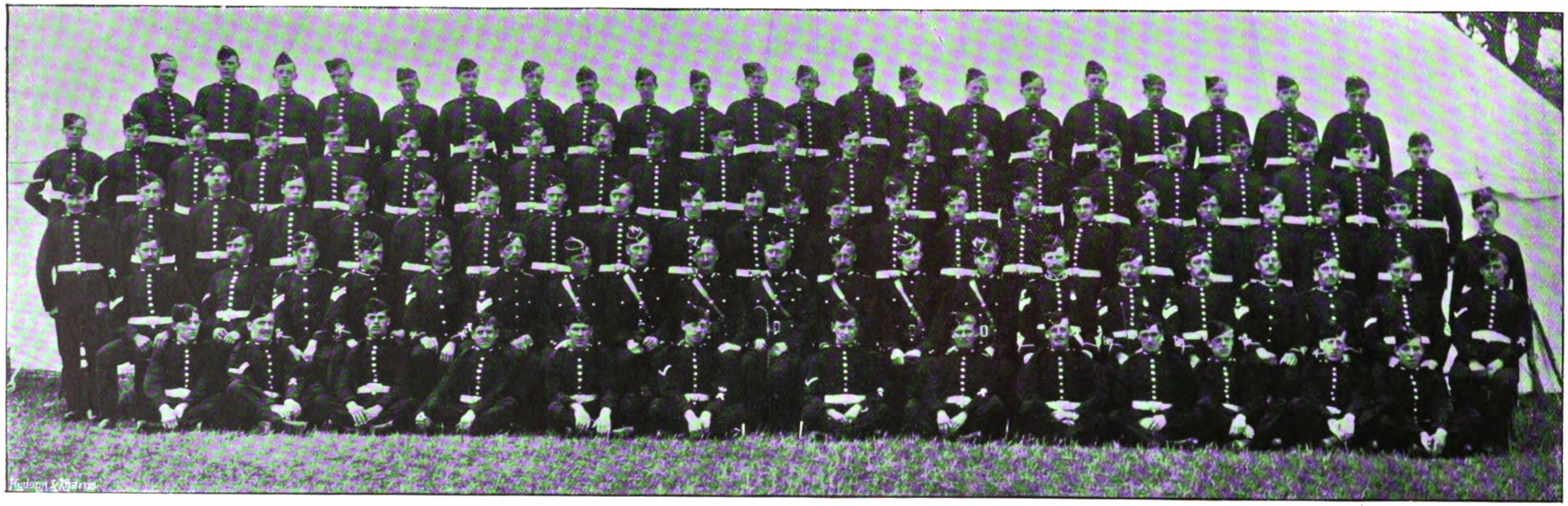
The Work of Our Volunteer Artillery.



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE No. 2 POSITION BATTERY, 5TH LANCASHIRE VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY.

Two Colt Gun Sections from this Brigade are Attached to the 13th Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE SAME FINE BATTERY IN ACTION AT THE CAMP, KNOTT END.

This Battery is at its Full Strength and has Forty Commissioned Officers.

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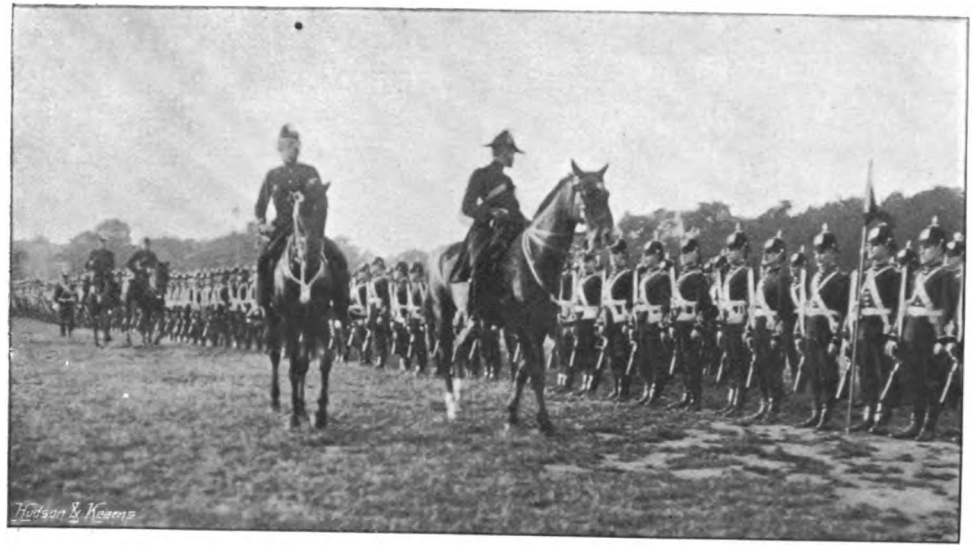
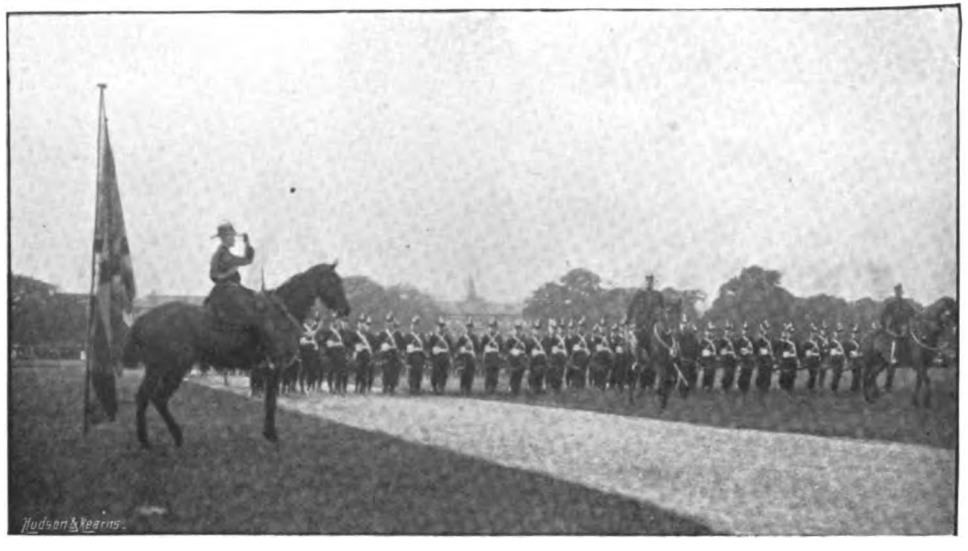
Volunteers in Peace and War.

THE INSPECTION OF THE 2ND TOWER HAMLETS R.E.



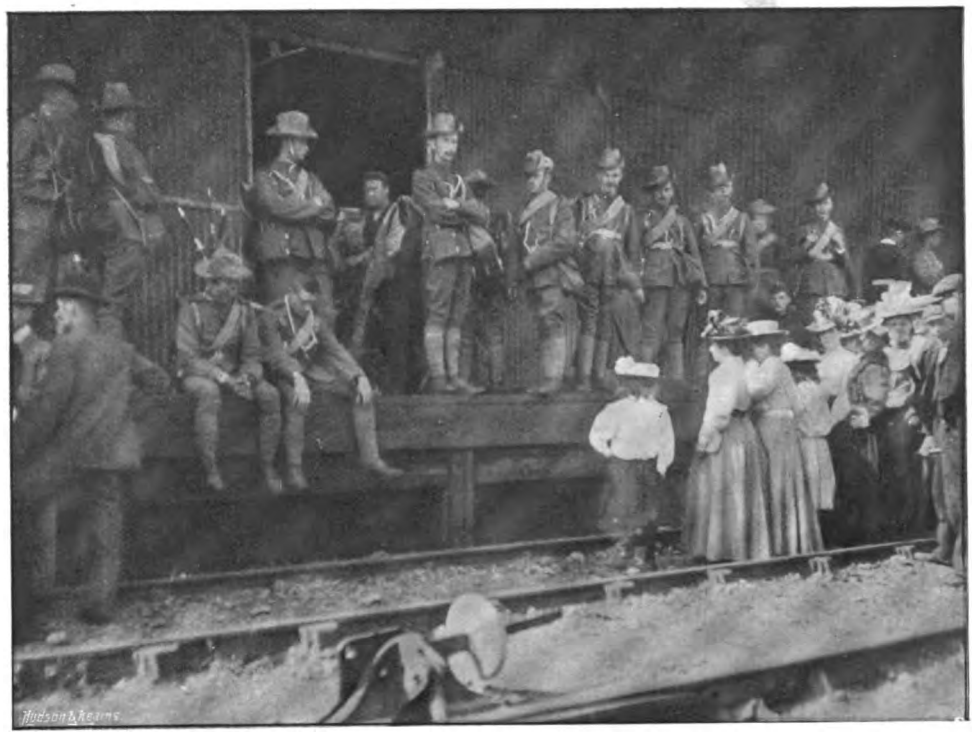
COLONEL WALLER'S INSPECTION.
The Workmanlike Appearance of the Men Gains Commendation.



THE MARCH PAST.
The Inspecting Officer Takes the Salute of the Battalion.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE C. I. V. REINFORCEMENTS.

A RIGHT ROYAL RECEPTION.
A City Crowd Cheer the C.I.V. at Liverpool Street.



DETRAINED AT THE DOCKS.
The Friends of the Londoners Wish Them "God-speed."

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

THE TAKING OF PUENTA NUOVA.

MAJOR APPLEBY was at his wits' ends.

Sir Arthur had instructed Paget to push some horse ahead to seize the bridge across the Coa at Puenta Nuova before the advancing enemy could reach it, and Appleby's squadron, being the best mounted in the cavalry brigade, had the honour to be selected for this service. So far so good. Appleby, although a slack officer, had always longed to distinguish himself, and here was his chance.

Unluckily, on the line of march a difference of opinion arose between Captain Masham and Captain Daly as to the paces of the leading horses in their respective troops, and the only sportsmanlike way of settling the matter, as Appleby himself and everybody interested cordially agreed, was then and there to have a four-mile point-to-point steeplechase between six nominations on either side.

This impromptu competition was a very successful and entertaining event in every way, but unfortunately, owing to the time it occupied and to the fact that the cattle were badly blown, the Horse Grenadiers only came in sight of Puenta Nuova to find the French already there.

Captain Daly was for staking all on one cast and swooping down on them; but wiser counsels prevailed, as the condition of the horses put a charge out of the range of possibility.

All were naturally annoyed when they realised the difficult position in which a little innocent recreation had placed them, and Appleby was so put out that he lost his temper.

"Look here, Daly," said he. "This is your fault, with your bless-my-soul cross-country notions. I tell you, sir, this is no time for playing at Punchestown. How dare you let me in for such a scrape as this?"

An obvious retort rose to Captain Daly's lips, but as on the whole he rather liked Appleby, who was good enough company at any other time than immediately after a blunder, he swallowed it and apologised.

"I'm afraid it was my fault, sir," he said. "But it was rather a good race, wasn't it, don't you think?"

"By the living jingo it was," beamed Appleby; then with a fresh burst of wrath he said, "How dare you refer to it, sir! This mischief is all your brewing. Now look here, sir; you've got us into this hole with your damned mountebank tricks. You've got to get us out of it again. By old Tom Noddy, you've got to get us out again."

"I'm really afraid I can't, sir," said Captain Daly humbly. "Upon my word, sir, I don't see how I can."

"Don't answer me," retorted Appleby; "I say you've got to do it. I say that this is your business, and—look here, sir—I say we must have that bridge before our advance guard arrives, or I'll—I'll"—he rattled his accoutrements vehemently—"I'll report you for insubordination. That's what I'll do. I'll teach you to attend to business in business hours."

Captain Daly borrowed a spy-glass and swept the visible universe with it, always coming back to the blue-coated, red-trousered, white-belted soldierly mannikins down in the valley straddling the bridge.

Again he said, "I assure you, sir, that it's absolutely impossible. I could no more suggest the means to take that bridge than I could see the way to turn Pious William into a sheep."

"I thought so," said Masham, who had dropped some money over the point-to-point race and was savage. "Daly is no good when there is anything serious to be done."

"I bet you he is," returned Appleby readily. "I bet you he'll find out a way to take that bridge."

"I bet you he won't," snapped Masham.

Captain Daly pricked up his ears. "How much will ye bet?" he demanded. "Will you give me three to two in ponies?"

"The odds are not enough," said Appleby. "They should at least be five to two."

"I'll make it two to one," declared Masham.

"Done," said Appleby.

"Done," echoed Captain Daly, and, borrowing the glass again, once more he swept the line of sight.

Then pointing to where a low-lying, serious-looking building showed upon the hillside between them and the enemy, he asked, "Can anyone tell me whether that is a convent or a monastery?"

None of the Horse Grenadiers knew, or none admitted that they knew.

"What does it matter whether it's a convent or a monastery?" growled Masham. "Likely as not it's a brewery."

"No," said Daly, shaking his head; "it's no brewery."

"How d'ye know it isn't?" returned Masham. "I don't mind laying——"

Daly caught him up short. "Arrah, man! D'ye think these motherless conscripts would be wasting their time on the bridge below if there was a brewery up here?"

"Talking of time," said Appleby, "we've none to lose. Have you made up your mind yet what to do, Daly?"

"Coming, sir, coming," replied Daly, shutting up his glass. "Captain Masham, will you kindly parade all the unmarried men without whiskers in your troop?"

"Unmarried men!" gasped Masham. "Why unmarried men?"

"I mean the younkers, that's all."

"And why without whiskers?"

"You'll know presently," said Captain Daly. "Come, parade!"

Some twenty men from the whole squadron were drawn up for Daly's inspection, and from them after one glance he selected the smallest boned and most youthful, to the number of ten or so.

"What the deuce is he going to do with these sucklings?" Masham asked Appleby under his breath.

Appleby shrugged his shoulders. "Something unthinkable, no doubt. It doesn't concern me. He can hang 'em all up in a row provided I have the bridge by the time the General comes."

And indeed Captain Daly's intentions seemed sinister; for he bade the fellows not only remove their spurs, but unsling their swords, and this eccentric order to the predestined participants in a forlorn-hope was only partially explained away by his requisitioning all the available pistols for their use.

Then he reported: "Major, if in forty minutes' time you will be prepared to advance upon the bridge, I have every hope that we may have the honour of meeting you on the other side."

"The whole lot of you?" asked Appleby, sarcastically.

Captain Daly's eye twinkled. "Every one of us will be there," said he, "though you may not find us all very good company."

"Brimstone it all!" said Appleby. "What mad prank are you after now?"

Daly's face straightened. "Major Appleby, you have confided to me an arduous task, and it's carrying it out I am; but I must be allowed to do it in my own way."

"All very well," said Appleby; "but can't you see for yourself that those chaps down there will destroy the bridge the instant the squadron breaks cover?"

"You leave that to me," said Captain Daly. "I shall be there."

"All right, then," said Appleby, regaining confidence. "But, mind you, if these infants' throats are cut for nothing, I shall lay the charge at your door."

"That's kind and considerate of you, Major," returned Captain Daly. "Well, *au revoir*—in forty minutes."

He marched his men off, passing his eye from head to toe of each, to be sure they were those he had selected.

The little procession disappeared in the direction of the building on the hillside.

The first shades of evening were falling, and in an hour the vanguard of either army, if not both, should be in the vicinity.

A quarter of an hour dragged on, twenty minutes, twenty-five.

"I don't see any sign of the beggars, do you?" said Appleby, roughly.

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"Do you expect to see them again?" asked Masham, in his most irritating way.

"Why, bless my soul, of course I do," replied Appleby. "I wouldn't lose Daly on any account."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Masham.

Appleby looked startled. "Why so, man? He can't have come to harm yet, at any rate."

"Perhaps not," said Masham.

Appleby grew nervous. "Eh! eh!" said he, "you think that, do you? That we should advance, eh?"

"Oh no!" returned Masham, surprised.

"What then?" cried Appleby. "Why don't you say, man? I thought you meant that the building was occupied."

"So I did," said Masham.

"By the enemy?"

"If you like to call them so."

"Dash it, man, what do you mean?" roared Appleby.

"My dear Major," replied Masham, sweetly, "can't you see it's as plain as a pikestaff that the building's a nunnery. What else would be keeping Daly all this time?"

Appleby looked aghast. "I never would have thought it," he mumbled. "It's very unbusinesslike." He paused for solid reflection. "D'ye think we ought to advance?" he asked.

"I am at your orders," was Masham's guarded reply.

At this moment the silver sound of a bell fell upon their ears. Masham drew out his watch.

"That's odd," said he.

"What?" asked Appleby.

"They're ringing the *Angelus* at a quarter-past five."

"Why shouldn't they if they like?" asked Appleby, who saw no impropriety in a trifling divergence of the kind.

"'Why should they like?' is the question," said Captain Masham. "Hulloa, what have we here?"

From the shadowy walls of the hospice emerged a throng of garbed figures, moving at a slow pace in twos.

"I knew it was a nunnery," said Masham.

Appleby stood on tip-toe to look. "Gad! I believe Daly has asked them to dine with us," he exclaimed.

But having come a little way, the procession moved off to the left and proceeded with measured footsteps towards the river.

"The hussies!" ejaculated Appleby, "they're going down to call on the French. . . . What the deuce can have happened to Daly? . . . D'ye mark that queenly one in front—there's grace for you. Oh! if Daly would only come back. Then we'd know what to do. The beauties couldn't have murdered him, d'ye think?"

"I think not," said Masham. "After all, there must be many more in the convent besides that lot trotting down to the river. It's very likely these ladies are the ones with Gallic sympathies gone over to the enemy."

"Shocking, horrible!" cried Appleby. "Couldn't we cut them off?"

"We may as well wait now till the forty minutes are up," suggested Masham; "otherwise we spoil the wager."

"Forty minutes!" returned Appleby. "How much longer will that be? I should almost have thought that an advance—the psychological moment, don't ye know?"

"It's only a few seconds more," said Masham. "We may as well let them go. It will make little difference."

"As you please," replied Appleby, resignedly. "But pass the word for the men to stand to their horses. It's just as well to be ready——" He took his glass again. "Oh! that queenly one," he murmured.

Then he became very red in the face. "That blackguard of a froggy Captain of Voltigeurs has got his eye on her already," he exclaimed. "A fat-faced chap with a black moustache and an opera-glass, coquetting away like mad with her, although she's not within a furlong of him yet. I call it shameful, I do, indeed. Talk of the amenities of war, and see a thing like this; not even the religious habit respected by the rascally mounseers. He shall pay for this insult if he comes within reach of my sword-arm. Hadn't we better be up and doing?"

"One instant more," said Masham. "Try again whether you can't see Daly."

Appleby looked again and took a long survey. "Not a trace of him," he declared, "not a trace of him anywhere. The only thing I can see is that for-ever-condemned Frenchman pushing on his outrageous attentions to that pious and unhappy lady—and, bad luck to it all!" he suddenly screamed. "but she's responsive to the fellow. She's waving her handkerchief to him as polite as you please, and, would you believe me, Masham, every one of her blessed troupe is doing the same."

"You observe, sir, the demoralising effect of Captain Daly's society," said Masham. "What's happening now?"

"They're just approaching the sentries now," said Appleby, "and the Captain's coming forward to meet them with his hat in his hand, like a sanguinary dancing master, and now they've met, and now they've shaken hands, and now they're crossing the bridge together, and now he's put his dirty arm round her waist, and now he's going to, now he's going to——"

"Going to what?" asked Masham.

"'Pon my soul, I don't know," replied the Major; "I think my glass has gone wrong."

"Well, the forty minutes are up. D'ye see Daly?"

"Faith, I'm not sure whether I do or don't," said Appleby; "but we'll advance anyhow."

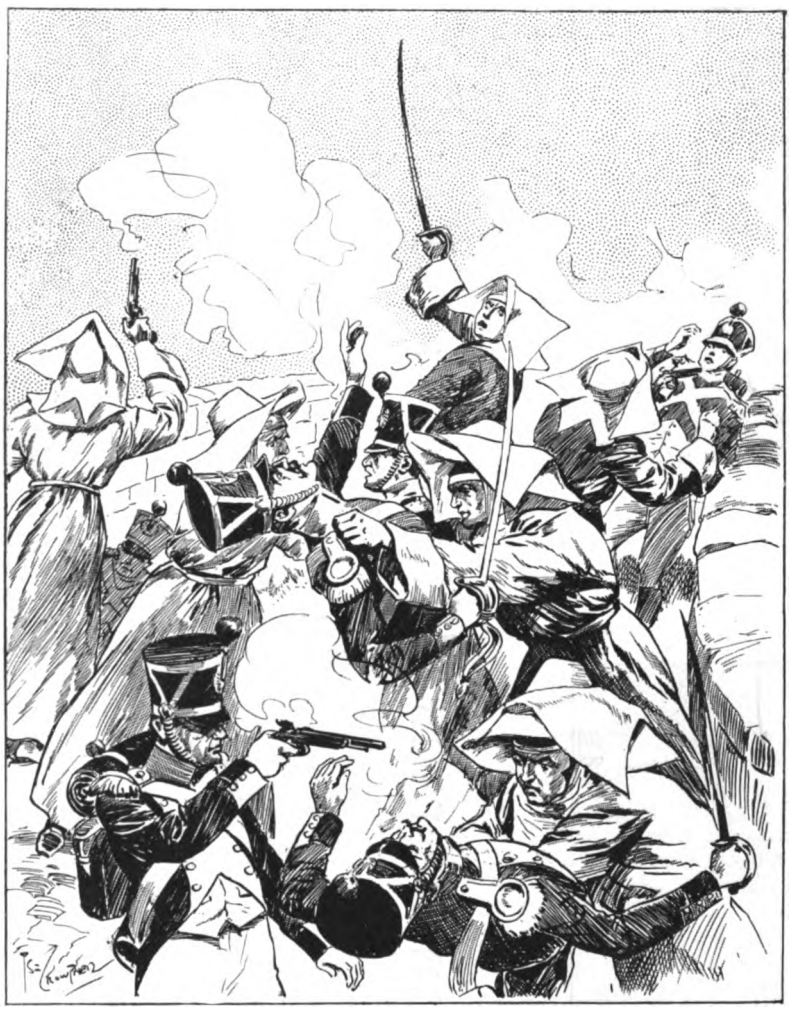
In a minute the Horse Grenadiers were out in the open, and then Appleby gave them the word to gallop.

As he did so the crackle of pistol shots rose from the river-side, followed by cheers, groans, and the sputter of musketry.

"That queenly prioress of yours must be a sort of Joan of Arc," shouted Masham to his senior, as they bucked along.

"She's either that or she's Captain Daly," yelled back the Major, upon whom the true light was slowly dawning.

And as the Horse Grenadiers approached the river they beheld the astonishing sight of eleven stalwart vestals struggling hand to hand with a crowd of bawling voltigeurs.



"It was an unequal fight."

It was an unequal fight, but the good women were just able to keep the Frenchmen from firing the train which led to a hastily arranged mine beneath the bridge arch, and that was the crux of the matter.

"*Bravo*," bellowed Appleby, although still too far away to be heard by the combatants. "Or is it *Brava?*" he asked himself.

He really was not sure, it was all so plaguey odd. But the bridge seemed safe anyhow.

As the voltigeurs at last caught sight of the oncoming squadron bowling down the hill, they commenced to give way, and as the first hoofs fell on the bridge took finally to their heels.

The two troops, jumbled together anyhow, rattled after them, sabring on all sides, and chased them a long mile until they sighted a regiment of Polish Lancers, whose attentions just then were undesirable.

Retiring by alternate troops, Appleby and Masham worked the squadron back to the bridge. Thence could be heard (it was almost night now) the tramp of Crawfurd's Light Division, *the* Division, coming down the hill.

On the bridge, cheek by jowl with some dozen voltigeurs, were strewn ten nuns, six for ever silent, and four expressing their feelings in language that was unconventual.

The queenly prioress sat on a drum binding up her knee in strips torn from her great white cap.

"I'll take fifty from you, Captain Masham," said she.

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The Visit of the British Fleet to Trieste.

THE BRITISH ADMIRALS LAND.
Sir John Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford are Met by Count Kinski.

THE PRELUDE TO THE FESTIVITIES.
Admiral Fisher and the Commandant of Trieste Inspect the Main Guard.

Eton versus Harrow at Lord's.

FAIR SPECTATORS.
The Coaches on the "Mound" are Crowded with Fashionable Society.

LORD ROSEBERY PROMENADES.
His Son, Lord Dalmeny, Made 108 Score in Eton's First Innings.

From Taken Specially for Navy & Army Illustrated.

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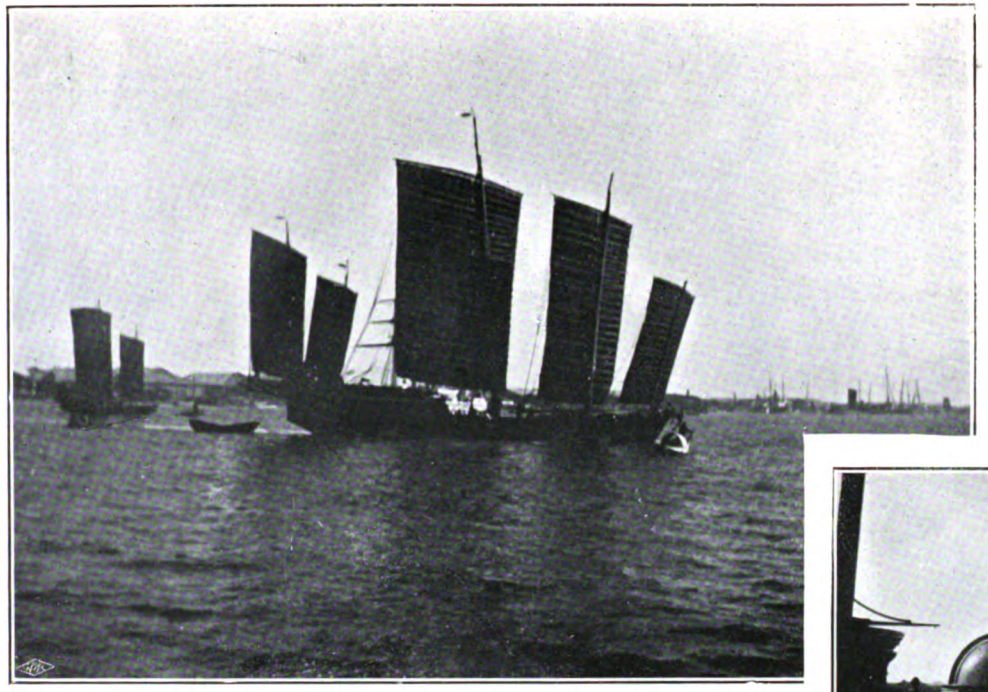
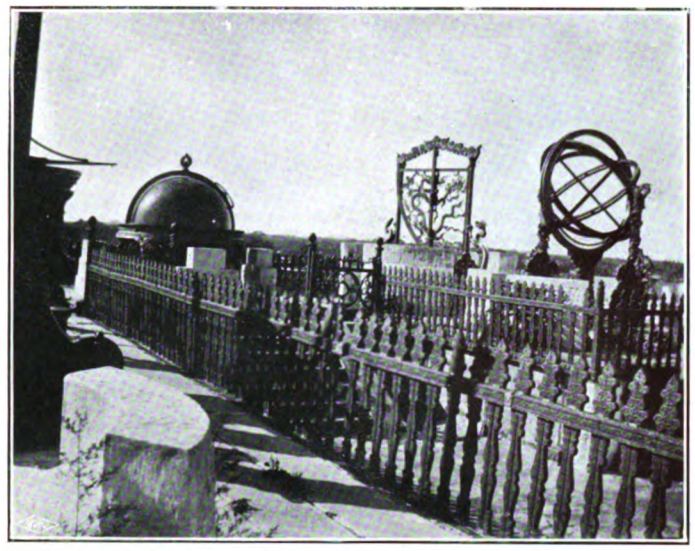
The Crisis IN China.

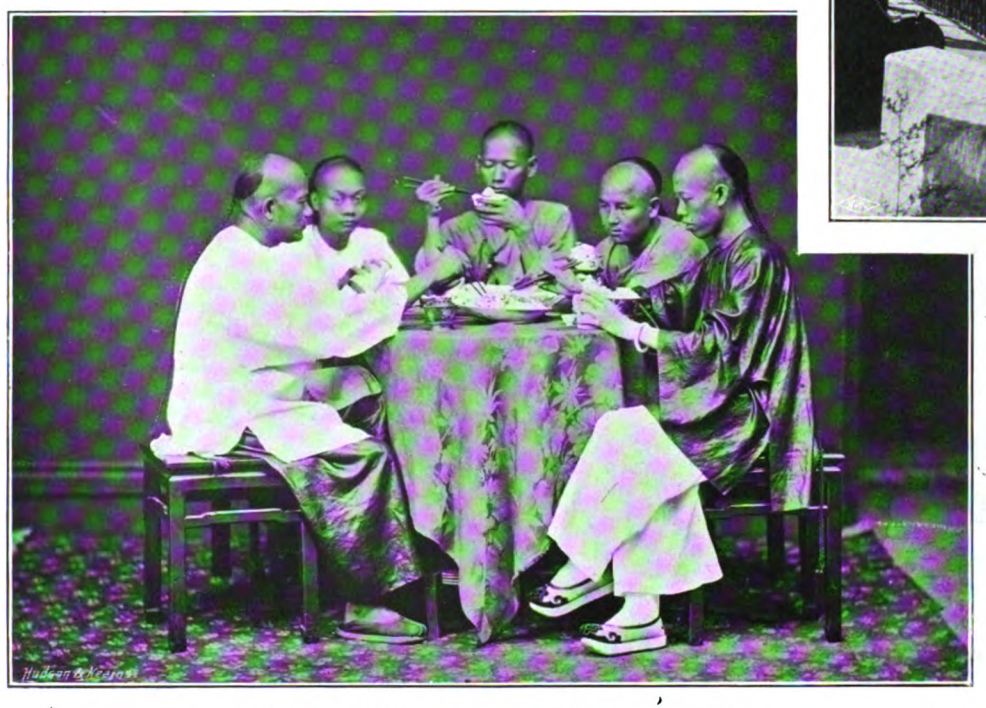


JUNKS NEAR SHANGHAI WAITING FOR THE TIDE.
The Ships of Unchanged China.

A GUARD OF CHINESE SOLDIERS ON PARADE.
Here is a Touch of the Modern.



THE OBSERVATORY AT PEKING.
Modern Science in an Old Setting.



A CHINESE FAMILY DINNER-PARTY.
Celestials Eating as Their Fathers Ate.

Types OF The Times.

THE MISSIONARIES' HOSPITAL, CHEFOO.
There is Little Native Care for Chinese Wounded.

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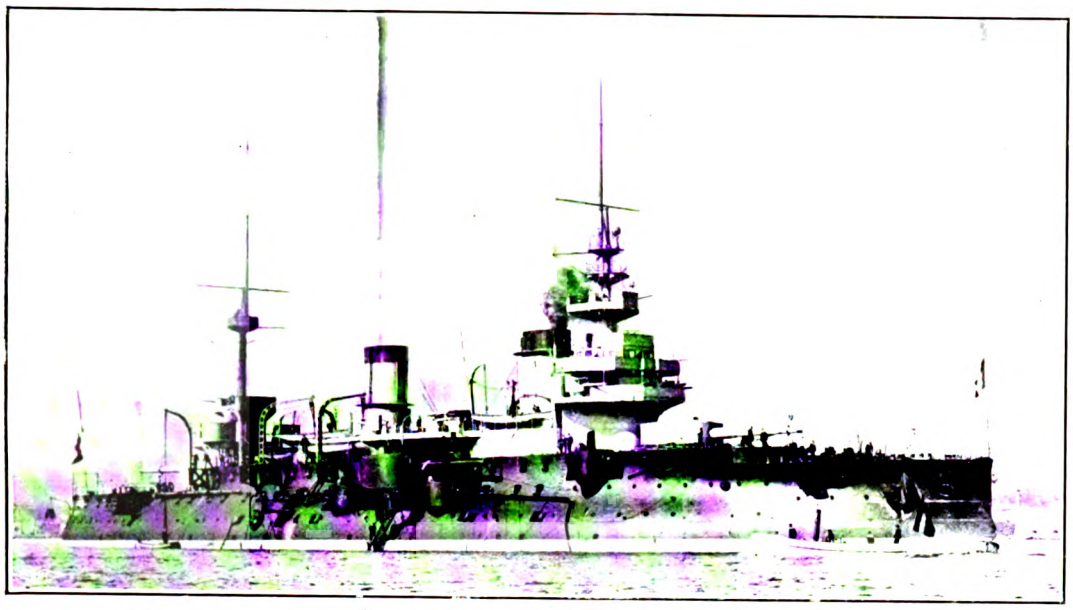
The French Naval Manœuvres.



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A VERY POWERFUL BATTLE-SHIP.
The "Bouvet," Flag ship of Vice-Admiral Gervais.

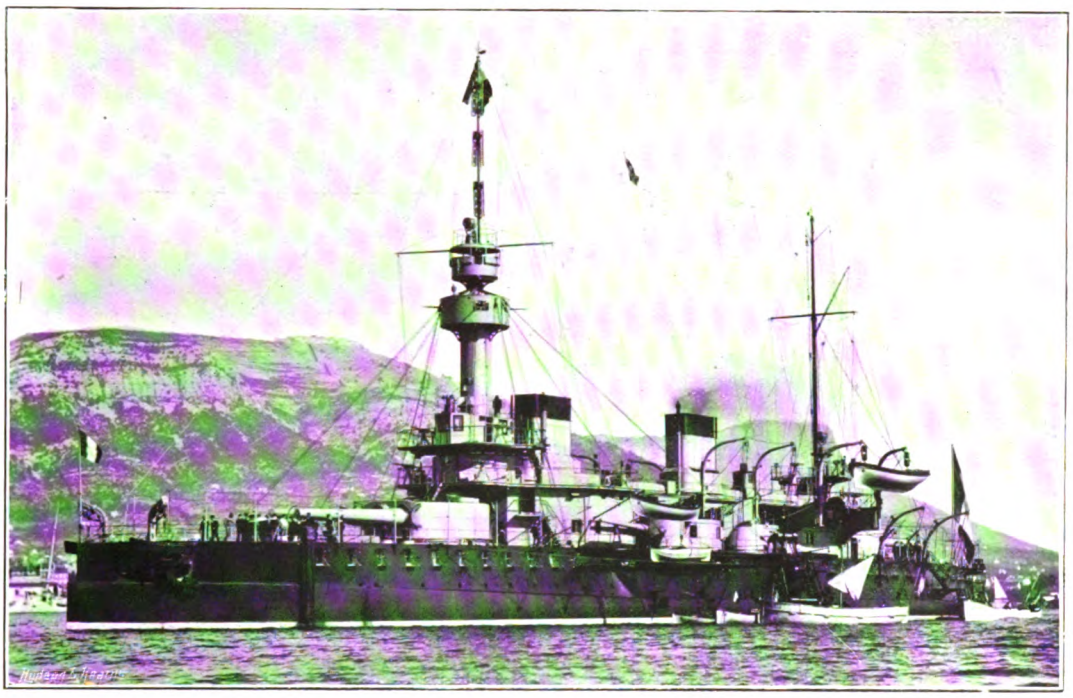

Photo. Copyright. *Bar.*

THE "BRENNUS," COMPLETED IN 1891.
In which Vice-Admiral Fourn er has His Flag.

Photo. Copyright. *W. Wood.*

ONE OF THE MORE RECENT BATTLE-SHIPS.
The "Massena," Flag-ship of the Northern Squadron.

FRANCE has pursued this year a course which is somewhat unusual. She has not only carried out her Naval Manœuvres upon a scale far more extensive than has been customary, but she has also conducted them in the confined waters of the Channel, so that they have been in close proximity to the English coast. Therefore the event has been specially interesting to us, and the practical result has been to emphasise the fact that when our Channel Fleet goes abroad, there ought to be some squadron in a strategical position in home waters capable of undertaking the duties of home defence. This does not mean a gun-boat in every estuary, or anything of the sort. It implies a well-considered plan of defence carried out by a fleet whose original station has been determined by strategical consideration of what it is now the fashion to call the "offensive-defensive." This, however, may be allowed to pass by. The French Naval Manœuvres of the year have been conducted by the Mediterranean and Northern Fleets in combination. It is unusual, but not unprecedented, for the Mediterranean Fleet to come northwards, but France is an independent Power and has a right to manipulate her ships according to her pleasure. The combined squadrons constituted an exceedingly powerful fleet, consisting of no less than eighteen battle-ships and fourteen cruisers. Of the battle-ships, the most formidable are the "Charlemagne," "Gaulois," and "St. Louis."

It is worthy of note that in building these vessels the French not only abandoned their penchant for lofty superstructures, but also the plan of separating the four big guns in as many turrets, and adopted the plan of coupled guns which is common in our Fleet. The ships differ from our own in being armoured from end to end, which adds to their value, though something has been lost.

The proportion of cruisers was, of course, too small for a fighting fleet, but we err so greatly in this respect ourselves that we cannot afford to cast stones at others. Have we on one single occasion since steam became the rule sent a fleet of battle-ships to sea with the proper proportion of cruisers attached? If so, where? In the Mediterranean, the Channel? It would be interesting to learn the occasion; and we certainly cannot blame France in this respect. Her contingent of cruisers was indeed larger than would probably have been allotted in time of peace to a British squadron of battle-ships of equal numerical strength, and it comprised such vessels as the "Dupuy de Lôme," a powerful armoured cruiser, almost a battle-ship, and the "Pothuau," an armoured cruiser, which, though also not in her first youth, has good powers on a comparatively small displacement. The ships are essentially fighting ships, and English Naval officers are the last to underrate their combative strength.

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Recent Rifle Meetings.

ALL CREDIT TO THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.
Whose Team Won the Evelyn Wood Challenge Cup at Bisley on July 7, 1900.

THE THREE ARMY MEDALLISTS OF THE YEAR.
The Winners of the Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medals.

R.M.A. TEAM—WINNERS OF THE METHUEN CUP.
Captain Homer, on the Right of the Cup, Made the Record Score of 102, under the New Regulations.

A GROUP OF THE 3RD HANTS REGIMENT.
Who were Winners of the Ferdoe Wilkinson Challenge Cup.

Winners OF Army Competitions.

From Photos. by C. Knight.

THE HAMPTON PRIZE, MILITARY RIFLE MEETING.
The Winning Team of H Company, 4th Battalion of the Worcester Regiment.

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The Annexation of the Orange River Colony.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG IN THE MARKET SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN.

We had waited for it in this country, and we knew what the feeling would be in South Africa, but still we wanted to know how it would be done. Our picture answers the question. We see in the Square at Bloemfontein, on May 25, 1900, British troops drawn up on all sides—a square formed representing all arms—and the Union Flag, the flag which is the emblem of civilisation and which flies over about half the world, being hoisted amid the cheers of troops and loyal bystanders. As each day passes the loyalists grow more numerous.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 182.] SATURDAY, JULY 28th, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT PEKING.

Our picture shows some of the sufferers by Chinese fanaticism. The Peking race meeting is one of the great social gatherings of the year, and in this snap-shot we see Prince Henry of Prussia bidding farewell to Lady Macdonald at the foot of the stairs leading to the grand stand, while a number of the prominent European residents in the Chinese capital are also shown. This was taken in 1898, but unhappily everything is now altered, and the scourge of rapine has swept over the city.

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ROUND THE WORLD

NO event in history has ever so shocked and horrified the civilised world as the awful massacre of the European colony in Peking. This may seem a wide statement, but it can be justified. To begin with, the "Sicilian Vsepers," in the year 1282, when all the French in Sicily, to the number of 4,000, were put to death, were scarcely heard of beyond the borders of France and Italy. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572 was reported to the European Courts by Charles IX., but the mass of people knew no more about it than their forefathers knew of the Sicilian horror. The Cawnpore atrocity certainly did send a shudder through the nations, but even in 1857 news circulated slowly among the masses. We must recollect, too, that Nana Sahib's victims were all British. But the Peking tragedy leaves every nation mourning its own. Then, again, the dreadful suspense in which we lived for a whole month, from the middle of June until the middle of July, wrought our nerves up to such a pitch that the appalling nature of the situation forced itself upon us more and more every day.

Now that the painful period of anxiety is over, we must set ourselves sternly to the task which lies before us. "While the child was yet alive," said David in that pitiful story of the powerful king and the wife of the poor soldier, "I fasted and wept. . . . But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again?" Now there is work to be done—not work of vengeance. Revenge is not the passion that should find room in the heart of a great man, much less in the heart of a great nation. It is a vulgar, petty stimulus to action; it works upon the minds of short-sighted people who can see only their small concerns and are blind to the order of things in the great world beyond their doors. We have nothing to do with revenge Our task is punishment and the restoring of order and the stern enforcement of the lesson that "Live and let live" must be the motto of the Chinese as well as other nations.

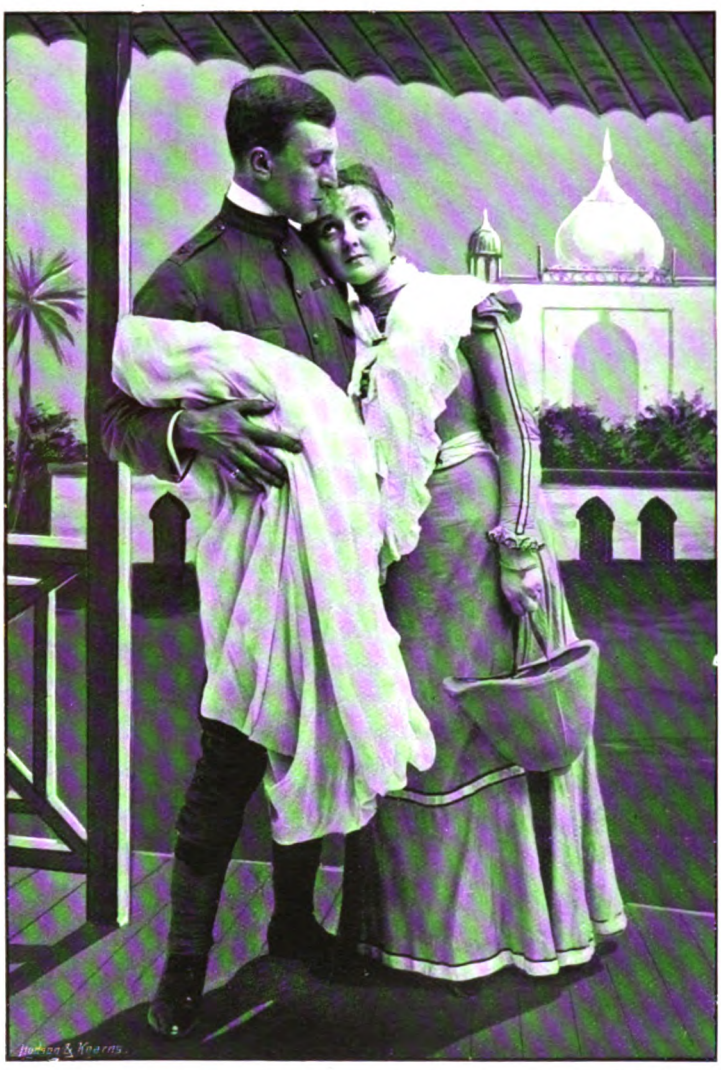

Photo. Copyright. "GOOD-BYE." *Frank Foulsham.*
From India to China.

THE St. Bartholomew massacre of the Huguenots, by the way, has several features curiously in common with those of the Peking outburst of savagery and fanaticism. Just as the Empress tries to represent that the Boxers got beyond her control, so did the poor creature who was King of France whine impotently about the feuds between the houses of Guise and Coligny, and try to persuade Europe that the awful scenes of August 24, 1572, were the outcome of a private quarrel. The Empress, too, seems to have been egged on by her anti-foreign advisers, just as Charles IX. was egged on by the infamous Catherine de Medici and the Duke of Guise. Charles was finally stirred into giving consent for the massacre by a bogus story of a Protestant plot. The Empress seems to have been goaded into her final outburst of fury by stories of "the high-handed way in which foreigners had been bossing everything" at Peking. Again, numbers of Roman Catholics were killed in Paris, just as large numbers of Chinese lost their lives at the hands of the blood-thirsty rabble of their countrymen. Massacres of this kind are never confined entirely to the people against whom they are chiefly directed.

ANOTHER task of punishment and settlement awaits us in Ashanti. The expedition we shall have to send to restore a settled order will be the sixth which Great Britain has been obliged to undertake. The first fighting between

Photo. *Willis.*
CAPTAIN REGINALD APPLIN,
Lancashire Fusiliers.
The Former Commander of the Troops in Labuan and the Defender of the Orange River Bridge, now Military Commissioner for the Bloemfontein District.

Photo. *Bedford Lemere.*
SISTER B. L. SHEPPERE.
A Civilian Nurse, and the Only Australian One, who Went Through the Siege of Ladysmith.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*
COLONEL D. HARRIS,
Kimberley Town Guard.
He Commanded that Body of Men during the Siege, and was Formerly Commander of the Griqualand West Brigade. He Gave £500 to the Refugees' Fund.

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Ashantis and British troops was as far back as 1824. In 1863 we were at war again, but our troops suffered so severely from the climate that we were forced to leave the operations unfinished. Ten years later, however, there was another outbreak, this time of a more serious character. It was finally quelled by Sir Garnet Wolseley in 1874. The King Koffee Kalcalli was deposed, and his brother appointed to rule in his stead. But the natives were soon at war among themselves again, and once more Great Britain had to step in and do police duty. This was in 1893. Then in 1895-96 came Sir Francis Scott's expedition which cleared out King Prempeh. It is Prempeh's legacy to his country, the Golden Stool of sovereignty, that has been the immediate cause of the present troubles. The Ashantis are a troublesome race, but it is time they settled down.

Photo. *Symonds.*

LIEUT. HENRY E. GRACE,
Of the "Excellent."
A Son of "W.G." who Won the Officers' "Hundred" and "Quarter" at the Recent Army and Navy Athletic Meeting at Portsmouth.

soldier, and he caused the King a great deal of annoyance by his insistence upon discipline and punctuality and other military virtues. Now, according to the moral anecdotist, this conduct on the part of the colonel ought to have won the King's respect. He ought at least to have made him General Cirujeda. But *noblesse oblige* is not a proverb of much favour in Spain. The poor colonel has been dismissed, and in a small Andalusian garrison he has plenty of time to reflect upon the uncertain tenure of a courtier's place. It is not every young King who can be magnanimous enough to say to those who chide him, as Henry V. did—

"There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth;
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised, wise directions."

NONE of the many English holiday-makers who are sure to be in Holland this year should miss the Naval Exhibition at the Hague, which is to be open until September. Under the young Queen's presidency, the Exhibition has been got together with great industry and enterprise, with a good deal of help from this country. It cannot fail to interest anyone who cares about Naval history and development. For some three hundred years the Dutch wielded a mighty sea-power. The Republicans of the United Provinces were compelled to resist on the sea the ravages of Spanish squadrons. They soon became bold and enterprising navigators, and, as their commerce grew, they needed more and more a strong Navy to protect it. In many a stoutly-fought battle did Dutch and English dispute the command of the sea. They were the only nations whose guns were ever heard by the citizens of London. It was in 1666, at the time of England's lowest degradation under Charles II., that Dutch vessels got as far up the Thames as Gravesend, and sailed unopposed into the Medway. Not much more than a hundred years later the power of Holland was stamped out by Great Britain, and, though her commerce revived when she was freed from the hateful bonds of French domination, the Naval glory of Holland had for ever departed.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE UNITED STATES SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "BALTIMORE."
Lying Off Lazzaretto Creek, Malta, and Dressed in Honour of Independence Day.

THE story of the little Spanish King and his military tutor is one that shows how far the moral anecdotist goes astray when he tells of relations between Princes and their preceptors. Colonel Cirujeda, the military tutor of Alfonso XIII., treated his august pupil very much as if he had been an ordinary boy. He wanted to teach him thoroughly the profession of a

Photo. Copyright. *A. Renard, Kiel.*

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE CREW OF THE "LUCHS."
This Little Gun-boat Left Kiel for China on July 7.

OF all the leaders in South Africa, no one has created a better impression than Sir Archibald Hunter. He is a man of excellent parts, of a good heart, and a thorough soldier; he is popular with everyone; his officers like and believe in him; his men will follow him anywhere, for they know they will not be led astray. With the correspondents — those "abstract and brief chronicles of the time" —he is in high favour, and this is all-important to a general nowadays. What Hamlet said of the players, we may say of war correspondents: "After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." Should Lord Roberts break down—lately his health has not been good — it would be a serious question as to whether failing Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Kitchener or Sir Archibald Hunter should be placed in chief command.

IT seems pretty certain that the party of military explorers in Western China, led by Captain Davies of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, Captain Ryder, R.E., and Major Manifold, R.A.M.C., will find its way safely out of the country. It is, in fact, known in this country where the explorers are, but this has not been published, for, as General Davies said in a letter to the *Times*, "the less the Chinese know on this point, the safer it will be for the party." More anxiety is felt for the safety of another small band of railway surveyors under the direction of Captain Alan Watts - Jones, R.E. Captain Watts - Jones's many friends in England (and in Wales), and in the remote parts of the world where he has seen service, are hoping to hear that he and his wife and child, who are in China too, are all alive and well. It is one of the most harrowing features of the

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situation that so many people must endure painful suspense for a long time before they can hear whether isolated Europeans are safe or not.

THE British members of the Paris Exhibition jury who have been over to assist in judging the exhibits, are loud in their praises not only of the Exhibition buildings and the marvels they hold, but of the generous and kindly attitude of the French authorities towards Englishmen and their exhibits. It would almost seem as if the word had gone round that everyone should be extra polite. "Grand prizes" and gold medals have been showered upon British firms, or rather the certificates of award which represent these baubles. It is true that each certificate is accompanied by a notice that the exhibitor can have his prize or medal upon payment of, say, £20. But most winners are content with the certificate. This is the custom at all International Exhibitions, and a very sensible custom too.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Sinclair.*

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF "THE ROCK."

Sir George White's Arrival at Gibraltar.

THOSE whose business or desire has taken them near Westminster lately have had offered to their gaze an alarming placard. Borne aloft on the shoulders of boardmen, it has been calling upon Britons to beware of attempts to "Russianise England." Terrifying visions crossed one's mind of a military despotism, Siberia, the knout, newspapers with passages blackened out, and anti-Jewish agitations. But when one came to look closer, the danger was not so dreadful as it seemed. The placard's only complaint was against Mr. Long's Dogs Bill! The attempt to "Russianise England" lay in the proposal to prevent dogs likely to develop rabies from wandering about unchecked! If this is "Russianising," let us have as much of it as we can.

THE proposal that children in Irish schools should be taught in Irish seems rather fantastic. The only logical argument put forward in its favour is the literary man's argument. The literary man complains that English has become corrupt, just as Latin became corrupt after it had become the universal speech. "Lasting literary work," says the literary man, "can only be done in a language that is fresh and pure. Therefore let us write in Irish, and be kind enough to educate a public that will be able to read our Irish books." This is all very well from the literary man's point of view. If you grant his major premiss—that the English language is threadbare and worn out—it is beautifully logical. But it seems to offer doubtful advantages to Irish school-children. They are to be cut off from communication with the world at large, and the only compensation they will have is that they will be able to read the literary man's works. The bargain seems a trifle one-sided.

THE Bisley Meeting just over has been successful in every way. The heat, it is true, made the camp almost unbearable occasionally; but heat is better than wet, and everyone admitted that the weather could scarcely have been more agreeable if specially ordered by vote of the men under canvas. With all its success, however, if the National Rifle Association's meetings are to keep up their reputation and their usefulness, the conditions for the prize-shoots must be made as much as possible like those which obtain on battle-fields.

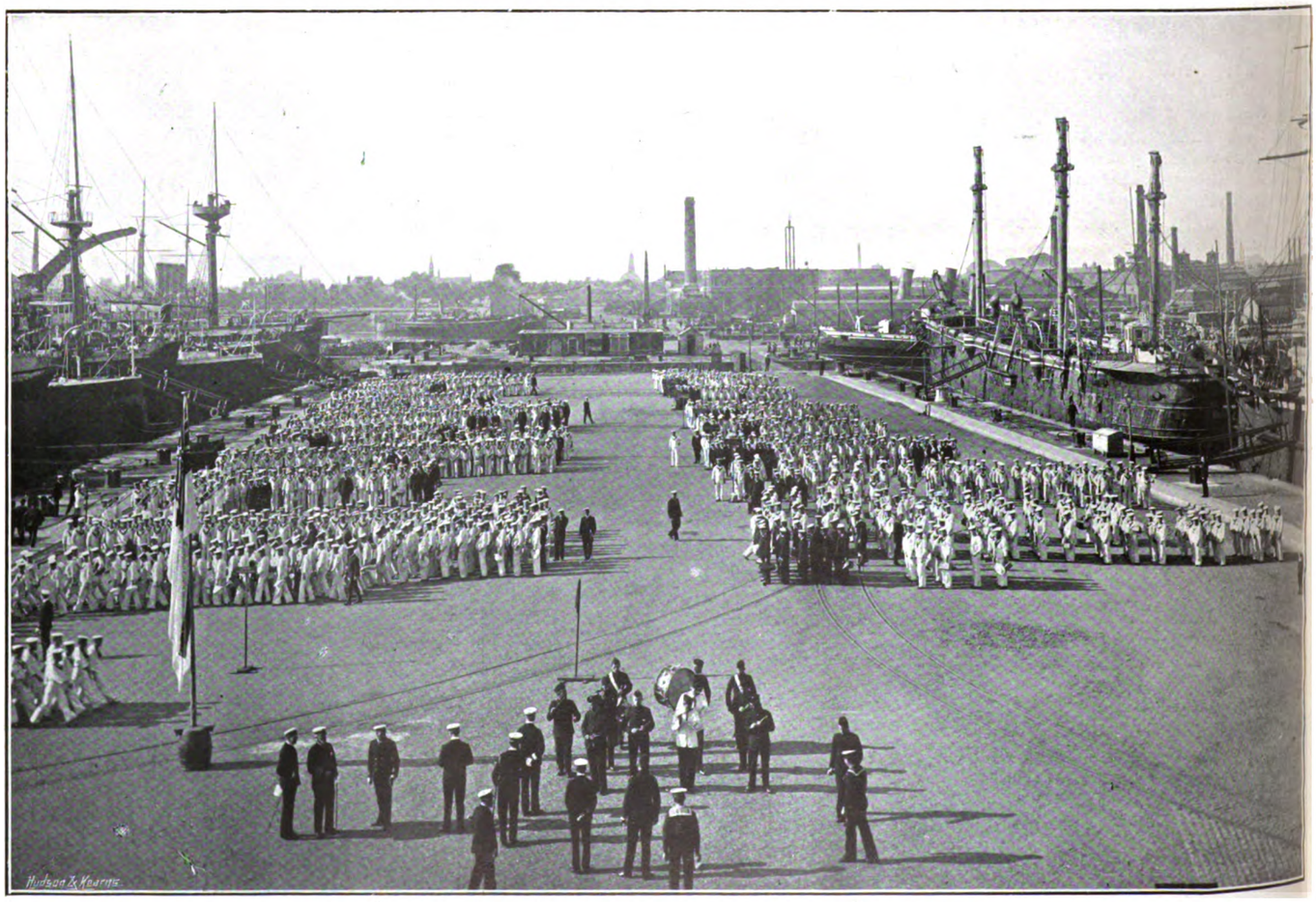

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

MEN EMBARKING IN THE MOBILISED SHIPS FOR THE MANŒUVRES.

The Duke of York Inspecting the Parade at Portsmouth Naval Depot on July 10. About 2,500 Men were Present.

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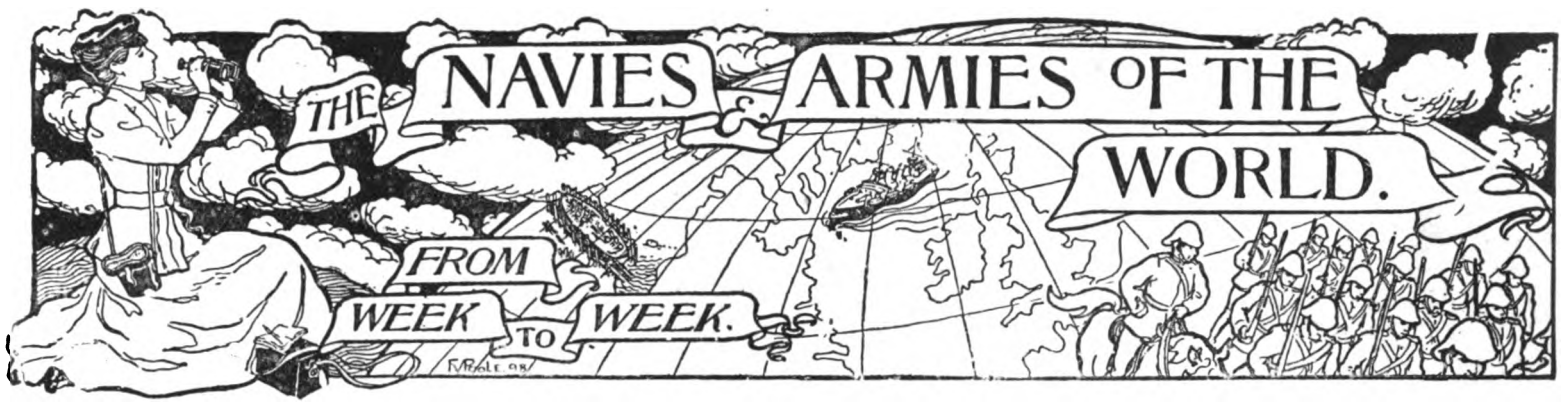

WHAT is the real origin of the phrase "to do a thing to the bitter end"? In a general way the word bitter in this case is supposed to be the familiar adjective which means the reverse of sweet. But it has been suggested by Mr. Leslie, the sea painter, if my memory is not at fault, and probably by others, that the bitter end in question is really the end of the cable so called, and also known as the clinching end. The question could be settled if we knew exactly how and where the term first came into general use; but on the whole there is a strong case for this view, though it is only suggested as doubtful by the new English dictionary of Dr. Murray. It quotes Captain Smith's "Seaman's Grammar," which says that "the bitters (*sic*) end is that part of the cable doth stay within board." In Blanckley's "Naval Expositor" it is said that "any turn of a cable about the bitts is called a bitter, so as that the cable may be let out by little and little. And when a ship is stopped by a cable, they say 'she is brought up by a bitter.' And that end of the cable which is wound or belayed about the bitts is called the bitter end of the cable." Falconer has it that "bitter end is that part of the cable which is abaft the bitts, and therefore within board when the ship rides at anchor. They say 'bend to the bitter end' when they would have that end bent to the anchor." Then comes Admiral Smyth, who is a little more precise: "They say 'bend to the bitter end' when they would have that end bent to the anchor; and when a chain or rope is paid out to the bitter end, no more remains to be let go. The bitter end is the clinching end—sometimes that end is bent to the anchor, because it has never been used, and is more trustworthy. The first 40 fathoms of a cable of 115 fathoms is generally worn out when the inner end is comparatively new."

* * * *

Historically, then, there is a good case for believing that to do a thing to the bitter end, meaning to do it to the utmost, is a sea phrase which has passed into common use, and is employed by many who have lost all sense of its origin. When you have let go all you have to pay out, nothing remains to be done. When you had bent the bitter end, there was obviously no further changing in the disposition of the cable to be made. In either sense this using up of the bitter end supplied a very good metaphor for doing anything to the full extent of your power. But how did it come into use? Dr. Murray gives no particular authority for the contemporary use, but only an example in which somebody says that "if the enemy will not come to terms we will fight it out to the bitter end." My impression is that the phrase first became popular in the United States, and in the Civil War, when it was used in a speech by somebody in the Eastern States, as meaning that the Federals would fight the Confederates to the last. But this is a matter of fact to be settled by evidence. It is possible that another political phrase which has come to us from America was also borrowed from the sea—namely, to take a new departure, in the sense of to make a fresh start. However that may be, I hope I am right about the bitter end, since this explanation gives sense and picturesqueness to a commonly used term. It would be rather foolish if "bitter" really means the reverse of sweet. It is not the end which is bitter. The bitterness lies in not being able to reach the end. There would be nothing surprising in the unfamiliarity of the term to us. Swift makes the supposed editor of Lemuel Gulliver say that sea language was always changing, and we dropped the bitter end—though, by the way, it was used by Collingwood—in favour of the clinching end. It is no uncommon experience that words which have fallen out of use here have survived in America.

* * * *

One does not clearly see the use of bringing in a Bill by which certain Volunteers are to be invited to assume the obligation to serve abroad, and then taking the clause out. But many things happen in politics which one finds it nearly impossible to understand, and it is unnecessary to pursue the subject. Meanwhile, it would seem to be clear that those who have objected to this clause have right reason on their side. When we first began to hear of the employment of Volunteers in South Africa, I ventured to point out here that there were dangers in the use of this tempting resource, because there would be a risk that the whole rationale of the force would be in danger. Strong dissent was expressed from this view; but the history of the Volunteer Bill shows, it seems to me, that I was not so far wrong. What has happened? So soon as the War Office found that there were men to be got in this way, being as it always was in want of men, it, as the person in the farce said, "saw its chance and took it." It tried to make an arrangement by which a proportion of the Volunteers was to be put on the footing of the Militia Reserve, that is to say, was to be turned into a reserve for the Army. Now, that the Army needs more Reserves may be, and no doubt is, true, and yet it does not follow that it should go for what it wants to the Volunteers, or that it can do so without altering the whole character of this part of our forces for the worse.

* * * *

The Volunteers were established to supply a stay-at-home army, which was, in case of necessity, to take the place of the regular troops when they were called abroad. A general obligation to serve over-sea is perfectly incompatible with such an institution. That all our drilled men ought to be available for service abroad may be a sound proposition. It certainly is the fact that matters will have reached a serious pass with us if ever an invasion come within the bounds of probability, for this cannot happen till the Navy is clearly unequal to its work, and then our position in the world will have gone. But there will always be the risk of destructive raids by small parties which land for the purpose of mere plunder and annoyance. The duty of the Volunteers is to guard against these, and for that purpose they must stay at home. If it is made the rule that a corps among the Volunteers, or a considerable proportion of its members, may undertake to serve abroad, it is easy to forecast the state of things which will arise. There will be a marked difference in the degree of credit given to those who do and those who do not accept the obligation. It is a much more serious thing to promise to serve everywhere than only to undertake to fight in case of invasion. Therefore men will be unwilling to enter the Volunteers at all unless they can make the greater promise. Then employers of labour will be reluctant, not, perhaps, to engage them for minor positions, but to give posts of any confidence to those who may be summoned away at a moment's notice. For such an arrangement as this would not be an equivalent of the continental systems, which are of universal application and affect everybody alike. It would be erratic and unequal. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that our whole military system must be recast, and the position of the Volunteers together with the rest, but not by makeshifts and indirect manœuvres will efficiency be secured. That some vast alteration will have to be made if we go into—or, what is more likely, drift into—another British India in China is not a matter of speculation, but asimple fact.

* * * *

Some continental critics of ours are very fond of japing at our "mercenary" Army, and of speaking with moral reprobation of the devices we use to fill its ranks. Well, now, here is France, who suddenly finds herself under the necessity to send a substantial body of troops to China. In order to get the men she is calling for volunteers, and is offering a bounty of 200 francs to all who will come forward. This is our recruiting sergeant device all over, and is nothing else. Germany, too, has to make her corps up by volunteering. Perhaps when they remember that the British Army has always had to meet the call which has come suddenly on them, and in a much more severe form, they will think more kindly of our mercenary Army. A little later on, when they need permanent armies in the Far East of from 60,000 to 70,000 men, we shall see how they contrive to get them without upsetting the whole of their existing military organisation. The conquering of China may be a necessary operation, but it will require men, and a good many men too.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Civilisation and Chop-sticks.

TO speak of Europe being "at war with China" seemed at the outset of the present Far Eastern trouble an absurd piece of magniloquence. China is a huge conglomeration of nations, separated widely enough from each other, separated from the rest of the world by barriers only to be passed by explorers and the foremost pioneers of commerce. When the Japanese War was going on, millions upon millions of Chinese knew nothing about it. How could we expect news of the recent operations to permeate more effectively or more quickly? All that it seemed reasonable to say was that Europe had taken in hand, in one corner of China, the punishment of organised ruffianism directed against foreigners and half countenanced by the authorities, who would quickly withdraw their support when the process of chastising began to have its effect.

Events have moved so rapidly, however, that what seemed at first a mere phrase has grown into something very like an accurate description of the state of affairs. The anti-foreign organisation has spread its roots on every side throughout the Celestial Empire. In the north the attack is carried boldly into Russian territory. In the west the European forces are still held more or less in check. Hong-Kong and Shanghai cry out for the strengthening of their defences. It would be ridiculous to suppose that all the four hundred millions of Chinese are roused, but there is sufficient disturbance in many directions to show us that the apathetic Celestial has at last been stirred to action in a cause that lies near his heart. The way in which the Chinese are fighting shows this with added force. From the Japanese they ran away. They were not interested in the war at all. But it is a different matter when the foreign devil from Europe is the enemy.

Now, if it can really be said without too much exaggeration that it is against China as a whole that we are warring, what can the Allies be expected to do? If they rely upon European troops, very little indeed. If they let Japan do the lion's share of the work, not very much more. We can march to Peking and destroy it utterly. We can abolish the existing central government, and, if we like, set up another. We can keep the ports open and a good part of the coast quiet. But to think of subduing this immense Empire with any number of foreign armies is a chimera. If we did succeed in defeating, one after another, all the Chinese armies, how could we hold the country? Of course we could neither conquer it nor hold it unless—and this is the all-important point that Europe must recognise—unless we do so with the aid of the Chinese themselves.

Why does the British flag fly over India? Great Britain never conquered India. Great Britain does not hold India down by a British garrison. What has the process been? Why, the simple process of making dog eat dog, taking advantage of racial differences and tribal rivalries, and setting one part of the country against another. It was the natives of India themselves who conquered India for us. It is the natives of India who hold it for us. In dealing with Asiatic countries, this is the only method that can be employed to advantage. The French trained and made use of native troops in India before we did. The Russians have been enrolling Chinese levies in Manchuria, and may possibly use them with good effect against the Boxer attack. We ourselves have Chinese regiments at Hong-Kong and Wei-hai-Wei. The only method which can be relied upon to bring China in course of time into the condition of India, is for the European nations each to choose a sphere of action, and to subdue it with the aid of native forces trained by white officers.

If Great Britain, for instance, could get the Chinese Mahomedans on her side, we should have splendid fighting material to our hand. They are a more robust race than the Chinese proper, more intelligent also, and of a nobler cast of mind. We had a chance of winning their gratitude some twenty years ago, but we threw the chance away. Quite recently, however, one of our Consuls went among them, and found that they were well-disposed towards us still. England is the greatest Mussulman Power in the world. What could be more desirable either for us or for them than that the Mahomedans of China should place themselves under British protection? It would be a give-and-take arrangement which would equally benefit both parties. There are many of them in Yunnan who could be enlisted and trained in Burma, which lies next door. Then they could be sent to do the Empire's work in the Yang-tse Valley, which will presumably be our sphere of influence. Other nations might do the same in their spheres, and gradually China would come under modern influences.

There is no other way in which to do the work Europe has taken in hand. Even in sparsely-populated Africa native troops are being used with advantage. In Asia, with its ancient, crowded lands, its innumerable millions of inhabitants, the idea of setting up foreign domination by means of foreign garrisons is grotesque. We have taken up the work of what we call civilisation and we must carry it through. We may displace a good deal that appeals to sentiment or to our sense of beauty or to our historical sense. But it is too late to draw back now. Every age has its own ideal. Not very long ago the ideal was to leave things alone. Now our ideal is to leave nothing alone. We are bent on uprooting and change, on making the influence of the nineteenth century felt in every corner of the globe. To make it felt we must use what means we find nearest to our hand. When Japan is able and willing to lead the way into China, we must accept Japanese aid, in spite of the fact that we know Japan has a little private score to work off on her own account. If we want to stay in China when we have once penetrated, we must keep our footing by making the Chinese themselves play our game and do what we cannot possibly do for ourselves.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JULY 28, 1809.—Battle of Talavera. The French renewed their attack on Wellington's position, charging the whole British line, and being repulsed at all points. Our losses were two generals (Mackenzie and Langworth) and 798 officers and men killed, 3,910 wounded, and 652 missing. The French lost two generals and 944 men killed, 6,294 wounded, 156 prisoners, and seventeen guns. 1813.—Battle of Sauroren (Pyrenees). Soult attacked the whole front of the British position, but was repulsed with the loss of 1,800 men. The allies lost 2,600.

July 30, 1813.—Second battle of Sauroren. Wellington defeated the French, who lost over 2,000 men killed and wounded, and 3,000 taken prisoners.

July 31, 1709.—Surrender of Tournay to the allies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene. 1760.—Battle of Warbourg. The French defeated by the Duke of Brunswick and the allies; 1,500 men and ten guns captured. British loss alone amounted to 590.

August 1, 1759.—Battle of Minden. The French under Marshal de Contades defeated by allies (British, Hessians, and Hanoverians) under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. The French lost 7,000 men, thirty guns, and seventeen standards, and the loss of the allies was 2,000.

August 2, 1763.—Battle of Gheriah. Major Adams, with 3,000 men, attacked at Gheriah by Meer Cossim, Nawab of Bengal, with 38,000 men and thirty guns. After four hours' fighting, the enemy were put to flight and all their guns were captured. 1857.—Rebels forced to raise the siege of Arrah by Major Vincent Eyre. 1897.—Relief of Chakdara (Chitral Campaign) by Sir Bindon Blood.

August 3, 1692.—Battle of Steenkirk. The British under William III. were defeated by the French under the Duke of Luxembourg. 1780.—Gwalior taken by storm by Captain Popham with a single battalion of Sepoys.

August 4, 1347.—Calais surrendered to Edward III. 1811.—Expedition under Sir Samuel Auchmuty landed on the Island of Java.

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JULY 28, 1588.—Final defeat of the Spanish Armada, off Gravelines. 1708.—Second Eddystone Lighthouse (Rudyerd's) first lighted.

July 29, 1417.—Henry V. sailed from Portsmouth to conquer France. 1752.—Vice-Admiral Sir Peter Warren died. 1782.—Capture of the French "Amazone," 36, by the British "Santa Margarita," 36, off the Chesapeake. 1811.—Storming of Fort Marrack, Java, by the men of the "Minden," 74, led by Lieutenant Edmund Lyons.

July 30, 1778.—The "Kingfisher," sloop, burned off Rhode Island. 1810.—Capture of five Dutch gun-boats, off Batavia, by the boats of the "Procris," 18. 1847.—Rear-Admiral A. W. Moore born. 1891.—The "Hood" launched.

July 31, 1653.—Monk's victory over Tromp; latter shot dead in action. 1718.—Sir George Byng's victory off Messina. 1793.—Action between the "Boston," 32, and the French "Embuscade," 36, off New York.

August 1, 1798.—Battle of the Nile. 1878.—The "Cleopatra" launched.

August 2, 1813.—Attack on Rovigno, in the Adriatic, and capture and destruction of French forts and batteries by landing parties from the "Eagle," 74, and "Bacchante," 36. 1832.—Admiral Sir Israel Pellew (captain of the "Conqueror" at Trafalgar), died. 1848.—Captain Marryat died. 1890.—The "Melampus" launched.

August 3, 1492.—Columbus set sail for the new world. 1801.—Capture of the French "Carrère," 40, off Elba, by the "Phœnix," "Pomone," and "Pearl." Nelson's attack on Boulogne. 1892.—The "Centurion" launched.

August 4, 1746.—The "Pembroke," 50, took the French "Ferme," 50. 1798.—Cutting out of the French "Aventurier," 14, in harbour, near the Isle of Bas, by the boats of the "Melpomene," 38, and the "Childers," sloop. 1841.—Vice-Admiral E. C. Drummond born.

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Veterinary Officers in War.

By Lieutenant-Colonel J. Graham.

THE general reader of war news not unfrequently fails to realise how important is the part played by the subsidiary services and departments of the Army. And yet on these depend the efficiency, the success, and the very existence of the troops whose welfare is so dear to our hearts, and whose proceedings we follow with constant interest and admiration. By way of illustration, it may be asked what our position at this moment would have been had it not been for the activity of the Remount Department; and it would be equally pertinent to enquire what would have been the condition of our remounts and of our mounted services generally but for the unostentatious and skilful work of the Army Veterinary Department. To furnish a rough outline of the composition of this department and of its duties, especially in time of war, is the object of these remarks.

It must be stated first of all that the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons before admitting an intending student carefully tests his general education. In this respect he stands on the same level with the student of medicine. After admission to a veterinary college he must remain for at least four years under instruction, and pass four professional examinations before receiving his diploma as an ordinary veterinary surgeon of civil life. It is from the ranks of qualified veterinary surgeons, whose abilities have been tested in the manner above mentioned, that the Army Veterinary Department is recruited. In order to obtain a commission, however, it is necessary to undergo yet another ordeal in the shape of a very strict examination by a board of military veterinary officers.

A Question of Life or Death.

It will thus be evident that, in point of education and training, the members of this department are deserving of universal respect, and it is shown by official reports during many years that their duties are conscientiously and thoroughly carried out in all parts of the world. In fact, the department has attained a very enviable position; it includes many officers of high social standing, and candidates of the same class are applying for admission in increasing numbers.

The department consists of one director-general, ten lieutenant-colonels, and 129 majors, captains, and lieutenants, the lieutenant-colonels being administrative and their juniors executive officers. In time of peace more than half of their strength is required for service abroad, but now there is every prospect that South Africa will itself absorb more than that proportion.

At the time of writing there are about fifty in the theatre of war, eight of them being in Natal, but others are under orders, and the strength is still further increased by the engagement of eighty civil veterinary surgeons to serve during the war. These gentlemen have the temporary rank of lieutenants, with the pay and allowances of their rank, and the same compensation for wounds, etc.

In order to meet the strain placed on the department by orders for the inspection and purchase of horses and mules throughout the world, as well as by the other exigencies of war, almost all the retired veterinary officers have been called up for temporary duty. "Ubique" is a legend to which no military body was ever more completely and literally entitled than is the Army Veterinary Department at this moment. Its officers are to be found in Italy and Spain, in the Australian Bush, in the prairies of the Far West, and on the broad plains of South America; in short, wherever sounds the hoof of horse or mule, thither they turn "like the needle to the pole."

In the field the principal veterinary officer is on the staff of the general officer commanding, whom he advises on all matters connected with his department. Under the principal veterinary officer, a veterinary lieutenant-colonel, with his executive officers, is appointed to each division. There are, for instance, eight executive officers with a cavalry brigade, and three with a mounted infantry battalion. A veterinary lieutenant-colonel is with the general commanding the line of communications, one of his duties being to ensure a steady flow of animals from the "advanced" to the "sick horse depôt," so as to prevent the overcrowding of the former. Another veterinary lieutenant-colonel has charge of the sick horse depôt, another of the remount depôt, and another is with the general commanding at the base, to regulate all matters connected with the arrival and transport of horses and veterinary stores.

It is by means of the superior and expert knowledge of these officers, and of the non-commissioned officers and men whom they have trained, that the health, shoeing, and general management of our transport and troop horses are maintained, and to the weakness of their numbers the enormous losses of military horses in this war are largely due. In the hands of officers not combining scientific knowledge and practical experience with devotion to duty, the results would be even worse.

The veterinary officers go into action with the troops to which they are attached, but they are not protected by the Geneva Cross as the doctors are. They run all the risks of those whose duty it is to fight only. In proof of this, it need only be pointed out that an officer of the department is now a prisoner in Pretoria, having been captured with the squadron of the 18th Hussars. Another was among the wounded in Ladysmith. The place of veterinary officers is undoubtedly with the corps to which they have been posted; two of them were present in the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman, and another did such excellent service in a previous campaign in the Soudan that he was offered a cavalry commission, and afterwards commanded the Egyptian cavalry.

Veterinary officers are, as a rule, horsemen of the first order, and remarkably well mounted. They are thus able to give invaluable help to generals in the field, apart from their more immediate duties, and such help has often been readily accepted and acknowledged.

Some time ago, when the medical officers of the Army obtained military titles without the qualifying prefix denoting their special profession, it was generally thought and felt by those who knew them best that the veterinary officers were at least equally deserving of consideration.

It is gratifying to hear that the authorities have taken a favourable view of the case, and that equal justice is likely to be meted out without much more delay to a gallant and creditable body of soldiers. They did not agitate nor show any sign of discontent when left behind by those who raced for rank; they continued to do their work quietly and well, and it will give great and general satisfaction to see their merits duly acknowledged.

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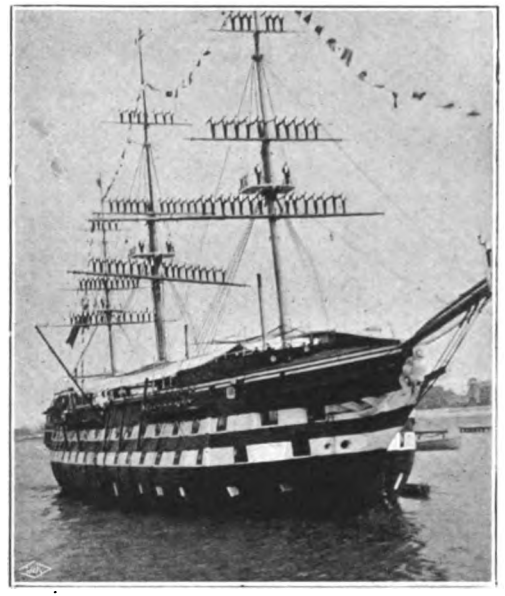
Annual Prize Giving

ON BOARD THE

"Worcester"

DOWN THE RIVER.
A Snap-shot of the Visitors in the Tug.

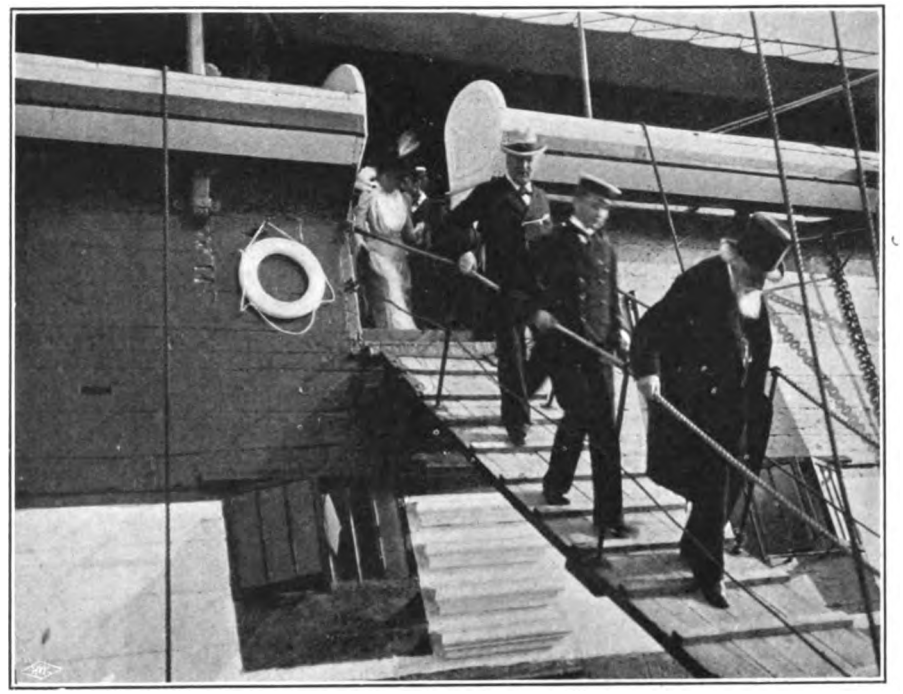
A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.
From Left to Right the Civilians are: Mr. J. S. Sullivant, Honorary Secretary; The Duke of Argyll; Sir G. Chambers, Chairman; and Sir Edwin Dawes.



A CHEERING WELCOME.
Cadets Man the "Worcester" Yards.

By the Duke of Argyll.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."



HOMEWARD BOUND.
The Duke of Argyll Leaves the "Worcester."

HURRAH! BOOKS ARE CLOSED.
A Happy Group of "Worcester" Cadets Soon to be Off for the Annual Summer Vacation, to Utilise Their Seamanship at the Seaside.

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The China Crisis—The Shanghai Volunteers.

ONE of the causes of anxiety in regard to the trouble in China has been doubt as to the security of the British at Shanghai. Situated at the mouth of the Yang-tse, Shanghai occupies a position of exceptional importance, and it was certainly a mistake on the part of this country not to take steps in the past to have the relations between the town and the United Kingdom more accurately defined. Probably it is the old story of considering some other Power's susceptibilities, but it is a fact that instead of drawing those relations closer, we have allowed them to become relaxed. The local representatives of the Empire are, however, very enthusiastic. They have a corps of Volunteers, which consists of Light Horse, Artillery, and Infantry, and to this is attached a volunteer fire brigade, called locally the "extinguishing fire dragon," all fire-extinguishing machines being termed dragons by the Chinese. The corps was originally formed in 1854, and it took an active part in the defence of the settlement during the Taiping Rebellion in 1862. It has since been kept together for the protection of Europeans in the event of trouble arising with the Chinese, and is inspected each year by an officer detailed from the Hong Kong garrison for the purpose. This year the inspection took place on April 15, and two of our illustrations show some of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the force, as well as a group of the Light Horse troop. A month later—before the present trouble broke out—the force paraded for practice in connection with the scheme of defence drawn up for the protection of the settlement, and we are assured that the scheme was most effectively carried out.

SOME OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.
And the Regimental Fifes and Drums.

THE "EXTINGUISHING FIRE DRAGON."
The Volunteer Fire Brigade Attached to the Corps.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE LIGHT HORSE TROOP OF THE SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS.
Who have Evidently with Them some of Their "Sisters and Their Cousins."

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Still the War in South Africa.

OPERATIONS ON AN ISOLATED KOPJE.
A Maxim Gun Party Preparing for Work.

PROVISIONS AND AMMUNITION FOR THE FRONT.
The Arrival of a Train at Deelfontein Station.

A TRIUMPH FOR HARD-WORKED TROOPERS.
Brabant's Division Entering Thaba Nchu.

"TIT-BITS" AT THE FRONT.
Imperial Yeomanry in which the Firm of George Newnes, Limited, is Represented by a Corporal.

THE group of accompanying pictures illustrates incidents of the campaign. In the first place we see actual fighting. An isolated kopje has been found, affording a favourable position for "squirting death through a tube," as Rudyard Kipling has expressed it, and a Maxim gun is coming into action. Evidently it is at long range, or the men would be less ready to expose themselves, while that the work has not yet begun is evidenced by the fact that the mules have not been taken under cover. Guns, however, whether machine guns or artillery, are of very little use unless plenty of ammunition is forthcoming. Our second picture shows, then, a train of ammunition and provisions on its way to the front. It is easy to understand the importance which attaches to such trains, and for that very reason it is equally easy to comprehend the enemy's urgent desire to sever our lines of communication. The good service which has been rendered by the Colonial Division under General Brabant is a matter of history. Well led, and impelled by an eager dash, the Division has been everywhere, and has somehow always contrived to appear in the right place at the right moment. Our picture shows the advance guard of the Division entering Thaba Nchu, rifle on thigh, and it gives a very good idea of the smart appearance which, though it does not necessarily predicate the possession of soldierly qualities, is never absent from them. Our contemporary, *Tit-Bits*, is well represented at the front by two members of its staff, one of whom appears in another of our illustrations, while yet another picture shows the Roman Catholic Church at Newcastle burnt by the Boers. It is well that this picture should be closely studied and laid to heart, because it has been roundly asserted that the charges which have been brought against the Boers of perpetrating such outrages as this are "all lies." Is it a lie that this church has been burnt? The bringing in of Boer prisoners, which forms the subject of another of our illustrations, is now a matter of daily occurrence; and the two remaining illustrations show us incidents of life with the troops on the march to the front.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

TAKING A GREATLY-NEEDED REST.
A Battalion Halted on the March.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NEWCASTLE.
Wantonly Desecrated by Bigoted Boers.

BOER PRISONERS BEING BROUGHT TO CAMP.
Everyone Wishes They were More Numerous.

AT HOME ON THE VELDT.
Officers of the Inniskilling Dragoons at Dinner in the Open.

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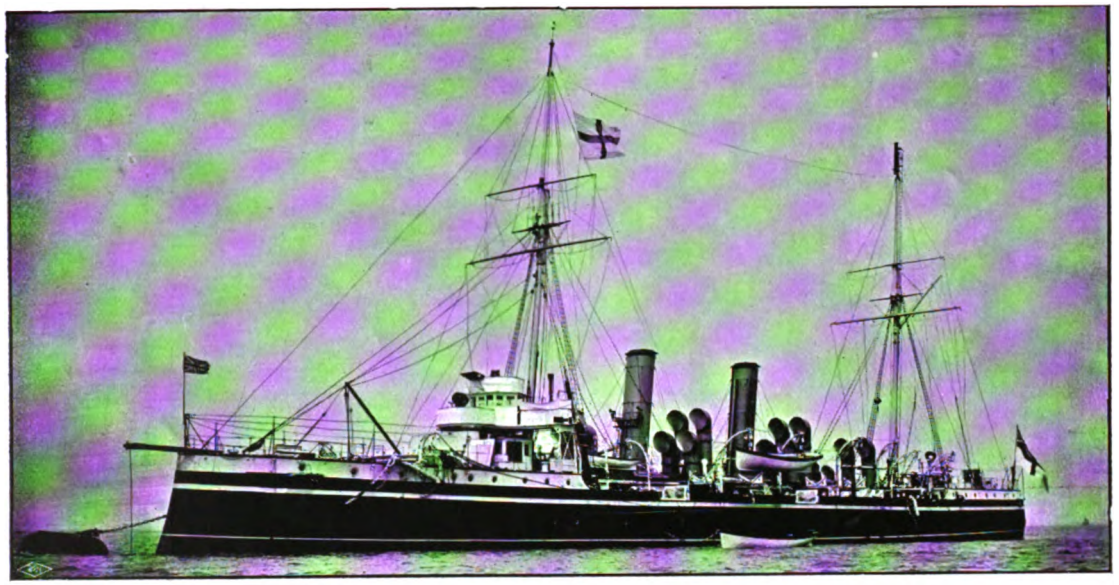
Two of Our New Cruisers.



THE "PYRAMUS."
A Third-class Cruiser Belonging to a Numerous and Useful Class.

THE "HERMES."
A Well-armed and Powerful Second-class Cruiser.

THE OFFICERS OF THE "PYRAMUS."
Commander J. M. de Robeck and Some of His Shipmates.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS FROM NORTH AMERICA.
Captain Frank H. Henderson and the Officers of the "Hermes."

From Photos. by E. W. C. Hopkins.

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Lights on the Chinese Trouble.

THE HATTA MEUNNE GATE OF THE TARTAR CITY, PEKING.

The Tartar City is a square, enclosed within its own walls. In it is included everything that has to do with the Government, including the Imperial Palace and the Legations, and it is altogether apart from the Chinese City, which lies to the south of it.

THE CHINESE CITY, PEKING, FROM THE WALL OF THE TARTAR CITY.

The Chinese City of Peking is in the shape of an oblong, and though surrounded by walls, these are neither so high nor so strong as those of the **Tartar City.** It is essentially the abode of the Chinese themselves—a race subordinate to the dominant oligarchy of the Manchus.

From Photos. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

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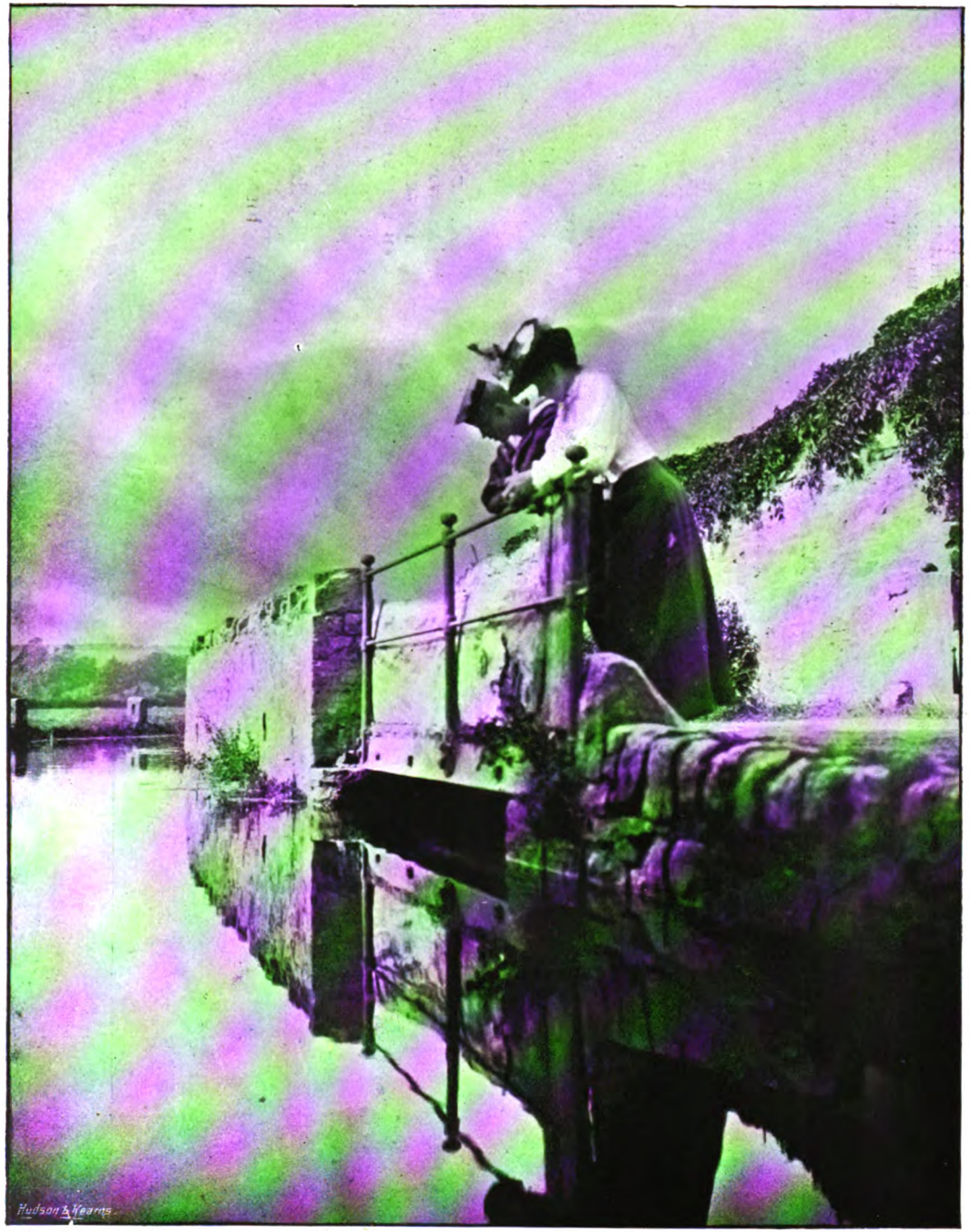
The Contrasts of the Seaman's Life.



REFLECTION.

Jack and His Sweetheart Build Castles in the Air—or, rather, in the Pellucid Deep.

ACTION.

The Bluejacket At Home on His Element—A Scene of Service Afloat.

From Photos. by A. Debenham, Ryde.

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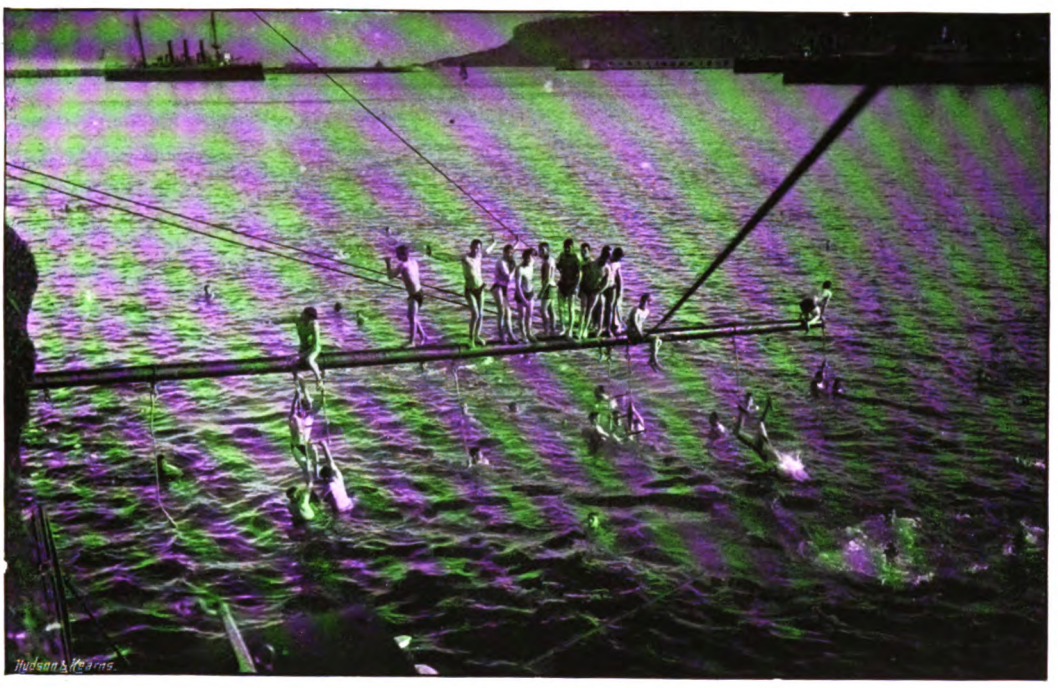
The Naval Manœuvres.

A BRIEF SPELL ASHORE.
A Merry Party Bound for the Strawberry Gardens at Upway.



ALL HANDS TO BATHE.
Enjoyment in the Channel Squadron on a Sultry Evening at Portland.

Photos Copyrig *A. Debenham, Ryde.*

BACK TO DUTY.
Liberty Men Returning from Weymouth to the Fleet at Portland.

THE pictures here reproduced were taken when one of the squadrons now engaging in the mimic war was taking a stand easy prior to the outbreak of actual hostilities. They are interesting, for they show typically Jack's life afloat and ashore, whether he be in the Channel Squadron, or on a far-distant station. It is his lot to survey mankind from Peking to Peru; but though he probably sees more of the world than men in any other calling, the routine of his life never varies. He always has the same duties on board wherever he may be, and his methods of enjoyment ashore change but little, whether his foot be on his native heath or his ship be anchored in a foreign port. Wherever he may be, he usually finds friends amongst the ladies. Considering Jack's opportunities and the amount of travelling he does, he is a distinctly bad linguist; but if a man is really in earnest, he can make love in any language, even if his knowledge of it is most elementary.

In the Service it is somewhat the fashion to growl at manœuvres and vote them something of a nuisance; but with a very considerable experience of annual manœuvres, the writer is most distinctly of the opinion that this is but a mere *façon de parler*. On the whole, both officers and men enter into the spirit of the thing with very intense keenness, and the same spirit animates the whole Fleet throughout, both in the wardroom and on the lower deck. Officers and men declare manœuvres a nuisance, but both evince the keenest interest when the game begins. The Navy is a service that never puts on "side," but none the less is it one that has the most intense pride in itself, its traditions, and its place in the national life of the Empire. And the Naval Manœuvres are the occasion for testing everything afloat, both men and ships. Even with all the war trouble now on our hands, the leading organs of the Press can find space to give an account of the operations of the mimic war to gain "command of the sea," and this in itself is proof conclusive of the very keen interest the man in the street takes in the Navy. There is something in our blood that makes us all seamen at heart, whether we hail from a country village in the heart of the Midlands or have been cradled on the coast, where the plash of the waves was the lullaby that rocked us to sleep. If the Naval Manœuvres served no other purpose, the cost they annually cause the country would be amply repaid by the fact that they quicken and intensify the country's interest in the great service that first welded our race into "one Imperial whole," and to-day keeps our Empire intact and inviolate. But above and apart from this, they educate both officers and men in a way that it would be impossible to do otherwise, and are not less important for testing our war material in war conditions, whether it be new types of ships or new types of machinery.

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Fighting THE Nile Sudd.

CAPTAIN GAGE'S PARTY FROM UGANDA.
Waganda, Egyptians, French, and Belgians.

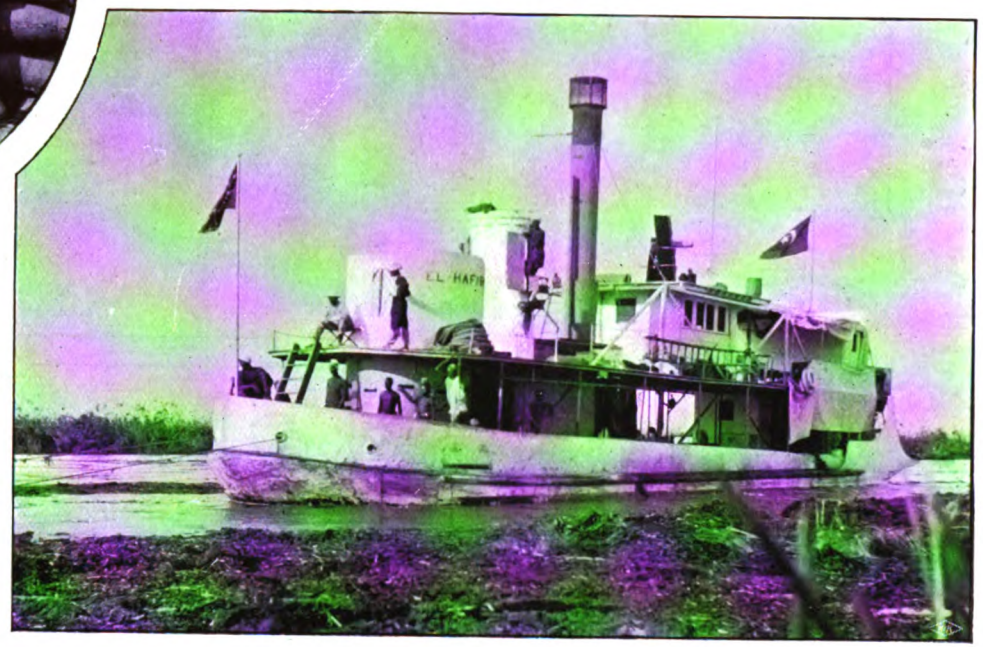
A MEETING ON THE UPPER NILE.
The Sudd Cutting Party Join Hands with the Uganda Expedition.

A PIECE OF DETACHED SUDD.
Just Cast Loose from the Steamer.

Opening Up THE WAY TO Uganda.

CUTTING THE SUDD INTO SECTIONS.
Soudanese Prisoners at Work.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.



A NOVEL USE FOR A GUN-BOAT.
Towing a Section of Sudd.

For the first time for some years the Upper Nile is open to navigation, thanks to the labours of the Sudd Cutting Expedition. This consisted of five gun-boats under Major Peake, R.A. The actual work was done by 700 Soudanese prisoners under the direct orders of two R.N. officers, and in all fourteen blocks of sudd were cut through and sent floating down stream. Major Peake has been through to Fort Berkeley from Khartoum, and declares the Nile clear of sudd. The sudd cutting party were joined some weeks since by an expedition from Uganda under Captain Gage and Commandant Henri, who were very short of provisions.

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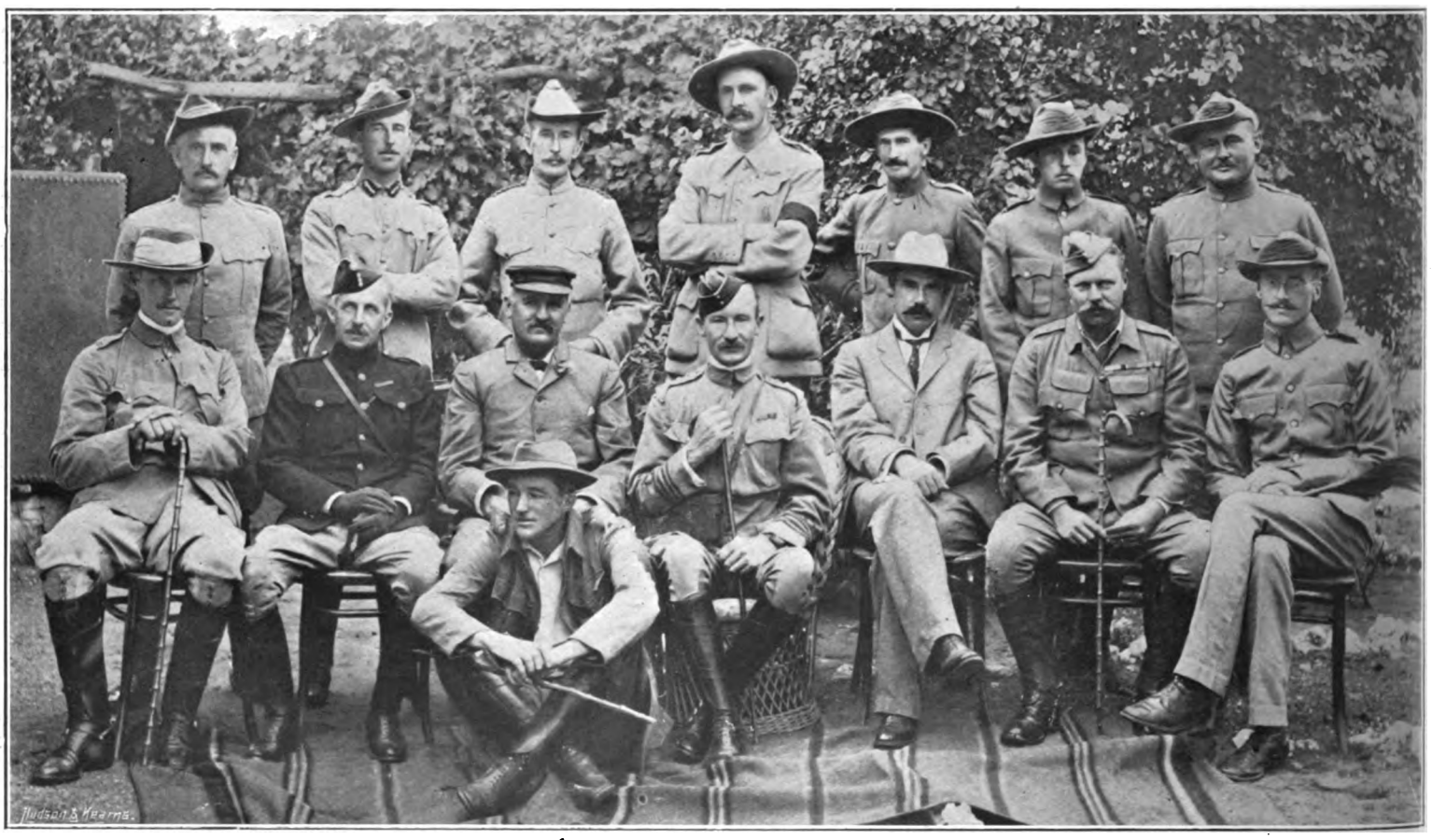
Heroes of Mafeking.

A Group of British South African Police.

Reading from Left to Right the Names are—

Captain Scolefield, Captain Williams, Captain Greener, Lieutenant Martin, Lieutenant Daniel, Lieutenant Hope, Dr. Holmden, Colonel Walford, Major Panzera, Major Hepworth.

Major Panzera, D.A.A.G., Captain Ryan, A.S.C., Captain Greener, Chief Paymaster, Major Lord C. Cecil, C.S.O., Captain Wilson, Lieutenant Tracy, Press Censor, Captain Cowan, Bech. Rifles.



Major Godley, Colonel Vyvyan, Mr. Bell, C.C. and R.M., Colonel Baden-Powell, Mr. Whiteley, Mayor, Colonel Hore, Prot. Regt., Lieutenant Hayes, P.M.O., Lieutenant Montcrieff.

"B.-P." AND HIS PRINCIPAL SUPPORTERS AS HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS.

Some Officers of the Bechuana Rifles, who did such Good Work.

Starting from the Left we have—

Lieutenant McKenna, Rev. W. H. Weekes, Chaplain, Lieutenant Gemmell, Captain Cowan, Lieutenant Minchin, Lieutenant Hayes, Surgeon.

Photos. Copyright. *Weekes.*

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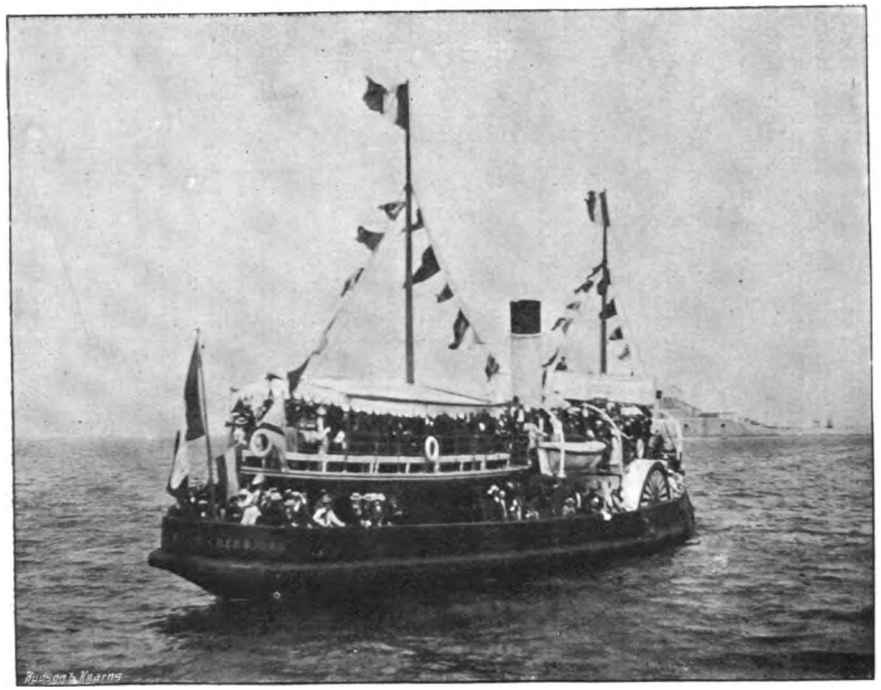
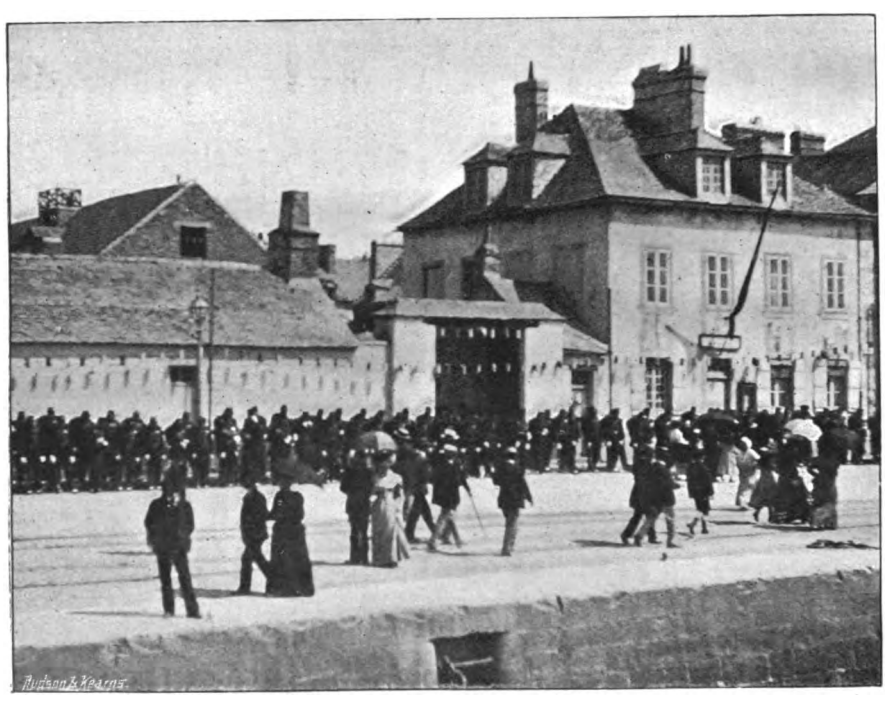
President Loubet Inspects The Naval Forces Of France.



FRENCH SPECTATORS.
A Little Partial, and Well Pleased.

BRITISH SPECTATORS.
Keen Critics, but Somewhat Impressed.

"VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE."
A Triumphal Arch.



THE QUAY NAPOLEON.
The President Embarking on Board the "Elan."

TO HONOUR THE FLEET.
The Principal Street Decorated with Flags and Lanterns.

From Photos. by S. Cribb, Southsea.

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

The Astonishing Upshot of the Siege of San Ballisto.

IT is not a common thing for the biographer of a cavalry leader to have to recount an adventure pertaining to the defence of a fortified position, yet, perhaps, the most famous exploit of Captain Daly's life—certainly the most peculiar to his genius—was the never-to-be-forgotten end he made of the siege of San Ballisto.

It was characteristic of the gallant officer's whole career that he found himself thrust into the position which was to make his name renowned throughout Europe as the result of his abominably indecorous treatment of Major Bord and Captain Jerez, of the King's German Hussars. These gentlemen, who, although brave and reliable officers, were lacking in the sense of humour proper to all light cavalry, and particularly affected by Daly's own corps, the Horse Grenadiers, clamoured against him for punishment; and Captain Daly got it in the form which was to him most objectionable—that is to say, having just arrived at the front, after a long absence occasioned by wounds, he was now sent back again to the rear to perform a tedious duty at the toy fortress of San Ballisto.

Here he found himself in charge of some eighty British invalid soldiers, drawn from all branches of the Service, and who, turned out of the crowded hospitals as being sure of early recovery, were as yet hardly strong enough to take the field. Beyond this he was called upon to assist with his advice in the organisation and training of a newly-raised corps of Portuguese horse. And, again, he was enjoined to keep a watchful eye on the monks in the seminary of San Ballisto, who were suspected of a somewhat tepid adherence to the cause of their country, or, at any rate, to that of their country's allies.

And, indeed, not merely the monastery, but the whole borough of San Ballisto, was, unlike the other townships of Portugal, under suspicion of holding French sympathies. This being so, Captain Daly was probably the least likely person in the world to suit the situation; but he was sent there as a punishment, and, as luck would have it, turned out to be the right man in the right place.

Before he had been among them a week the good people of San Ballisto detested Napoleon more than anyone in the world except Captain Daly himself; and the reason they detested Napoleon was that, had it not been for his existence, they would never have been visited by Captain Daly. Not that the gallant Captain treated them with any remarkable savagery. Compared with that of their own Government, his rule was mild; but he insisted upon their working for the good of their country, and this policy the burghers of San Ballisto agreed was unconstitutional. The British Captain, in the face of the directly expressed wishes of the Junta of the town, insisted upon the ruined and dismantled bulwarks of San Ballisto being reconstructed and put to rights, and this tyranny was consummated by the forced labour of the citizens themselves.

Said they, "Our glorious forefathers never attempted to defend San Ballisto—for us to do so would be to slur their memory."

"Oh, be hanged!" replied Captain Daly, and so made himself unpopular.

As a matter of fact, it was largely the spirit of perversity that led Captain Daly to set the good people of San Ballisto to reconstruct the *enceinte* and remount the dismantled cannon. He found the rich shopkeeper plying a mattock as droll in his way as a beggar on horseback, and preferred the former spectacle, in that it involved no cruelty to a dumb animal. But luck was for once with Captain Daly, and it so turned out that his odd caprice had a beneficial effect upon the fortunes of the British Army.

As I have said, when Captain Daly was ordered to San Ballisto that famous spot was in the rear of the allied army; but such are the chances of war that what with a drawn battle and a counter march across country, the stronghold suddenly found itself not to the rear, but on the exposed left flank of the main body of the forces, and to the surprise, if not consternation, of Captain Daly, every day saw the tide of the British arms recede further from him, while that of the enemy lapped slowly towards him. He was forgotten, or, rather, his business was too small to command attention at a critical juncture. If he could delay the enemy an hour, well and good; if he could not, the loss of an unruly cavalry officer, a few score convalescents, and a defenceless townlet, with a disaffected population, hardly called even for mention in despatches.

Captain Daly recognised at once that he was abandoned to his fate—a sensitive man might call it deserted; but he had made war too long to feel resentment towards the head-quarter staff, and so he said to his men, "We're left here to work out our own salvation, and, by the Thumbscrews of Torquemada, we will do it!" Whereupon the eighty hardy sick men gave him a cheer that caused the freshly-raised regiment of horse to tremble in their new top-boots.

By the time the head of the first French column reached San Ballisto the fortifications were ready to the last shovelful of earth, and, on a miniature scale, capital fortifications they were, as the gallant Franks found when they thought to storm into them straight off the reel. There was a short, bloody fight, that turned the glacis into a shambles; then the French general decided he had better mask the wee place of arms and push on, leaving a division behind to invest and starve it out.

For the only time in his life Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers found himself in command of a beleaguered garrison, and was proud as Punch, although he felt a little anxious for the future of his eighty invalids.

At first the population vowed that they would never resort to brute force in a political dispute, and the alcalde with the Junta embodied this statement in a manifesto they placarded about the streets; whereupon Captain Daly sent each of the signatories a civilly worded invitation to a shooting party in the yard of the Caserne. The affair did not come off, most of the Junta explaining that they knew nothing about guns, and complaining, incidentally, that some evilly-disposed person had been using their names in a connection which they could not approve. The alcalde and the corregidor proceeded in solemn procession to tear down the bills, and the printer was severely punished.

After this the people of the town behaved better. When the fortifications tumbled down they worked steadily, if not readily, at piling them up again, and the Portuguese Horse made excellent sappers, although it was impossible to prevent them wearing their spurs in the trenches. The only people who shirked their share in the work were the monks of San Ballisto.

"What availeth it," said the prior, when requested to furnish a fatigue party, "what availeth it us to save the city if we lose our own souls?" And Captain Daly, being unprepared with a witty answer, and, as a Catholic, unwilling to jeopardise a priest's immortality, compromised with his conscience by saying he would let the monks off for this time. He suggested, however, that he might have the services of the lay brothers, whose souls were of less importance.

The prior made an equivocal answer, and the lay brothers never came; but Captain Daly got on so well without them that he did not bother his head, contenting himself with noting the prior in his mental black book.

But although Captain Daly and his devoted garrison confronted their military enemies without fear, there was one enemy who threatened their undoing, and that was General Starvation.

The defendants of San Ballisto ate up all their usual provisions very soon indeed; then they ate the artillery bullocks, which tasted strongly of saltpetre, the cavalry horses, the dogs, the cats, and the rats. The colonel of the Portuguese Dragoons claims in his memoirs that his men ate their top-boots; but this is doubtful, as an officer in the relieving force mentions them as still wearing their spurs—these would scarcely have been strapped over their stockings. It is, of course, possible that they ate the top-boots of the casualties.

Three months from the day that the fortress gates were closed against the foe there was not a soldier nor a civilian in

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San Ballisto who could have accurately described the taste of roast beef. Occasionally one heard suggestions that the monks were not so badly off, to judge by their appearance; but Captain Daly charitably observed that appearances were deceptive, and no doubt the good men were bloated from under-feeding.

It might have been pointed out to Captain Daly that he and his men had not that effect produced on them by short rations; however, none ventured to do it, although it became the standing joke of the fifty hardy invalids, who had been eighty.

Captain Daly drew a little comfort from the rumour that the enemy were only a few degrees better off than himself, for the town now was far from the general theatre of war, and as Captain Daly had laid waste the environing country, all supplies were brought across the mountains from a distant base.

At the commencement of the siege the enemy were wont to treat the town almost daily to a short, brisk bombardment with their field guns; and Daly was very glad of this, for the projectiles did small damage, while their failure imbued the civilians with a sense of security, and the excitement enlivened the spirits of the soldiers.

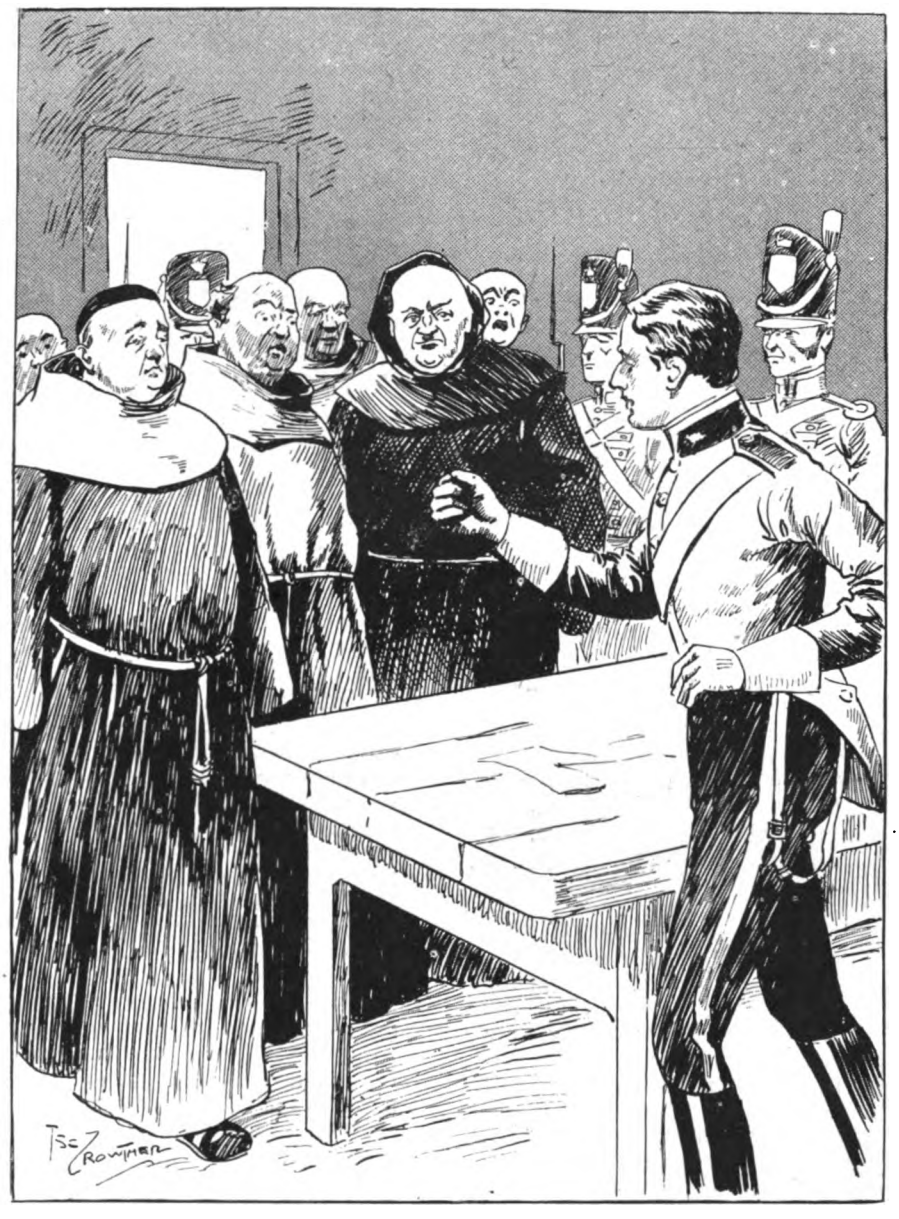
But when, simultaneously with the shortening of rations, this distraction was likewise withheld, matters grew serious. The invalids did not mind going without dinner so long as they might "take a hot breakfast off powder and ball," but with idleness came boredom, and with boredom stomach-ache.

Captain Daly made an effort to break out of the town, but the foe were altogether too many for him; and when he called the next muster, only five-and-twenty invalids answered to their names, and a miserable set of starvelings they looked. Yet, lean as they were, their bones were scarcely barer than those of a French fantassin captured in the sortie. When questioned, this poor fellow jauntily denied that provisions were short in his camp, but the eagerness with which he sniffed the smell of the water in which some carrion had been boiled belied his cheerfulness.

The day came when there really was no more to eat in San Ballisto, and to walk down the streets was to trample the bodies of the famine-stricken. Then Captain Daly discussed the situation with Pious William, who leaned for support against the side of his stall, and looked like a preposterously overcharged caricature of Rosinante. Yet there was a quiet dignity in his manner, for he was the only non-human thing left alive in San Ballisto, and he knew it.

"If," said Captain Daly, in conclusion of his argument, "I saw any chance of help coming, I should ask you to sacrifice yourself for our common weal, but I see none. So, my dear Bill, there is, I take it, nothing for us but to capitulate, demanding, of course, the honours of war and leave to rejoin our army."

Pious William silently acquiesced, and Daly withdrew to prepare his missive to the enemy. At first he stated his case, but on re-reading tore this up, and simply wrote the words, "The officer commanding in San Ballisto is willing to consider terms of surrender," on a small sheet of paper, sealed it, and despatched it, without ceremony, by a trumpeter.



"'You swine!' he bellowed."

So that the purport of this mission might not be suspected by the townspeople, he then called for a hundred workmen to repair the curtain on one side of the fortifications which had been affected by the rains. While considering from what classes this levy should be drawn, he suddenly bethought himself of the monks of San Ballisto.

"By the Holy Father!" he cried, "they shan't escape altogether. The prior shall find me twenty men this hour, or I'll burn his seminary about his ears."

He said as much in a note to the prior, which Tomkins and ten determined men were sent to deliver, and within that hour twenty fat and flustered monks were marched into Daly's presence.

When his eye fell on them he regretted bitterly his offer to surrender.

"All things considered, gentlemen, you're looking pretty well," said he.

The monks blushed like schoolgirls, and one of them giggled.

Tomkins was quite unable to contain himself. "Sure, the monastery's chokin' with food, your honour," he blurted.

"I can imagine that," said Daly, grimly; and then as his scrutiny travelled from the plump cheeks of the monks to the haggard jaws of his soldiers, and then back again, his clenched hand came down with the crash of a sledge-hammer on the table in front of him. "You swine!" he bellowed.

Then turning to an orderly, he shouted, "Let the monastery be occupied and the contents of the larders removed here under armed escort, and full rations issued throughout the garrison. As for these fellows and every one of their body under sixty, let them work at the whip's end for a week. Right about turn. March!"

Captain Daly was never so angry in his life. His only hope was that the French commander would refuse to receive his messenger; but presently the man came back with an epistle couched in the most courteous terms, congratulating him on the exceeding gallantry of his defence, and assuring him of his desire to meet his views in every way consonant with the unavoidable necessity of war. He concluded by saying that as a compliment to an unfortunate, but in no sense dishonoured, foe he would in person wait upon him in the morning.

"If only he wasn't so gentlemanly in his behaviour," sighed Captain Daly, "I might arrange to have him accidentally shot by the sentry. But it would be criminal to murder a man who writes you such an agreeable letter."

That night Captain Daly went to bed (for an armistice had been established on the exchange of communications), but sleep he could not. At three in the morning he started up and re-read both his note and that of the Frenchman. Then he smiled a genial smile, and, calling up his orderlies, gave them some instructions that astonished them.

The chief one was: "The monks of San Ballisto will parade in the barrack-yard at daybreak. All tailors civil and military to be in attendance."

When at high noon the French commander arrived at the gates of San Ballisto he perceived two very fat sentinels on the walls, and showed his surprise on his face. The surprise deepened when ten soldiers, equally plump, commanded

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by an officer whose face was scarcely more human than a death's head, fell in as escort behind him.

"These English troops are badly drilled," he observed to his aide-de-camp; "but, *pardi*, they bear campaigning well. There's more flesh on yon fellow's back than we could muster in a demi-brigade."

"It is certainly not what our spies led us to expect," returned his aide-de-camp, looking very glum. "I take it that company officer has consumption, his condition seems so unlike that of his men. Or it may be that these are some new troops that have slipped through into the place."

"Nay," said the general, uneasily. "Don't talk of that, I pray you. It would be we who were going to surrender if that were so."

"That's very true, sir," agreed the aide-de-camp. But to the Frenchmen's horror the guard that turned out to salute them at Captain Daly's quarters would any one of them have made two of the men they had already seen, and every way the eye looked were to be seen red-coated warriors literally disrupting their coatees and pantaloons by their abounding fat.

"I cannot understand it," mumbled the general to the aide-de-camp. "I fear, I very much fear——"

Captain Daly's door opened, and as the officers entered a delicious, fragrant odour kissed their noses.

"Good-day, gentlemen," said Captain Daly, who appeared to them to have a remarkably lean face considering the obesity of his body (the gallant officer had padded out his corporation with a pair of blankets). "I thought you might not be averse to joining me at *déjeûner*."

The general stared and hesitated, but the aide-de-camp murmured "*Soupe à l'oignon*," and that settled it.

He sat down and fondled a spoon.

"You are very kind, sir," he said.

"Don't mention it, sir," said Daly. "The fact that you were willing to come here to discuss your surrender led me to suspect your condition."

"Our surrender!" gasped the general.

"Your surrender, of course," said Daly. "Wasn't my message plainly worded? Ah, I see. You have misunderstood me."

"I came here to discuss your surrender," said the general, half in wrath, half in fear.

"I see, I see," said Daly; "I am greatly to blame. I alone am to blame. If I had told you that a large convoy escorted by a regiment of infantry had reached us the night before last——"

"Impossible!" cried the general. "How did it get through?"

"You must excuse my not answering that question," said Daly, politely. "I can only say that if you go to that window you can see the grenadier company of the battalion drawn up in the market-place."

The Frenchmen rushed to the window, and stared, for there sure enough were half a hundred red-coated strapping men, badly drilled like the rest, but absolutely bursting with health, not to say they looked plethoric.

They returned, dropped in their places, and sighed.

"And as for the convoy," continued Daly, imperturbably, "a part of it is growing cold on your plates. Take my advice, gentlemen, eat well first, and then we can discuss your business afterwards. I can assure you, you will find me as reasonable as you yourselves would be in my position, and that you are not now my hosts instead of my guests is, to tell you the truth, the merest chance."

"You will pardon me," said the general despairfully; "I have the desire to think it over before I say anything."

"Think as long as you like," said Daly, heartily, "but don't do it on an empty stomach. Here's your very good health, sir."

At this moment the clock struck one.

Had the French general and his aide-de-camp looked through the window again, they would have seen each of the newly-arrived grenadiers produce a breviary, and commence to read therein.

But they did not look, and so when the clock struck again they had signed the convention of San Ballisto, by which they were allowed to retire into Spain with the surrender only of their artillery.

Needless to say, the English prints of the day censured Captain Daly for his feebleness in exacting the fruit of victory. But the British Army, from the Duke of York down to the drummer-boys, knew his name from that day forth as Daly of San Ballisto.

THE custom of giving war medals to all branches of the Service did not come into vogue until after the accession of Queen Victoria. There are, however, many instances of medals being unofficially granted previous to this, either at the expense of public corporations or patriotic private individuals. A case in point is the Trafalgar medal. Every man who took part in that memorable sea-fight received a medal, but it was not a Government gift, being presented to them by a Mr. Boulton of Soho, a well-known engineer.

Martial Law.

By A. B. TUCKER.

WHAT is martial law? The term has been used so often lately that it may be interesting to answer the question. "Martial law," says Mr. Dicey in his valuable book on the "Law of the Constitution," "in the proper sense of the term, in which it means the suspension of ordinary law and the temporary government of a country or parts of it by military tribunals, is unknown to the law of England." The intermediate state between war and peace, called on the Continent a state of siege, does not exist in English law, which never presupposes the possibility of civil war. In the jurisprudence of France three conditions of things are carefully defined and provided for. First of all, there is the state of peace, when all persons are governed by the civil or military authority, according to the class to which they belong and the law applicable to the particular case; secondly, there is the state of war, when the law and authority governing depend upon the particular condition of the place and circumstances of the case, the civil authority sometimes acting in concert with and sometimes in subordination to the military; and, thirdly, there is the state of siege, when the civil law is suspended for the time being, or at least is made subordinate to the military, and the place is put under martial law, or under the authority of the military. A similar system is adopted in most of the countries of Continental Europe. When a state of siege is declared on the Continent, any man is liable to arrest, imprisonment, or execution at the will of a military tribunal. This kind of law is in England utterly unknown to the Constitution. Soldiers may suppress a riot, as they may resist an invasion; they may fight rebels just as they may fight foreign enemies; but they have no right under the law to inflict punishment for riot or rebellion. During the effort to restore peace rebels may be lawfully killed; but any execution of a civilian inflicted by a court-martial is illegal and technically murder.

But there is a case where we do apply martial law, and that is when we occupy an enemy's country. According to the Duke of Wellington, martial law is neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the army that imposes the law. An invader is said to be in military occupation of as much of a country as is wholly abandoned by the forces of the enemy The occupation must be real, not nominal. "A paper occupation is infinitely more objectionable in its character and effects than a paper blockade," says Halleck.

The true test of military occupation is exclusive possession. For example, the reduction of a fortress which dominates the surrounding country gives military possession of the dominated country, but not of any other fortress which has not submitted to the invader. In the event of a military occupation the authority of the regular Government is superseded by that of the invading army. The rule imposed by the invader is the law of war. It is not the law of the invading state or the law of the invaded territory. It may in its character be either civil or military, or partly one and partly the other; but in every case the source of authority is the same, namely, the customs of war, and not any municipal law, and the general enforcing the rule is responsible only to his own Government, and not to the invaded people. As a rule the general only extends his laws to such matters as concern the safety of his army, permitting the civil tribunals of the country to deal with the ordinary crimes of the inhabitants. This is, however, a matter entirely at the discretion of the invading general. He may abrogate any law of the country as he thinks fit, and may substitute other rules. He may create special tribunals, or leave the tribunals of the country to exercise their usual jurisdiction. In the former case tribunals are military courts, established and carrying on their proceedings on the lines of a court-martial. The important power exercised by the invader occupying territory is that of punishing as he may think expedient.

We have said that martial law which suspends the ordinary law is unknown to the Constitution, and it is worth while to quote a case given by Mr. Dicey to show how we differ from continental countries in this respect. "In 1798 Wolfe Tone, an Irish rebel, took part in a French invasion of Ireland. The man-of-war in which he sailed was captured, and Wolfe Tone was brought to trial before a court-martial in Dublin. He was thereupon sentenced to be hanged. On the morning when his execution was about to take place application was made to the Irish King's Bench for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The ground taken was that Wolfe Tone, not being a military person (for he held no commission as an English officer), was not subject to punishment by a court-martial, or, in effect, that the officers who tried him were attempting illegally to enforce martial law. The court at once granted the writ."

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FROM BULUWAYO TO MAFEKING.
The First Train South, and the Crowd that Gathered to Enter It.

With the Troops In the Transvaal, Natal, AND Rhodesia.

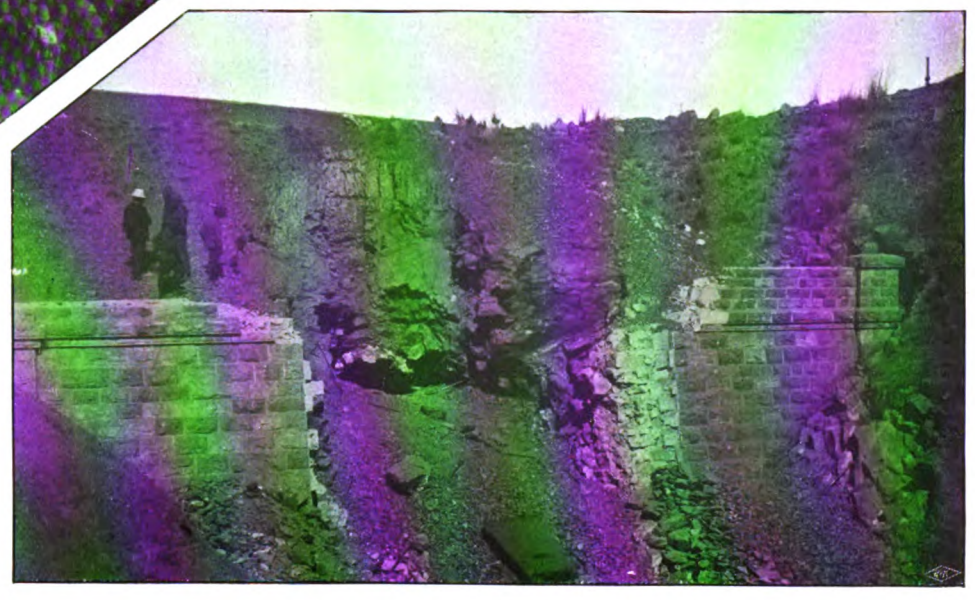
AN AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT AT BULUWAYO.
A Number of Queenslanders on Parade in Rhodesia.

HOISTING THE UNION FLAG AT JOHANNESBURG.
"Bobs" in Front of the Flagstaff; Pole-Carew at the Head of the Guard of Honour from the Essex Regiment.

With Roberts, Buller, Carrington.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondents.

A MEMORY NOW WIPED OUT.
Majuba Hill from the Boer Trenches at Laing's Nek.



A SPECIMEN OF BOER HANDIWORK.
The Northern Entrance of Laing's Nek Tunnel, now Blown Up.

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THE TROPHY WINNERS OF THE FUTURE.

Public School Boys Shooting for the Ashburton Shield.

At the Bisley Meeting.

A Very Sultry Outing.

A PLEASING PASTIME, BUT HARDLY MILITARY.

Viscount Deerhurst Shooting with a Match Rifle.

Photos. Copyright. MASTER HYDE, THE SMALLEST BOY THAT EVER SHOT AT BISLEY. *C. Knight.*

He Stands 4 ft. High, and Made Splendid Shooting from the Shoulder for Rugby.

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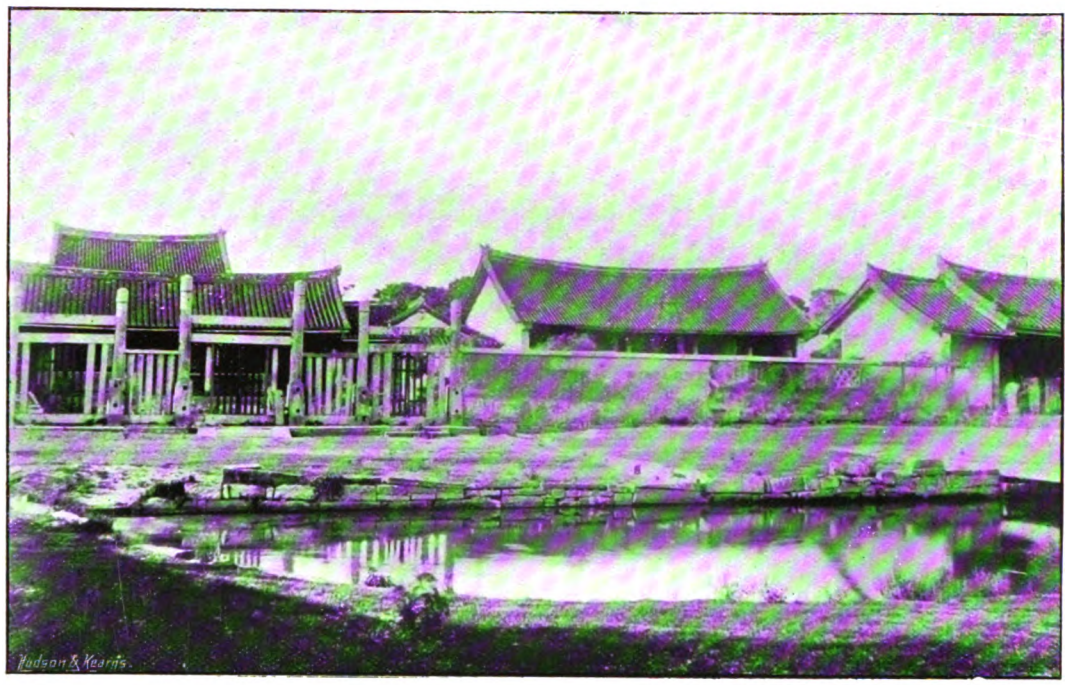
Scenes in the Chinese Drama.

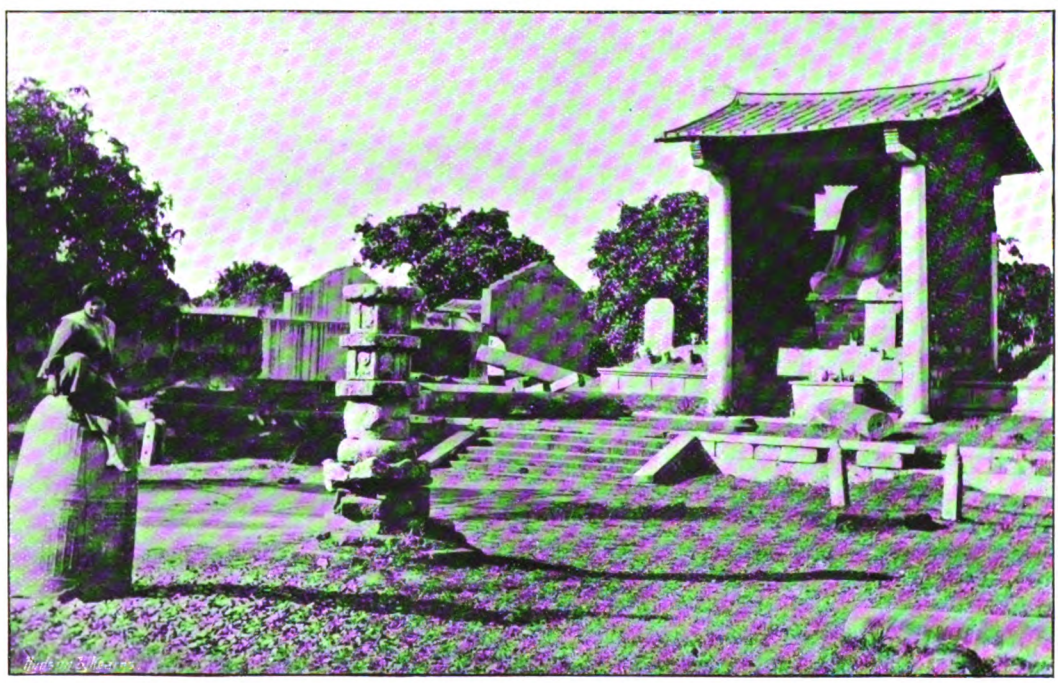
FOR the moment the interest of the nations centres in the terrible drama which is being enacted in China. The Celestial Empire has defied the combined forces of modern civilisation. It has been urged that technically this is not the case, that the Powers have to confront not the legitimate authorities of China, but merely an insurrectionary horde. It is clear, however, that the rebels, if they be rebels, are *de facto* masters of the situation, and that Chinese regular troops are aiding in the opposition to the forces of civilisation. The accuracy of their fire, both with artillery and rifles, forbids any other supposition, and, even so, it is a matter of profound wonder from whence their military strategy comes and how their tactical skill in the use of all arms was acquired. In any case, the whole world stood aghast at the tragedy of Peking, and though the future is on the knees of the gods, it is certain that adequate punishment must be meted out to the perpetrators, and that ample precautions must be taken to provide against a recurrence of such ghastly horrors. While, however, the Peking tragedy overshadows by its grim magnitude any similar national crime of modern times, it must not be forgotten that there have been a number of minor outrages which have meant the sacrifice of civilised life.

Of our three pictures, the second shows the scene of one such incident, and portrays the mission compound where the Rev. Mr. Robinson is supposed to have been murdered early in the present trouble. The wall and the stockade give it a certain appearance of solidity, but it could offer only a feeble resistance to a mob infuriated with fanaticism; and missionaries are never sufficiently numerous to offer an effectual defence, even if they were willing to do so. Another picture shows the ruins of a Buddhist temple in Hunan, close to the spot where Monsignor Fantosasti and two missionary priests were foully murdered in the second week of July. They were attached to the Italian mission, which, as has been the case with so many other mission houses in China recently, was burned to the ground. In our picture, the huge bell, which has fallen down, will be seen to the left, while on the extreme right, still intact, is the shrine containing the sacred image of Buddha. It is a notable fact that there has been of late abundant evidence of renewed Buddhist activity in the neighbouring Empire of Japan, and it is considered that with the Imperial favour shown to one particular sect of Buddhism, and the broadness of its creed, the Christian missionaries have in it a foe to be feared. Our remaining picture gives a very good idea of the port of Amoy, a commodious and secure harbour in the province of Fokien. It is situated in one of the least fertile districts of China, but the merchants of the place carry on a very extensive trade with Formosa, as well as with other Chinese ports, Siam, and Java.

THE PORT OF AMOY.
A Commodious and Secure Harbour.



A MISSION COMPOUND IN NORTHERN CHINA.
The Scene of One of the Early Tragedies in the Present Crisis.



Photos. Copyright. *N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.*

A RUINED BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN HUNAN.
Close to the Scene of the Murder of Monsignor Fantosasti and Two Priests.

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Fair Canadian Fusiliers.

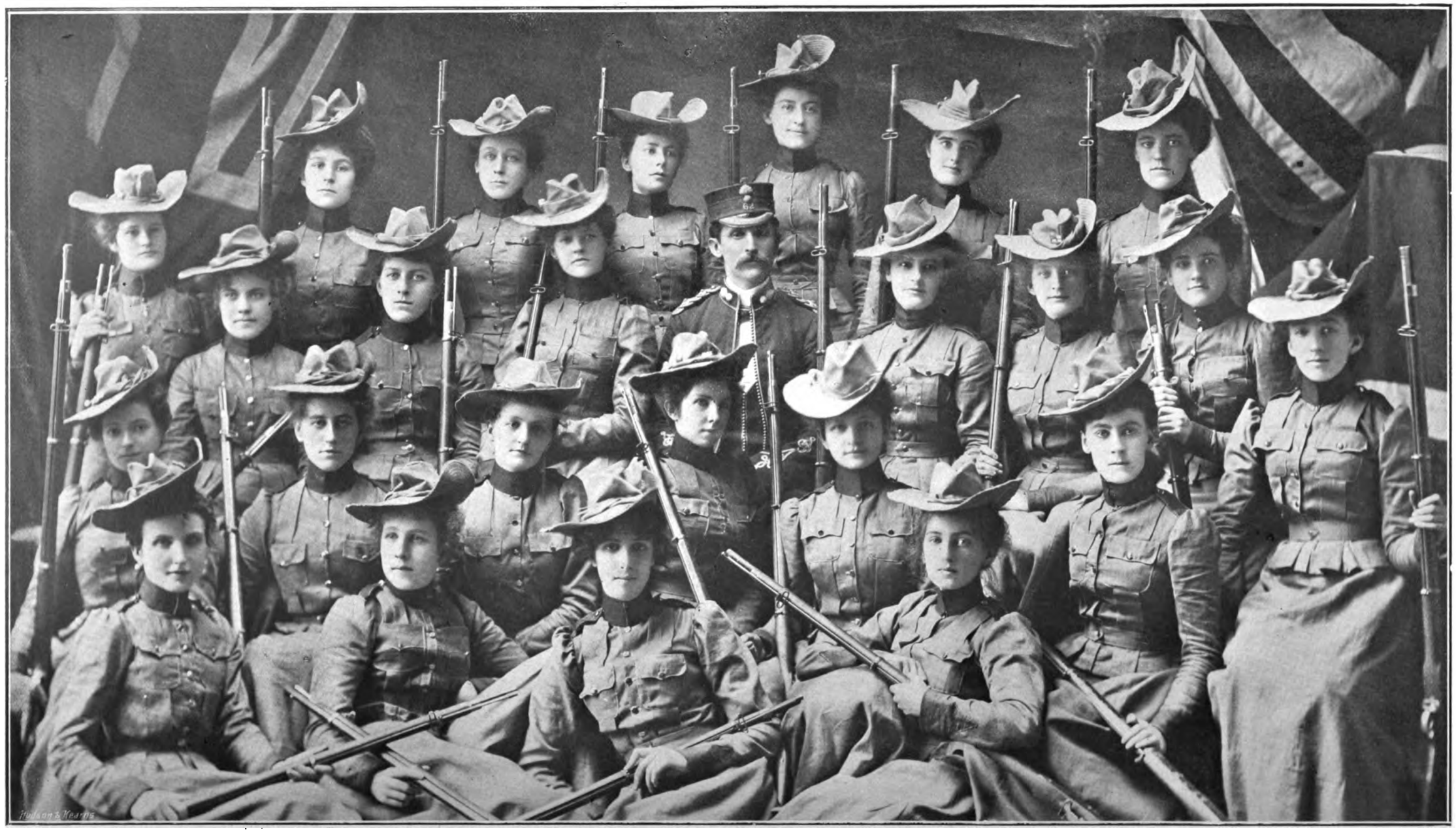

Photo. Copyright. *Green.*

IN MARTIAL GUISE: "A" COMPANY, AMAZONIANS, 62ND ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FUSILIERS.

The ladies portrayed above are—Mrs. E. I. Simonds, Mrs. J. Otty Sharp, Miss Jessie Forbes, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Edith Markham, Miss Muriel Thomson, Miss Edith Rainnie, Miss Margaret Patton, Miss Gwladys Shewen, Miss Daisy Outram, Miss Winifred Barnaby, Miss Muriel Berton, Miss C. Sidney Smith, Miss Bertie Armstrong, Miss Pauline Tapley, Miss Clara Schofield, Miss Mary Inches, Miss Beatrice Sutherland, Miss Ethel Allison, Miss Annie McDonald, Miss C. Elizabeth Seely, Miss Nina Keator, Miss Edith Hegan, Miss Alice Hegan. (See "Notes and Queries.")

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 183.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 4th, 1900.

KWANGSU, THE "SON OF HEAVEN."

The Chinese Emperor when about seventeen years of age, standing beside his father, Prince Chun.

Reproduced from a Photograph in the Possession of the Rev G. Owen, London Missionary Society.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE talk there has been about changing the capital of the Transvaal colony is not likely to result in action. Johannesburg will be quite as important a place as Pretoria, but Pretoria will still be the seat of government. For one thing, the Government Buildings are there. They are ugly enough, but they will serve. For another thing, it is just as well to divide the honours between the two cities. Johannesburg will be the centre of business, the commercial capital; Pretoria will be the official centre. The Governor will probably have residences in each city. A great argument against change of capital is that Pretoria, if left to itself, would very likely become a rallying point for the disaffected. The deserted streets and public buildings would remind the Boers constantly of their extinct Republic. They would be a perpetual sign of the loss of independence, which to the Boer once meant so much. Before long the Boer will come to see that the inhabitants of lands governed by Great Britain are as free and independent as any people in the world within reasonable limits. But for the present we must do what we can to prevent him dwelling upon the thought of the changed condition of his country or from nursing imaginary grievances.

ADMIRAL SIR NATHANIEL BOWDEN-SMITH, K.C.B., AND CAPTAIN SUPERINTENDENT SCRIVEN
At the Presentation of Prizes on Board the "Shaftesbury" Training-ship on July 18. Sir Nathaniel is the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, and Captain Scriven is Responsible for the Work of the "Shaftesbury."

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD H. O'GRADY HALY, D.S.O.
The New Commander of the Troops in Canada. General O'Grady Haly Served with the 2nd York and Lancaster Regiment through the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and Commanded a Column in the Hazara Expedition of 1888, when he was Mentioned in Despatches.

IN China, on the other hand, there is almost sure to be a change of capital. Even if the Powers do not destroy Peking—and after all destruction is a kind of object-lesson only to be used when no other punishment can be relied upon to produce an effect—they are pretty certain to suggest the removal of the seat of government. Long ago a shrewd diplomatist told the Chinese that, if they wanted to escape the doom that Russia was preparing for them, they ought to move their Queen-Bee from Peking to Nankin. A capital more easy to get at, would be better for China herself, but the difficulty is to persuade China that anything that the Powers propose is for her benefit. The way she has been treated during the last few years certainly has not tended to make her believe that the Powers were consulting anyone's interests save their own. Some of us have even gone a step further than this and wondered whether such an act as the occupation of Wei-hai-Wei was to anyone's interest at all.

THE Sultan of Turkey must regard the troubles in the Far East with unmixed satisfaction. So long as they continue to occupy attention, the Near East is pretty much left to itself. Not for a very long time has a year passed in which the affairs of Turkey have been so little before the world. If Abdul Hamid took it into his head to organise more Armenian massacres just now, he would have things all his own way so far as Europe is concerned. Fortunately there is growing up within the Turkish Empire a healthy public opinion that is almost as effectual, and will in time become quite as effectual, as outside interference. The Sultan has disgusted all the better kinds of Turk. Their respect for his religious office and their innate conservatism hinder them from taking active steps in the direction of reform. But a repetition of the horrors of 1896 would soon provoke an outcry. The Sultan knows this as well as anybody, and this is why we may feel fairly certain that, although the attention of Christendom is turned elsewhere, he will not make any desperate attempt to take advantage of our preoccupation.

Photo *"Navy & Army."*
THE DIRECTOR OF AN ALLEGED SCHEME OF DESTRUCTION.
J. H. Munnik, Transvaal Inspector-General of Mines, who is Credited with a Scheme for Blowing Up the Johannesburg Mines. He was Educated in England at the Royal School of Mines, now Incorporated with the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, and was Fairly Popular.

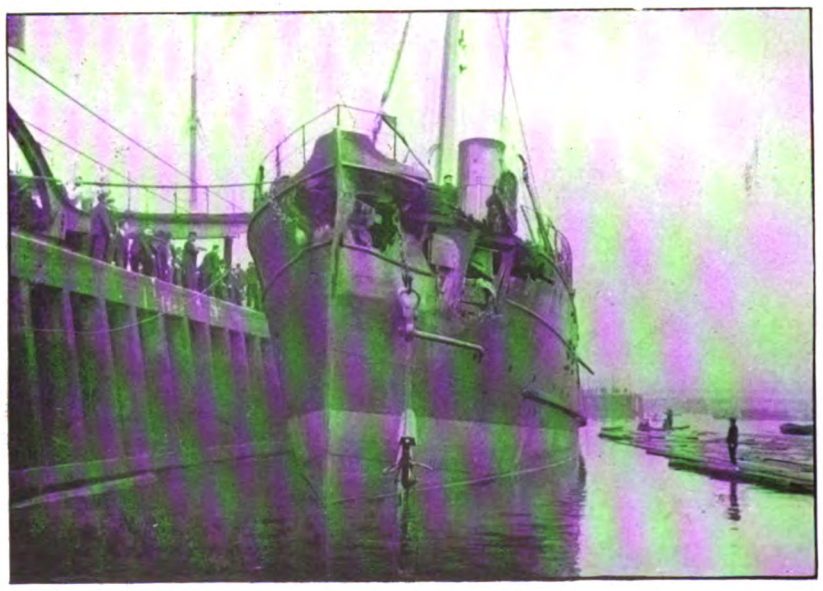

Photo. Copyright. *Hogg.*
THE BELFAST LOUGH DISASTER.
The "Alligator" after Collision with the "Dromedary," which was Crossing the Irish Channel Crowded with Holiday makers. Eight Lives were Lost.

NOTHING shows more forcibly the gulf that lies fixed between Chinamen and the West than this—that the anti-foreign feeling should persist so strongly, in spite of the fact that Chinamen work in all parts of the world and have full opportunities of learning that foreigners are not all devils, and that foreign ways have, after all, a good deal to recommend them. The ideal which every Chinaman abroad keeps always before him is to return to China and end his days among the tombs and spirits of his ancestors. Not all achieve this ideal, but a great many do—quite enough to spread throughout China a more

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kindly view of foreigners if they cared to do so. But they evidently do not care. Out of China they try to live as much as possible apart from the world, and the consequence is they know very little more about the real qualities of the "foreign devil" when they go back than they did when they started. Perhaps we are to blame for this as well as the Celestial. The Chinaman in the lump is a dark and gruesome mystery to us. We feel that we should not care to know too much about him, and no doubt he entertains much the same sort of feeling towards us.

Photo. Copyright. *A. Renard.*

THE DAY BEFORE SAILING FOR CHINA.

A Group of Officers of the German Cruiser "Hansa." The "Hansa" Belongs to a Class of Five Protected Cruisers. She is of 5,650 tons Displacement, has Belleville Boilers, can Steam 18·5 knots, and is Armed with Two 8·2-in. Guns, Eight 5·9-in. Guns, and Smaller Weapons.

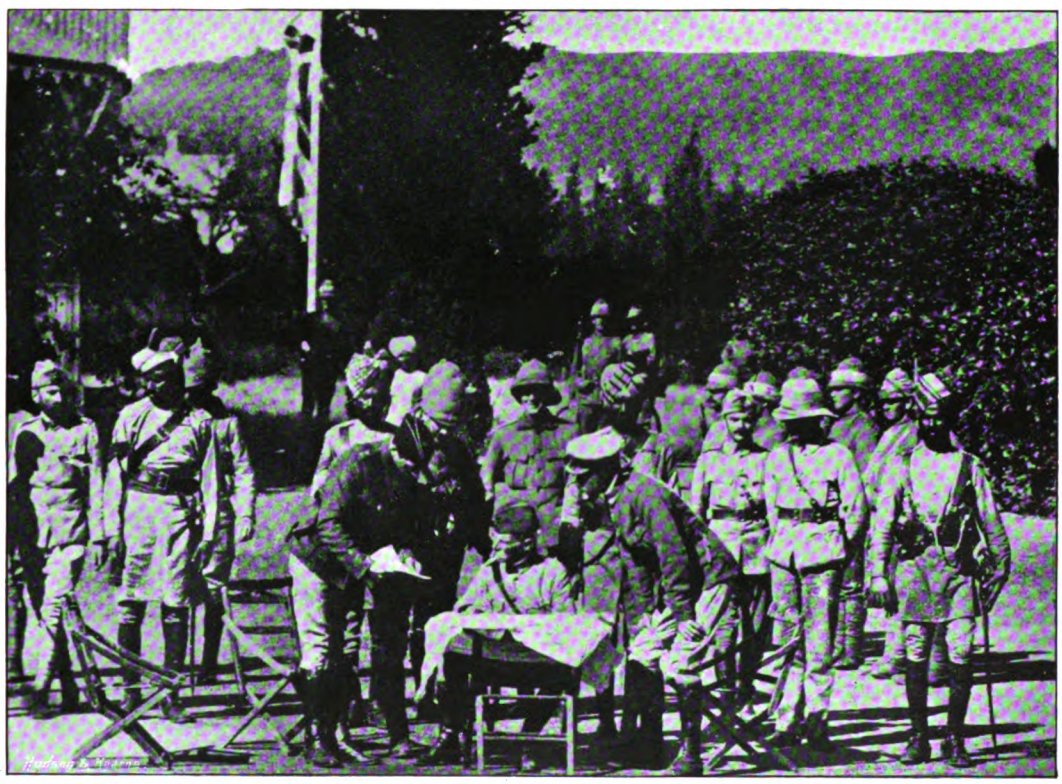
WE shall, both of us, have to get over this feeling if we are to work together in future. China's awakening is at hand. Europe has at last poked the sleeping monster into activity, and there is not much likelihood of its sinking into lethargy again. Possibly China may make as rapid an advance in what we call civilisation as Japan has done. The intellectual force of the educated Chinaman is certainly not less than that of the educated Japanese. The Japs we have taken to our hearts. Why not the Chinese in time as well? Burns, with the typical Scotsman's ignorance of ordinary human nature, wrote—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oorsels as ithers see us!"

This might be all very well for a philosopher, and it is notorious that all Scotsmen are philosophers at heart; but it would have a disastrous effect upon people who are not philosophers to see themselves as others see them. We should be terribly out of conceit with ourselves; all the spirit would be taken out of us. It would be vastly better to pray for the gift of seeing other people as they see themselves. We should then find points of contact in many unexpected places. We should slough off those "imperfect sympathies" to which many of us must plead guilty with Charles Lamb.

TURKEY'S small neighbour, Roumania, is just now engaged in doing a little persecution on her own account. The objects of Roumanian *odium theologico-politicum* are the Jews. So badly are they treated both by people and Government that they are organising a "great trek" into countries where they can expect more humane conditions of citizenship. What they particularly complain of in Roumania is that, although they have to fulfil all their obligations to the state in the way of taxes and military service, they are treated always as "foreigners." And in Roumania the disabilities from which aliens suffer are particularly heavy. No Jew, therefore, can hold an office under Government, or win a commission in the army, or gain admittance into any liberal profession, or even set up as a chemist or tobacconist. The Jews are denied free education for their children, and every obstacle is placed in the way of their establishing schools of their own. The theory that the Jew is anti-social and that a state is all the better for getting rid of him is very hard. How slowly does the mass of people grow in intelligence! How little do we know of one another beyond the "outward habit," which gives so little clue to the character of the "inward man."

PARIS has at last got an underground railway. In this sort of weather the possession is a doubtful joy. An "overhead" would be more acceptable to sweltering, jaded humanity, longing for a little air to refresh its exhausted lungs. The first thing the Paris Underground did, too, was to reduce a train-load of passengers to a condition of absolute panic. The train they were in ran away. It tore past several stations at an alarming speed, and only just avoided a disaster. "The electric apparatus was out of order," it appears. This seems rather a naïve explanation to offer. It is usually supposed to be the business of someone on a railway train to see that the apparatus is in order. Until the electric Underground gets into better order, and the heat wave passes from among us, the *impériale* of an omnibus will be safer as well as more pleasant to travel upon.



HARD AT WORK AS USUAL.

Lord Roberts Examining Despatches Just Brought by a Cyclist Messenger. The Energy of the Veteran Field-Marshal is Enormous, and the Official Day Begins before 5 a.m.

From Photo. by British Biograph and Mutoscope Company.

THE proposal to establish an Imperial military manœuvre area in South Africa seems a little too fantastic to be serviceable. No doubt it would be a good thing if we could train all our troops on a hundred-square-mile training ground consisting of veldt and scrub and rocks and other kinds of natural obstacles, among which troops may be "bunkered." But, in the first place, would the taxpayer calmly bear the expense of sending out men to South Africa simply for manœuvres? And,

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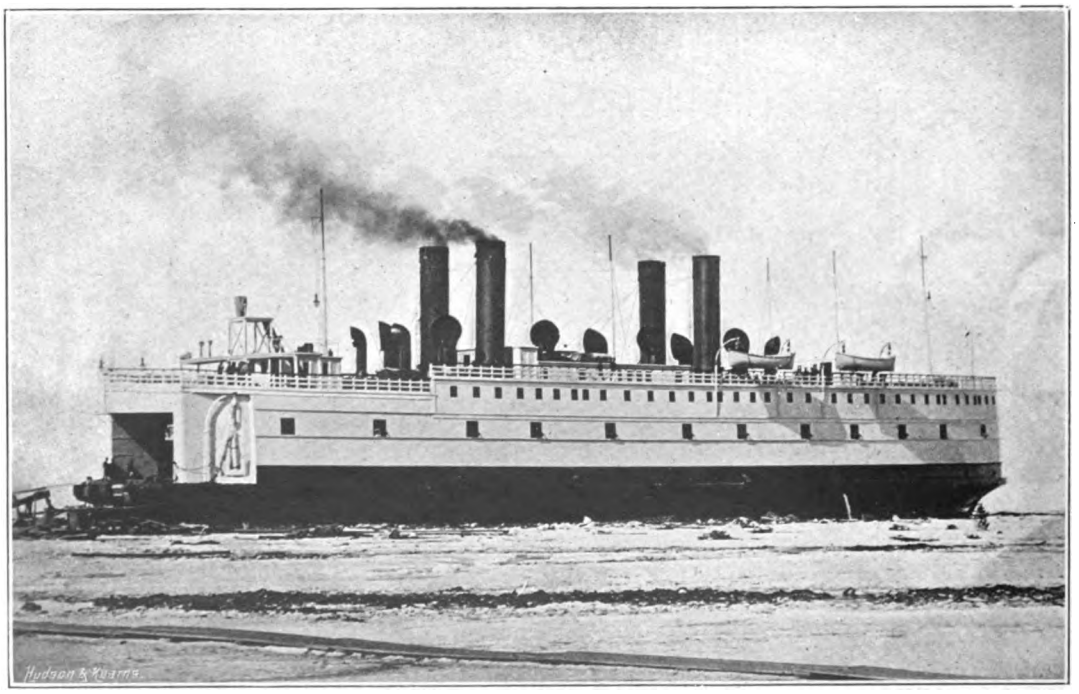
in the second place, could we afford to have our military dispositions all over the world thrown out of gear at frequent intervals by the occurrence of the training periods? For the force of 50,000 men which we shall be obliged to keep in South Africa for some time to come, such manœuvres as are proposed will be most useful. But our best hope of improving our Army training generally is to make manœuvres in this country serve a better purpose than they have done hitherto. A difficult country is not everything that we want. A more severe discipline would be quite as serviceable—a discipline that will punish mistakes at manœuvres as if they were mistakes in actual warfare; a discipline that will convince everybody—officers and soldiers alike—that they are really expected to learn something from their annual mimic strife, and that manœuvres are not merely a foolish "grind."

THE raising of the "Ibex," the steamer which struck and sank off Guernsey last January, is a wonderful feat of marine salvage. It is only a pity that the feat has been accomplished by a German and not by an English company. The "Ibex" sank in fairly deep water at a place where the tide runs swiftly. She had been under water for several months, yet she has been brought up in no worse condition, so far as the shell of the vessel is concerned, than when she sank, and it is expected that, after a complete overhauling, she will be fit to take the sea once more. When the "Ibex" appeared above water after her long submersion she was a very beautiful sight. From stem to stern she was covered with seaweed and sea-plants of every variety and colour. So thickly had the forces of the salt water muffled her in the wondrous growths of the ocean that her outline was difficult to make out. No wonder our forefathers peopled the depths of the sea with beautiful mermaids when they saw what marvels of beauty the sea could perform.

ONE of our most interesting illustrations this week shows the huge ferry which takes the Trans-Siberian Railway trains across Lake Baikal. The whole train is run on to the ferry and carried to the other side, where it continues its eastward journey. In the coming century Siberia bids fair to take its place as one of the most prosperous countries in the world. The exile system is to be done away with. We shall no longer have to think of it as a region of perpetual misery. The railway will stimulate its industries and its agriculture. It will be peopled and developed. Through it will run the traffic between Europe and China. There is thus every prospect of its becoming one of the most important railways on the face of the earth.

COLONIAL GIFT TO CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD CHICHESTER, BART., C.M.G., A.D.C.

Sir Edward Chichester has been Principal Transport Officer at Cape Town, and on June 30 he was Presented with an Address and a Silver Model of the Clock Tower at the Docks, which has been His Business Headquarters for Several Months. The Whole of the Elaborate Piece of Work, which is a Liqueur Stand as well as an Ornament, is of Colonial Manufacture.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

The Ice-breaking Ship in which Trains are Conveyed Across Lake Baikal. All the Troops Sent by Rail to the Far East have to be Conveyed by this Ship, but this will not be the Case after the Tunnels are Open.

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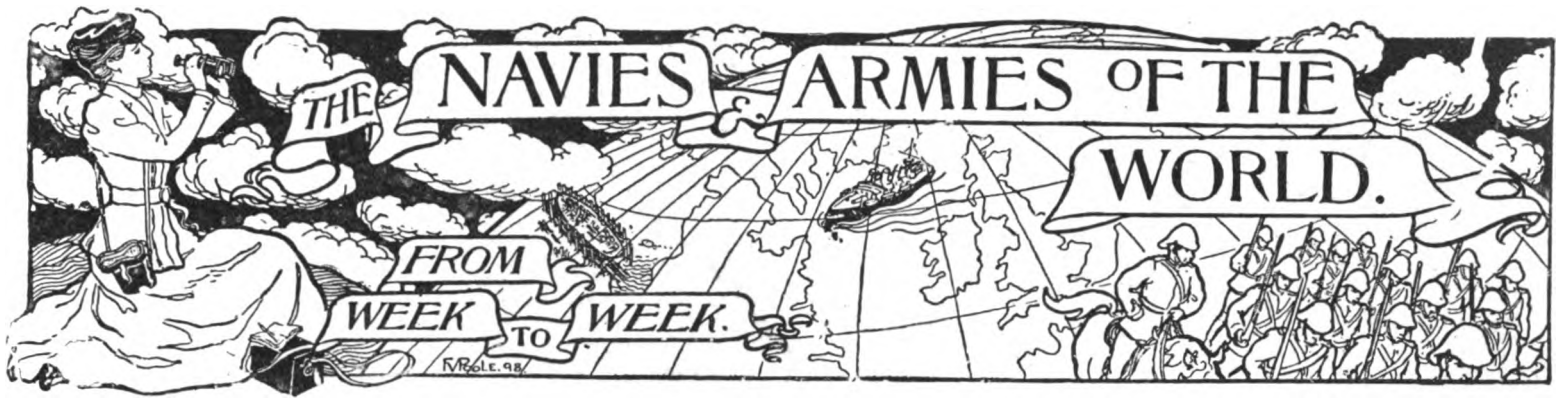

THE Count H. de Missy has protested in most polite terms and excellent English against some remarks of mine on an article of his about the British Army in the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*. Put generally, my objections were that he was wrong in saying that in our Army the officers all come from the aristocracy and the ranks from "the dregs of the people" or thereabouts. The Count says that he did not mention the aristocracy, but the *élite* of the nation, which is a different thing. He also adds that he was only repeating what had been said here as to the elements of which the Army is composed. I accept the correction without being able to see that it contains much force. I am also prepared to allow that the Count H. de Missy, or anybody else, may come across examples of arrant nonsense which has been talked about our Army by ourselves. The statement that it is composed of the froth and the dregs is a case in point. The Count has returned to the subject in the *Revue* of July 14, and he must excuse me for saying once more that he has gone wrong on this subject again. He adds a note on the use of titles in this country which is quite inaccurate, but as it has nothing to do with military matters we may pass it over with the remark that the writer cannot know our customs in these respects, or else he would not have made a confusion, as he does, between the real title, which indicates the possession of a peerage, and a courtesy title, which is a mere "feather in a man's cap."

* * * *

It is another matter when the writer makes statements about the constitution of our corps of officers which are likely to mislead his countrymen and perpetuate a common blunder. Now, it is quite wrong to say, as he does, that the upper and lower *bourgeoise* contribute little or nothing to the defence of the country, and that this does not hold good of the aristocracy and gentry. To begin with, the Count is applying a social distinction known in his own country, but unknown to us, when he draws a line between the "upper *bourgeoise*" and "the gentry." By upper *bourgeoise* the French meant educated persons who were not "noble," that they had not a right to carry a coat of arms, and were not exempt from paying certain taxes. Practically, the word covered members of the learned professions who in the odd old French phrase "lived nobly," or, in other words, not by retail trade. Such persons in England never formed a separate class, and do not now stand apart from "the gentry." It is not easy to say exactly what constitutes "a gentleman," though it is a simple business to see; but it would be manifestly absurd to assert that the title could never be given to a private banker, shipowner, manufacturer, merchant, lawyer, or doctor. Now, if anyone asserts that families in these various lines of life do not contribute a very large share to the officers of the Navy and Army, he is much mistaken. The real state of the case is that so soon as a family begins to prosper it sends a son into one Service or the other, and frequently it contributes to both. The Count H. de Missy really must not repeat such remarks as I have quoted if he wants to be accurate when speaking about the British Army.

* * * *

Then he says something which may also be commonly found in foreign books written about this country, and is sometimes to be heard from ill-informed persons among ourselves. He tells his readers that out of the forty millions of the inhabitants of the British Isles, twenty-eight millions are Anglo-Saxons and twelve millions are Celts, and also that it is these latter who supply a great part of those who have the military temperament. He quotes as examples Lords Wolseley and Roberts, White, Broadwood, Lyttelton, and Brabazon, who are Irish, MacDonald, Hunter, and Wauchope, who are Scotch, and Baden-Powell, who is Welsh, as was General Picton, killed at Waterloo. Unfortunately, the only purely Celtic name in all this list is General MacDonald's, a fact which ought to give pause to the Count H. de Missy, and all others who are in a vein to make sweeping generalities. As for the race or races they belong to, nobody ought to make any assertion concerning it or them. Anglo-Saxon is a mere figurative expression. There are, perhaps, a few districts in which the Celtic race is very little mixed, or not mixed at all, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we are all a mixture of Celts, Anglo-Saxons, Jutes, Danes, Norsemen, French, Flemings, and three or four other stocks. The Irish are probably less Celtic than the inhabitants of some parts of England, and there is no sort of sense in making such arbitrary distinctions as this. It happens too, by the way, that now the proportion of soldiers from Scotland and Ireland is smaller than it has been in past times. The military temperament has not very much to do with the matter. The highlands of Scotland and Ireland contributed large numbers of soldiers in the last century because both were much overpopulated and very poor. Within the last two generations this has ceased to be the case, and therefore men do not enlist from those parts as much as they did.

* * * *

There was a passage in Sir Charles Dilke's speech in the House of Commons on Friday night which was decidedly curious. It was that in which he quotes General von Blume as having "conclusively answered" the "conventional lie" that certain unpleasantnesses in South Africa were due to new conditions of war. The events of which General von Blume and Sir Charles Dilke were speaking were repulses due to mistakes as to the enemy's position, and surprises which came of not keeping a proper look-out. Now the curious thing is that anybody should advance the astonishing proposition that "new conditions" have, or can have, anything to say here. Ever since men fought at all—and they were fighting in the dawn of history—it has been a commonplace that this sort of mistake ends in earning a beating more or less severe, according to circumstances. Men go on blundering, just as they continue to commit many forms of stupidity, but not because they have not been warned. It is because they will not think, or are so eager to get some immediate advantage, or what they take for such, that they act foolishly. The new conditions formula is just one of the silly excuses they make for themselves. There never can have been a time when it was not pure bungling to attempt to make a night surprise, and when you have lost your way to persist in going on so that you come up in broad daylight at the wrong place with your men fagged out. A Roman officer who was a capable man would have known that to encamp at the bottom of a pass, leaving the high ground on both sides unoccupied, was to invite the enemy to catch him in a trap. If there is any difference, it is that, as firearms can kill at a long distance, vigilance is more necessary than it was, and the obligation to keep the enemy off positions which command your camp more pressing. It was unwise to neglect that precaution in the days of slings and arrows.

* * * *

It is surely idle to keep on speaking of "lessons of the war" and the need for better training when the mistakes made have been of an elementary character. If in the year 1900, and after passing examinations, in which all the rules are insisted upon at large, men keep on doing things which were bad soldiering centuries before the time of Alexander the Great, it is a waste of time to reorganise and give instruction. The sins are committed against the light—and no more light can be shed, even if those who are blind because they will not see would make any use of it, which they will not. What is the matter is that in our Army there has never been a proper attempt to provide for inflicting adequate punishment for carelessness and bad management. In the Navy there has been, and therefore it is that the level of professional skill has always been so much higher in the Sea Service than in the Land. Members of Parliament and other dignified persons would be better employed in insisting on this plain truth than in uttering spongy generalities about defective systems and the necessity of instruction in tactics and strategy. Oversights, carelessnesses, neglect of what have been for ages recognised to be necessary precautions, explosions of selfishness, bad temper, and service rivalries, are not the sins of systems but of individual men. So long as men know that they can commit them and not have to pay smartly, they will go on repeating them, in spite of all the instruction and all the Aldershot camps in creation.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Triumphant Photograph

TO the illustrated paper a war is a piece of good luck. The daily journal profits little or nothing by it. It has to send out a number of expensive correspondents —they must be well paid if they are to be of any use. It has to incur an immense telegram bill. Yet it cannot expect to increase its circulation by anything like the proportion that would be necessary to recoup it for its large extra expenditure. The illustrated paper, on the other hand, can confidently count on largely-extended sales whenever it gives the public pictures of events in which they are really interested. And nowadays it need not cost a great deal to get the pictures. The costly matter is to reproduce them well. The draughtsman has almost dropped out of illustrated journalism. He has been elbowed out by the photographer. Is this an advantage or not? Of course it is a disadvantage, almost a calamity, for the draughtsman, but is the public served better or worse? Look at the pictures in the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News* of the Russian War, the Franco-German War, the Russo-Turkish War. Can they compare in interest with the snap-shots of to-day? Not for a moment. They have artistic merit, many of them, but the average reader does not want artistic merit. He wants to get a good idea of the look of places, of the appearance of notable men, of the way in which things actually happen. Once upon a time the stay-at-home citizen had to depend upon rough caricatures for any approach to a likeness of public characters. Now the camera has made every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, if not throughout the Empire, as familiar with the features of our South African generals as they are with their own. Once upon a time, not so long ago either, we depended for our knowledge of far-off events upon occasional clumsy wood-block reproductions of hasty and very often inadequate sketches. Now the householder in Kensington or Camberwell knows as much about the war in South Africa, and soon will know as much about the war in China, as anyone can know who has not been nearer than Waterloo Station to the Cape or to the Gulf of Pechili.

For this he is indebted principally to the illustrated papers. His daily newspaper tells him a great deal every day about the country and the operations, but pictures leave upon the minds of most people a far stronger impression than print. Page upon page of carefully-arranged photographs give him clear ideas of people and places, and he follows events with far more interest when he has these clear ideas. He is no longer contented with drawings botched up in Fleet Street from rough sketches or from telegraphic reports eked out by imagination. Even pictures made on the spot and reproduced exactly as they are sent home —even these lack the actuality, the truth of photographs, from the average person's point of view. "The sun cannot lie," the camera cannot deceive. What he wants is the real thing, and this the photograph gives him better than any drawing.

While in one way the coming of the photograph has decreased the amount of skill and labour that must be put into a successful illustrated paper, in another way it has largely increased it. It has taken a great deal off the shoulders of contributors and put a great deal more than they had to bear previously upon the shoulders of those who arrange and direct. Formerly you chose your artists and you gave them a free hand. There was little selection or arrangement to be done. Now these tasks are exceedingly heavy. Photographs arrive by the hundred. Every mail brings a huge bundle of good, bad, and indifferent pictures. From these a trained eye has to choose the few that will be most effective and most interesting. When they are chosen, they must be grouped together so as to tell, if possible, a connected story. Titles must be found to help their meaning to be made clear. Then, when all this has been done, there yet remains the reproduction process. Few people outside of printing offices have any idea what an elaborate, painstaking process this is when the object aimed at is to get sharpness of outline and perfection of detail in every respect. The best photographs come out blurred and indistinct unless they are printed with infinite care; and careful printing is wasted unless the best kind of paper is used. When all these points are attended to, as they are in the office of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, the result—we may say it without false shame or fear of contradiction—is exceedingly good. Of course, the popularity of the photograph and the apparent simplification of illustrated journalism have brought many competitors into the field. But the numbers which have fallen out of the fight prove beyond dispute that the simplification is rather apparent than real. Not even a reckless expenditure can bring prosperity when the conditions of success outlined above are not complied with.

When you see more and more photographs, then, in the pages of illustrated papers, do not be tempted to say that journalism is getting more mechanical and that less art and intelligence are needed in its service than in former days. Think of the amount of trouble and skill that has been needed to put that photograph before you, telling its story distinctly, and perhaps conveying to your mind at a glance some totally new impression. To begin with, it may have been taken under fire at the risk of the photographer's life. It has been picked out as one of those most likely to interest you from heaps of snap-shots, bewildering in their number and variety. It has been reproduced with all the care that the latest improvements in photographic printing can suggest. Finally, it offers you a picture of more truth, and therefore in the circumstances of more interest, than any drawing could, whether drawn on the spot or not. A few people, here and there, *laudatores temporis acti*, may wish the woodcuts of their childhood back again. But they would be the first to grumble if they got them. Sensible people see what advantages we enjoy over the newspaper readers of the woodcut period. They see that the art of the camera and illustrated journalism are destined to remain in partnership. There is no doubt that the photograph has come to stay.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 5, 1781.—Parker's battle off the Dogger Bank. 1799.—Lord Howe died. 1858.—First Atlantic cable message. 1873.—Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Act passed.

August 6, 1805.—Troubridge in the "Blenheim," 74, in the Indian Ocean, beat off the French "Amiral Linois," with the "Marengo," 80, and "Belle Poule," 40. 1838.—Admiral Sir R. H. M. Molyneux born. 1844.—Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha born.

August 7, 1758.—Lord Howe's attack on Cherbourg, the batteries and magazines being captured with 200 guns. 1798.—Capture of the Spanish "Liguria," 30, by the "Espoir," 14, off Gibraltar. 1807.—Cutting out of three French gun-brigs by the boats of the "Hydra," 38, on the coast of Catalonia, under the fire of a large fort.

August 8, 1796.—Action off Guadaloupe between the "Mermaid," 32, and the French "Vengeance," 40. 1813.—Defeat of the American flotilla on Lake Ontario by the British Lake Squadron, under Sir James Lucas Yeo. 1837.—Vice-Admiral G. D. Morant born.

August 9, 1666.—Destruction of the Dutch East India fleet at Ter Schelling by Sir Robert Holmes. 1781.—Capture of the "American," 32, by the "Iris," 32, on the coast of North America. 1799.—The "Speedy," 14, Captain Sir Jahleel Brenton, with the "Defender," 14, defeated a Spanish flotilla near Cape Gata. 1855.—Bombardment of Sveaborg by the allied fleets. 1895.—The "Opossum," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

August 10, 1780.—Capture of the French "Nymphe," 36, by the "Flora," 36, off Ushant. 1831.—The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, born.

August 11, 1415.—Henry V.'s invasion of France secured with a fleet of 1,400 vessels. 1673.—Prince Rupert's third action with De Ruyter off Schoneveldt. 1718.—Byng's victory over the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro.

AUGUST 5, 1896.—Great defeat of the Matabele in the Matoppo Hills.

August 6, 1763.—American Indians defeated by Colonel Bouquet, near the River Ohio. 1773.—Colonel Smith, while on the way from Trichinopoly to Tanjore, surprised the enemy's cavalry camp and routed them.

August 7, 1758.—Reduction of Cherbourg by Lieutenant-General Thomas Bligh. One hundred and seventy-three iron guns and three mortars were destroyed, and twenty-four pieces of brass cannon were captured and sent to England. 1793.—French cavalry defeated by Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill, near St. Aubert. 1897.—The Mohmunds attacked Shabkadr Fort, near Peshawar. Major-General Hunter captured Abu Hamed after a short skirmish with the Dervishes.

August 8, 1811.—Surrender of Batavia to Sir Samuel Auchmuty. 1824.—Stockade near Rangoon carried by Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly.

August 9, 1344.—Battle of Auberoche. The Earl of Derby, with 4,000 men, defeated 12,000 French, under Count De l'Isle Jourdain. 1417.—The Castle of Tongue, in Normandy, surrendered to Henry V.'s expedition. 1880.—General Roberts marched from Cabul to the relief of Candahar with 10,000 men.

August 10, 1557.—Battle of St. Quentin. The French, under the Constable of France, routed by the Spanish, under the Duke of Savoy, reinforced by a British force, under Lords Pembroke, Clinton, and Gray. 1794.—Reduction of Calvi (Corsica) by Lieutenant-General Stuart. The Rajah Vizeram Rauze defeated at Boney by Colonel Prendergast.

August 11, 1803.—Capture of Ahmednugger. This Mahratta fortress was carried by assault by Major-General Wellesley. 1812.—Cavalry skirmish near Las Rozas. The French cavalry, after some sharp fighting, retreated before the cavalry of the allies.

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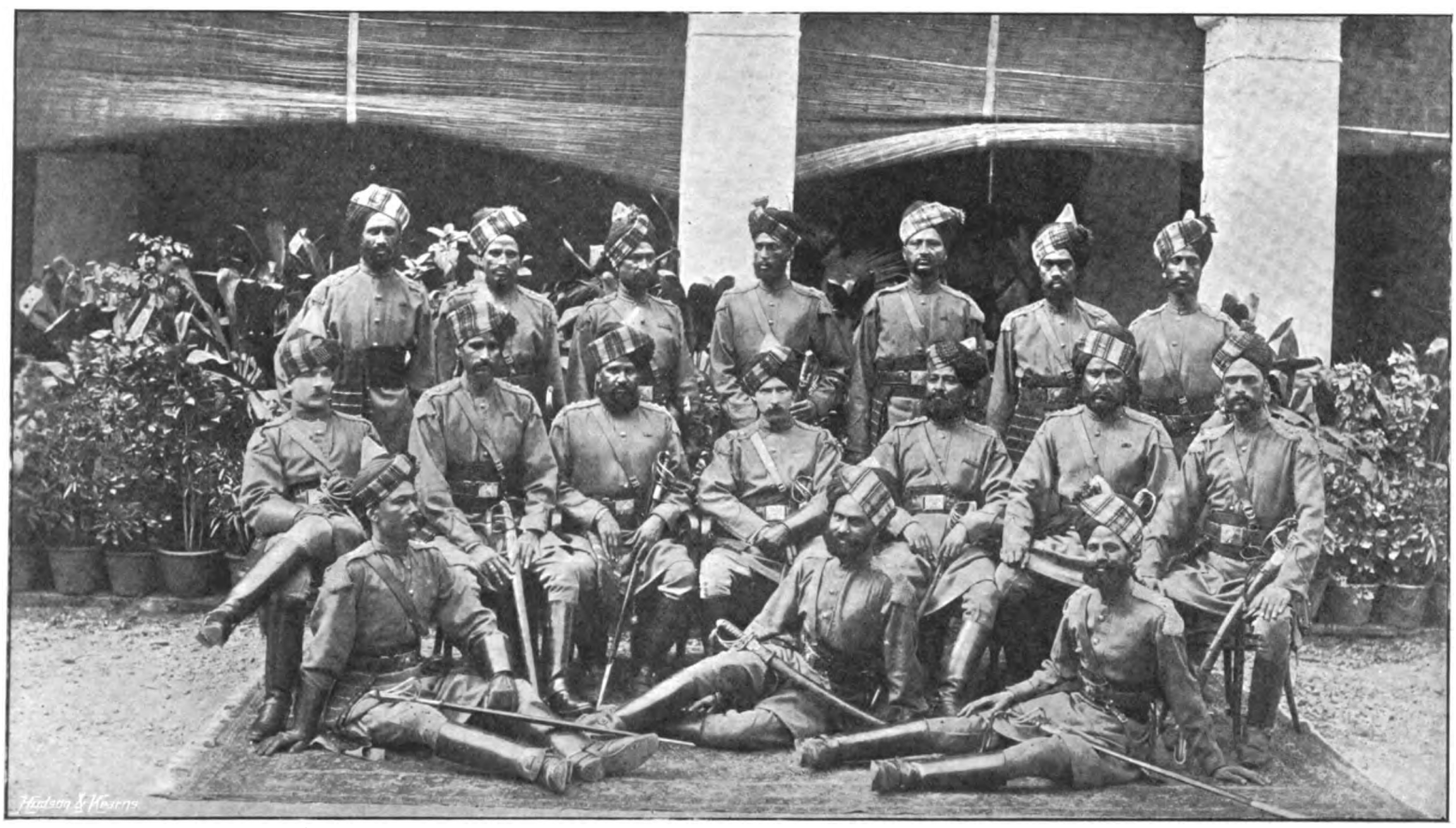
Some of the Indian Troops for China.

THE 1ST BENGAL LANCERS FOR CHINA—THE BRITISH OFFICERS.

From Left to Right the Names are:—Lieutenant H. B. Cheyne. Captain Griffin. Lieutenant J. R. Gaussen, 3rd B.C. Lieutenant James Lillingstone. Captain Finch. Major Mould, I.M.S. Colonel Gartside-Tipping, Commanding. Major Haynes, Second in Command. Captain Roberts. Lieutenant Sexton. Lieutenant Macaulay, Off. Adjutant.



Photos. Copyright. *F. Mitchell & Co.*

THE NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

From Left to Right the Names are:—

Jemadar Abdulla Khan. Rissaldar Mnd. Sayyid. Rissaldar Mazhar Ali Khan. Rissaldar Mnd. Hyan Khan. Jemadar Kamalud-din. Jemadar Fazal Ali Khan. Jemadar Vhuda Bir Khan. Lieut. Macaulay, Off. Adjutant. Rissaldar Sher Khan. Rissaldar-Major Abdul Gafir Khan. Col. Gartside-Tipping, Commanding. Rissaldar Wazir Ali Khan. Rissaldar Abdulla Khan. Jemadar Ali Wad Khan. Rissaldar Mnd. Ka Sham Sham, Wooidin Major. Jemadar Amir Ali Khan. Rissaldar Mnd. Ismail Khan.

The 1st Bengal Lancers, or, to give it its true denomination, the 1st Bengal Cavalry, was formerly the 1st Irregular Cavalry, or Skinner's Horse, and was originally raised in 1803. Its headquarters are at Meerut, and it bears on its colours the words "Bhurtpore," "Candahar, 1842," and "Afghanistan, 1879-80." It has thus a reputation to keep up, and no one who knows Colonel Gartside-Tipping can doubt that the future performances of the regiment will be worthy of its past reputation.

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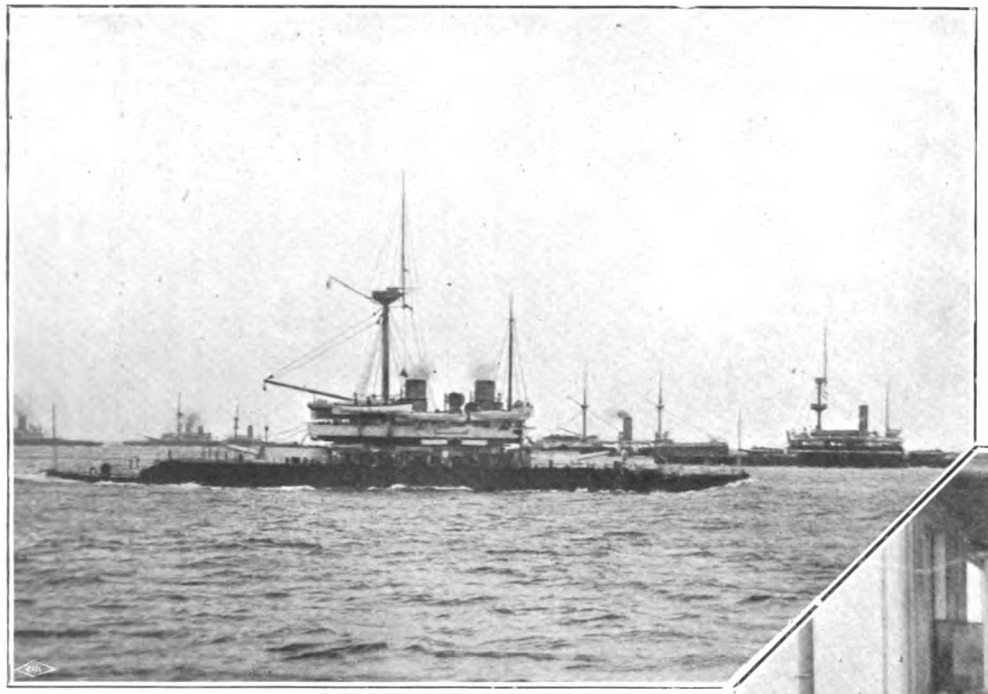
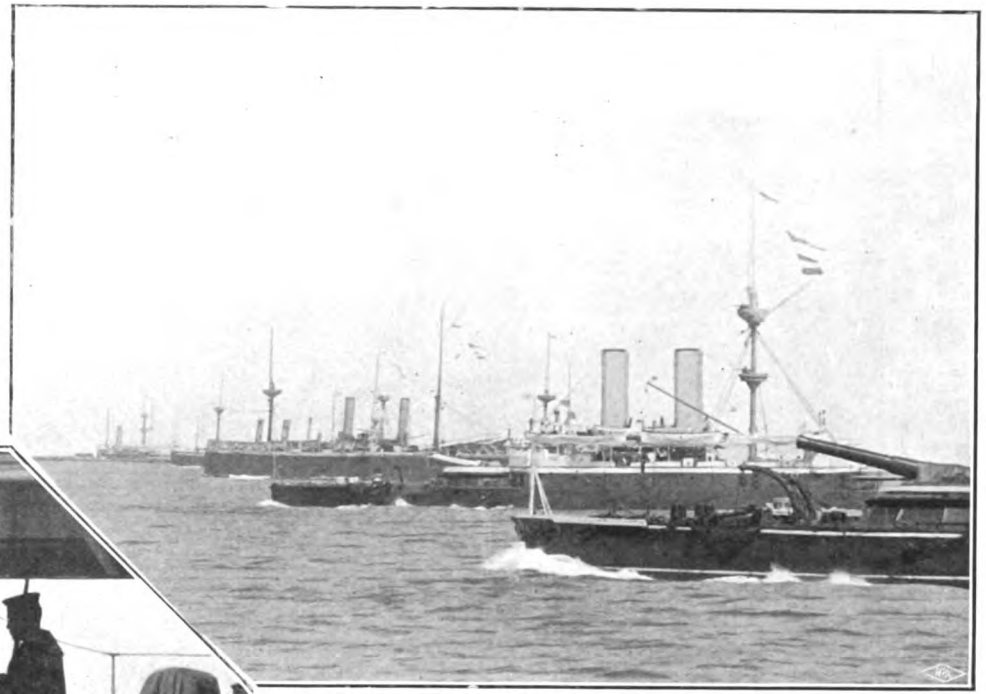
The Naval Manœuvres.

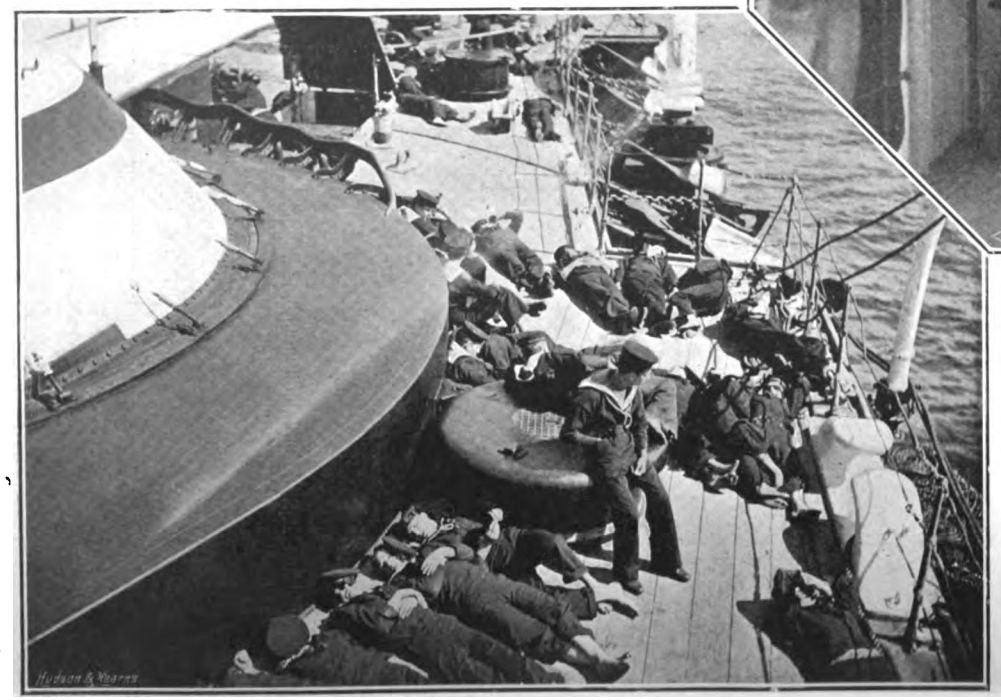


TACTICS AT HIGH SPEED.
Carried Out During the Work of Preparation.

THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH.
Controlling a Million's-worth of Property.



THE FLEET IN LINE ABREAST.
About to Form Line Ahead, the Furthest Leading.



A SUNNY AFTERNOON.
Jack Takes a Caulk After Dinner

With the "B" Fleet.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent.

THICK WEATHER APPROACHING.
Taking Soundings with Thompson's Machine

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Boat Sailing at the Naval Manœuvres.

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

Rear-Admiral Sir Gerard Noel Believes in Giving His Men as Much Exercise as Possible Under Sail.

"MAKE SAIL."

Service Rigs Only: No Noise and No Standing Up in the Boats.

FAIRLY UNDER WAY.

A Very Light Breeze Contributes to an Uncertain Result.

From Photos. by A. Debenham, Ryde.

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Our Troubles in West Africa.

GUNS AND GUNNERS.

Muzzle-loading 7-pounders and Maxims, and the Men who Work Them

TYPICAL NATIVE SOLDIERS EMPLOYED IN ASHANTI.

A Drum-major, Native Officer, Sergeant-major, and Colour-sergeant of the Lagos Hausa Force.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

A TYPICAL ASHANTI VILLAGE.

Hidden in the Forest and Hard to Find

"HURRAH!" shouted everyone as the joyful telegram arrived. The cheers, though, are tinged with sadness and slightly dimmed by the awful tragedy of the East. Still, small though the whole thing has been in comparison with the vast interests at stake in China and South Africa, it is none the less worthy of our heartfelt pride—we at home—in the brave little band at Kumassi and the dashing relieving force under Colonel Willcocks.

Leaving Prahsu on June 29 with only 2,000 men, they reached their goal on July 15—a Sunday.

Is it not peculiar how many important engagements have been fought and decided on the Sabbath, especially of late years? From Prahsu to Kumassi is a distance of sixty miles, and this took the little force sixteen days, which gives one some idea of the stupendous difficulties of the task they had to accomplish, and must have tried to the utmost the capacity of our frontier troops. But that they have been fully equal to the strain has been proved by results, and may equally be guessed by a glance at these illustrations.

In the first one sees a group of the staff of a distinguished Hausa regiment. On the left stands the drum-major, *en grand tenue*, and very proud of his gloves; next to him, sitting down, is native officer Nakaru, 6-ft. 4-in. in his socks (if he had any), and as wiry as he is brave; then the regimental sergeant-major, of even stronger build; and lastly, on the extreme right, a colour-sergeant, who also shows that lithe, yet sturdy, knit of the body which is a pronounced feature of the Hausa soldier, and which enables him to do so much on so little food and comfort.

Another illustration represents a group of gunners in whom the same characteristics are apparent.

The last picture shows a typical village in Ashanti. Such villages abound on each side of the road, and are invariably surrounded by a thick circular wall of bush, through which small winding paths are cut by the aborigines, and, known only to themselves, form a secure means of retreat after a road-side engagement or ambuscade. They are so narrow and skilfully concealed as to form an almost impossible, and at least very deadly, means of pursuit.

Of the dreadful climate enough has been written elsewhere. Many have suffered, and more will suffer, and many will return home a wreck of their former selves; but all who have served will be proud of their share, for Her Majesty has no keener soldiers than those of her West African forces.

It must be remembered that the relief of Kumassi, glorious news as it is, does not mean the quashing of the rebellion; it is too big and widespread for that. There may be some months of work yet before the "little band o' 'eroes." So let us send them congratulations on what they have already done—and done so well—two against eighty thousand! and couple our message with a hearty "good luck!" for the future.

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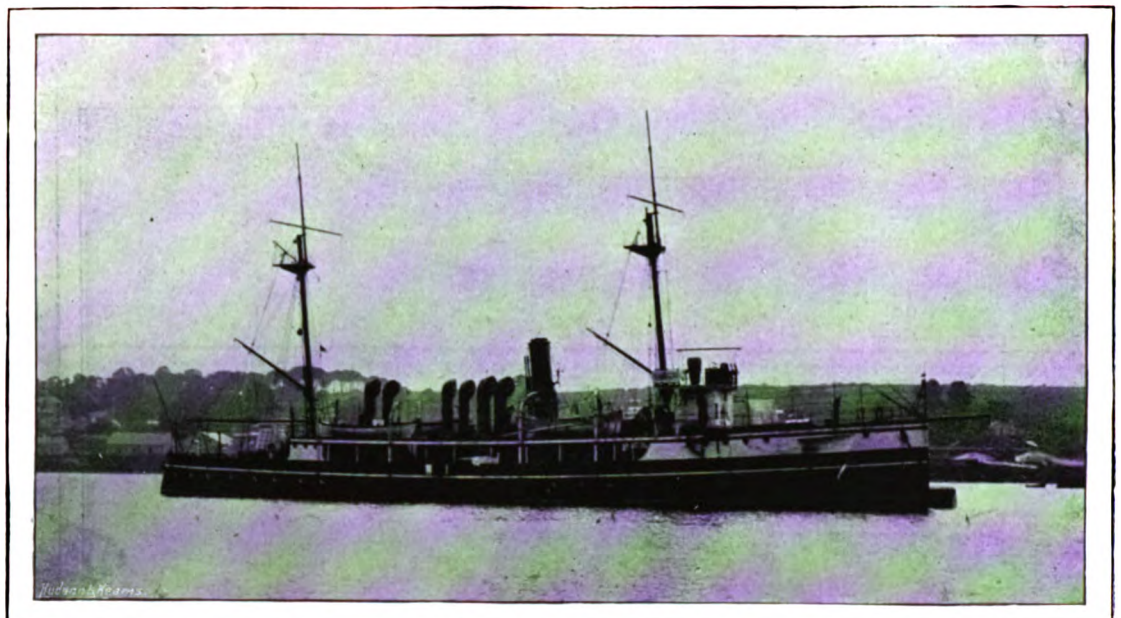
To Succour British Subjects.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE "BRITOMART" AT KEYHAM.
A New Gun-boat on Her Way to Chinese Waters.



THE "BRAMBLE" AT DEVONPORT.
Sister to "Britomart," and Going East too.

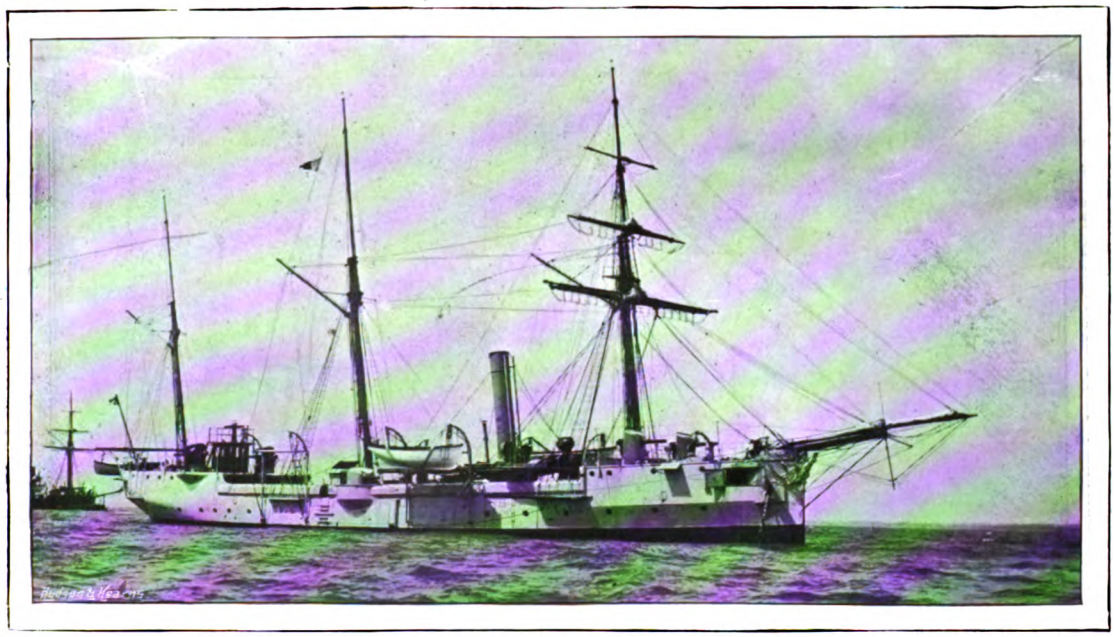


Photo. Copyright *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

THE "PIGMY" AT WOOSUNG.
A Useful Type Already on the China Station.

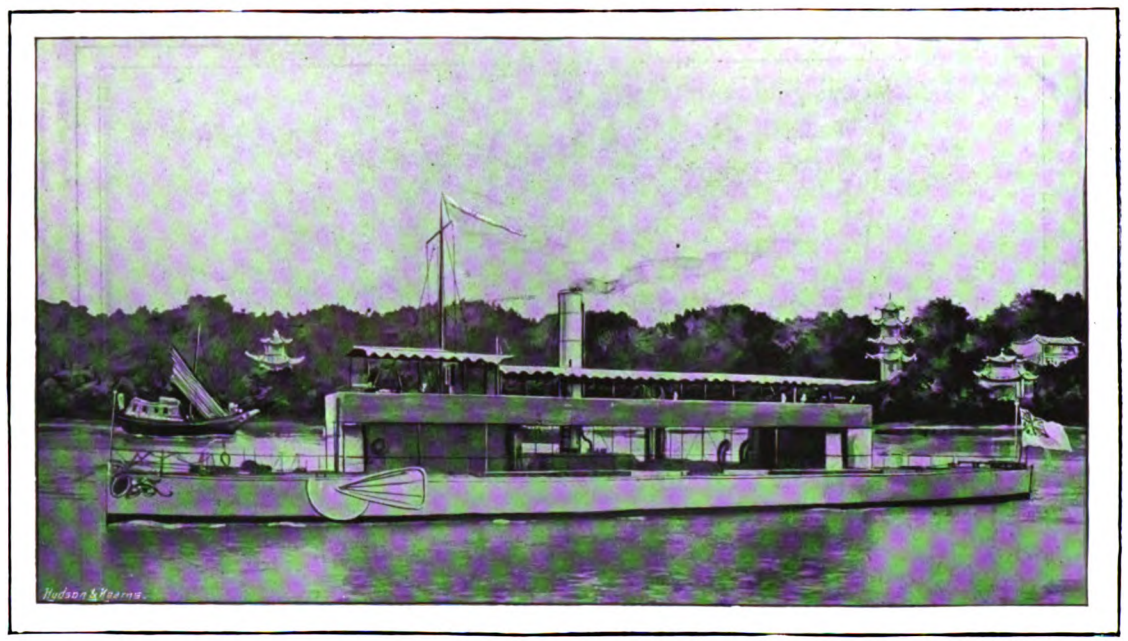


Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE "WOODLARK" AT HANKOW.
Recently Exploring the Higher Reaches of the Yang-tse.

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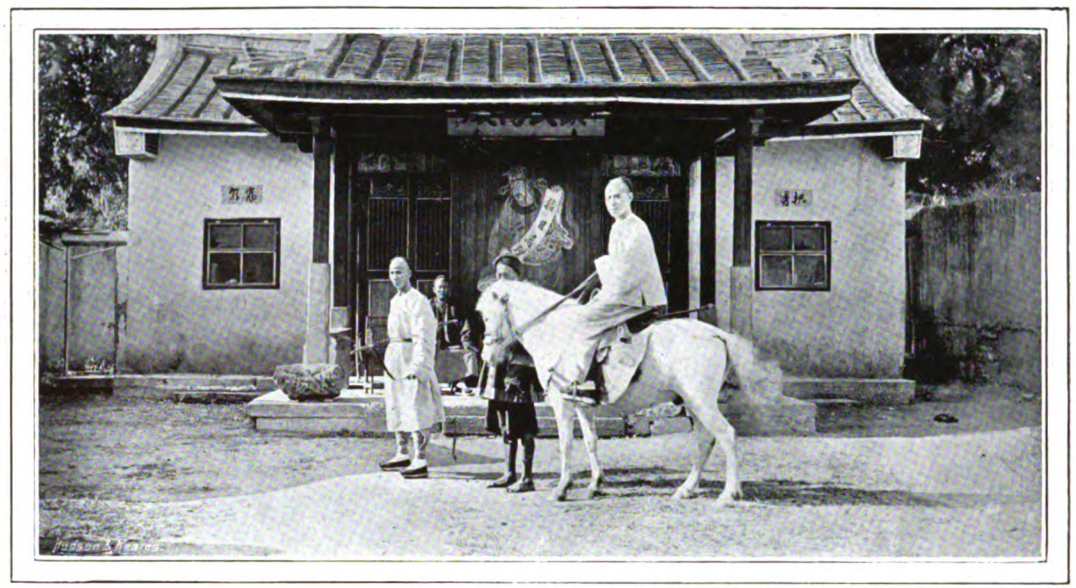
Pictures from the Yellow Drama.

AT A CHINESE WELL.
From this Source Alone the Dwelling is Supplied.



From Photos. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

OFF ON OFFICIAL DUTY.
A Mandarin Leaving His House for the Law Courts.

Photos. Copyright.

PIGS TO MARKET.
Gentle "Elsa's" Teaching has Apparently Reached China

"Navy & Army."

A EUROPEAN MISSIONARY.
In China Travelling as the Chinese do.

China in Times of Peace.

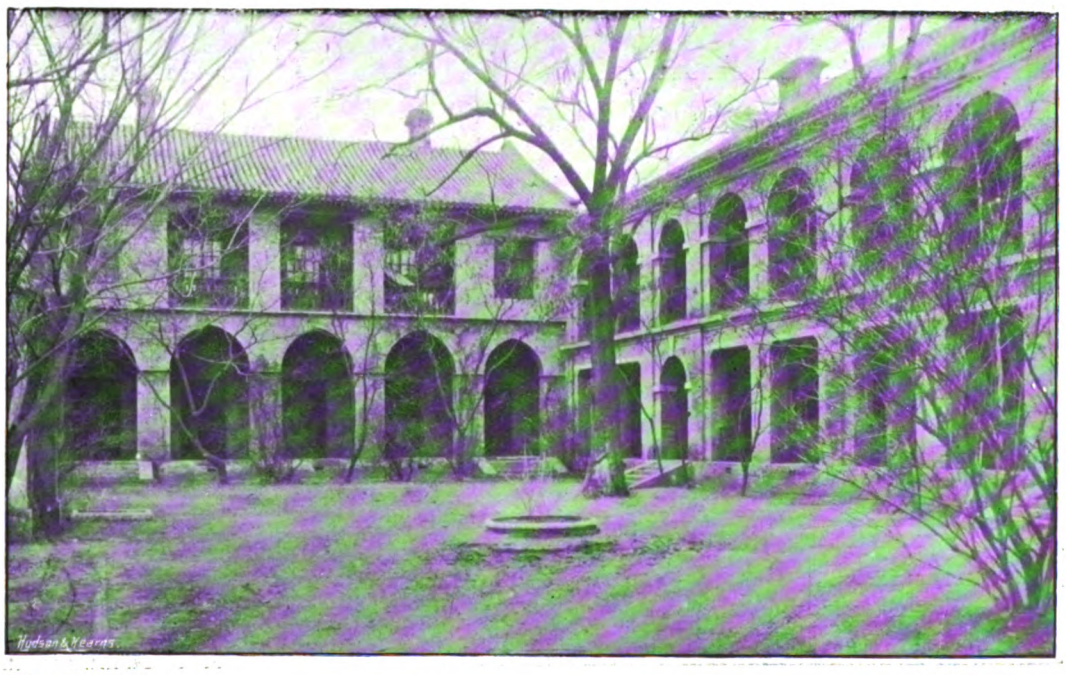
Digitized by Google

Great Britain in Peking.

THE scenes of the great Chinese drama follow one another with such marvellous rapidity that it is useless to attempt to keep level with them in a weekly paper. All that can be done is to endeavour to illustrate the life in the Far East, so as to give our readers a fair idea of those Chinese manners and customs which are so far removed from our European ideas; and this is precisely what is done by the very valuable series of pictures which we are able to present on these pages this week. Taken as a whole they throw a light on Chinese life, and at the same time they show some of the details of the surroundings of the British Legation, which will ever hereafter be associated with the tragedy of Peking. Our first picture is indicative of the primitiveness of Chinese native life. A man is about to draw water from a well by means of a bucket and rope. This is surely the earliest method since wells were established, and it points clearly to the arrest, hundreds or even thousands of years ago, of Chinese civilisation. As it was in Canaan in Biblical times, so, in these respects, it is in China now, and all progress is an abomination. The mandarin's house, which he is just leaving, does not look like a comfortable or an imposing abode for a high official, and the transport of a pig to market reminds one irresistibly of "Elia's" essay in regard to roast pork. Again, progress on a wheelbarrow may be comfortable, though we venture to doubt the fact, but it can hardly be described as dignified, and it makes one wonder at the topsy-turveydom of Chinese life. Everything is so utterly different from that with which we are acquainted in this country that it needs a distinct effort to properly understand it. Our three larger pictures deal with the tragedy of Peking, the authors of which have yet to be punished. The first shows the entrance to the British Legation in the Chinese capital, with Sir Claude Macdonald's private abode to the left, while Chancery Lane, of the north end of which we give an illustration, differs altogether from its namesake in London, and is so called as being the Chancery—that is, the building set apart for the Legation records. Another picture shows the mess-rooms and quarters of the student interpreters, who, as a letter from one of them has shown, regarded the trouble as a huge joke, and as young Englishmen may be trusted to have given a good account of themselves before the end came. Upon this point, however, it is difficult to write with calmness. That the representatives of the English name did their duty is a matter of course, and when they died they fell like heroes, with their faces to the foe, amid the bloodstained ruins of the scenes that we have depicted. That they expected trouble can be gathered from the letter above referred to, published in the *Times*. "I am glad," says the writer, "you sent me that revolver when you did. I lent it to Mrs. —— last night, and had to arm myself with a beastly Government Martini."

THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING.
The Ambassador's House is to the Left.

THE NORTH END OF CHANCERY LANE.
A Scene on One of the Roads within the Legation.



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MESS-ROOMS AND QUARTERS.
The Abode of the Student Interpreters.

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The War in South Africa.

THE ABUSE OF THE WHITE FLAG.
In this Farmhouse Three Armed Boers were Found Hidden Under a Bed.

IN THE ATTACK, AT BOTHA'S PASS.
A 6-in. Gun Busy. These Weapons are the Terror of the Boers.

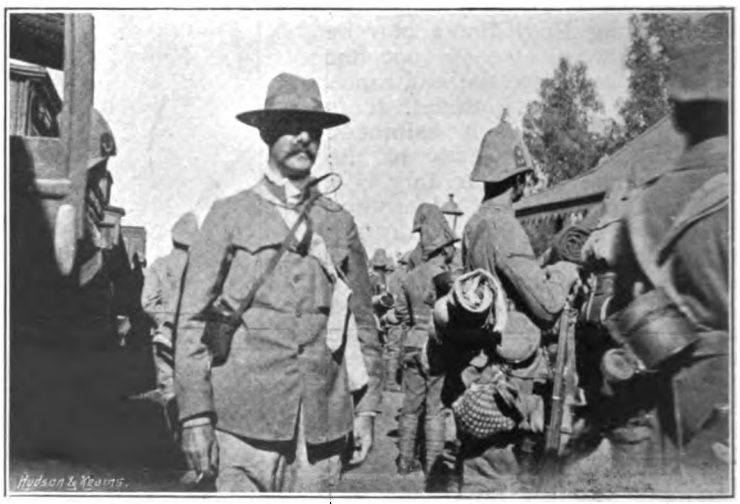
A BOER TRENCH NEAR MAJUBA.
The Labour must have been Immense, for there were many Miles of Them.

CLASSIC GROUND REACHED AT LAST.
Sir Redvers Buller's Tent on Laing's Nek, with Majuba Hill Behind.

A BOER AMBULANCE WAGGON.
With a German Doctor in It.

BAGGAGE CROSSING A DRIFT.
On the March from Glencoe to Newcastle.

THE FRIEND OF ALL CORRESPONDENTS.
Major Jones, the Press Censor.



THE "SPECIAL" OF A LONDON PAPER.
Mr. David Robertson, of the "Morning Post."

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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The Fighting Round Pretoria.

UNFORTUNATELY the most cheery optimism will not allow us to believe that the war in South Africa is at an end. We may believe, as we probably do, that the great operations are terminated, and that what remains is rather a matter of police; but if we accept this view we must agree that it is a very serious matter of police which lies before us, and that the recalcitrant and rebellious elements are likely to give trouble for some considerable time to come. There is too much talk of leniency in regard to them, but they must be made to feel that rebellion or engaging with an alien state against this country carries its penalties with it, and that those penalties must be paid to the utmost farthing and the last drain of personal suffering. For Cape and Natal rebels and foreign mercenaries there should be no mercy. Our opponents, moreover—even those who were legitimately our enemies—have wantonly abused all the rules of civilised warfare. Again and again they have used the white flag to lure our men into danger, while their abuse of the red cross has been still more flagrant.

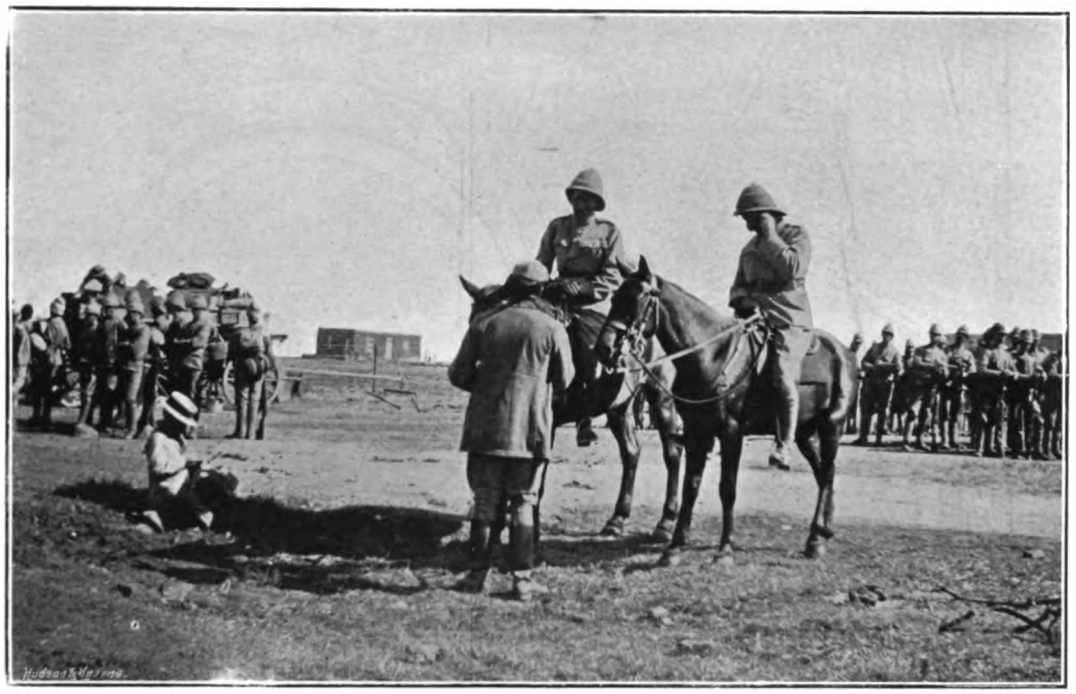
Our first picture shows a farmstead flying the white flag. Happily the peaceful emblem did not dispel the suspicions of our troops. The place was searched, and three Boers with arms were discovered hidden beneath a bed, and covered with mealie sacks and other rubbish. We hope the farmhouse was burnt, but what punitive measures were taken we are not told.

Another picture shows the Boer trenches near Majuba Hill. They stretch for miles and miles, sometimes cut in the solid rock, and they certainly furnish a lesson in military engineering.

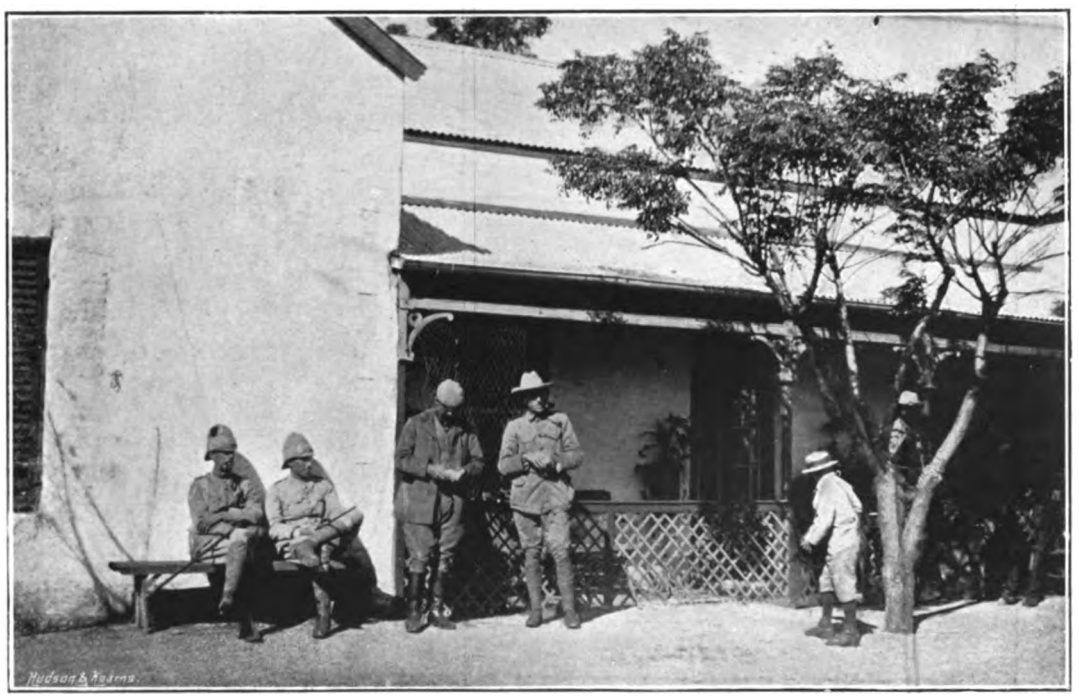
A further view of Majuba Hill is afforded in that peaceful scene which shows Sir Redvers Buller's tent on Laing's Nek, with the ill-omened hill in the background; while some of the difficulties of the campaign are depicted in the picture of baggage crossing a drift. The fact is that in modern warfare we have become accustomed to rely on railways, and regard any severance of communication with them as a cause of anxiety. It was not so when Napoleon invaded Silesia in 1813 and the allies retaliated by attacking Dresden. There were no railways in those days, and communications had to be kept open by armies detached for the purpose.

There is also a picture of the scene at Lindley on July 4, when a four-gun section of the 38th Field Battery lost all its officers and seventeen out of its fifty men. It was a cleverly-planned scheme on the part of the Boers. Their rifle fire was accurate and heavy, and some of the enemy wore khaki and helmets in order to mislead our men. Such vermin ought to be exterminated. Thanks, however, to the pluck of the men of the battery, aided by some Yeomanry, City Imperial Volunteers, and Australian Bushmen, the guns were got away and the enemy was beaten off.

A SCENE NEAR LINDLEY.
The Spot where the 38th Field Battery Lost so Many Men.



FAGGED BUT FIT.
The Coldstream Guards as They Appeared at the End of June.



SOME OF THE SERVANTS OF THE PUBLIC.
The Headquarters of the Press Correspondents at Brandfort.

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Harford Hartland.

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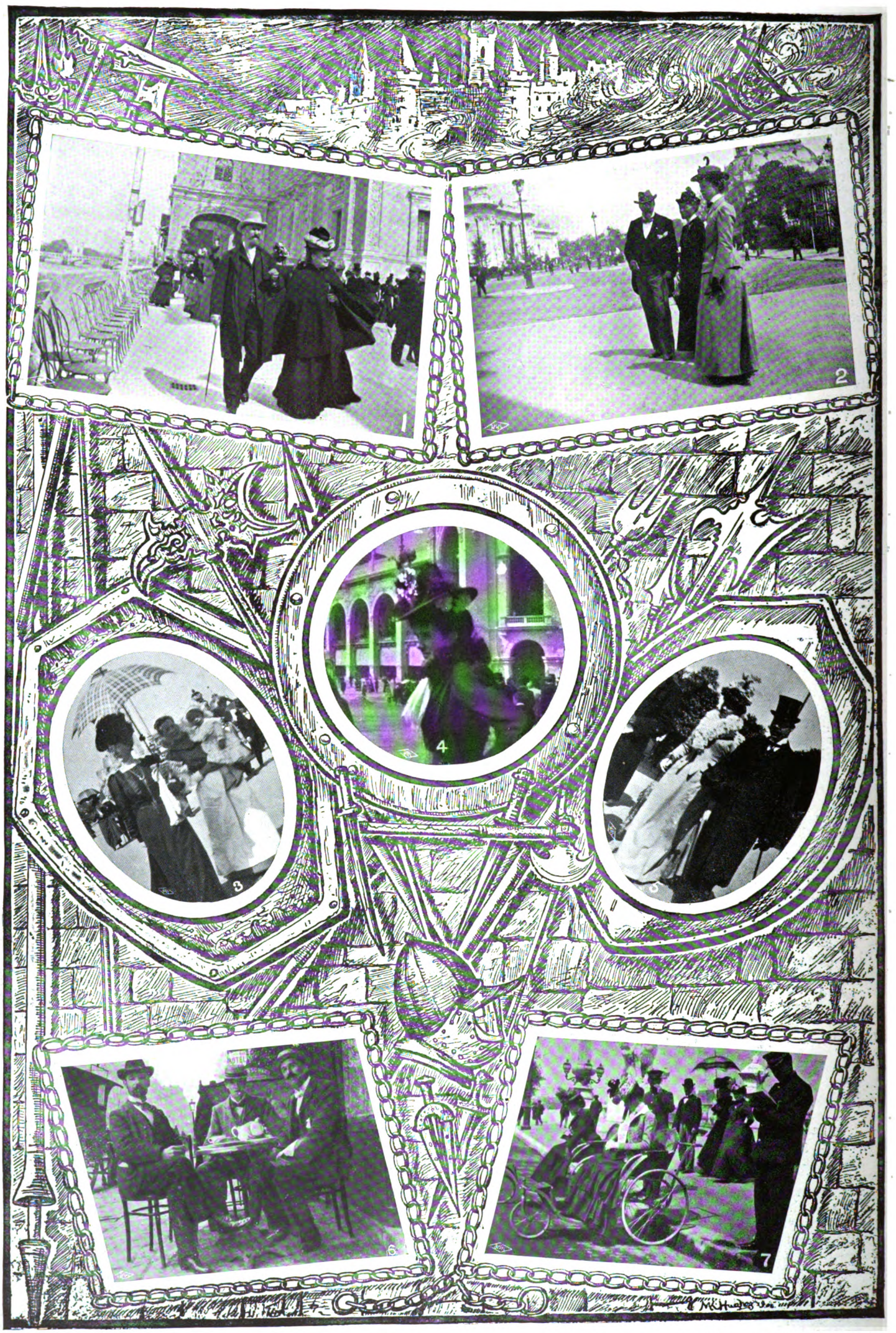
All Nations at the Paris Exhibition.



1.—A Couple from Germany Lost in Admiration. *2.—Americans who Guess that the Exhibition isn't a Patch on the Chicago Show.* *3.—A Bourgeoise Mother, Baby, and Non-non.*
4.—An English Girl who Thinks the Show almost as Good as the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court. *5.—A Fair Parisienne and Her Cavalier.* *6.—Messieurs les Etudiants.*
7.—Two Pretty English Girls, Worn Out, Take a Rest.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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Life in the British Legation.

THE USUAL MORNING DIP.
Student-Interpreters Enjoying a Cooling Bathe.

ATTENDING TO THE INNER MAN.
Cold Luncheon in the Legation Grounds

A QUIET CORNER OF THE GROUNDS.
Much Frequented by the Inhabitants of the Legation.

OFF FOR A RIDE THROUGH PEKING.
Legation Officials Departing on a Diplomatic Mission.

Sir Claude Macdonald and Staff at Peking.

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

"ALL MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN."

MAJOR APPLEBY wore a troubled look and spoke with the voice of exasperation: "It's all my eye and Betty Martin," he said. "That's the long and the short of it — all my eye and Betty Martin."

The Horse Grenadiers smiled. Such was the language in which the major commonly criticised any movement which he did not approve or found it a nuisance to perform.

"What is it this time, Major Appleby?" they enquired.

"Why, it's this," cried the *beau* (though tubby) *sabreur*. "Instead of the squadron being ordered up like Christians to cover the advance to-morrow, they tell me I'm to go pottering off somewhere like a damned Sister Anne to see if there's anybody coming."

"Hum!" said Captain Daly. "We're to play at being an army of observation are we? And what in the name of fortune are we to observe?"

"How should I know?" stormed the major. "Lord love your organs of visions! How should I know? I have my orders; that's enough for me. I don't know anything about them, and I don't want to know anything about them. I refuse to discuss the matter, although I consider it the most damned preposterous wild goose chase that ever man was sent on."

"Quite right, sir," agreed Captain Daly. "It is for us to obey this order without question, and let the deuce take the man who gave it to us in his own good time."

"Daly," said Major Appleby, with emotion, "you are a great source of comfort to me in hours of perplexity like this. Perhaps you wouldn't mind looking through the thing for me; I can't make head or tail of it."

Captain Daly took the paper and perused it. At the first glance it seemed simple enough, but grew more complex as he studied it. It set forth that the squadron, accompanied by a single galloper gun, was to move off by a road running, roughly, at right angles to the general line of advance, and to hold on until they came in touch with the enemy's posts, if any there should prove to be within a day's march. If the enemy were found encamped they were to sit tight and observe him without exposing themselves, but should he be on the move they were at all costs and by whatever expedients might occur to the squadron leader to delay his advance.

"What I want to know," said Appleby, "is, does this mean making sandwiches of a patrol or two, or does it imply flinging ourselves on an army?"

"That's more than I can tell you," declared Daly; "and it's clear as mud that the fellow who wrote this order knows no more about it than ourselves."

"Eh!" ejaculated Appleby, "d'ye think I should refer back?"

"Not unless you're willing to risk a reprimand," quoth Captain Daly. "The fact is this: the Marquis has a stiff job in front of him with Victor, but it's a job he's sure he can do if he has time. On the other hand, there's a vague report of Victor expecting reinforcements from someone or other over there." He nodded in the direction of the route the Horse Grenadiers were to take. "And these reinforcements may be anything from a company of voltigeurs to a division; they may come from Joey at Madrid, or Boney himself at Berlin, or wherever the plaguey fellow is at the moment. But whatever they are, and wherever they come from, it's cock-sure that we're the end of the spoon with which the general proposes to entertain them. You take me, major?"

Appleby looked miserable. "I'm sure I'm greatly flattered by the general's confidence in me," he said; "but I don't like this sort of spree one little bit. If I'm told to charge a square, even though I don't see a ha'porth of good in it, I'm sure I shouldn't think of making difficulties; but starting off on an expedition of this kind, without precise instructions as to what to expect, is not fair to an old soldier."

"It's the very best chance you've ever had to distinguish yourself, sir," said Captain Daly.

"Come, come," returned Appleby, "you said that at Ponty Novvy, or whatever the place was called, and I only got a wigging for having such a long butcher's bill."

"Yes, sir," said Daly, "but there we were handicapped by unforeseen misfortune. Here everything's plain sailing."

"Plain sailing!" ejaculated Appleby. "And we don't know at all what we've got to face."

"No, sir, I grant you," said Captain Daly; "but we know most positively that we have got to face it. And that's really sufficient when you come to think about it."

"When you come to think of it I suppose it is," consented the major, doubtfully. "But I'd like to know how much liquor we ought to take with us."

"The less the better," suggested Daly. "We'll want our wits about us this journey." And Major Appleby said to himself that the captain had grown very pessimistic, but he forbore to rally him on the subject.

The Horse Grenadiers were not far gone on their road when the splutter of big guns and small told them that the general had commenced an action, but in those days a battle was a quieter affair than it is now, and the noise was quickly left behind. They made some twenty miles without encountering anything more hostile than a train of mules desirous of trying a spar with the troop horses, until, as the sun was westering behind them, the advance party signalled the apparition of some lancers.

"*La reine des armes blanches*" was then carried by no British soldier, so the approaching cavaliers must needs be Spanish, Portuguese, or French, and probability was adverse to either of the former alternatives. Appleby again called upon Daly to read him aright the why and wherefore of their appearance; whereupon Daly suggested that an attempt should be made to bag one or two of the party before the others came up, observing that at the worst it would be possible to make off in the failing light, whatever the enemy's strength might be.

This plan was adopted; half a troop under sage young Cornet Mesurier worked their way out gradually in widely open order that was not closed again until two of the Lancers were in kingdom come, and one, his hands tied behind him, trotting back with the Horse Grenadiers to the main body; the others, some half-dozen in number, had escaped with a few hard knocks between them.

The captive, a very ferocious and dirty-looking fellow, turned out to be a Pole, who, although having a ready use of his mother tongue, seemed to wot of none other save for a few words of command in French and the verbs *piller* and *boire*, hearing which he smiled.

"I never came across such a dunce in my life," protested Major Appleby.

"Nor I," said Captain Masham.

Mr. McFeeter, the surgeon, who had been standing a little apart from the others, taking snuff, volunteered an opinion. "The man's nae sic a fule," said he. "I'm just thinkin' he imeegins 'tis I am in command here."

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Captain Daly, who had been closely observant of the scene before him, "Snip-your-legs-off is right."

All eyes were turned on the surgeon, who stood still with his snuff-box in his hand, and they could not really see why the Pole should think more of him than of anyone else. He was a broad-shouldered man, running to flesh about the lower waistcoat buttons, not very tall, and was, or had been within a week, clean-shaven. Over his regimentals he wore a grey surtout, and on his head the cocked hat of his special service. Certainly he presented no brilliant figure compared with the debonair dragoons around him. Still, it was towards him that the prisoner's attention was attracted. The fellow seemed in doubt, but not greatly so.

"McFeeter," called Daly, "just draw your most pompous face, stuff your snuff-box into your pocket as if an idea had occurred to you for once in your life. Pull your hat down over that red nose of yours, step over to the prisoner—do it in three big strides if you can—then fold your arms high up across your breast and stare at him fiercely as if you'd been told to draw one of his teeth and wondered which would be

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the most painful. Above all, look pompous, think you're Sir William Knighton going to tell the Prince he mustn't drink more than two bottles of champagne before breakfast. And don't you open your mouth or you'll spoil it all."

"Does he think I'm the marquis?" asked Mr. McFeeter, a little flustered, as he prepared to obey the behest.

"Yes, yes," Captain Daly returned; "that or the Duke of Clarence. Come on; one, two, three and away!"

Captain Daly's advice produced a magical effect. Scarcely had Mr. Surgeon McFeeter carried out his instructions and struck an attitude in front of the Pole when the face of the latter blazed up with unintelligent enthusiasm, and bursting his bonds, he waved his hands in the air, crying "*Vive l'Empereur*," or something sufficiently like it for Captain Daly to gather his intention. Then he prostrated himself at Mr. McFeeter's toes.

"Hech mon!" cried the startled surgeon. "What hae ye the noo?"

"Whisht! Whisht!" hissed Captain Daly in his ear. "Speak French or nothing."

"But he thinks I'm the marquis," McFeeter whispered in protest.

"He thinks you're Boney, you ass," returned Daly. "Say something in French; anything will do. *Il fait beau!* if you can find nothing better."

The surgeon thought well on it, and when the man had regained his feet and was standing to attention, he said, in his best clinical manner, "*Montrez moi votre langue!*"

"O gemini!" muttered Captain Daly. "What a mind! What imagination!"

Happily this was the first time the Pole had ever come in contact with a medical man, and he merely smiled confusedly at the order, thinking he had misunderstood it.

Daly came to the rescue, and winking to McFeeter to turn away again, explained to the Pole in mingled French and sign language that the Emperor found him a very worthy and deserving person and had promoted him corporal at sight. He then proceeded to elicit from the man whence he came and what was the strength and nature of the force he had accompanied.

The conveyance of ideas from the Pole's mind to Captain Daly's understanding was a slow and extremely tedious process, but in the end he made out that the fellow was one of a division of Polish cavalry under the command of a gentleman yclept Nhelkentchowski, which had marched without the loss of a single day from the Vistula to the Ebro to join the Duke of Belluno, who was weak in that arm.

"*It was a terrible-looking burden Pious William carried.*"

Beyond this, and that the strength of the division was about 2,000 men, Daly could discover nothing, so he dismissed the man to feed, and proceeded to impart the result of his interrogation to Major Appleby.

"What a remarkably unintelligent clod," observed the latter. "To suppose that Boney could be in Spain when these fellows had left him behind in Austria."

Captain Daly replied that it would be a wise man who could undertake to say where the Emperor could not be at any particular time. "They would be mighty fine cavalry to cover the ground quicker than Nap.," said he. "Perhaps he's in Spain this hour."

"At any rate," declared Appleby, "we wouldn't be such idiots, as that ass seems to think, to let Bonaparte hang about at an advanced post if we had got hold of him."

"My dear major, you're missing the point of the joke," said Captain Daly; "our friend thinks we're French cavalry."

Such a thing had happened before during the war, owing to the Horse Grenadiers wearing blue tunics alone among the British Dragoon regiments in the field. It was odd that suspicion had not been aroused in the man's mind by the unfriendly reception accorded to him and his companions, but Daly and Appleby agreed that he was too dull to be greatly impressed by it, and that a little food and drink would obliterate it from his memory.

"So far so good," said Appleby; "but how the dickens are we going to make head to 2,000 horse?"

"By stratagem," said Captain Daly. "If Private What's-his-name is at all a fair specimen of the sagacity of his countrymen we'll be able to turn these fellows round our thumbs."

"That's all very fine," returned the major, "but you don't suppose Nhel-and-the-rest-of-it is going to mistake old McFeeter for Boney."

"It seems too good to be true," Daly admitted, "but 'pon my soul it's well worth trying. It's quite possible he's never seen the Emperor, and if we mount McFeeter on the drum horse and put his hat on sideways, he'll look just like the pictures in the dark."

"Will he?" asked Major Appleby. "Then let him do it by all means. But what language is he going to talk? They'll spot him at once if he tries French."

Daly agreed that the less he said the better, but thought he might be crammed up with a phrase or two. His accent would not matter, for even if the Polish officer detected it, it was notorious that Bonaparte spoke French indifferently.

"Mark ye," said Daly, "'tis a hair-brained trick, and if we get our throats cut it's only fair fortune. But it's the one possible way of keeping that crowd back for a single day."

"Very good," said Appleby; "we'll try it."

General Nhelkentchowski was a charming fellow, who soldiered too keenly to change his clothes often, and fancied a red handkerchief round his neck a deal more than the dog-collar and stock the Prussianised British soldier fought and choked in; his officers were for the most part caricatures of himself, and the rank and file perhaps the most heroic and bloodthirsty and rapacious rapscallions on the face of the earth.

It demanded some nerve to play a trick on such desperadoes; but, happily for the Horse Grenadiers, there was not a man in the whole division, from the general to the farriers, who had the smallest knowledge of anything but soldiering.

The return of their scouts in flight put them for a moment on the *qui vive*, but when their captured comrade came back at the gallop to announce the approach of the Emperor, the good simple fellows were full of joy, and hastened to polish up their weapons, their horses, and everything, except their persons, to do him honour.

Presently, as the shades of night were falling, the Poles heard a cornet pumping out with considerable uncertainty the strains of "*Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*" and the looked-for cortège emerged from the gloom.

They saw the desire of their hearts, the saviour of their country, the Lord of Continental Europe, riding towards them on his famous white horse, guarded by 100 hussars with drawn sabres, preceded by two fantastic postillions carrying torches, and immediately followed by a figure which seemed to these amiable and gallant but superstitious warriors that of the Evil One.

Many crossed themselves, crying aloud that the demonic genius was bringing his familiar with him.

And indeed it was a terrible-looking burden Pious William carried; a man entirely naked but for a leopard skin hung round his loins; his face, limbs, and body black

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save for the palms of his hands and his eyelids. A tomahawk tied round his neck, and his hair brushed up towards the heavens and fastened in such a way that it fell over his face as thickly as a horse's dock.

And as he came this ogre was heard to chant:

"Allah il Allah! Bismillah!
For the love of Heaven, McFeeter,
Remember if you come to a stop,
And can't think what the devil to say,
Press your hands to your stomach and groan,
And cry as I'm crying now,
Allah il allah il allah,
Mahomet Kadouja Chinchilla!
And leave all the rest to me,
Look pompous, you Zany! Bismillah!
Kismet Al Koran Sarsaparilla!"

"Be not afraid, my good comrades," said General Nhelkentchowski to his men. "He who follows the Emperor is no demon. Nor is he an angel in disguise. He is the chief of the Imperial Mamelukes, and he recites the prayers of his race."

* * * *

But by that time twenty-four hours the general knew to his cost that he was Captain Daly, for the general was a prisoner on the way to Lisbon and his division in like plight, or scattered to the winds of Heaven.

"The Horse Grenadiers had acquitted themselves admirably as a containing force," said the marquis in general orders.

Britain and China in the Past.

ASIA, the cradle of the human race, has always been, far more than America or Africa, the continent of mystery. Its countries have always aroused the wonder and excited the imagination of the rest of the world. Even now there are regions of Asia where no European can penetrate. The Asiatic is a being apart, glorying in his isolation. Looking back to the immemorial antiquity of his race, he feels a proud disdain for all the world's younger strains. With a creed that teaches him to endure—for, whatever their superficial differences, all the Asiatic religions are Stoic in essentials; with an inborn gift for looking at the world not (as we of the West and North look at it) as an oyster to be opened by energetic hands, but as a place that cannot be altered by any effort of man—the Asiatic view of life is strangely unlike any other. As we sometimes see moving about among the throng of humanity a sad-eyed woman, with deep-lined brow, and with experience of all that can be thought and suffered—with such an experience that all the cares and ambitions of her fellow men and women seem to her petty and trivial—so can we picture Asia in her relation to the rest of the universe. Naturally, then, no other part of the world has held out so long and with such obstinate persistence against the civilisation of the West. The essence of this civilisation lies in the comity of nations. It might be called the civilisation of commerce. It is truer to say that the Flag follows Trade than that Trade follows the Flag. The essence of this civilisation lies in the exchange of commodities. Every quarter of the globe produces something that other quarters want. What civilisation does is to insist on these productions being brought into the market. When this has been accomplished it goes a step further. It insists on every nation joining the International Association for Keeping Order. For more than 300 years civilisation has been trying to force itself upon China. By what is happening now we can see how little it has accomplished.

It was early in the seventeenth century that the East India Company began to trade with China. At that time what little was known of the Celestial Empire caused it to be regarded as a kind of fairyland, an almost mythical country. It was not closed to travellers, but very few were found in early times to journey so far. Marco Polo gave a good account of China. He knew it well, for he found favour in the sight of Kubla Khan, the great Emperor. He had not a great opinion of the Chinese or their ways of life, though much that he records disposes one to think well of them. Of their religion, for instance, he wrote that they every day adored the Almighty in their own fashion, praying for "a good understanding and health, and desiring thereot nothing else." It seems a very wise and suitable petition! Sir John Maundeville declared, in his famous Travels, that he, too, travelled in China; but it is difficult to know when Sir John is to be implicitly believed. He gave full details about the Court of the great Khan, which he may have seen for himself or may have merely read about in someone else's travels. He described the Tartars as having "small eyes and little beard and a paucity of hair," which tallies nearly enough with Marco Polo's statement that they were "of a fat body and little nose, having no beard but four hairs on their chin"; and these passages show that between then and now the appearance of the Chinaman has changed as little as his mental attitude.

In 1680 the East India Company obtained the monopoly of the regular trade from Calcutta and Bombay to Chinese ports, and a very good thing they made of it. In fact, their Chinese business enabled them both to pay their dividends and to carry out their schemes of Empire. Officially, they were not allowed to trade, but their operations were permitted so long as they could induce the mandarins by repeated golden "insults" to "wink the other eye." At the same time, the Company's agents had to be very careful not to offend the Chinese. They had to do a great deal of grovelling, in fact. The Emperor kept a sharp eye upon them, and a threat to stop the trade was always certain of its effect. In the letter-book of the Company which has just been published there is a warning written as early as 1716 as to the results that might follow if the Chinese were badly treated. "I pray you," said the writer, "use all Chinese kindly, and with respect, and especially if you think them of the better sort, for I am certainly informed that the Emperor of China hath sent spies into all these parts of the world where the English, Dutch, Spaniards, and Portuguese do trade, to see their demeanour and how they behave themselves toward the China nation."

Now and then the anxiety of the Company to keep on good terms with the Chinese led to disgraceful and un-English conduct on their part. In the year 1785, for instance, there was an accident in a Chinese river where a salute was being fired. One gun was loaded accidentally with more than blank cartridge, and a peasant was killed. The Chinese at once demanded that the sailor who was responsible should be given up to them. To the everlasting shame of the Company's officials the man was surrendered. A kind of half-promise was exacted that he should not be killed, but he is supposed to have been strangled at once.

For 110 years after the East India Company had been granted the monopoly of the trade between China and British possessions, there was no other official intercourse between the two countries. But in 1792 the British Goverment decided to send an envoy to China to discuss a number of points on which the Company and the celestial authorities were at issue. Lord Macartney was the envoy chosen. He sailed in September of 1792, and took eleven months to get to the mouth of the Peiho. The Emperor of China at this date was the enlightened Keen Lung. When Macartney declined to "kowtow," that is to say, declined to perform the three genuflections and nine prostrations which were prescribed for any mere mortal entering the presence of the "Son of Heaven"—when Macartney very properly said that to do this would not befit the representative of a sovereign equal in majesty to the Emperor, Keen Lung took a sensible view of the matter, and the "kowtow" was dispensed with. It is worth noting that as lately as 1859 an American envoy to China was refused an audience of the Emperor because he would not consent to "kowtow." All Chinese who approach their Imperial ruler still have to go through this absurd form, but the Celestial Court has at last got so far as to give up expecting it from Europeans. To go back to Macartney. He succeeded in establishing friendly relations with all the authorities at Peking, and his embassy was, on the whole, a decided success.

The next embassy—that of Earl Amherst in 1816—was not so fortunate. When the party arrived in Peking, the reigning Emperor, in a fever of curiosity, demanded that they should appear before him at once. He seems to have done this quite in a friendly spirit, but the Ambassador excused himself on account of the irregularity of the request and of the fatigued and travel-stained condition of himself and his retinue. This so enraged the Emperor that he refused to see them at all, and they came back in a very bad humour.

The bad feeling which resulted from Lord Amherst's unlucky embassage was intensified eighteen years later, when the monopoly of trade was taken away from the East India Company. The Chinese quite correctly anticipated that they would not be able to keep such a hold over the free British trader and mariner as they had kept over the complaisant and easily-frightened Company. Therefore when Lord Napier went to Canton, in 1834, as Chief Superintendent of British Trade with China, the officials took up a very unpleasant attitude. The letter in which Lord Napier announced his arrival to the authorities was perfectly courteous and friendly, but the mandarins saw at once that its tone was different from that of the Company's cringing epistles. They petulantly refused to receive it, and threw every obstacle in the way of trade being carried on. Relations became very much strained, and the opium dispute led in 1840 to an outbreak of war

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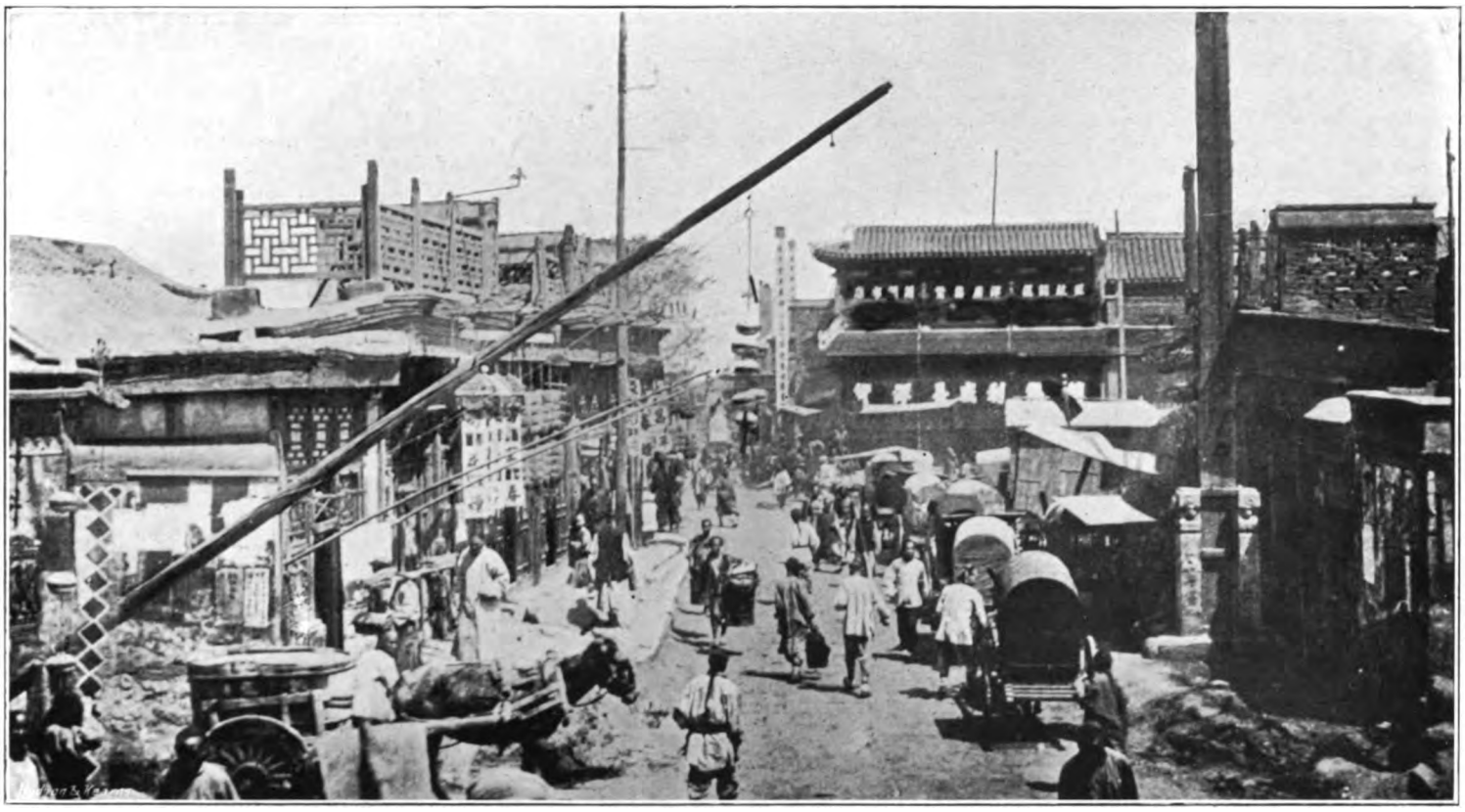
In the Midst of the Chinese Drama.



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN PEKING.

Which is Supposed to have Witnessed a Good Deal of Fighting Recently.

If this is a scene in Peking's principal street, what must it be in the byeways? Tawdriness is rampant; but no picture can tell the real secret of Peking, which is simply filth—unutterable filth. It is almost impossible to make the ordinary European who has not been in China understand what the absolute abomination of Peking means. It is a thing to itself. Every street is a sewer; there is no drainage, and the only change is when a merciful rain does a little cleaning.

THE BRITISH LEGATION IN THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

The Pathetic Scene of so Many Strange Reports and Rumours.

The British Legation, of which the above picture is a representation, does not look like a very defensible post if artillery were brought against it. There are, however, the outer surroundings to be considered, and the records of the Indian Mutiny show how Europeans will defend themselves amid a heap of ruins, and find in those ruins the means of constructing new defences. The British Legation is of course in the Tartar City, and it is said to be the most defensible of all the buildings in the Legation portion. Unfortunately it is commanded by the walls of the city.

From Photos. by N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.

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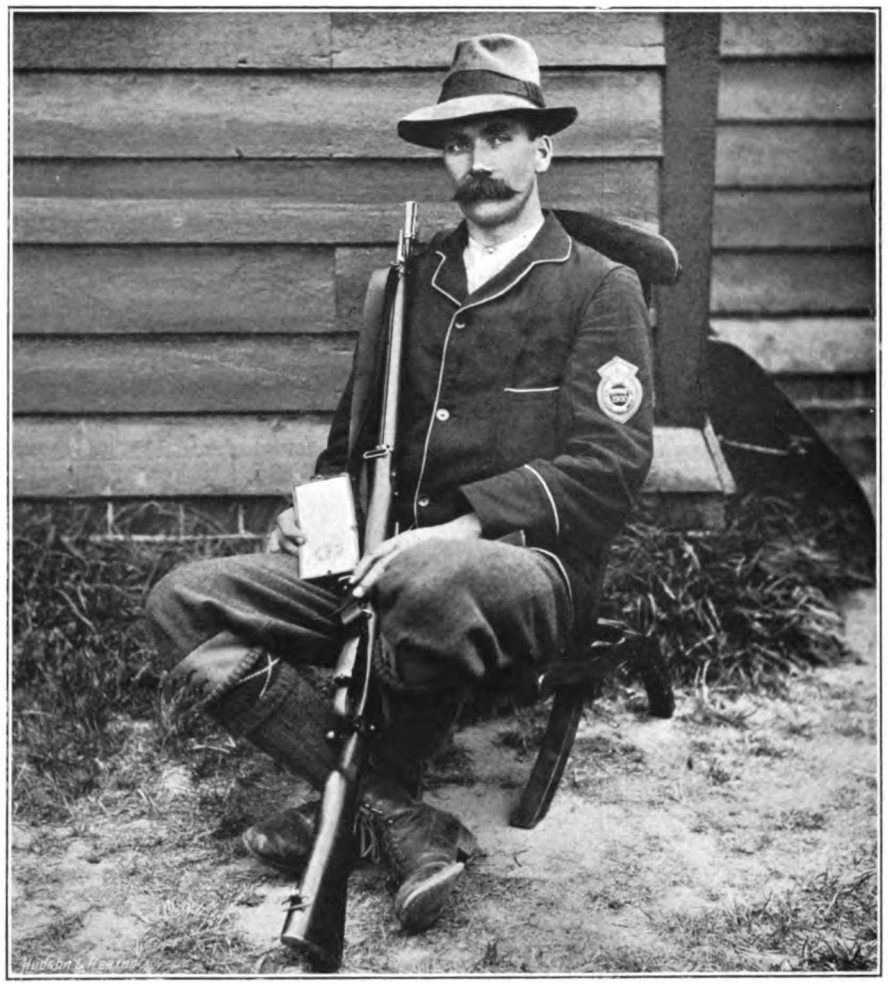
Crack Shots at Bisley.

BISLEY will always be Bisley. There will always be the Queen's Prize, the St. George's and the match-rifle competitions, and the element of contest between the different parts of the Empire, between the Universities, between the Public Schools. This year, however, the interest has waned. Entries have been few—for many men are in South Africa—and perhaps for this reason the public attendance has been small. Perhaps, still more, the public has never taken to Bisley. It is a little further out than Wimbledon, and, moreover, Wimbledon began in the old days of camp-fires and sing-songs, and though an effort was made to give it a certain air of quasi-military life, the veneer was thin, and somehow the spice of jollity remained. It did no good, of course, to the Volunteer who meant serious shooting, but it contributed to the coffers of the National Rifle Association. Every man who ever passed a fortnight in a popular regimental camp at Wimbledon could tell some funny stories of the oddities of life under canvas. At Bisley things are more business-like, and somehow the public do not appreciate — really because they do not understand —the business side of rifle-shooting. We mean "business" from the point of view of serious work, and without any relation to money. Wimbledon began in the days when Volunteering meant simply a useful national aspiration towards an undefined goal, but it witnessed a good many changes in weapons. The difference between the Service weapon and the match rifle is not so great now as it was when the first shot was fired on Wimbledon Common. The council of the National Rifle Association has of late years made a change. It has reversed the two weeks. Originally nearly all the work came in the first week, and, with the exception of a certain necessary small amount of Volunteer work, the second week was given up to the pifflers. Now, with the exception of a few competitions, the first week is devoted to match rifles, and the whole of the Volunteer competitions are compressed into the second week. The compression is easy for visitors who cannot stay in town.

We give pictures of the winners of the Queen's gold medal, silver medal, and bronze medal, as well as various incidents connected with the meeting. Last week we showed little Master Hyde of Rugby making 31 out of a possible 35 at 200-yds. from the shoulder. The lad is of sturdy build, but he is only 4-ft. high, and yet he seems to have mastered holding the rifle to the shoulder in the way which takes the place of muscular effort, and cannot be replaced by it. At the same time, why should there be any shoulder shooting? Is there any shoulder shooting in war? If a man is close enough to stand up he never raises his rifle to the shoulder. He shoots from the arm, or possibly from the hip, and hip shooting is a virtue which ought to be inculcated. Private Ward, Colour-Sergeant Comery, and Sergeant Murray, winners in the Queen's, and Armourer-Sergeant Fulton, the winner of the St. George's, are all very well in their way. They have proved themselves the possessors of good nerves, good eyes, and good judgment as to wind and light. Can any one of them judge a distance? Can any one of them hit a moving target after having run a quarter of a mile? Possibly they can. We have not looked up their records, but it seems to us that this practical shooting is what ought to be encouraged in place of the shooting at fixed targets and at known distances. It may be said that there has been a great increase of late years in competitions conducted under something approaching to service conditions. Be it so. This concession is insufficient, say the critics. Their contention is, and we will state it concisely, that the programme of the National Rifle Association wants complete revision from beginning to end.

The things that are now regarded as accessories ought to become the principal points. Such contests as the Mappin, and others devised on lines to approach somewhat to the conditions of actual service, ought to be the backbone of the meeting. Of course there should be a contest or two at fixed targets and known ranges, just as the match-rifle shots are now allowed to indulge their hobby. But these are matters which should be altogether beside the main object of the meeting. Be it remembered that the men who come to Bisley are not men in training, to whom it is desirable to teach the method of hitting a target. They are practised shots—practised, that is, under conditions which could never exist in warfare, but trained as far as our system will allow. In plain words, Bisley is declared to be a pot-hunter's meeting. Everything is done to help the man who wants to win prizes with the minimum of trouble, and no good, we are told, will come until the National Rifle Association rises to the level of its responsibilities and tries to encourage rifle shooting instead of pot shooting. If it were known that the principal prizes at Bisley were to be won by those who could run and shoot and judge their distance at a strange range, the whole system of rifle practice in this country would be altered, very much to the advantage of the Nation. Bisley as it is is simply the apotheosis of class-firing.

THE WINNING SHOT IN THE QUEEN'S FIRST STAGE.
Murray Firing His Last Shot and Winning the Bronze Medal.



GOOD LUCK TO DEVON.
Private Ward of Okehampton, Twice Winner of the Queen's.

Photos. Copyright. C. Knight.
THE WINNER OF THE SILVER MEDAL.
Colour-Sergeant Comery, 3rd Highland Light Infantry.

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The Last Week at the Bisley Meeting.

THE SHOOT FOR THE HUMPHREY CUP.
Moistening the Tube for Luck.

CARRYING OUT A FAMILIAR CUSTOM.
Chairing the Winner of the Gold Medal.

NATIONAL SENTIMENT RUNS STRONG.
Round the Scottish Board at the International Match.

WHEN "NERVES" BEGIN TO TELL.
The Last Stage of the Queen's at 1,000-yds.

Photos. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

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More of New Brunswick's Riflewomen.

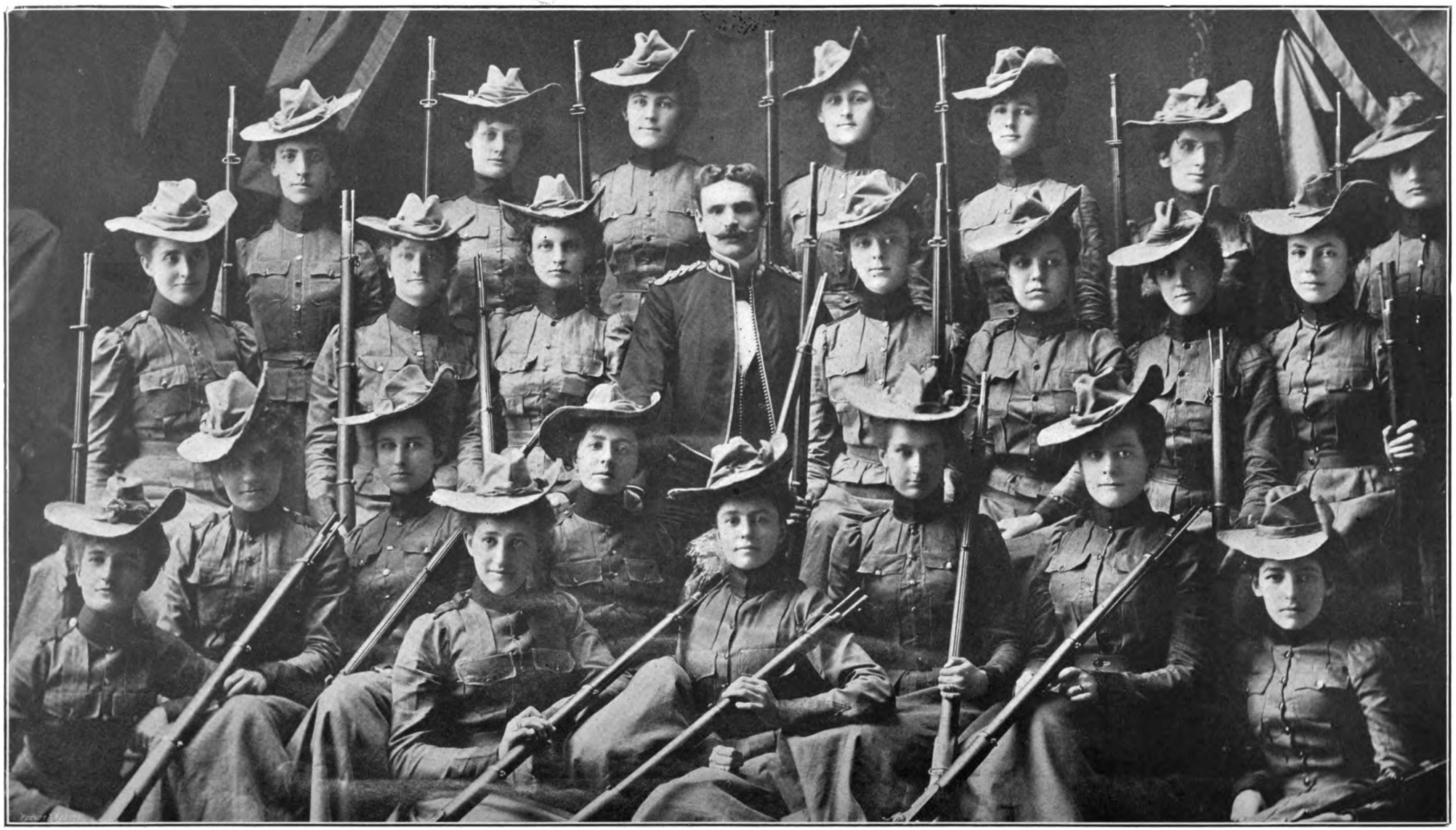

Photo. Copyright. Green.

IN MARTIAL GUISE: "B" COMPANY AMAZONIANS, 62ND ST. JOHN FUSILIERS.

The ladies whose charming portraits appear above are—Miss Frances Rainnie, Miss Bertie Rainnie, Miss Florrie Smith, Miss Eileen Gillis, Miss Emma Robertson, Miss Viola Gillis, Miss Alberta Hoben, Miss Helen Frink, Miss Elizabeth Fraser, Miss Ella Macaulay, Miss Bessie Armstrong, Miss Lidy Kimball, Miss Maud March, Miss Nellie McGivern, Miss Olive Lawton, Miss Alice Armstrong, Miss Louil Crosby, Miss Belle Lindsay, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Beatrice Lockhart, Miss Helen Macmichael, Miss Alice Lockhart, Miss Louise Hamm, Miss Muriel Likely. (For description see last week's "Notes and Queries.")

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 184.] SATURDAY AUGUST 11th, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. *J. Thomson.*

THE LATE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

AS AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

The late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha was the ruler of a foreign State, but it was as a capable seaman and an able Commander of Fleets that he will be the best remembered by his countrymen, and it was with the Royal Navy that he was most closely associated.

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ROUND THE WORLD

PER·MARE

PER·TERRAM

TO the plain man the German Emperor's line of conduct throughout the Chinese Crisis is difficult to explain. When the first news of disturbances came, and the report of the murder of Germany's Minister in Peking, William II. made a stirring speech. Its glowing periods and fervent spirit moved many a heart. "This is as it should be," thought William II.'s admirers. "This is the right tone for a European Sovereign, whose envoy has been brutally mistreated, to take. It is necessary that there should be immediate retribution, and an immediate attempt to save others from a like fate." Yet, while the Emperor was making this speech, his Government were doing their best to damp down the proposal that the help of Japan should be accepted in the interests of civilisation. Without Japan's aid there was no hope of making a move towards Peking for a long time. One would have expected the Emperor to be the first to hail such a proposal with enthusiasm. Instead of this, the German reply to Lord Salisbury coldly questioned the effect which Japanese intervention might have upon the "interests" of other Powers. In fact, unless Great Britain had been very much in earnest, this German *douche* of cold water would have indefinitely postponed the work of punishment and protection, so loudly called for in the Emperor's speeches.

Photo. Jadwiga.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA, MUZAFFIR-ED-DIN.

He is the Son of Nasr-i-Din, who Twice Made a Tour of Europe, and he is now Engaged in Visiting the Various European Courts.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

MR. G. E. MORRISON.

The Special Correspondent of the "Times" in Peking, now in the British Legation.

Photo. "Navy & Army."

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. D. OTTER.

A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada. Commanding the Special Service Battalion from the Dominion. He Commanded the Canadians who, in the Early Morning of February 27, Crept Up to the Boer Trenches and Brought about Cronje's Surrender.

IT is true that the Emperor about this time began offering large rewards for all Europeans saved alive by Chinese. But this was a cheap way of clearing the German conscience for the attempt that had been made to stop the operations which, it was hoped, would save the lives of the foreigners in Peking without any appeal to Chinese cupidity. And what can be thought of the reported Imperial declaration that in battle with the Chinese no quarter must be granted and no prisoners taken? Even the German newspapers protest against it as anti-Christian. Think of it in connection with the fact that Germany compelled the Chinese in Shan-tung to build a cathedral to the name of Christ as part of the compensation for the murder of German missionaries! Our protest in these columns recently against any giving way to an ignoble cry for revenge was evidently more needed than we thought. Everyone knows that the Yellow Terror has long troubled the mind of William II. His famous picture of the nations of Europe stemming the flood of Asiatic barbarism showed how the fear expressed by the late Mr. C. H. Pearson had taken hold of the Emperor's imagination. But no one can have imagined that it would carry him so far as this. William II. is known to be rightly anxious for the good word of history. This is scarcely the way in which to win it.

THE question of an Imperial grant to assist the famine-stricken districts of India is not so simple and easy as many people imagine. Certainly if India is sorely in need of help and cannot get it save by means of an Imperial grant, then we ought not to hesitate for a moment. There is, however, one point of view of which very little has been heard, but which ought to be kept before the nation while the expediency of a grant is being discussed. If people at large are so anxious to assist India, why do they not subscribe more freely to the Mansion House Fund? So many of us are accustomed to regard Government grants as a means of being generous as a nation without feeling any sacrifice as individuals. A Government grant in a case like this would be nothing but a means by which a few people are generous at the expense of a great many who have no word in the matter. If all those who feel deeply for India, and who cry out that Parliament ought to vote the starving peasants a substantial sum of money—if all these persons were to subscribe as much as they could afford to the Famine Fund, it would stand at a higher figure than £340,000. What they do instead is to propose that heavier

Photo. Copyright. Be non.

AN ADMIRAL AS A BALLOONIST.

About a Week Ago Admiral Sir Edmund R. Fremantle Accompanied the Rev. J. M. Bacon in a Balloon Ascent made from Newbury. The Party shown in Our Illustration Comprises the Rev. J. M. Bacon, Admiral Fremantle, Mr. Fred. Bacon, and Mr. Percival Spencer.

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burdens shall be laid upon the shoulders of poor taxpayers all over the country to make up for the niggardliness of the well-to-do. The best excuse for an Imperial grant would have been a willing and munificent response to the Lord Mayor's appeal. Then we could have said that the nation was really in earnest, and that it was the duty of Parliament to give expression to the people's wish to help as bountifully as they could. Let everyone who thinks that Great Britain ought to assist India send a couple of sovereigns to the Mansion House. That would do India far more good than all the speeches that can be made in favour of a grant from Treasury funds. He who gives quickly doubles his gift, as the proverb says.

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"THE little uncertainties of my profession," King Humbert once called the increasingly numerous attempts on the lives of Sovereigns and Presidents. And now he has fallen a victim to one of these "little uncertainties" himself. As usual, the murderer seems to be a half-savage, wholly brutal product of unhealthy town life and modern theories. How seldom we allow ourselves to reflect upon the fact that the life of every man upon the earth is at the mercy of any other man who likes to take the trouble to kill him! If we reflected upon it often, life would be intolerable. But events like this force it upon our notice for a brief moment in all its horror. The obscure citizen can soon forget the shudder that the thought brings. With rulers of States it is different. The number of assassinations that have been attempted and carried out in recent years must have their effect upon the nerves of Kings, Princes, and Governors. Is there any plan by which half-witted criminals could be deterred from courting notoriety by such revolting means? Yes, there is a plan. Deprive them of their notoriety. Let them be seized as soon as their villainous deed has been done or attempted, and hurried off, never to be heard of again. All that the world will know of them is that they have been blotted out. To let one or two of these miserable creatures be torn to pieces by a furious crowd, such as that at Monza, would be equally deterring, but that our "humanity" would not permit. There can be no objection, even of sentiment, to dealing with them in such a manner as to prevent their becoming notorious, and so putting ideas of similar wickedness into the heads of other semi-imbeciles hovering on the brink of crime.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT.
As a Naval Cadet in 1858.
From an Old Lithograph.

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IT is evident that Lord Roberts is not inclined to spare any troops from South Africa until the Boer resistance has been finally beaten down. This was clearly shown by his reply to the company of Imperial Yeomen who, being kept on duty in the Orange River Colony, and feeling disappointed because they have not seen service at the front, volunteered in a body the

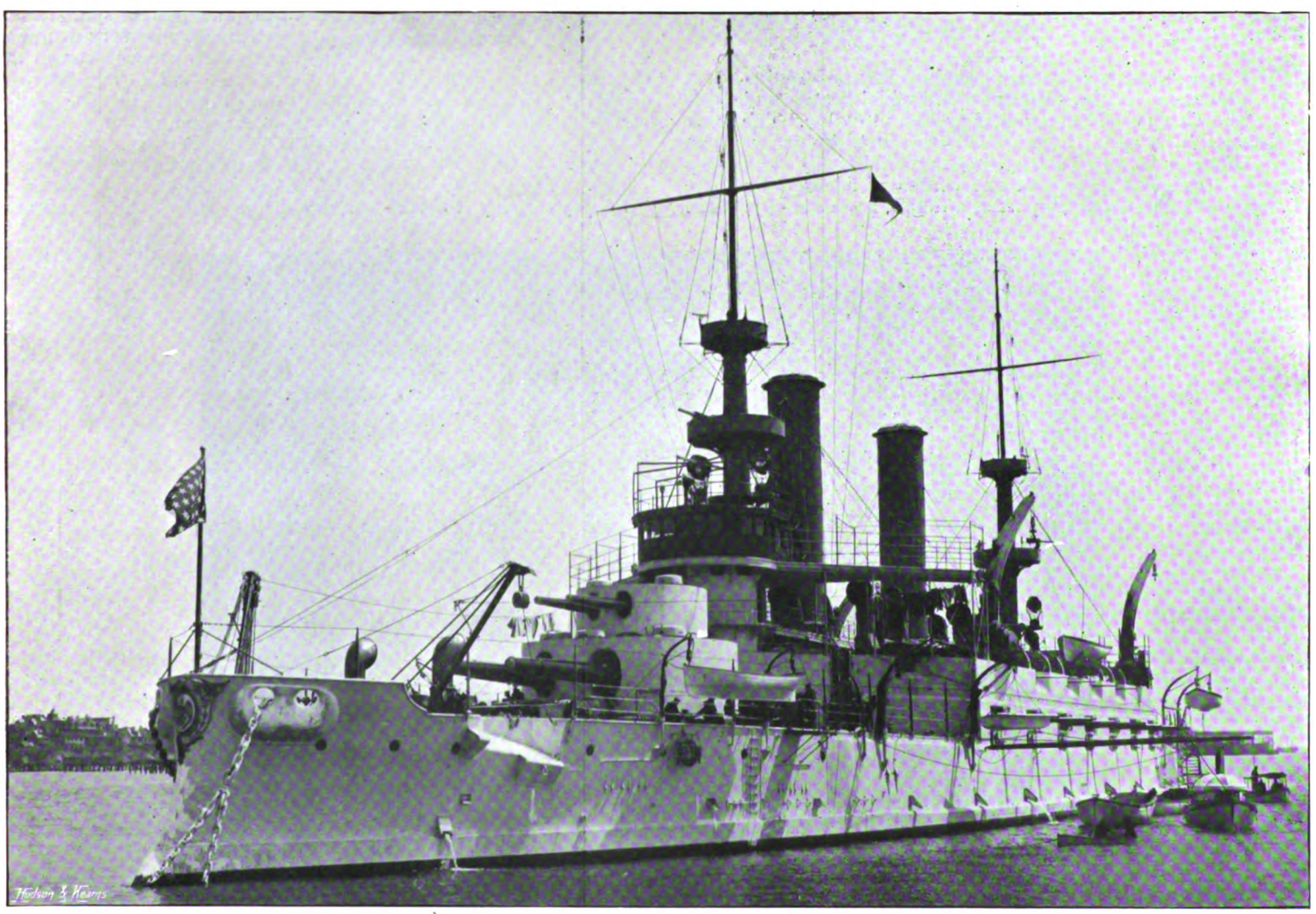

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

THE "KEARSAGE."

Which, with her Sister Ship the "Kentucky," is the Latest Addition to the United States Navy. The Plan of Putting One Turret on the Top of Another has been much Discussed, but the United States Authorities have now Decided to Adhere to it.

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other day for service in China. Lord Roberts's comment on the Yeomen's offer was very much to the point. "No objection," he wired, "to your volunteering after this war is over. Until then no troops will be drawn from here." In fact, he alters the old song, and counsels the impatient troopers to

"Make sure they are off with the old war
Before they are on with the new."

A very wise counsel too.

Photo. Copyright. *Bunnett.*

A LESSON IN IMPERIAL PATRIOTISM.

Children Reading the Double Number of "Navy and Army Illustrated."

THE Alpine accident season has begun in earnest and, as usual, some of the first victims are British. The proportion of British climbers among the mountaineering regiment which invades Switzerland towards the end of June, and maintains an effective occupation until September, is so large that our proportion of losses must be large too. In one of the recent cases the three Englishmen who lost their lives were without a guide. One of them, however, was a climber of great experience, who was considered quite capable of acting as guide to a party himself. We are so accustomed to these cases that it is no surprise to hear of his career being ended upon the Weisshorn. The man who can do a dangerous thing "with perfect safety" nearly always does it once too often.

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THE negro question is only heard of now and again, but it remains a serious danger to the United States, and gives the whole world a very hard problem to solve. The black and white outbreak at New Orleans was just like many others there have been in the past, and probably will be in the future. Usually the fury of the whites is aroused by some unspeakable crime on the part of a negro, and as soon as mob law is allowed to take its course, the innocent suffer with the guilty. So race hatred is intensified and prolonged. No one has suggested a solution of the difficulty, which is ever increasing, and which will come to a head when the negroes' numbers have increased to an equality with the whites—the difficulty of white and black people living together on equal terms.

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THE Pan-African Congress which was meeting in London while the negroes in New Orleans were standing siege, cried loudly against the disabilities imposed upon the nigger. A great many worthy people are found to echo this cry, and to declare that if the African is a man and brother, he ought to be given fraternal rights. Is it not as well to look the thing in the face, and to recognise that nine people out of ten utterly decline to regard black men as the equals of white men in any sense at all? Taking individuals here and there, we may find negroes on a level with whites in mental capacity and also in moral principle. But taking them in the mass, the black races are not at present up to the average standard of white races by a long way. In time they may possibly level up, but this, if it ever comes, will not be yet. It would simplify the question if this fact were realised and admitted into the argument, instead of being shuffled into the background by philanthropists, and good-naturedly left out of account by more practical men.

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THE Shah, whom we are welcoming to our shores this week, is paying his first visit to England. He is an amiable monarch, of cultivated tastes and genial sympathies, and if Great Britain treats him well he can be very useful to her. He is not so great a reformer as his predecessor on the throne, who went, indeed, a little too fast, and before the end of his life had to put the drag on heavily. But he is not disinclined to adopt European manners and methods of business when he finds them superior to Persian ways. Of late our relations with Persia have not been so cordial as they might be. There have been faults on both sides, and Russia is always ready to take advantage of any little misunderstanding that may arise. When this country hesitated to take up a Persian loan, for instance, Russia was only too ready to find the money, and so to get a hold upon the Shah's dominions. Perhaps Great Britain and Persia will be on better terms when Sir Mortimer Durand leaves Teheran and is succeeded as British Minister by Sir W. Conyngham Greene, who has been unemployed since he left Pretoria, and who had three years' experience of the British Legation at Teheran in 1893-96.

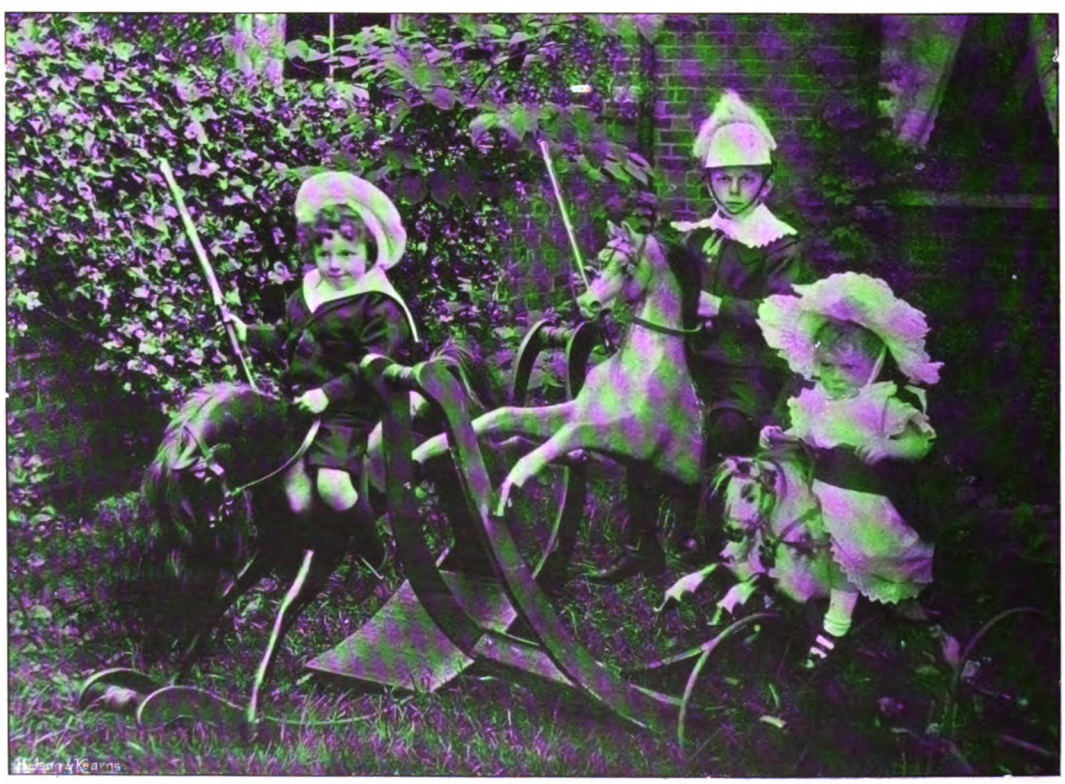

Photo. Copyright. *Barrett.*

THE IMMEDIATE RESULT.

A Corps of Irregular Cavalry is Formed for Home Defence.

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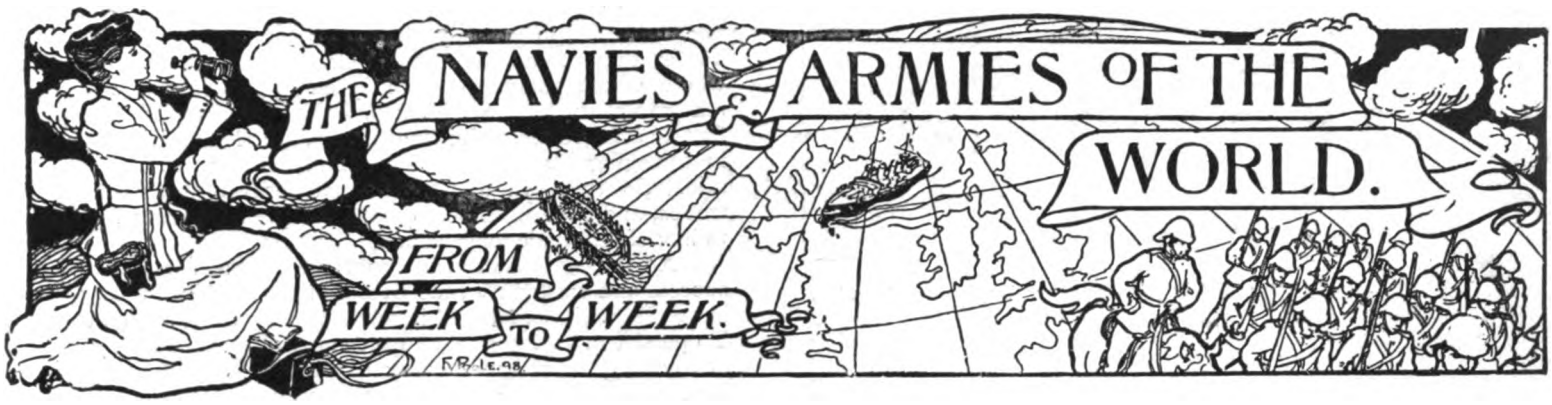

SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE contributes a very interesting paper, called "Facts and Fancies about the Press-Gang," to the current number of the *National Review*. It is an interesting historical question, and one which would repay investigation by anyone who had the leisure to follow it out fully. You cannot, if you want to discuss it properly, confine yourself entirely to the Navy. The pressing of men for military service, whether by sea or land, was an old practice. It was in full swing as far back as the reign of King John, and no doubt before, and it continued to apply to the Army well into the last century. In its original form it was probably the application of the old right of the King to call upon all fencible men to serve in the host to repel invasion. Those who lived by the land served as soldiers, and those who lived by the sea as sailors. King Edward III. pressed thousands of Welshmen and of Irish kerns for his French wars. In England he and his predecessors, and his successors down to King George III., pressed "the landless man who had no lord," which came to mean all who were not apprentices, or householders paying "scot and lot," or servants of a known master, or yeomen owning land, or tradesmen free of a corporation. In ancient times every landless man was bound to have a lord, either a master, or a community which answered for him. If he had not he had no rights. The vagabond is the modern equivalent for the landless man who had no lord. Therefore it was that the press for the Navy applied to sailors and vagabonds. To the first, because of the old obligation to serve in the "ship fyrd" or the host, and to the second, because they had no rights.

* * * *

Sir Cyprian Bridge has arrived at some conclusions which I find it difficult to accept. He attaches, in my opinion, excessive importance to dictionary definitions of imprest money. The fee a man got when he was pressed was partly given to pay his expenses to the muster-place, and partly the symbolical act by which he was marked for the King's service. The fact that he got it does not prove that he was not forced to serve. But Admiral Bridge seems to me to underrate the extent of the operation of the press. He may be right in saying that a passage in the *Naval Chronicle* is the only foundation which most people can quote for their belief that the Navy was largely manned by the press. This, however, only proves that there are many—and some of them write books—whose knowledge of our history is neither extensive nor peculiar. As a matter of fact, it would be easy to fill not only this page, but this number, of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED with passages from official papers which showthat the press was largely used in the Middle Ages, under Queen Elizabeth, under the Commonwealth, under Charles II., and during the whole of the last century. Besides, how are we to get over the explicit statements of many pamphlets, of Admiral Vernon, of Admiral Patton, and of Marryat—not only in his stories, but in the treatise he wrote on impressment? Surely all these persons, many of whom served in the Navy, cannot have been absolutely mistaken about the existence and the working of an institution which was in full swing about them and under their eyes. Then, too, how can we account for the attempts which were made to replace the press by a registration of seamen in the course of the last century? There must have been something which the would-be reformers of the time wanted to change, and they said it was the press.

* * * *

We shall get best at the real function of the press by taking this same business of the registration of seamen as our starting-point. Admiral Bridge points out truly enough that large numbers of men entered the Navy freely, and that only a minority were pressed. This had been pointed out less explicitly but quite clearly by Admiral Patton at the end of the last century, when he said that there never was a difficulty in getting the landsmen, marines, waisters, and boys. The last were sent in by the Patriotic Society and from the workhouses in large numbers. The others volunteered, often from gaols. Where the press was needed was for the purpose of getting the prime seamen—the men who had served their time in the long sea voyages of the merchant service, and who could do whatever was to be done with a rope or a spar. Now there is a consensus of opinion that of their own free will these men never came into the Navy. They hoped to rise to be masters and mates. The first effect of a war was to send up wages. Cases are known when £8 a month was paid for a West Indian voyage in the eighteenth century. Besides, they got the money on the nail, while the miserable £1 a month in the Navy was paid late and with cruel restrictions. Yet these men were indispensable. A well-manned ship was supposed to have a third of her men "bred to the sea." Of that third only a minority were "prime seamen," but they were the skilled artificers of their time. With them a crew could be licked into shape; without them it was heart-breaking work.

* * * *

As they would not come freely, and yet must be found, it was for them that the press existed. I do not think that Admiral Bridge allows sufficiently for one way in which they were obtained. He shows that the raids on the outports at the beginning of a war did not produce so many men as is commonly supposed. Unquestionably he is right, but then these prime seamen were commonly taken out of the home-coming merchant ships at sea. We have to fix our attention, if we really wish to learn how the press worked, not on the general sweep made at Plymouth or Grimsby, but on the tenders which waited off Portland, and impounded the non-exempt men of vessels returning from abroad. Rodney's letter-book contains a story of a fight in which two men who resisted the press were killed in these very circumstances. Hawke, who then commanded in the Channel, ordered the bodies to be thrown into the sea, in order to prevent a coroner's inquest. This story, by the way, should throw some doubt on the contention that the letter of the law as to protections was ever much observed. The killing of those men was murder, for the press-gang was forbidden to use firearms. Yet we see that Hawke took measures to outwit the law, and succeeded, because the victims were obscure men. When an officer of his high character did such things, what was to be expected of "tyrant captains" and exasperated lieutenants sent to get men, and sure of a wigging if they failed?

* * * *

In the papers of the Brest Blockade, edited by Mr. Leyland, there is a complaint from the East India Company that a richly-laden ship of theirs had been stopped at sea, and so many of her crew taken out by a Naval officer that she was unable to defend herself against a privateer, and became a prize to the French in consequence. Marryat declares distinctly that very few of the men bred in the merchant service escaped pressing for long after the three years of their exemption as apprentices were over. One cannot dismiss a statement of that kind made by so good an authority when he was writing on the press and after careful study of the subject. He had served in the Great War himself, and was speaking of what he had seen with his own eyes. Finally, what, it seems to me, made the press so hateful was precisely this, that the burden fell upon this one class, and was not a national obligation generally borne. The press, in fact, was a survival of the old general obligation to serve in the host, which had been modified or even abolished as regards other men, but was still enforced on the seamen. In the Great War time it may, however, be said to have worn out. The country for one thing began to revolt against it, and then it became as time went on less necessary. The struggle lasted so long that a whole generation of men grew up who were trained in the Navy from boyhood, who were accustomed to it, and were not happy elsewhere. Besides, the breeze at Spithead was the beginning of a great change for the better in the condition of the sailor.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

A further series of "The Follies of Captain Daly," which Mr Norreys Connel has been contributing to these columns, will begin in the next number.

Some Reflections and a Moral.

AT last the end of the war seems to be in sight. There may yet be one or two more "regrettable incidents." A few more of our officers and men may still experience the lot of prisoners of war. Until the last Boer commando has been dispersed, we must make up our minds to expect small reverses. But for the first time since November last we can now look forward to an early cessation of hostilities. The Free Staters—or, as we ought to call them, the Orange River Colonists—have thrown up the sponge. The Transvaalers are being penned up in ever narrowing areas. The threatened guerilla warfare turns out, as far-sighted people saw it would, to have been merely bluff. Another few weeks ought really to bring peace.

We have learnt a great deal since November. We have learnt for one thing that war is a grim business, in which killing is the principal object, and saving life a secondary consideration. A great many of us appear to have let this aspect of warfare escape us. There is no doubt that the War Office sent out our forces without a sufficient medical and nursing staff, with shamefully insufficient medical appliances. There is no doubt that the outbreak of enteric fever ought to have been foreseen by those in authority, and to have been provided against. If it had not been for the invincible stupidity of the War Office, shown, for instance, in the refusal of Sir Walter Foster's offer to assist in practical sanitary measures for the army's health, many a poor fellow who now sleeps under the veldt would be alive to-day. But numbers of worthy souls who cry out in horror when they hear of the scant attention paid to sick and wounded, forget that a battle-field is not like Charing Cross or Regent Street. Certainly all that can be done to relieve suffering ought to be done. The reason why we reproach the Government is that they did not do all that could have been done. But, after all, the utmost that is possible is not very much. When large bodies of men set to work with the most elaborate death-dealing machinery to kill as many of each other as they can, the wounded must of necessity be in a bad case. To suppose that a man lying under fire with a bullet in him can be treated as promptly and carefully as if he had been knocked down by an omnibus in the Strand is foolish. War is (it will bear repeating) a grim business. You cannot go to war with your gloves on and an umbrella up to keep the sun off.

Another thing we have learnt since November is that a successful war can be fought and won before the first shot is fired. We ought to have learnt this from the Franco-German example. Staff College professors find the whole of the military wisdom of ancient and modern times summed up in the history of the 1870-71 operations. Yet they seem to have overlooked this fairly obvious fact. The Germans knew exactly what they wanted to do and how they were going to try to do it. Their means were adapted to their ends with characteristic accuracy. The French plan was to shout "à Berlin!" and to trust that luck would take them there. If Great Britain had in October last been as well prepared for a campaign in South Africa as the Boers were, we might have been in Pretoria by Christmas. Then it may be asked, why did not the Boers win? Because they did not keep to their plan of campaign. If the Germans in 1870, instead of following the lines laid down by the military staff long before war broke out, had turned aside to invest unimportant places for reasons of sentiment or passion, a Napoleon might still be on the throne of France. If the Boers had flung the main body of their forces across the Free State border they might have got to Cape Town and have had the whole Dutch population actively on their side before we were ready to strike a blow. Luckily, they were foolish enough to find a satisfaction in shutting up Mr. Rhodes in Kimberley and in besieging Mafeking, which reminded them of the Jameson raid. So they left us the railways for the transport of our troops, and gave us time to make the preparations which ought to have been made long before.

All through history the country which has waged war with success and wasted no time over it has been the country which has made up its mind well in advance whom it intended to fight. To persist in saying "We hope there will be no war" while you are getting nearer war every day is a folly and a feebleness. If a nation feels that war is the only solvent of difficulties, and that it is strong enough to win, it is a piece of criminal stupidity not to prepare for it and to take the first opportunity, when its preparations are complete, of provoking hostilities. This may sound cynical, even immoral. But just think it out. Look at the thing squarely, and leave conventional views on one side. You will see that such a course is far more humane in reality than a policy of drift and unjustifiable optimism. If Great Britain had followed this counsel with regard to South Africa, the number of lives lost would not have been anything like so large. In all probability the war would have been over almost as soon as it had begun. On one pretext or another we should have drafted large bodies of troops into Cape Colony and Natal. They would have been ready to take the field at a day's notice. Their leaders would have known exactly what they were intended to do. Boer methods of fighting would have been carefully studied, and our operations planned accordingly. Our plan would have been to keep the enemy "on the run"—never to let him stop unless he chose to accept a general engagement, in which we should have started with the advantage on our side. Two or three engagements would have settled the question. Losses on both sides would have been very much smaller. The country would have settled down more quickly. In every way this plan would have been wiser and more merciful, and more in the interests of lasting peace. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

It is difficult to make the out-and-out sentimentalist see this. Until he does see it—for nowadays we are ruled by sentimentalists — we shall go on blundering into awkward relations, and then floundering into wars for which we think it "undesirable" to make sensible preparation. We justly blame the War Office for a great deal that has gone wrong, but if the nation took the trouble to reason for itself and to follow the lines of a definite national policy, it would have found out the War Office long ago. There is no saying truer than that "Every nation has the institutions it deserves."

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 12, 1812.—Wellington entered Madrid in triumph.

August 13, 1704.—The British and allies, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the French and Bavarians, under Marshal Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria. Twelve thousand of the enemy were killed and 13,000 taken prisoners.

August 14, 1812.—Capture of the Retiro, Madrid. Two thousand French capitulated to the British, after the occupation of Madrid.

August 15, 1423.—Surrender of Ivry to the Duke of Bedford. 1808.—Action at Obidos; the first skirmish in the Peninsular War.

August 16, 1754.—Battle of the French Rock, near Seringham. Major Lawrence, with 1,000 British and 8,700 native troops, totally defeated 900 French and 15,400 natives. 1780.—Battle of Camden. Lord Cornwallis defeated the Americans under General Gates. 1812.—Surrender of an American army, under General Hull, to Major-General Brock at Amhertzburg.

August 17, 1801.—Sortie of the French from Alexandria repulsed by Major-General Coote. 1808.—Combat of Rolica (or Roleia). First action fought by the British in the Peninsular War. The French driven back by Wellington. 1897.—Battle of Lahdaki. Sir Bindon Blood, invading the Swat country, defeated 5,000 tribesmen.

AUGUST 12, 1762.—Reduction of Havana by Sir George Pocock's fleet. 1798.—Capture of the French "Neptune," 20, by the "Hazard," 18, in the Channel.

August 13, 1704.—Rooke's battle with the French off Malaga. 1780.—Capture of the French "Comte D'Artois," 64, by the "Bienfaisant," 64, and "Charon," 44, off the old Head of Kinsale. 1810.—Capture of the Ile de Passe, near Mauritius, by landing parties from the "Sirius," 36, and "Iphigenia," 36. 1881.—The "Satellite" launched.

August 14, 1592.—John Davis discovers the Falkland Islands. 1761.—Capture of the French "Courageux," 74, by the "Bellona," 74, off Vigo.

August 15, 1416.—Defeat of a large French fleet off Harfleur, by an English fleet under the Duke of Bedford. 1809.—Capture of Flushing. Cutting out of French ships under the powerful batteries of Riviere Noire, Isle of France, by the boats of the "Otter" sloop, 18.

August 16, 1652.—Drawn action between Ayscue and De Ruyter, off Plymouth. 1697.—Action between the "Torbay," "Devonshire," "Restoration," and "Defiance," with a squadron of five larger French ships in the Channel. 1854.—Reduction of Bomarsund by Sir Charles Napier.

August 17, 1657.—Death of Admiral Blake. 1796.—Surrender of a Dutch squadron in Saldanha Bay to the British squadron on the Cape station. 1804.—Capture of the French "Blonde," 30, by the "Loire," 38.

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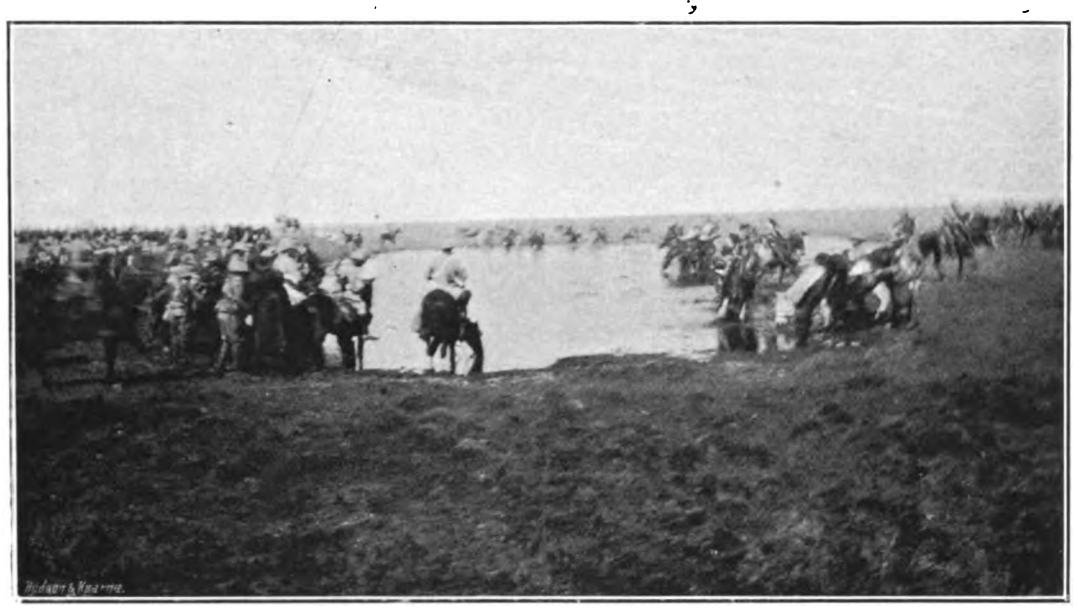
Recent Operations in South Africa.

AFTER a somewhat tedious and, to tell the truth, rather depressing interval, in which apparent inaction was unpleasantly diversified by some minor but irritating reverses, the war assumed with the beginning of August a much more lively and generally satisfactory aspect. At the end of July interest was mainly centred in three sets of operations—the pursuit of De Wet, the enclosure of the large remnant of Boers left under General Prinsloo in the hills around Bethlehem and Fouriesburg, and the advance eastwards from Pretoria towards Machadodorp, where Mr. Kruger was still conducting the "Government of the South African Republic" from a saloon carriage moored on the Delagoa Railway.

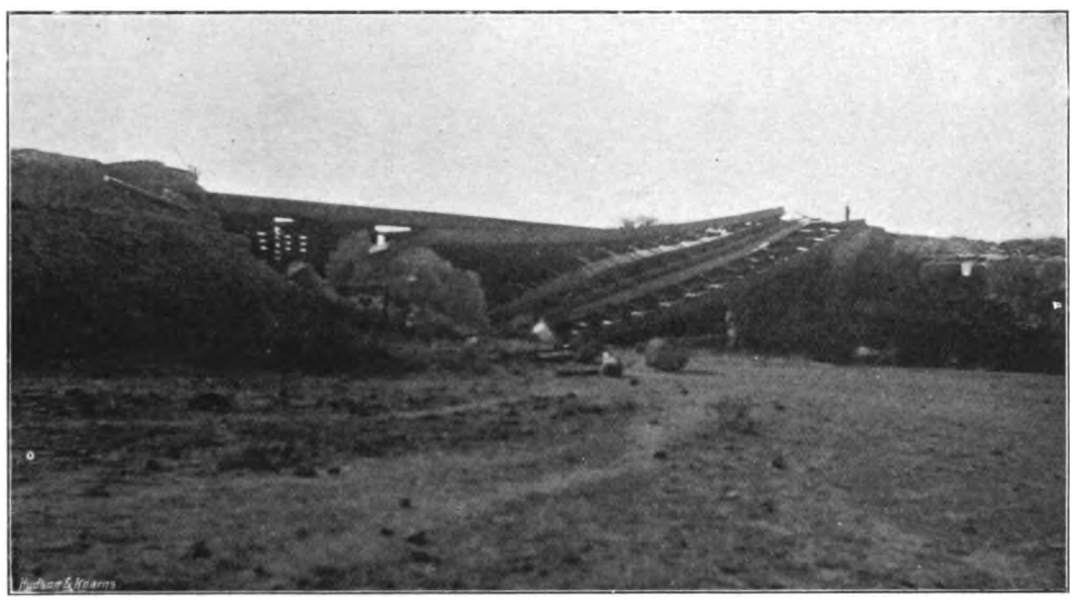
With regard to the first, there was not at the time of writing any actual news that De Wet had finally surrendered, but it was evident that the end could not be long delayed. After breaking away from the Bethlehem district, De Wet had worked rapidly in a north-easterly direction, and, though hotly pursued by Broadwood, had succeeded in doing considerable damage to the main line of railway near Kroonstad. Subsequently, after crossing the line, he had found refuge in the hills near Reitzburg, about seven miles south of the Vaal and some fifty miles south-east of Potchefstroom. Here he was being watched by Broadwood, and it is very possible that by the time these lines are in print he will have yielded to the inevitable, after having fought a very gallant fight and earned the warm admiration of every student of this extraordinary war.

In the Bethlehem district there has been a sensational and highly-satisfactory development. After some hard fighting, Hunter had occupied Fouriesburg, and stopped every avenue of escape which the Boers could possibly take, with the exception of the road to Harrismith, a difficult one for guns and waggons. On the 29th ult. Prinsloo attempted to obtain, first an armistice, and then favourable terms, both of which were refused. Accordingly in the evening he made an unconditional surrender, and Boers estimated to eventually number 4,000 were taken prisoners. This extremely important success was marred by the escape of Commandant Olivier with five guns in the direction of Harrismith.

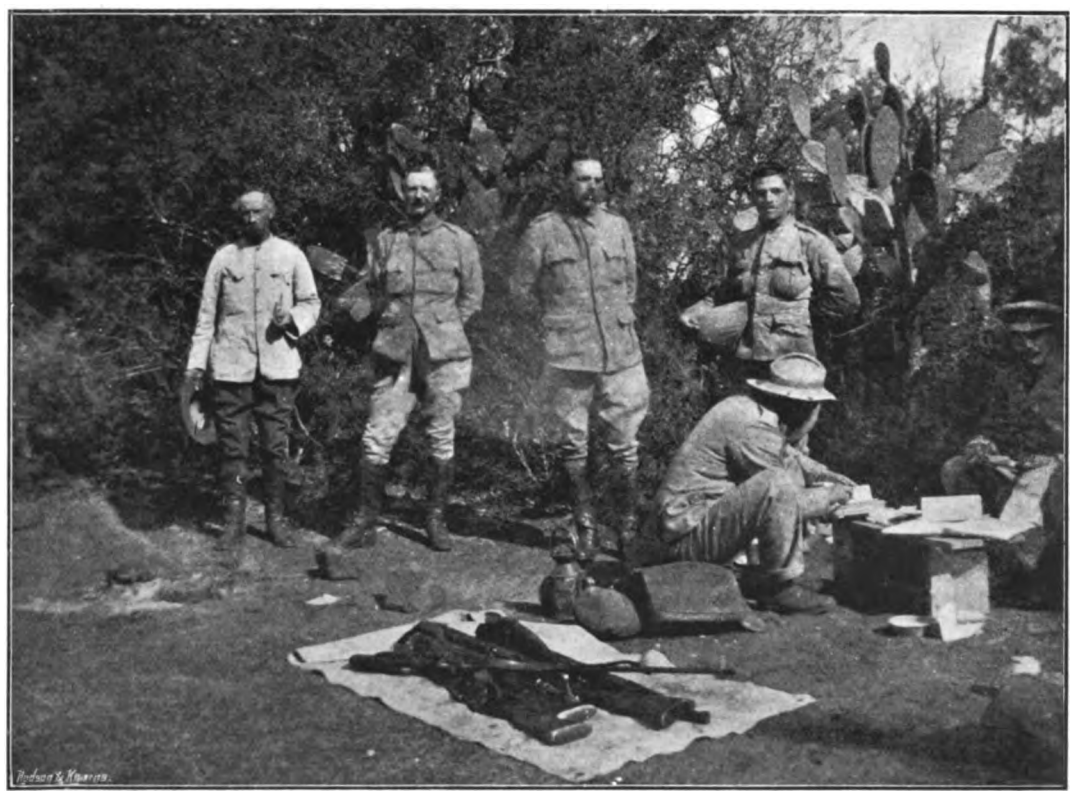
From Pretoria, in the vicinity of which the accompanying pictures were secured, Lord Roberts is superintending the advance towards Machadodorp. At the time of writing French had occupied Middelburg, and was busy strengthening his position. Some 20,000 British troops were advancing in this direction under French, Pole-Carew, and Ian Hamilton, and the Boers were steadily falling back. Machadodorp was reported to have been evacuated, Mr. Kruger's "Government" retiring to Nelspruit, still further east. Before the end comes there may be some stiff fighting, both to the east of Pretoria and to the west, where Baden-Powell appears to be again surrounded at Rustenburg.



THE SCENE OF GENERAL PRINSLOO'S SURRENDER.
Mounted Infantry Watering Horses to the North of Fouriesburg.



THE ADVANCE FROM PRETORIA.
A Railway Bridge Destroyed by Boers near Middelburg



A SMART CAVALRY LEADER.
Brigadier-General Porter and His Staff.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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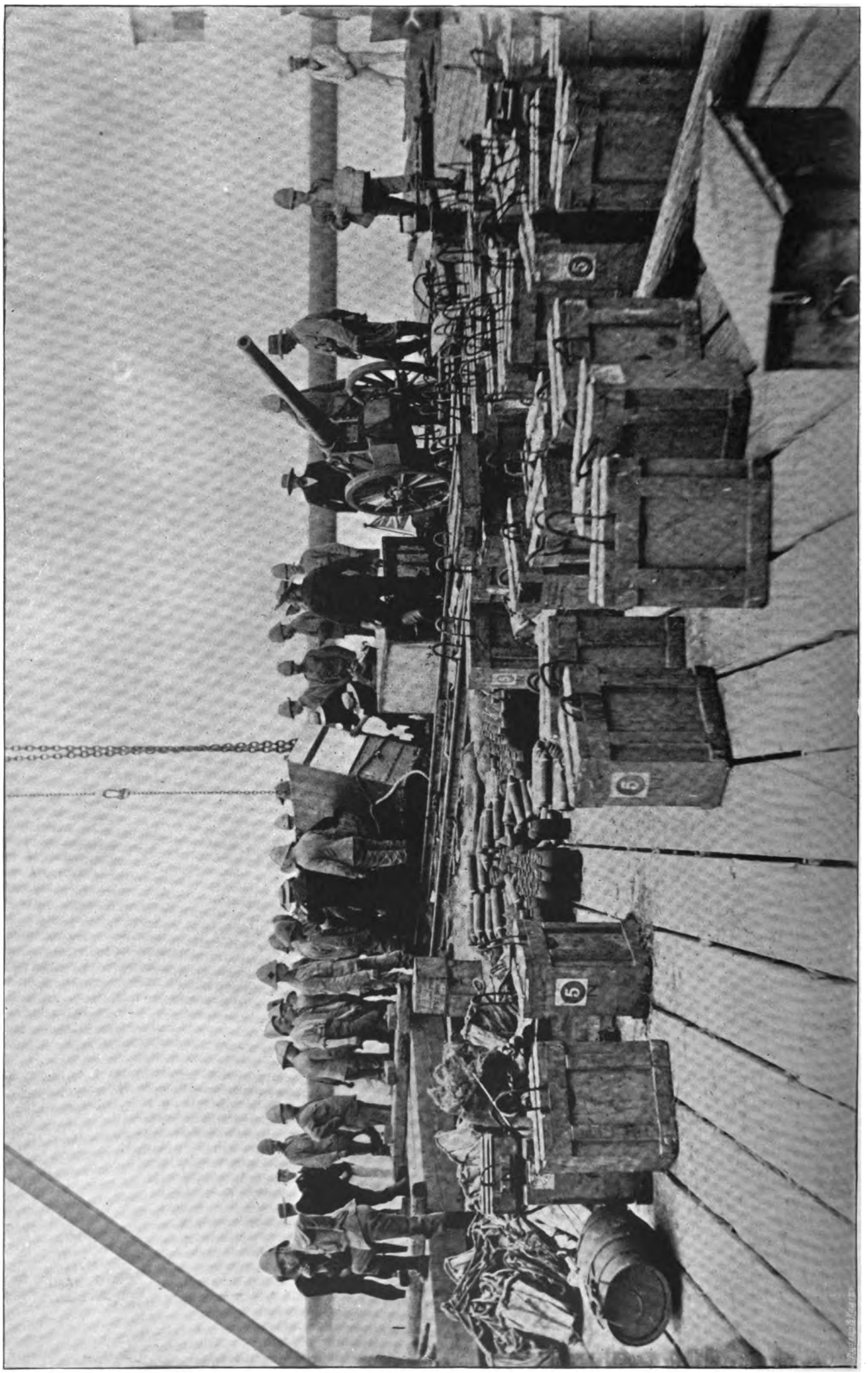
From Ladysmith to Tientsin.



LANDING LONG 12-POUNDERS ON SCOTT'S MOUNTINGS FROM THE "TERRIBLE" AT TAKU.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

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A British Colony in Central America.

[From a Military Correspondent.]

THE recent troubles in Panama should make specially interesting the accompanying illustrations of the life of the constabulary who act as the frontier force in British Honduras.

This force was raised in 1887, when the West India Regiment was withdrawn, and the old Civil Police disbanded. The whole duties of both then devolved on the constabulary. In 1894 another police force was raised, and the duty of guarding the northern district was left to the constabulary. A small detachment (six men and horses) garrisons the Cayo, or western district, which marches with the Guatemala Frontier.

In winter, the Honduras Constabulary wear dark blue uniform, with scarlet facings, helmet, knee-boots and spurs, and bandolier when mounted. In summer, drill with scarlet facings is worn. The saddlery is of the usual cavalry pattern, and the horses are unshod.

No. 1.—A BATTERY IN ACTION AT FORT BARLEE

No. 2.—STATION HOSPITAL AT FORT MUNDY.

No. 3.—MUSKETRY PRACTICE AT FORT CAIRNS.

The native country-bred horses (average height about 13 or 14 hands) are found to be more useful than larger imported ones, as they are better fitted for the heavy roads. The first of my illustrations represents Fort Barlee, Corozal, with a six-pounder and howitzer battery in action on the plaza in front. The main gate and guard-room, cells, and artificers' shops, are to the rear. Part of the quarter-master's store can be seen, and the south-east bastion with gun emplacement is to the right.

Fort Barlee is the headquarters of the Honduras Constabulary, and is a square stockaded fort, with bastioned angles. In another of my pictures we see a lance-corporal using a Maxim machine-gun, 45-calibre, and behind, the ramp and gun emplacement in the south-west angle of Fort Barlee.

The principal buildings in the fort are the commanding officer's quarters, officers' quarters, and non-commissioned officers' quarters; barrack-room, guard-room, and cells; sergeant-majors' quarters, artillery magazine and small arms magazine, as well as saddlers', tailors', carpenters', etc., shops; saddle-room and forage-room; quarter-master's store, pioneer store, and magazine armoury, where a stand of some seventy-five rifles and accoutrements are kept in reserve. There are three outpost stations in the Corozal district, namely, Consejo, some seven miles from Corozal, on the extreme north-east point of the colony, where a masthead light is maintained by night, and the Union Jack flown

No. 4.—FORT CAIRNS, ORANGE WALK.

From Photos. By a Military Officer.

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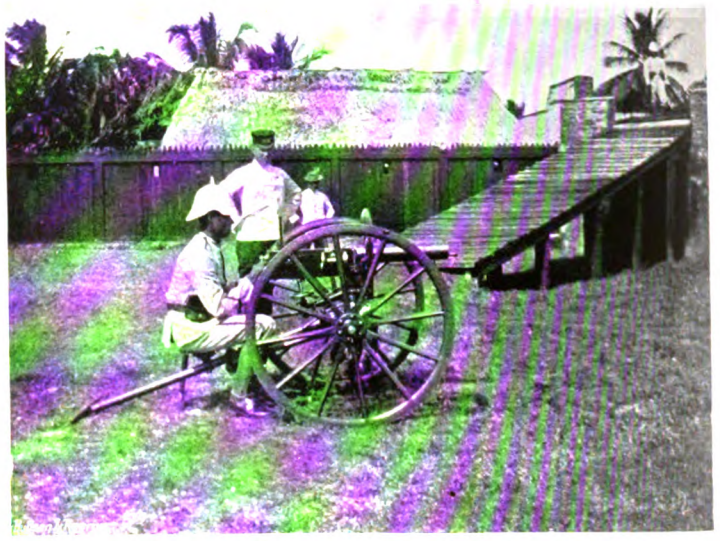
during the day. Douglas is another outpost, and the third is Progresso, on the south side of Corozal Bay, and about ten miles distant as the crow flies. One of the chief difficulties of the outpost stations is that of obtaining food, both for men and horses, the latter sometimes having to subsist on cahoon leaves, or ramoon (*Anglicè*, bread-nut), when corn and cane tops are not obtainable.

From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

No. 5.—A DISMOUNTED PARADE.

The fourth illustration is a view of Fort Cairns, at Orange Walk, on the New River, and thirty miles from its mouth. Dismounted parade is going on in front. It is a rectangular fort, defended by an earthen parapet. It is surrounded by a dry ditch, the scarp and counterscarp of which are partially bricked. There are two entrances, a main, and a postern gate, which are approached by draw-bridges. The main draw-bridge is raised between tattoo and réveille, and persons only admitted when in possession of the countersign. The postern gate draw-bridge is raised between retreat and réveille. The north-west and south-east angles of the fort are bastioned, the others rounded. Six-pounder field guns defend the two southern angles, and howitzers the northern.

Fort Mundy is about a quarter of a mile distant from Fort Cairns. It is situated in the town itself, and stands on an eminence, at a re-entering bend of the New River, which empties itself into Corozal Bay, some thirty miles distant. Fort Mundy is an irregular stockaded fort, and contains the residence of the District Commissioner, the civil prison, and police station, where six non-commissioned officers and men are quartered, and whose duty it is to patrol and carry out the civil police work of the town.



From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

No. 6.—PRACTISING WITH A MAXIM AT FORT BARLEE.

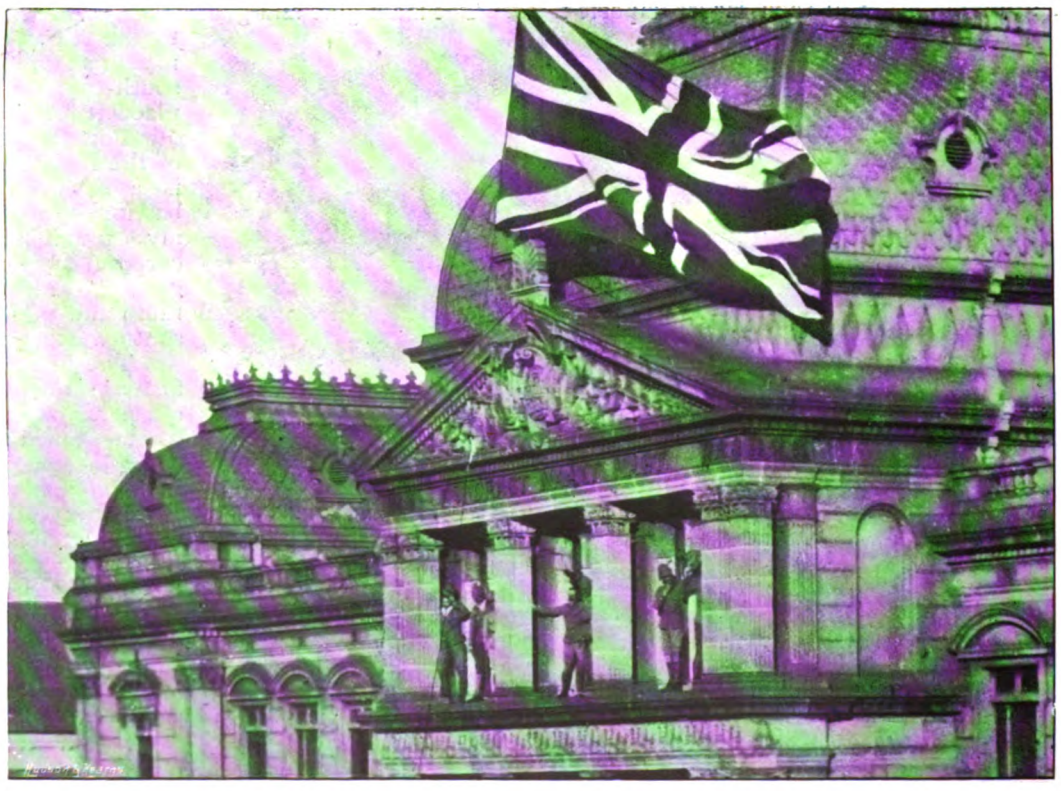
The station hospital is opposite Fort Mundy, as shown in the second illustration. The hospital is to the left, and the fort to the right.

In the Honduras Constabulary the pay of recruits begins at 20-dol. a month (gold standard), with the usual free kit issue, etc. At most outpost stations 1s. a day subsistence allowance is also granted, and from 30 to 50 cents travelling allowance, according to rank, for each twenty-four hours absent from headquarters.

Further illustrations represent respectively the inside of Fort Cairns, with a squad of B, H, and C at musketry, and officers' quarters in the background, and the main gate draw-bridge with guard-room and cells on the left, and commanding officer's quarters on the right.

Hoisting the Flag at Pretoria.

FEW people, perhaps, realise that the war in South Africa has now lasted for more than nine months. As long ago, indeed, as February 9 Lord Roberts arrived at Modder River, and pushing forward steadily, but without unnecessary haste—acting like a soldier, in fact, instead of playing to the gallery—he entered Johannesburg on May 31. Four days later he had twelve hours' hard fighting outside Pretoria, the Boers making a good stand on the great rolling hills by which the town is surrounded When darkness came on, however, Lord Roberts was able to bivouac on the ground gained. During the night Commandant-General Botha asked for an armistice to arrange terms of surrender, but the British reply was that the surrender of the town must be unconditional. Botha then sent a message to say that he had decided not to defend the town. The formal entry took place at two o'clock on June 5, and our picture shows the Union flag unfolding to the breeze at the moment that it was officially hoisted over the public buildings.



THE UNION FLAG ON THE TOP OF THE RAADZAAL

From a Photo. by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

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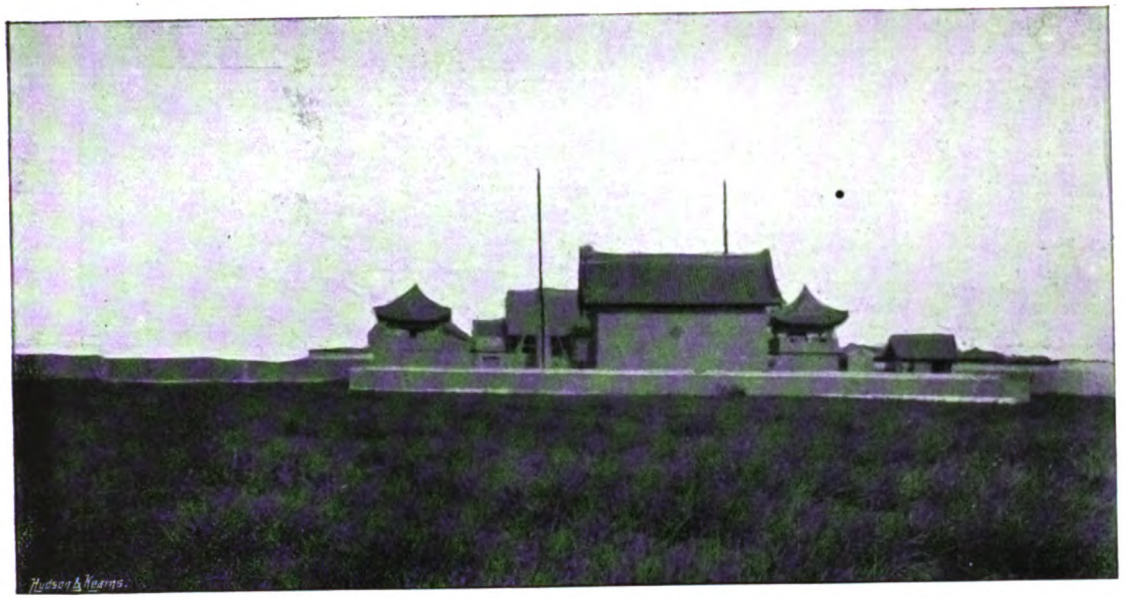
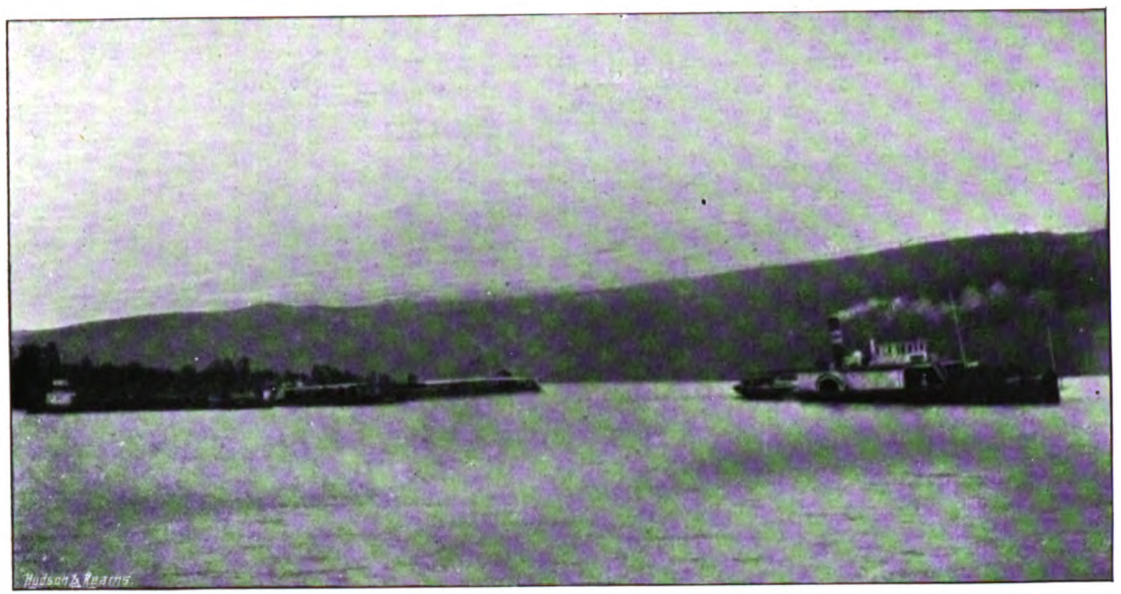
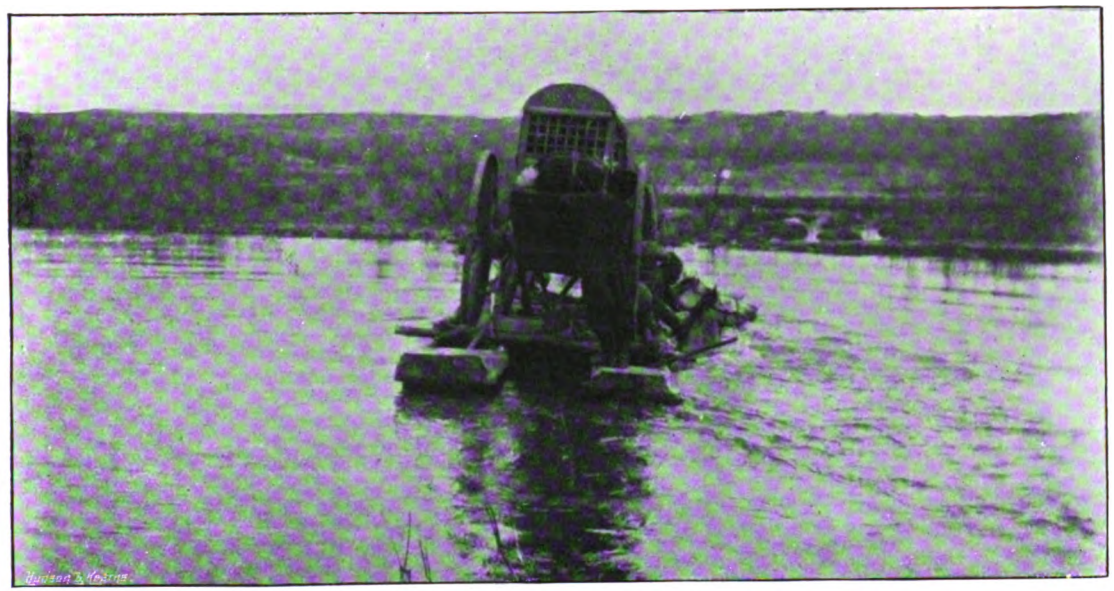
The Russians on the Amur.



AN ISOLATED TEMPLE AT HAILAR.
Close to the Russian Frontiers in Mongolia.



A STEAMER ON THE RIVER AMUR.
Conveying Troops to Siberian-Mongolian Posts.



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A PRIMITIVE METHOD OF CROSSING A RIVER.
A Cart is being Carried Across the River, and the Ponies are Swimming.

"Navy & Army."

WAITING TO CROSS A FERRY.
In the Vicinity of Blagovieschensk.

Typical Russian Progress in Asia.

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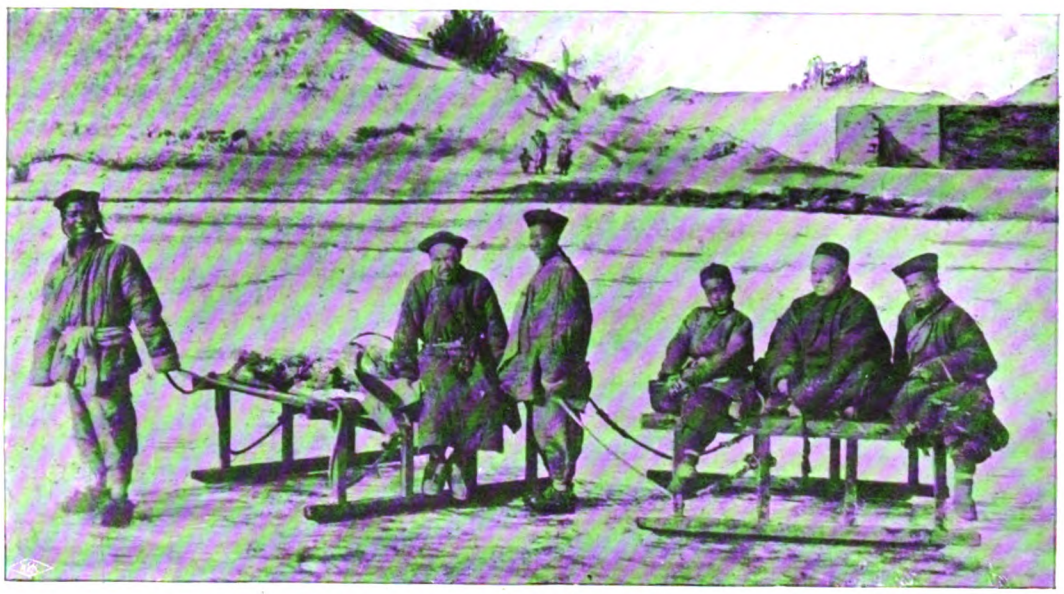
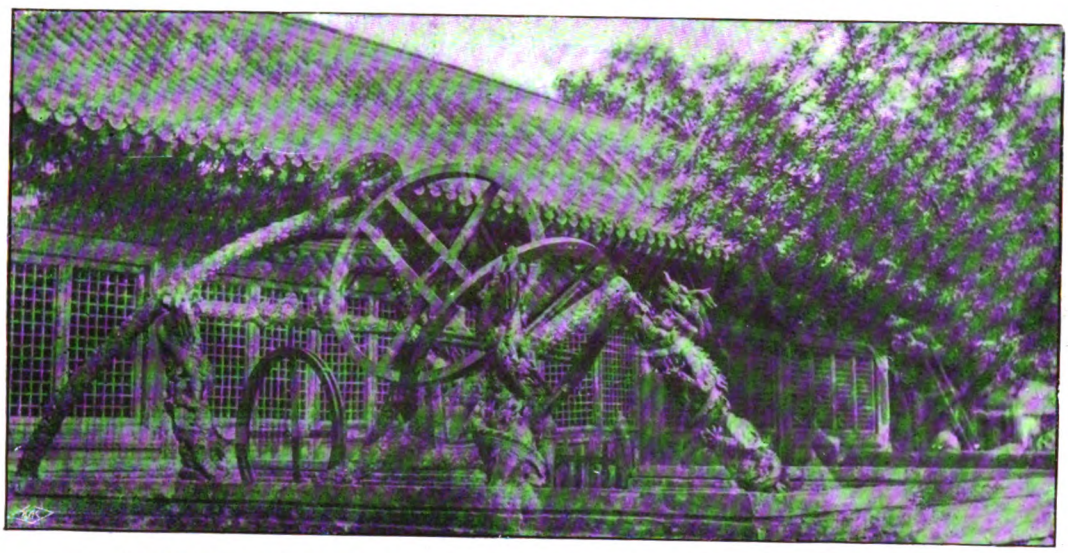
Peking—Its Walls,



ICE SLEDGES ON THE MOAT AT PEKING.
This Shows the Severity of the Climate in the Winter.

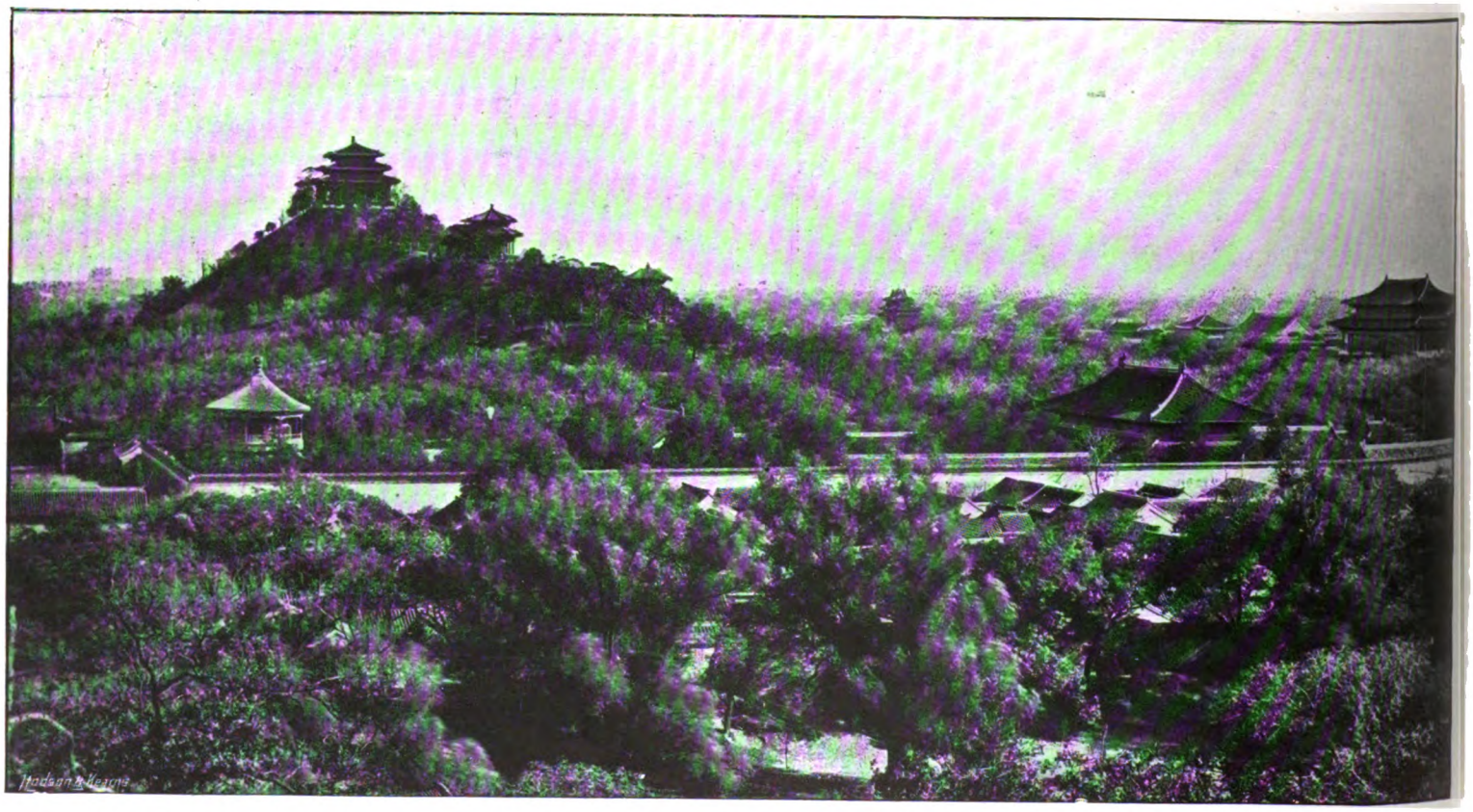


A BRONZE ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENT IN PEKING OBSERVATORY.
This Dates from about 1279, and Shows the Antiquity of Chinese Civilisation.
From Photos. Kindly Lent by the Rev. G. Owen, of the London Missionary Society.

WHILE yet a long way off the traveller catches glimpses of the lofty towers of Peking rising in the distance, and soon the great walls begin to loom above the horizon. The spectacle is imposing, and excites large expectations. The walls rise higher and higher, till the traveller, coming near, sees them towering 45-ft. above him, and they are as massive as they are high. The centre is of earth, faced on both sides with huge granite slabs beneath, and large bricks above. At intervals of about 200-yds. the wall is strengthened with deep broad bastions, built like the wall itself.

The city is entered by nine double gates. The inner gate is protected by a large semi-circular wall, surmounted by a lofty tower, and pierced by one or more arched gateways. The inner gateway is also arched, crowned by a huge tower 100-ft. high, and loop-holed like the sides of an old three-decked battle-ship. Similar towers ornament the four corners of the city, and look very imposing. The gates are closed every night shortly after sundown and opened again at daybreak.

On each side of the inner gate there is a graded road leading to the top of the wall. This road is barricaded, but the silver key will open it. Reaching the top, the traveller finds himself on a brick-paved promenade 47-ft. wide, and protected on each side by a notched parapet about 5-ft. high. If kept clear, this broad top would make a delightful walk of fourteen miles round the city, but, unfortunately, it is mostly overgrown with the wild thorny date, or jube-jube, which renders walking always difficult and sometimes impossible. No one is allowed on the wall except the guards, for whom there are houses



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THE HOME OF CHINESE
A City of Palaces and a

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Streets, and People.

at intervals, but a little silver will generally nullify most regulations in China.

Seen from the top of the wall, Peking looks well. The yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial Palace and larger temples, the Imperial pleasure lakes and hills, the green-tiled roofs of the princes' and nobles' abodes, numerous temples and public buildings, dagobas and towers, and the thousands of lofty shade trees growing in the courts of rich and poor, impress the beholder with its magnificence and beauty. But if he would retain this pleasing impression he had better stop on the wall or hurry away with closed eyes, for five minutes in the streets will effectively dispel it.

The main streets are broad, and some of them run the whole length of the city. They are lined with shops on both sides, and are exclusively devoted to business, the dwelling-houses being in the narrow streets which branch off from these at right angles. The centre of the street is raised about 2-ft., and is for carts and cabs, the sides being for pedestrians. The streets and lanes are neither paved nor macadamised, but consist of earth and ashes trodden hard by innumerable feet. In dry weather they are deep in dust, and in wet weather deep in mud. They are filthy, too, with the refuse of numberless courts and kitchens, and foul with every nameable stench. They are the common midden-heap and cesspool of the city. Everything dead, dirty, and disagreeable is cast into the streets to reek and rot. The only scavengers are the beggars, the dogs, and the crows. Dust-carts are unknown. The stench is nauseating and horrible.

Yet Peking is fairly healthy even for Europeans. Epidemics are neither frequent nor virulent, and over 1,000,000 people enjoy average health and longevity.

HOME OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
The East City Compound, which was Occupied by Mr. Howard Smith and His Family.

BEYOND THE NORTH GATE AND THE IMPERIAL CITY.
A Street Scene in Peking, Just Beyond the Foundaries of the Walls.
From Photos. Kindly Lent by the Rev. G. Owen, of the London Missionary Society.

IMPERIAL AUTHORITY.
Dream of Arboreal Beauty.

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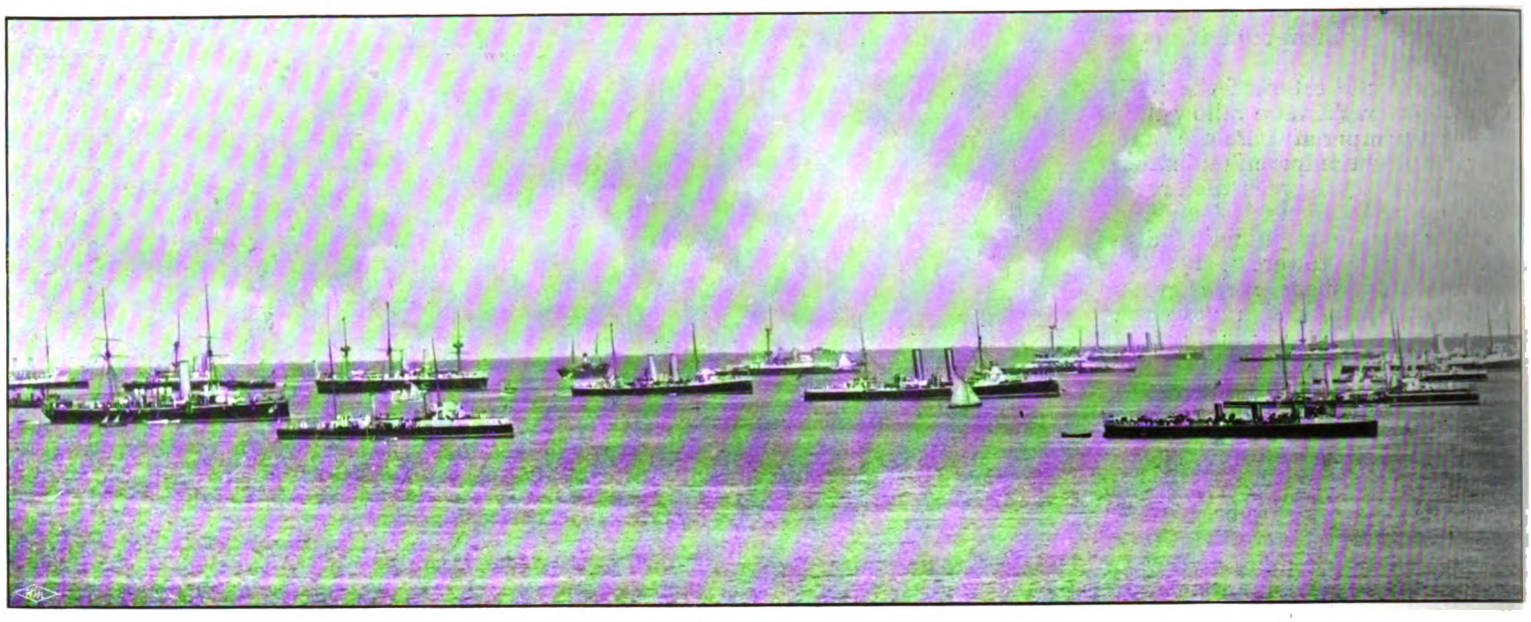
The Naval



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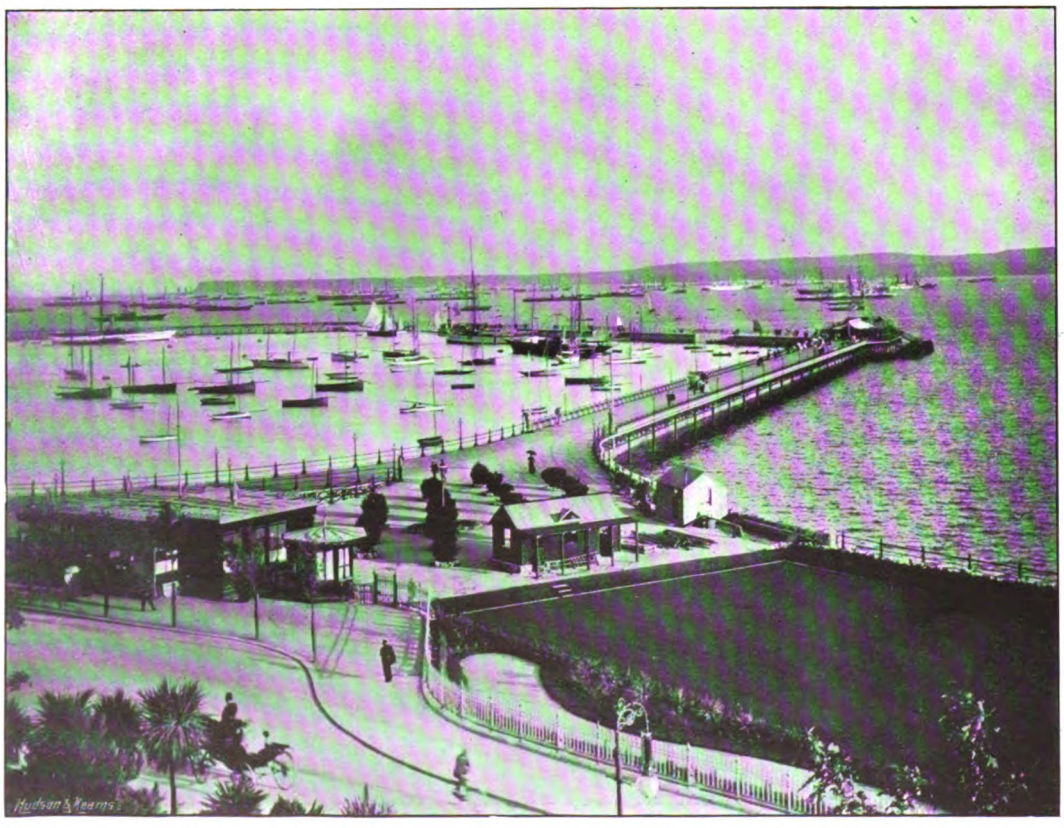
THE B FLEET AT

A Magnificent Spectacle on a Fine Calm Day

WAITING FOR THE WORD.

Some of the Cruisers and Destroyers of the B Fleet.



Photos. Copyright. *J. C. Dinham.*

AS SEEN FROM THE SHORE.

The Fleet at Anchor in Torbay, from Torquay.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES are now happily an annual institution. They are essential to the efficiency of the Navy, and it is upon that efficiency that the safety — even the very existence — of the British Empire depends. To other Powers—with some few exceptions — a Navy is neither more nor less than a plaything. In more than one case its main, almost its avowed, object is to act as a menace to this country. This is said to be the case with the two Navies which in strength most nearly approach our own. Neither Power has great commercial interests to defend; neither Power depends for its very existence upon sea-borne goods. Without the food, however, which is derived from abroad, England would starve. If she lost the command of the sea there would be no necessity for her foe to invade her. The enemy could fold his hands and exercise the virtue of patience, certain that all that remained for Britain to do would be to arrange her mantle and fall with what grace she might. Naval Manœuvres, therefore, are a necessity to this country, though it was not until 1887 that we discovered the fact. From that year onwards there have been Naval Manœuvres, though upon one or two occasions there has been no formulated plan, and in these cases it would, perhaps, be more technically correct to speak of tactical exercises. This, however, is a minor point which need not be laboured. The principal fact is that the organisation and equipment of the Naval Service have been tested year by year in a way approximating in some degree—but only in some degree—to the stern test of war. It may be doubted whether the public has ever realised, or is capable of realising, the full value of the Manœuvres. It is easy for correspondents to chronicle mishaps, but the tactical lessons are for the man-o'-war'sman alone. Even the experience gained in handling ships in a squadron is of enormous value to our officers, and how far it goes will be evident to anyone who has been afloat at Manœuvre time, and who

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Manœuvres.

J. C. Dinham.

ANCHOR IN TORBAY.
at one of England's Most Beautiful Watering-places.

will compare the method in which certain exercises are performed just after mobilisation with the form assumed by the same tactical work at the close of the Manœuvre period. This is only equivalent to stating two facts which everyone knows—firstly, that a ship cannot do her best in any department of her work until she has "shaken down"; and, secondly, that the handling of any given ship is a matter which must be learnt in reference to that particular ship, and altogether apart from any general skill on the part of the officer in charge. It has been said, however, that these annual Manœuvres approach only in some degree to the work of war, and it may be as well to explain why emphasis was laid on this point. There are, of course, certain obvious differences, but there are others which are less generally recognised. The dockyards are warned long beforehand of the names of the different ships that are to be specially mobilised; officers are informed that they will be appointed to certain vessels. All this is very well; but does anyone suppose that an enemy would obligingly give us time for all this preparation? On the contrary, he would make his own preparations and would then strike suddenly, in the hope of catching us off our guard. We have yet to learn what we could do in the way of mobilisation without notice. The Manœuvres of the present year were based on rules which were more elastic than usual, and one lesson to be learned from them is the supreme importance of sea-power.

Our pictures show the B Fleet, which represents the fleet to which the defence of our shores would be entrusted at the outbreak of war. It has been strengthened with newly-commissioned cruisers, some of which are shown in one of our pictures. Nelson asked for "more frigates," and it is quite certain that any modern admiral would ask again and again for more cruisers, the eyes and ears of a fleet. Destroyers may be a substitute in some cases, but they are not so efficient in bad weather, and, moreover, they have their own work to do.

THE EYES AND EARS OF THE B FLEET.
A Group of Fast Cruisers Ready for Action.

Photos. Copyright *A. Debenham, Ryde.*

COMING TO ANCHOR IN A ROMANTIC SPOT.
Destroyers Arriving in Torbay.

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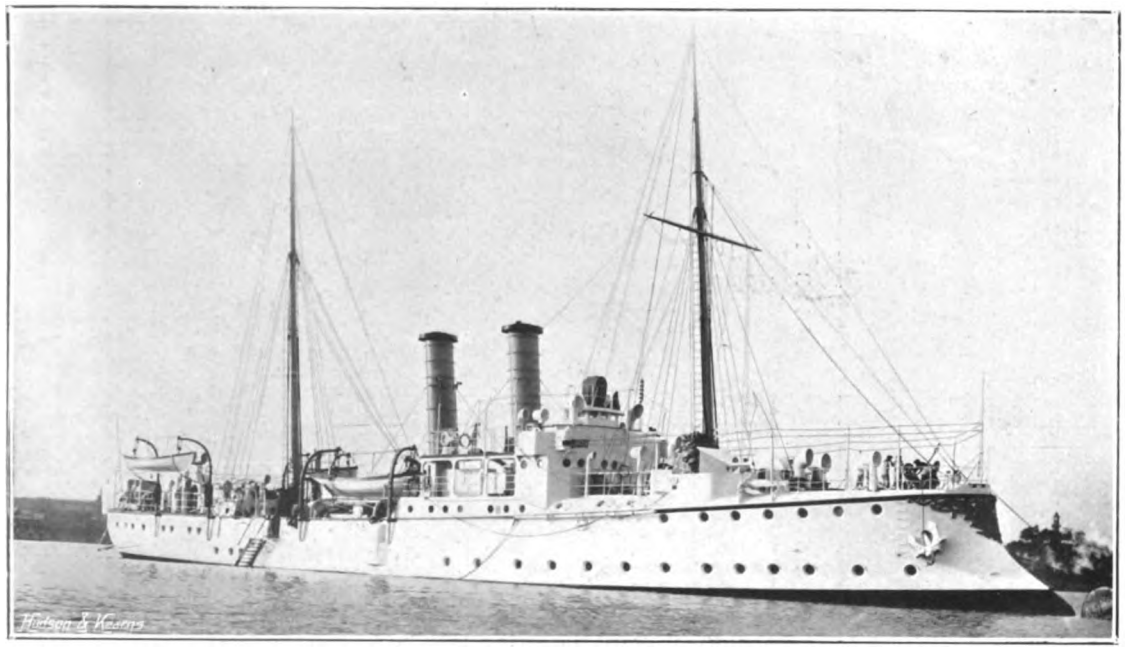
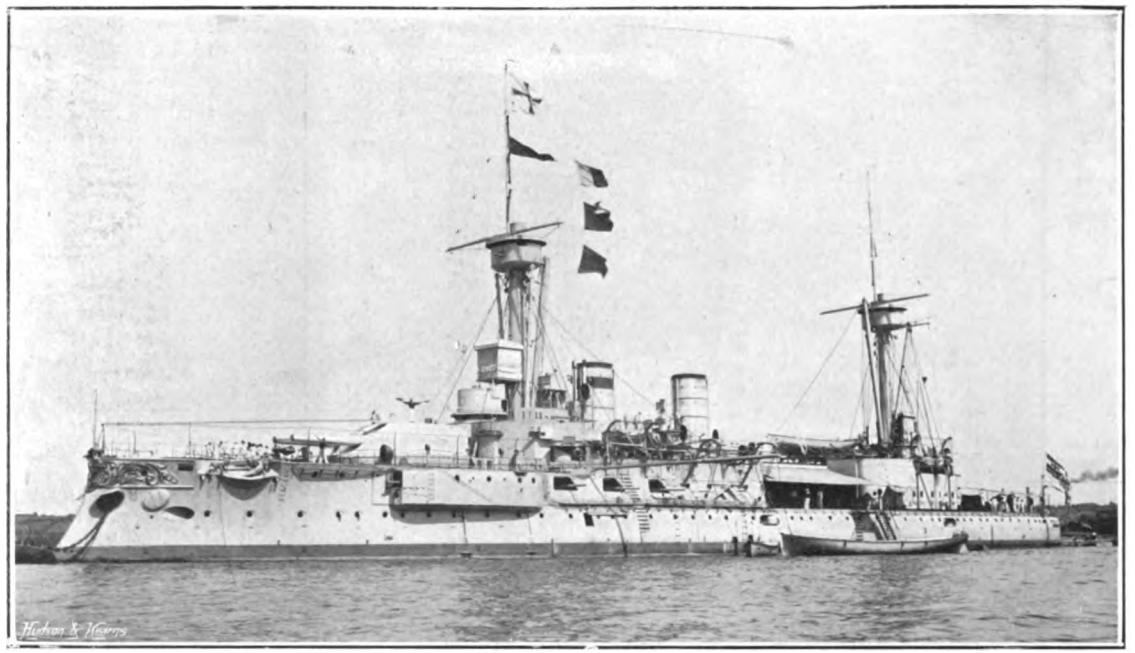
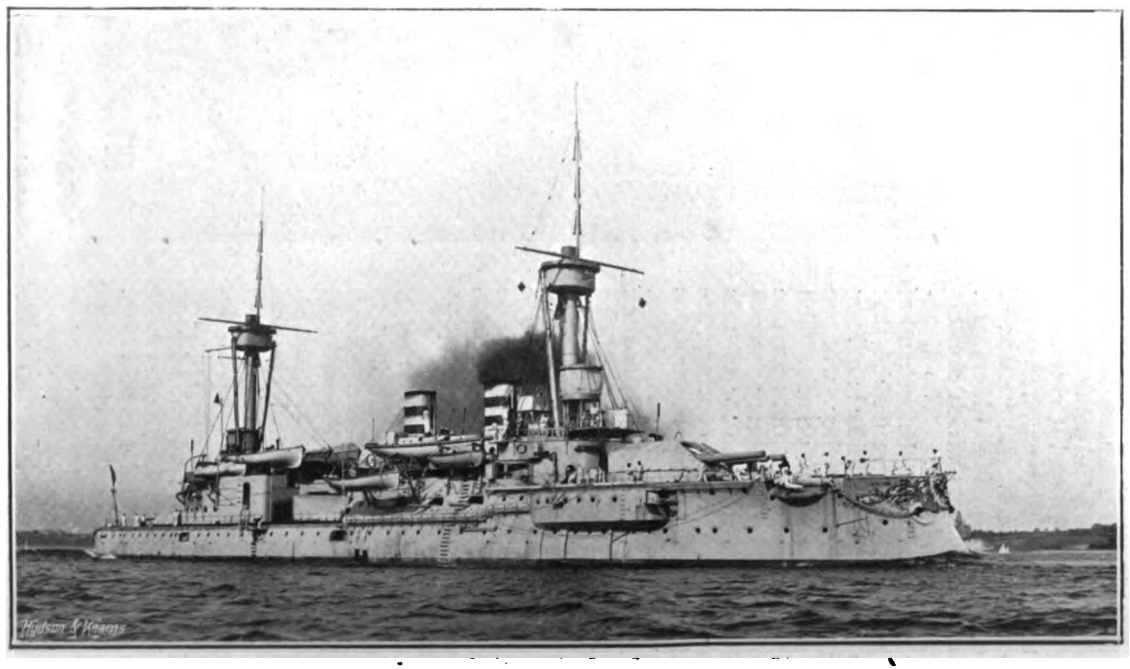
Germany's Naval Reinforcement for the Far East.



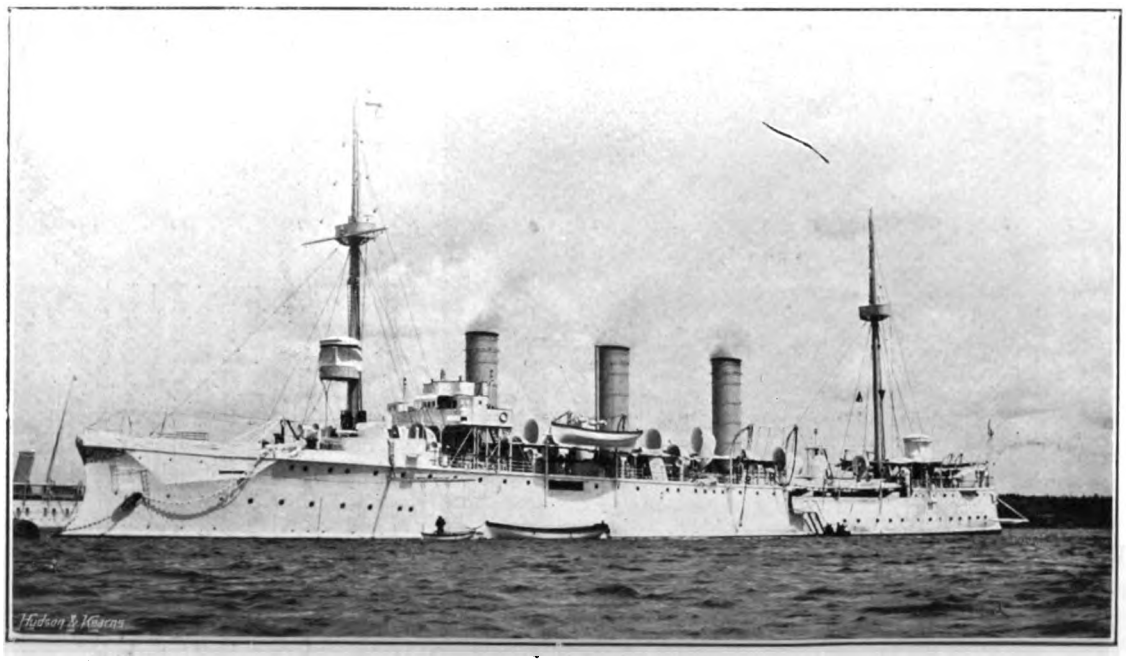
A TRIM-LOOKING CRUISER, BOTH HANDY AND USEFUL.
The "Jaguar," a likely Gun Vessel for River Work.



THE "KURFURST FRIEDRICH WILHELM."
A Battle-ship Flying Admiral Geissler's Flag.



AN IMPORTANT AND HEAVILY-ARMED BATTLE-SHIP.
The "Worth," which has about 600 Men on Board



THE SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "GEFION."
A Speedy Vessel and Well Armed

From Photos. by A. Renard, Kiel.

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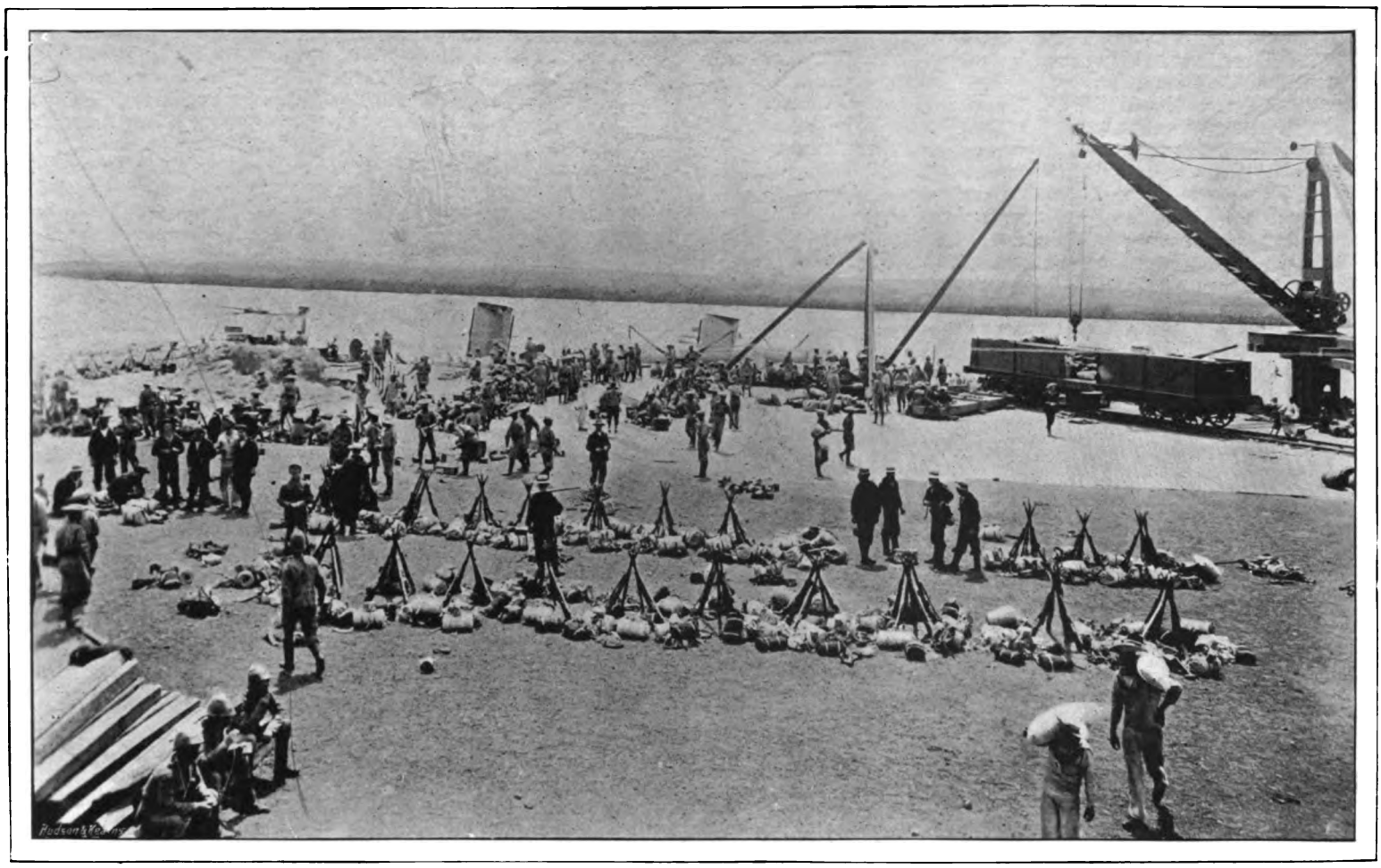
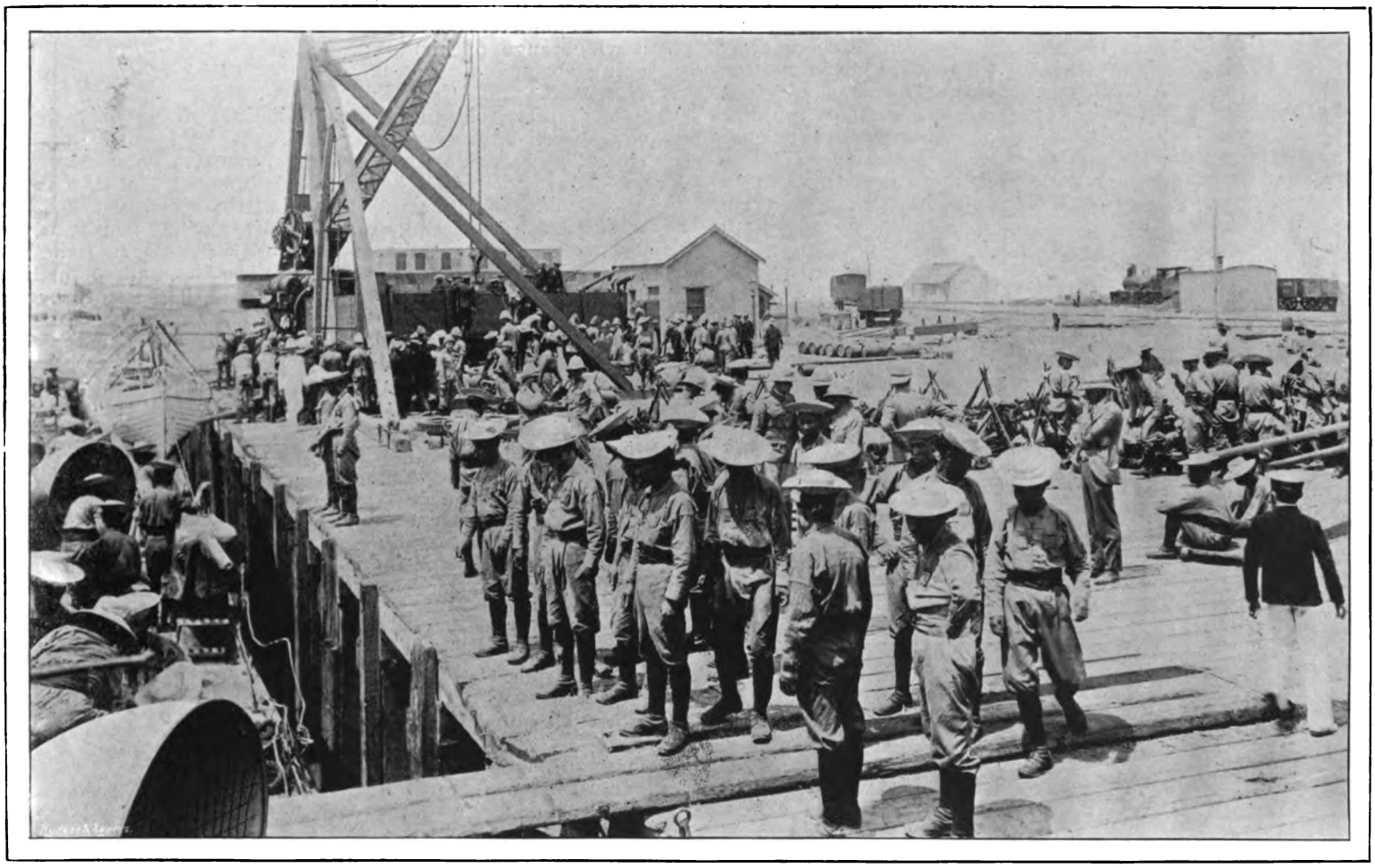
The British Forces and the China Crisis.



FROM SHORE TO SHIP AND SHIP TO SHORE.

The Men of the "Terrible" on the Wharf at Taku. Many of Them are Fresh from Their South African Experience.



Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

ANGLO-CHINESE FIGHTING MEN.

The Wei-hai-Wei Regiment Landing at Taku. They have Since done Good Service under British Officers at Tientsin.

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Paste-board Warriors and Painted Paladins.

By F. Hamilton Knight.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Hereward.

I ONCE heard a Leeds poulterer say to a customer, who was mildly suggesting that a hare he had just shown her was very thin, "An' so 'ud thou be thin, if thee'd been hangin' on yon hook by 'ind legs for fortnight." She was young and pretty; she blushed and fled. I mention this incidentally, as bearing upon "the thin red line of 'eroes," or, to speak more accurately, the line of thin red heroes I shall have the honour to bring under review in this article, for they have not only been hidden away for years in long-forgotten corners of our play-boxes, but at their inception had no more substance than could be achieved with paint and pasteboard, and now when they once more start up from the limbo wherein they have waited so long, they throw our memories back more decades than we care to remember, and many of us will blow from off them the venerable dust that dims their pristine brightness with a sigh.

To those whom the reproduction of these quaint old characters may prove reminiscent and, I trust, amusing, it will appear strange to consider how completely a recreation that was once in such universal vogue has now become as extinct as the Dodo, and that the relics that are very occasionally unearthed are regarded much as a naturalist regards the fossilised bones of some prehistoric monster. I was speaking only the other day to the editor of one of our most popular illustrated magazines on the subject of "Skeltery" and the Juvenile Drama, and he assured me that he had never heard of Skelt, nor seen a toy theatre. My opinion was that he was very stupid, or that I was getting very old. Yet it seems so brief a period since Skelt reigned supreme, from the palace to the humblest home, and I could tell, did space permit, of immense sums, in some cases nonsensically extravagant, that were paid for these miniature playhouses, and I would hazard a guess that some of the best examples of these are still extant in the Royal nurseries. So to those Army Skelters who yet remember the days of their youth, and I am sure their name must still be legion, my puppets shall now make their most distinguished bows, and though it is a trite saying about bad workmen and their tools, I must cry "Pardon" if these remarks appear somewhat fragmentary, for to do justice to a subject which could easily be made to cover so much ground in a circumscribed space, appears to me to be about as easy as to manœuvre a very large battalion in a very small barrack-yard.

Richard III.

Richard II.

It will be noticed that these characters covered a wide range of history, going back as far as Hereward and Canute; indeed, these old plays had a distinct, if possibly slight, educational advantage and value. At all events, although Kingsley's great story was probably unwritten when Hereward was a favourite Skelt hero, no schoolboy of that day would have had to ask, as a registrar of births recently asked me when I was cataloguing a small member of my family, as the law directs, how the name of Hereward was spelt, and whether the infant was a boy or a girl. This is a fact, and so the line of kings and warriors ran their course until the stock began to show signs of giving out, and then on a sudden a great gulf appears to have been bridged over and Skelt became topical; hence we have here these fearful and wonderful representations of scenes in the Crimea, and it is more than probable that this very striving for up-to-dateness helped the downfall awaiting Skelt and his successors; indeed, I should think there is little doubt that "The Battle of the Alma," from which these characters are taken, was about the very last expiring effort of Skeltdom, for, although this work of art was really published by Webb, the name generally covers the whole genus. Nearly fifty years ago folks were not used to have their news red-hot from the battlefield, and were not made painfully cognisant by the aid of the camera of every phase and detail, however painful, of the campaign in progress. The wonderful pen of a Russell was but just bringing into existence that stupendous power that can now move continents and shake empires to their foundations; war was only dimly

Hardycanute.

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Bolingbroke.

seen by the multitude through clouds of smoke, which charitably shrouded the grim and awful reality until the sun of victory was ready to dissipate them with its rays. But even in those days the actuality of passing events and the fantastic glamour of Skelt's drama would not assimilate. Skelt was nothing if not bizarre, stupendous impossible, his rhodomontade was a joy, his bombast a perpetual delight, his very aim and ambition to out-Herod Herod, to pile Ossa on Pelion. The stage, whether in the nursery of our youth or in the palaces of art, in which it now finds its abiding place, never has shown, never will, never can, and was never intended to show us bare, bald, naked life as it is. The footlights send shimmering up to the roof that wondrous, impermeable curtain of glamour, without which it can never flourish, deprived of which it becomes a nightmare, a horror, an abortion. The great master of all time has told us what the secret is in seven pregnant words—"To hold the mirror up to Nature." Precisely; let us have the best, the most perfect reflection that is possible to Art, but do not let us try to break through the glass, for if we do so the illusion is destroyed and chaos is come again. But I am digressing, and in returning to my subject I feel that I cannot do better than turn up the *Magazine of Art* of some sixteen years ago and note what so great a man as Robert Louis Stevenson had to say on the matter; and in so doing I most humbly place myself in noble company, though I may only look up from abysmal depths at the glorious and genial spirit—alas, the fragility of purest porcelain!—that sojourns on the wood-clad mountain in far Samoa.

I ask no pardon for quoting the following:

"The name of Skelt itself has always seemed a part and parcel of the charm of his productions. It may be different with the rose, but the attraction of this paper drama sensibly declined when Webb had crept into the rubric. . . . Indeed the name of Skelt appears so stagey and piratic that I will adopt it boldly to design these qualities. Skelter then is a quality of much art. . . . What am I? What are life, art, letters, the world, but what my Skelt has made them? He stamped himself upon mine immaturity. The world was plain before I knew him, a poor penny world, but soon it was all coloured with romance."

Is that not truly R.L.S.? Yet, alas! as he goes farther on he leaves me grovelling over the details, which he sweeps away with a gesture. He looked upon these fantastic productions with the genius eye of a master romanticist, whilst I could only regard them then from the point of view of the mere actor. Where the pleasure he derived from "Skeltery" ended, mine was only about to begin. He says: "Yes, there was pleasure in the painting. But when all was painted, it is needless to deny it, all was spoiled. You might indeed set up a scene or two to look at, but to cut the figures out was simply sacrilege; nor could any child twice court the tedium, the worry, and the long-drawn disenchantment of an actual performance. Two days after the purchase the honey had been sucked. Parents used to complain; they thought I wearied of my play. It was not so. No more than a person can be said to have wearied of his dinner when he leaves the bones and dishes. I had got the marrow of it, and said grace."

Oh! how different it was with me. He ignored the wood because of the trees; I cared not for the trees save as being integral parts of the wood. Until the moment came when the smoky little tin lamps which did duty as footlights were ablaze, and the little green baize curtain was rung up. I was in a state of feverish excitement, and succeeded invariably in imparting the same spirit to those chosen few who were allowed into the mysteries of behind the scenes in the capacity of assistants. All else was prologue; the painting, the cutting out, even the delights of tinselling, were nothing to the moment when the little tin slide holding a somewhat wobbly hero was shoved on from the wings and words, voluble words, had to be spoken, when "Ha, has!" and "Villains!" and "Unhand mes!" shook the schoolroom ceiling. And then the conscious pride when it was all over, and the rapturous applause of an audience of less than a dozen, including the two maid-servants and the cook, pressed at the last moment to "dress the house," greeted our efforts, and then the swelling of the managerial bosom on being assured that Smith's "Fred Firebrace, the Corsair King," was not in it with my "Uranda, the Enchanter of the Steel Castle."

The Black Prince.

Napoleon the Great promised Talma that he should play to a pitful of kings, and kept his promise. But what were Talma's feelings compared with mine when I produced "The Maid and the Magpie" to an audience of the supernatural beings of my boyhood's adoration, real live actors and actresses. Ah! me, it seems but yesterday. It was at the house, in Upper Brook Street, of my dear friend the late Mrs. Montagu Williams, and there were present Montagu Williams, John Clayton, the venerable but ever young Mrs. Keeley, and many more stars of best and brightest Bohemia. Was I nervous? *Imaginez-vous!* But the audience made our performance a triumph, and curiously enough paid afterwards for their seats with a little shower of gold to meet the expenses of so costly a production. Diplomacy had prompted us to issue free invitations; we reaped our reward. No pleasurable experience that has happened since or may be in store in the future can ever quite come up to the delight of that evening. Is it to be wondered at that "my heart is true to—Skelt?" And even now I often think that I should like to try the effect of a revival of some of these old-time favourites. I should like to see if I could arouse the enthusiasm of the present juvenile generation. I have a mind to build to myself a theatre and have audiences of youngsters to come and enjoy "The Miller and His Men." Ah! but would they? Would they vote it childish and effete? Probably—who knows? Other times other manners, and "Master" of to-day starts almost where his father thought of leaving off. No; perhaps after all my best audience would be men with grey beards and bald heads, who would come and through the clouds of smoke blink at the little theatre and remember with pleasure the days when "Skeltery was a quality of much art," happiness, and innocent enjoyment. Age does not dim the memories of youth, and if I cannot quite realise my dream of practising the old-time diversions before an audience of greybeards, I may at least recall to them the fascination, and give to younger readers a peep into that forgotten world.

The Bivouac.

Lord Cardigan.

Sir Colin Campbell.

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Britain and China in the Past.

LAST week we brought the record of Anglo-Chinese relations down to the early years of the Queen's reign. All through the later thirties a storm was clearly brewing. The Chinese were dissatisfied. They had no longer to deal with the subservient East India Company, but with the British nation. The merchants were dissatisfied. They had ever-increasing difficulties to contend with, difficulties deliberately thrown in their way by the mandarins. It was evident that there would be trouble of a serious kind as soon as a sufficient pretext offered. The pretext was found in 1839, when the famous Commissioner Lin ordered the English traders in Canton to surrender all their stores of opium, and called upon the Queen in a peremptory tone to stop the traffic in the drug which was carried on by her subjects.

This opium question had been a subject of discord for a long time. Many worthy people sympathised with the Chinese in their desire to stop the traffic. They attributed the desire to the best of motives. The very word "traffic" has acquired an evil significance, and is enough to alarm philanthropists. The "liquor traffic" has a thoroughly vicious sound. If you call it the "liquor trade," it suggests quite a respectable business. So it was and is with opium. Philanthropists and Anglophobes jumped to the conclusion that the Chinese authorities were merely anxious to save their people from the evil effects of taking too much opium, and that they were acting in the interests of morality alone. The Chinese motives were, as a matter of fact, by no means so clear and noble as this. To begin with, the evils of opium smoking were not so great as these worthy people believed. Sir Henry Pottinger, who went to China to conclude a treaty after the war, declared that "the alleged debasing and demoralising evils of opium" were "vastly exaggerated." "It appears to me," he said, "to be unattended with a hundredth part of the debasement and misery which may be seen in our native country from the lamentable abuse of ardent spirits." If you accepted the view taken by Mr. Justin McCarthy in his "History of Our Own Times," you would have to believe that the war of 1840 was caused by the immoral and inexcusable conduct of England in trying to force upon China a vicious trade against the will of the Chinese. This is, of course, absurd. What made the Chinese Government eager to stop the opium trade was, firstly, its desire to have done with British traders altogether, and, secondly, the fact that the purchase of great quantities of opium by the Chinese drained the country of its silver. There may have been in the breasts of some of the mandarins a conscientious objection to opium, but this was certainly not the chief reason for the determination to enforce the law which prohibited the import of opium into China. The law had been disregarded for a long time, but in 1839 it was revived and sternly enforced. The first result of this was that a great deal of opium was handed over to the Chinese and destroyed. The demand for it could not very well be resisted in face of the law. The next result was an intimation on the part of the Chinese that they intended to punish Englishmen who had broken the law by trading in opium. This made it unsafe for Britons to remain at Canton, so they left in a body. After this war was only a matter of time. There were several "incidents" before it actually broke out, but by the beginning of 1840 English frigates were blowing Chinese junks to pieces, and, by way of retaliation, the Emperor of China was issuing edicts prohibiting all trade and intercourse with Great Britain for ever.

The war dragged on for nearly two years. The Chinese often fought bravely in their stolid fashion. There were not wanting observers to prophesy that if they were well trained and well armed, after the manner of European armies, they would prove themselves formidable soldiers. Many of their officers, too, showed a steadfast mind, in preferring death to defeat. A Tartar general at Ching Kiang, when he found that further resistance was useless, sat down in his house and ordered it to be set on fire. There he stayed until the flames consumed him. At Amoy, an officer was seen to walk into the water and drown himself when the defence had utterly failed. At last the Chinese were convinced that Great Britain could hit harder, and go on hitting a great deal longer, than they thought. So in 1842 the Treaty of Nanking was signed, which gave us Hong-Kong, threw open five ports to trade, and stipulated that there should be lasting peace and friendship between the two countries.

Peace lasted for exactly fourteen years; of friendship there was never a great deal. What there was on the British side could not survive the long series of insults and annoyances and breakings of faith, which culminated, in 1856, in the boarding of a vessel in the Canton River by mandarins, and the hauling down of the British flag which she flew. This vessel was a "lorcha" (a Portuguese name for craft of a special rig used in the river), and was called the "Arrow." Turn once more to Mr. Justin McCarthy and see what he has to say on this outrage. You will find that, just as he tried to put England in the wrong over the opium business, so does he do his best to show that England had no case in this instance. He tells you that the "Arrow" had really no right to fly the English flag at all, and hints that it was merely used as a cover for discreditable proceedings. The fact, upon which this misrepresentation is based, is that the licence of the "Arrow" to trade under British protection had by chance expired ten days before the outrage, and had, by accident, not been renewed. The Chinese did not know this, and it was merely due to the vessel having been at sea.

There were not wanting at the time people to take the same view as Mr. McCarthy gives us. Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong-Kong, was much blamed for taking strong measures as soon as the case was reported to him. Indeed, he was censured in the House of Commons by a majority of nineteen; but the Government of Lord Palmerston went to the country on the question, and were returned with a larger majority than they had before. The nation utterly refused to condemn the man who had upheld the honour and reputation of Great Britain when her flag was insulted, or the Ministers who had supported him. There was, in fact, no other course open to a strong man than to act as Sir John Bowring acted. The Chinese refused to apologise, and, if this insult had been swallowed, their insolence would very soon have passed on to some even more flagrant outrage.

Once more then Great Britain and China were at blows. For eighteen months fighting went on, and then, in 1858, a treaty of peace was signed at Tientsin. The Chinese were to allow a British ambassador to reside at Peking, to tolerate Christianity, to permit trade to be freely carried on, and no longer to call Europeans in official documents "barbarians." All this they promised. A little more than a year later the first British envoy was sent out. As soon as he reached the coast it was made clear that the Chinese never really meant to let him reach Peking. This humiliation—for such they considered it—they were determined not to undergo. Mr. Bruce, the envoy, pressed on. The entrance to the Peiho River was closed by iron stakes and carefully-prepared defences. These were only meant as precautions against rebel attacks, said the Chinese; they would be sufficiently removed in a few days to allow the British ships to pass. But the few days lengthened out, and the obstacles, instead of being removed, were only made stronger, so at last the envoy determined to try to force a passage. Unfortunately, the attempt failed. Once more there was war; this time between China and the combined powers of Great Britain and France.

Upon the march to Peking, upon the capture and ill-treatment of Englishmen, including Mr., afterwards Lord, Loch, Mr., afterwards Sir, Harry Parkes, and the correspondent of the *Times*, upon the burning of the Emperor's Summer Palace as a lesson to the Chinese, it is not necessary to dwell. Everyone knows how the unfortunate captives were tortured, how Mr. Loch was compelled to write a letter saying that they would be killed if the advance on Peking continued, and how he added a postscript in Hindustani telling Sir Hope Grant to advance as quickly as he could. Everyone knows that from 1860, when the war ended, dates the establishment of diplomatic relations between China and Europe. Since 1861 a British Minister has resided continuously at Peking, though it was not until 1873 that the Emperor consented to admit foreign representatives into his presence. Since 1861 Europe has had the opportunity for the first time in China's history of influencing the affairs of the Celestial Empire. How have we availed ourselves of the opportunity? The present crisis answers the question gloomily enough. It is of course exceedingly difficult to do business with the Tsung-li-Yamen, the Chinese Foreign Office, at all. When the European Minister has something to propose or something to complain of, or some information to elicit, he is met by the bland officials with patient courtesy and readiness to listen to all he has to say. If he is new to China, he goes away pleased, thinking the matter is as good as settled. But after several interviews he finds that he has to do all the talking, and that the business does not advance. Then he takes the bull by the horns, and proposes to settle it out of hand. The officials protest that they are still ready to hear him, but that they have not the slightest idea what he wants! The whole thing has to be explained over again, and so on *ad infinitum*. Still, in spite of the obstacles in the way of negotiating anything with people of this character, Great Britain might have had more satisfactory relations with China if she had had a definite policy of any kind. This is exactly what we have never had, and to this failure of our statesmen to "grasp the nettle" must be attributed in large part our position in China to-day.

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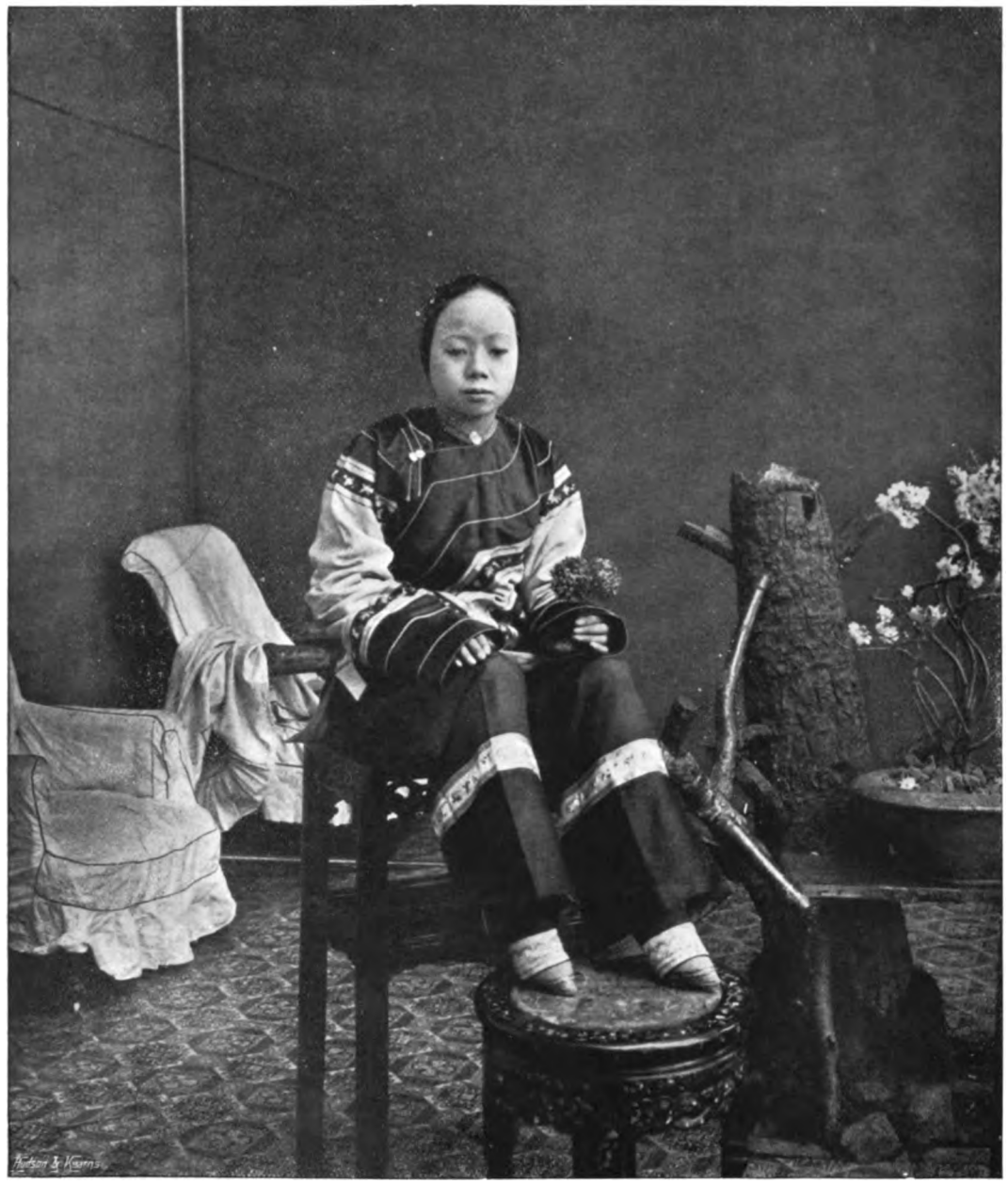
Scenes of Chinese Domestic Life.



A LADY OF RANK AT HOME.

PEASANT WOMEN IN THE PADDY FIELDS.

The Chinese have no domestic life as we understand the term; their social customs are entirely opposed to ours; truth is a law from which they are divorced; and the only argument they understand is force. There is no companionship of the sexes as in this country, and marriage is an arrangement made at an early age. While, however, the lower classes live in a state of penury which it is hardly possible to imagine, the luxury of the rich almost passes conception. Each noble surrounds himself with a court as if he were a Sovereign, and is very much a law unto himself. Our picture presents the contrast as it shows itself in the women—the one a lady of high rank, splendidly attired, the other a couple of wretched peasant women, working almost naked, in the fields.

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyright 1900, Underwood & Underwood, London, W.C.

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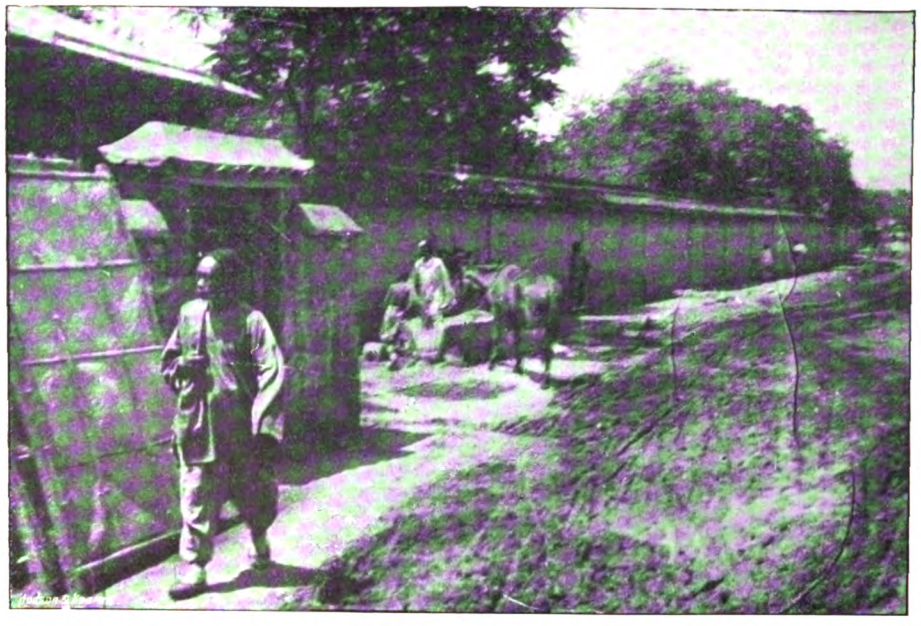
Sights and Scenes in Peking.

SEA-SLUGS AND BIRDS'-NESTS IN THE OPEN.
A Fashionable Restaurant in Peking.



NOT VERY MUCH FREQUENTED JUST NOW.
A Thoroughfare known as Customs Street

Life in the Capital of Cathay.

Photos. Copyright.

A FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON LOUNGE.
Outside the French Legation

"*Navy & Army.*".

A PRIMITIVE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION.
A Type of Cart in Common Use.

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War and Peace in South Africa.

AN AMMUNITION COLUMN LEAVING FOR THE FRONT.

Nothing can be more obvious than the necessity of continually pouring ammunition to the front at a time when the expenditure of it is a matter of everyday occurrence, but it is difficult to keep up the supply in the face of a watchful and mobile enemy. Hence the need for innumerable ammunition columns, and great care in convoying them.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

SUNDAY'S REST—A CHURCH PARADE WITH METHUEN'S COLUMN.

Every effort is always made to have a Church Service on Sunday if possible, and during the present war it has sometimes been agreed that Sunday should be observed as a day of truce. As in other cases, the Boers have not always scrupulously observed their agreement.

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The Duke of Norfolk's Return to Arundel.

THE ESTATE EMPLOYES' ARCH.

COMING UP THE HIGH STREET.

Photos. Copyright. *A. G. Peirce, Arundel.*

THE CORPORATION ADDRESS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

WHEN, each in turn, Lord Edmund Talbot and the Duke of Norfolk took their departure for South Africa, the good people of Arundel were careful to signify their affection for the Duke and his family, and appreciation of their patriotic spirit, by giving them a very hearty send-off.

The demonstrations which took place on these occasions were, however, entirely eclipsed by the enthusiastic reception which the two brothers received on their return, fortunately in company, Lord Edmund Talbot having been promoted to the command of his regiment, the 11th Hussars.

The Duke is invalided home on account of an accident on the battlefield, causing dislocation of the hip, from which, however, he has made so good a recovery that when he alighted at Arundel Station at six o'clock on Friday evening, July 27, only a very slight limp was noticeable.

From the station he and his brother drove direct to the church, there to return thanks for their safe return, other members of the family following. The *cortège* passed up the Station Road, High Street, Maltravers Street, and King Street, which were profusely decorated. Every conceivable kind of flag was exhibited, with mottoes expressive of joy, which in this instance was no shallow sentiment, but quite genuine, for the Duke is as greatly beloved as he is respected.

The church—a very fine piece of early Gothic, built and maintained entirely at the present Duke's expense — was decorated in most effective style with flags and banners, and the solemn Te Deum was exceedingly impressive.

The service over, the Corporation of Arundel and Urban Council of Littlehampton presented addresses at the church door, before the carriage moved on; and here the road to the Castle Lodge was completely transformed.

Three very elaborate structures had been erected, the first, by the Corporation, representing the old St. Mary Gate, now enclosed in the Duke's grounds, but formerly the gateway of the town. The second and third were in mediæval style, built respectively by the estate employés and the army of workmen who are still engaged in completing the rebuilding of the Castle. At each the carriage stopped while an address was presented, the bells of the parish church ringing all the while.

In the grounds the school children were drawn up, and a little fellow read a short address, hoping the Duke and his brother "would not go to the war again"; while further on all the household staff were assembled, and an address read by the Controller of the Household, Commander Statham, R.N.

The Duke and Lord Edmund subsequently addressed a large audience in the Castle court-yard, amid the greatest enthusiasm, the proceedings terminating with the National Anthem.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—NO. 185.] *SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th, 1900.*

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE EXODUS OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

We are able to present to our readers one of the most significant scenes in the history of the Transvaal Republic. The stoep of Mr. Kruger's house has witnessed many deliberations, but never any like that we depict. Here is Oom Paul, on the day before his flight from Pretoria, discussing the details of his departure with Dr. Reitz, on one hand, and General Louis Botha, who sits on his left, while Mrs. Reitz lends her kindly sympathy. The outcome of that conference changed the aspect of South Africa.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE sensitiveness of the Government to any kind of criticism touching the war in South Africa became ridiculous early in the session. But the last days before the prorogation exhibited their curious attitude in its most absurd and most unwarrantable form. Mr. Balfour's sudden outburst of spiteful anger against Mr. Burdett-Coutts was a very unpleasant episode with which to close what is likely to be the last session of the present Parliament. "Spiteful" is not a word that it ought to be possible to use in speaking of any word or action of a leader of the House of Commons. But there is perhaps no other word which adequately describes Mr. Balfour's speech. The leader of the House will yet be able to take a broad and lofty view of public affairs. No doubt Mr. Burdett-Coutts's attack upon the Government is galling. It is all the more galling because almost every day there is published some testimony to the truth of the c arges he makes. No doubt Mr. Burdett-Coutts's manner is irritating. He is the brother of Sir E. Ashmead - Bartlett. But even granting all this, there is no excuse for Mr. Balfour's unconcealed vexation. The Government have said that they court the fullest enquiry; they had even stated that an enquiry was decided upon before Mr. Burdett-Coutts formulated his indictment. Surely then their attitude should be one of calm dignity, of patient confidence as to the result of investigation. "Instead of which" we have Mr. Balfour making scenes in the House and taking up anything but a calm or dignified position. "The philosopher as politician" has not in Mr. Balfour's case been altogether a success.

Photo. *Ball.*
CAPTAIN R. B. LOW, D.S.O.,
9th Bengal Lancers.
He is Provost-Marshal of the China Expedition, and is a Son of General Sir Robert Low, G.C.B.

ON other points connected with the conduct of the war the Government are equally touchy. Take the case of the troops under General Rundle, who are known to have suffered badly from want of sufficient food and warm clothing. If the War Office representative were to say frankly, "Gentlemen, we cannot deny that food was scarce and clothing scanty; but there really was no help for it. *A la guerre comme à la guerre!* War must mean suffering to a great many people in a great many ways. Everything possible is done to reduce suffering, but in this case it was unavoidable. We are extremely sorry for General Rundle's men, but we can honestly say that they were hungry through no one's fault"—if something of this kind had been said, criticism would have been disarmed. Instead of taking this sensible and manly line, regular War Office answers are returned by Mr. Powell-Williams, of all people!

"No official information has reached the War Office in regard to the reported privations of General Rundle's force. Such details of the campaign are not reported to the War Office, and the Secretary of State does not propose to make any enquiries of Lord Roberts on the subject."

The stupidity of such a reply is astonishing. Such details of the campaign ought to be reported to the War Office. It is a pity that a public department (and one which has already exasperated us to a high degree) should take up this head-in-air attitude and treat

Photo. Copyright. *Cocks.*
A WAR DOG SUPPLYING HELP TO A WOUNDED MAN.
Dogs are Trained in the German Army both to Carry the Means of Assistance to the Wounded and to Lead Searchers to the Spot where the Wounded or Dead Lie.

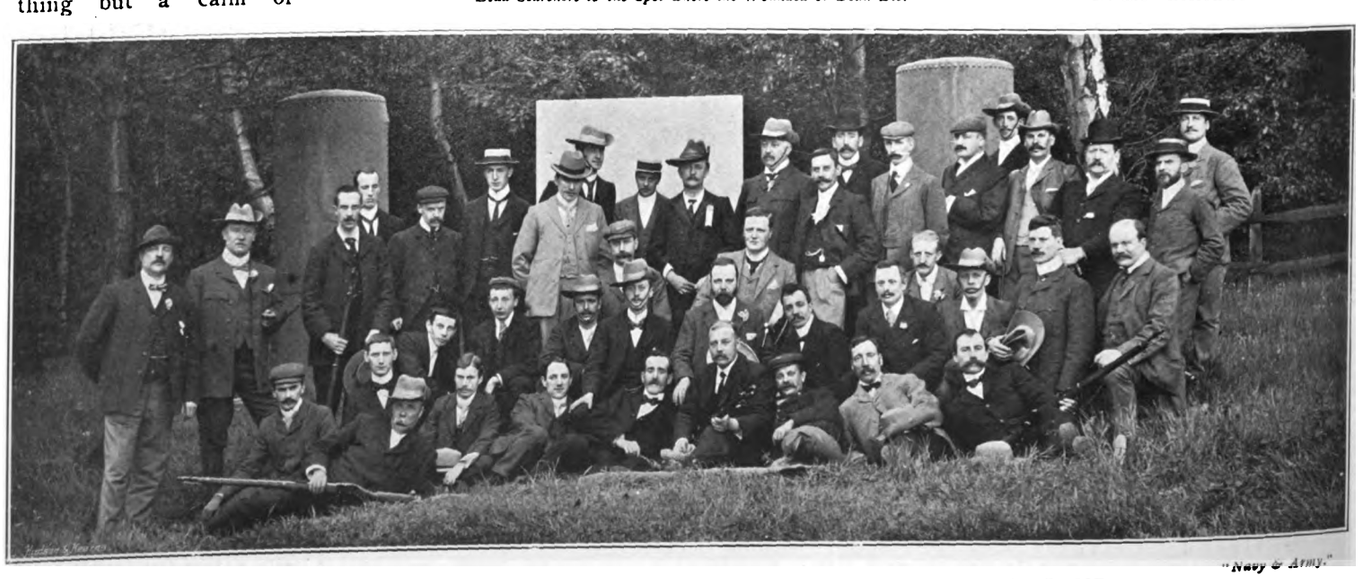

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

SOME MEMBERS OF THE LEEDS AND COUNTY RIFLE CLUB.

This Club has Over 200 Members, and, in Default of an Extended Range, Wisely Practises with Morris Tubes.

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the public with apparent disdain. It is true that Mr. Wyndham was rather more conciliatory; but even he seems to hold to some degree the Government article of faith that under the present administration whatever is is right.

THE treatment of Anarchists has suddenly become a problem pressing for solution. How is Europe to discourage these wretched creatures of weak brain and disordered imagination from making life a trembling terror for all men and women of any prominence? This is no time to talk in philosophic vein of the causes which lead to crimes of the kind which have just left Italy mourning, and nearly robbed Persia of its Shah. What we must do is to combine against Anarchists and let them see that they are regarded as enemies of the whole race of man. This can be done far more effectually by the people than by the law. If a few Anarchists were half-killed by their fellow-workmen, if a few murderers were torn to pieces by justly furious mobs, it would do more than anything else could to make the profession of Anarchic principles unpopular — if they can be called principles which are no more in reality than the meaningless catch-words of some criminal lunatic. At the same time the law can help. In Austria three ruffians have been sent to prison for expressing sympathy with Bresci. They were handed over to justice by men of their own class who overheard their wicked folly. There need be no pity shown for Anarchist assassins or those who commend their acts. Misery makes men desperate, but it is not misery that makes these miserable half-imbeciles shoot at kings. It is simply a craving for notoriety.

STUDENTS of crime and specialists in brain diseases know quite well the state of mind which leads to the perpetration of such atrocities. In the mentally imperfect there is frequently found a desire to do something to attract notice. Constant brooding over assassinations gradually influences a weak mind in the same direction. There is not sufficient reasoning power to show the futility of such crimes; there is not imagination enough to realise their full consequences. The thought of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. "Well then," says the sentimentalist, "the poor creatures are not responsible for their acts." Perhaps not, but is that any reason for tolerating such dangerous wild beasts? A dog goes mad. Poor dog! It is not his fault. It may even be our fault. We may have neglected him. But does this make us any the less ready to shoot him? Of course not. We ought to take a lesson, and look after our kennels better in future. We ought to reproach ourselves for our heedlessness in the past. But for the moment the business is to suppress a risk to human life.

Photo. Copyright. *J. Thomson, Fermoy.*

THE ARMY RIFLE ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE TROPHY.

Presented by Her Majesty the Queen, and Held for the Year by the Battalion Shooting Best at Three Distances. No Better Subject could have been Chosen than the Great Duke on His Charger

Photo. Copyright. *N. P. Edwards, Littlehampton.*

MAJOR J. A. BURTON,

Indian Medical Service.

This Picture shows Major Burton, who is Attached to the 7th Madras Infantry, in the Chinese Dress which he Wore when Learning the Language.

ANOTHER North Pole Expedition — this time from Germany. Captain Bauendahl, of the Imperial Navy, is just starting for the regions north of Spitzbergen, whence he will try to steer into the open sea. If he can find no open sea, he will leave his ship and take to a small boat. A mate and five men go with him, and he hopes to return within two years, though he takes provisions for three. As for his chances of finding the North Pole, everyone can calculate them for himself. As to the wisdom of trying to find it, all must regard his venture according to their own views of Polar exploration. To a good many people, hunting for a non-existent Pole, which we get on very well without, seems about as sensible as searching in a dark room for a sixpence which is not there. Or, again, there is the view of the sage Dooley. The principal object of Arctic explorations, according to the Archery Road philosopher, is "to get rid iv an over-supply iv foolish people. In this counthry whin a man begins t'r to see sthrange things an' hitch up cockroaches, an' think he's Vanderbilt dhrivin' a four-in-hand, we sind him to what me ol' frind Sleepy Burk calls th' brain college. But in Norway an' Sweden they sind him to th' North Pole an' feed him to th' Polar bears an' th' walruses. A man that scorches on a bicycle or wears a pink shirt or is caught thryin' to fry out a stick iv dinnymite in a kitchen stove is given a boat an' sint off to play with Flora an' Fauna in th' frozen North." This is a picturesque way of putting it, but a good many observers wonder with Mr. Dooley how much better off we should be if the North Pole were discovered.

IT will surprise even constant visitors to France to hear that as many as 207 wolves were destroyed in that country last year, most of them in the central departments. The wolf seems to belong to a remote period. He flees the tourists' advance. He has passed out of our list of travelling terrors. Perhaps the 207 French wolves were wild-mannered, and more afraid of man than man was of them. All the same they are better dead. In R. L. Stevenson's delightful "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," he came upon the tracks of a famous wolf — the Beast of Gévaudan, "the Napoleon Buonaparte of wolves," who ate women and children, pursued armed horsemen, chased a post-chaise and outrider in broad daylight upon the King's highway, and was "placarded

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like a political offender." At last a lucky peasant shot him, and gained the 10,000 francs offered for his head. He was a common wolf and a small one, too. The Gévaudan district was not so very many years ago disforested, so that the wolves might lose their cover and be destroyed. Unless they were kept down by the care of the Government, they might soon become a terror to lonely districts again.

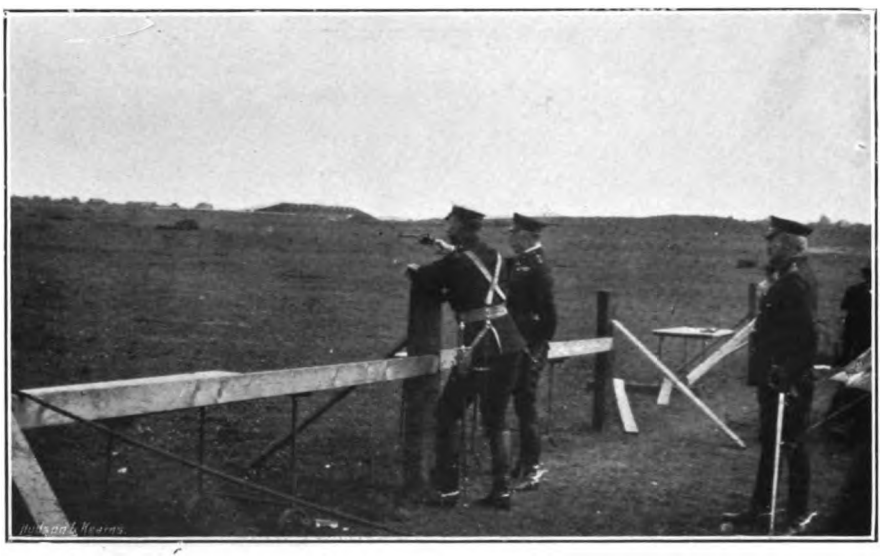
THE export of coal from our shores and the desirability of putting restrictions upon it has been much discussed ately. A correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has even suggested that this should be made a test question at the General Election — that no patriot should vote for any candidate who has not promised to work for a prohibition of steam coal export. The subject is not an easy one to make up one's mind about. Of course, it is of vital necessity that we should never be short of coal for the Navy. On the other hand, only urgent national need could justify interference with the ordinary conditions of trade. In fact, it would be scarcely possible for a Government to hinder coal owners from selling to foreign nations except by stepping in and purchasing all that was raised for our own purposes. Certainly, we ought to have the right to compel coal owners when we want coal to sell to us rather than to our neighbours. But it would be unreasonable to expect collieries to keep huge stocks on the chance of our taking them off their hands. They would retort that such conditions make business impossible.

CAPTAIN SIR EDWARD CHICHESTER, BART., R.N., AND STAFF.

Sir Edward was Principal Transport Officer at Cape Town, and was Presented on Leaving with a Handsome Testimonial, of which we Recently gave a Picture. For Nine Months he Worked Hard without Relaxation.

From Left to Right the Names read:—

Lieuten nt A. Lingham, R.N. Major Lascelles. Mr. J. Blair Hindman, Naval Victualling Officer. Lieutenant S. A. Perry-Ayscough, R.N. Mr. Beresford Whyte, R.N. Captain Bagot-Chester, Scots Guards. Captain Sir Edward Chichester, Bart., C.M.G., A.D.C. Chief Engineer J. Richardson, R.N. The Captain of the "Harlech Castle." Captain Newman, Di embarkat on Staff.



MAKING FAIR PRACTICE WITH A SIX-SHOOTER.

The Duke of Connaught at the Revolver Range.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE IRISH RIFLE MEETING AT THE CURRAGH.

A Sloppy Walk and a Fair Burden.

THE situation may, perhaps, be simplified by the appearance in the European markets of large quantities of American coal. Germany, Austria, and Italy have each taken shipments of American coal within the past year, and have got it at prices a good deal lower than those which they were paying for Welsh coal. There is even talk of orders from London being placed in Philadelphia. Possibly our railways may be thinking of reducing their enormous coal bills by getting fuel from America on better terms than they can obtain from English collieries. If the Continent can get coal more cheaply from America than from Great Britain, there will be no need for us to think of putting a stop to coal exports. They will be very largely reduced without any action on our part. It would certainly be a good thing for us to keep a large reserve of steam coal in case of emergencies. And it would be an advantage if we could do this without taking any measure in restraint of trade. Good judges think that now the United States have begun to send coal to Europe, they will find it a profitable branch of their international trade. Coal is vital to the Fleet, and the methods of supply to the ships are not all that we could wish. Water is not less necessary, and the Admiralty acted in quite an amateurish fashion in selecting such tankships as were employed in the manœuvres. These are questions that need to be looked into and to be grappled with boldly, so that efficient steps may be taken.

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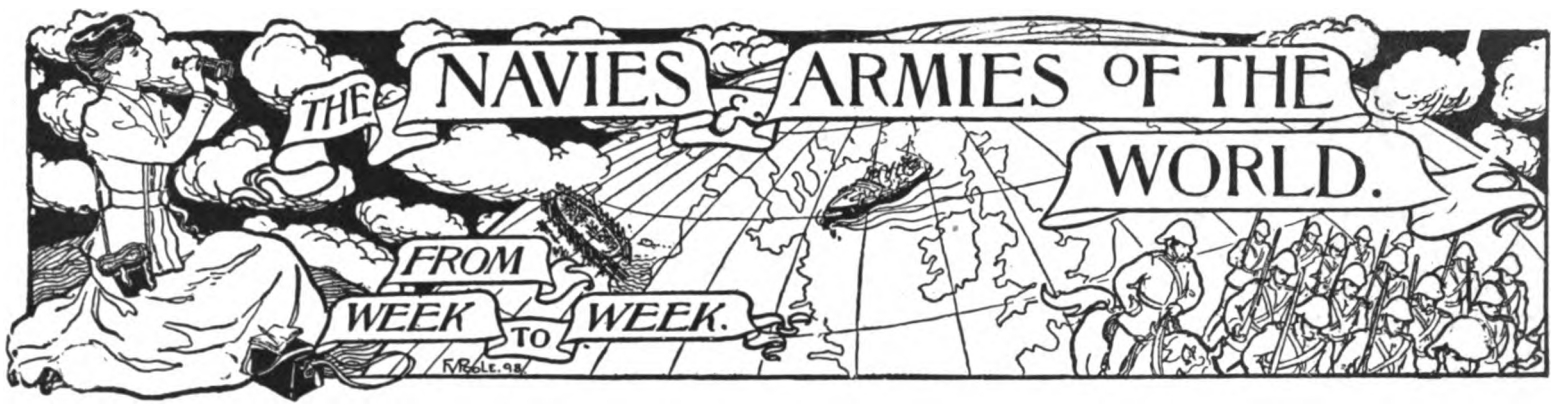

WE may as well leave the Germans and all our other neighbours to do their preaching for themselves. Therefore it is quite unnecessary to affect indignation at or to express blame for the words attributed to the German Emperor, and not officially disavowed, in his speech at Bremerhaven. At the same time, it is quite permissible to profit by the example, whether of the German Emperor or any other distinguished foreigner, in selecting what you propose to imitate or avoid. The phrase which has plainly shocked a good many of the subjects of William II. is an order to give no quarter. "No quarter will be given, no prisoners will be taken," is apparently the precise form; and from the mouth of the commander-in-chief of the German Army, addressing soldiers on their way to active service, it can have only one meaning. When the Duke of Wellington said "the whole line will advance," he was not uttering a prophecy, but was giving the word of command. Now morals, humanity, and civilisation aside, where is the sense of talking like this? Allow that the Chinese give no quarter, and so have no right to expect it, the soldiers may be trusted to grasp that fact and act accordingly. But it is surely absurd in civilised men who are in the very act of boasting of their moral superiority over the Chinese, to take the barbarians for a model. A notorious German traveller tried to vindicate himself from blame for flogging two of his black concubines to death, on the ground that the Masai Chiefs did this sort of thing to keep up their authority. It was generally felt that this was an explanation, but not an excuse. Civilised men are not to behave like Masai Chiefs.

* * * *

People who speak in their haste sometimes approve of declarations of this kind, which in reality are foolish. If you propose to act in the way described, it is superfluous to say so. To say it and not to do it is weak, while doing it rarely, if ever, serves your interest in the long run. It is a very sensible saying of the old Italians, that to injure a man and not to kill him is unwise. He will always want revenge for the injury, and may get it so long as he lives. In the Chinese War of 1860 the allies gave quarter to a number of the enemy cut off in a fort. John Chinaman expected nothing less than death, and the moderation of the conquerors did not a little to weaken the resistance. When men know they will get no quarter, they have no motive to surrender. Therefore they hold out, and make the fight more serious for their opponent. We have only to compare the conduct of our soldiers in the South African War with what they do on the North-West Frontier to see exactly what is the moral of the giving of quarter.

* * * *

Perhaps it is wrong to laugh over the unparalleled business of the plot to kidnap Lord Roberts. To judge by the awful solemnity of some of the comments made, it is a very serious business. To me it seems to be the most comic incident produced by this or any other war. That there has been a plot of sorts one must suppose, but to call it "clumsily conceived" is to pay it a compliment. Nothing like it was ever heard of outside of a bad imitation of Dumas. The murder of the commander of an army in the midst of his army, or an attempt to assassinate him, is no new thing. Buckingham was stabbed at his own headquarters at Portsmouth, and efforts to kill Napoleon and Wellington were made at Vienna and at Paris. It has been said by his enemies that one of the reasons why the Emperor was unwilling to return to Spain was his fear of assassination. Generals have been captured and carried off. There is the well-known case of the French Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo, who was taken prisoner and carried into the allied lines by the guerrillero Julian Sanchez. But then he was making a reconnaissance outside the city, and fell into an ambush with his escort. That which has no precedent, as far as I know, is an elaborate plot to kidnap a commander-in-chief in the midst of his army in the way described. The belief of the plotters that if they set a couple of houses on fire, the whole British force in and about Pretoria would have come running up, without leaving a sentry or guard anywhere, beggars description. It gives us at least a lively notion of the bottomless ignorance prevailing in some quarters among the Boers. But we need not stop there. The belief that there could possibly have been anything in it, which is plainly shared by some of us over here, is nearly as wonderful as the delusion of the Boers. To make a grave matter of it is really not creditable to our commonsense. If this is all the desperation of the enemy can produce, we may be very easy in our minds. A single resolute man who was prepared to sacrifice his own life could probably have shot the Field-Marshal long ago. That is the real danger of assassination in peace or war, and not awkward plots laid by dozens of conspirators, one of whom is almost certain to blab, or to do something which attracts attention.

* * * *

We are asked to understand that the Naval Manœuvres have proved nothing in particular. To which surely the obvious answer lies in the question, How could mortal man ever suppose they would? It was not a thinkable proposition that so vast a problem as the best way of securing the command of the sea could be solved or even illustrated in ten days. The time was so short, and the space to be covered so large, that there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that nothing could happen. Where the opponents were even approximately equal, months, or even a year, would not be too much for the settlement of their quarrel. Moreover, plain as it may look at the first glance, the phrase "command of the sea" does not necessarily mean the same thing for both sides. Let us suppose that of two opponents one is wholly dependent on commerce and the other is not. It is plain that command of the sea means for the first that he drives his foe off it altogether. If he fails to do this, then even if he escapes actual defeat in battle, and can prevent it from being totally suspended, he still suffers severely. For the second it will be enough if he can so far "command the sea" that his squadrons are not tightly blockaded, but are able to menace and disturb. Ten days are not enough in which to try how far a decisive result could be obtained. At least six months would be required. Something might be done if an A Fleet were put down at Berehaven or Blacksod Bay and a B Fleet were to try whether and how it could keep its opponent from getting to sea unfollowed and unstopped between September 25 and the following March 25. It is not during a few weeks of summer that the strain would come, but in the stormy winter months.

* * * *

A leader in the *Times* on the subject of these manœuvres insists forcibly on the necessity of practice. It is a very sound doctrine, and there is absolutely nothing to be drawn from experience against the doctrine that good workmen are only made by constant practice by sea or by land. There are many excellent judges who say that our Navy does not get enough practice. It would not be becoming in a mere looker-on to dispute that proposition, even if he were so disposed. But there is a view which I put, if only for refutation. Supposing that you elect to conduct war by weapons and machines of such a complicated and delicate, or, as the phrase goes, scientific character, that no one can handle them who has not received a long theoretical as well as practical training. What then? Chasing X may not be good preparation for practical seamanship, but it may be indispensable for the officer or man who has to manipulate all kinds of hydraulics and electrics and what not. These tools cannot be handled effectually by rule of thumb. But the theoretical training must be given at Greenwich or elsewhere on shore. Supposing this to be accepted for the sake of the argument, what is the conclusion? Are we to say that theoretical knowledge, being quite indispensable, must be had where it can be got, even at the cost of less sea practice? Or is it not permissible to ask whether we have not carried the complication of machinery and "science" to a length which is becoming an exaggeration?

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Nation and National Defences.

IN the late G. W. Steevens's gloomy forecast of Britain's future, written in brilliant imitation of the Corinthian style of Gibbon, he touched upon many of the signs of danger to the Empire that are evident to the seeing eye to-day. There was one sign upon which he did not touch—a sign that causes even more discomfort to the thoughtful than some of those which he interpreted. If he had pointed it out, it would have lent to his clever fragment an actual, in addition to its literary, interest. The sign of danger we mean is the inability of the people at large to grasp the conditions upon which must depend the safety of Great Britain first, and of the Empire afterwards.

However implicitly a nation may trust its rulers, it must take thought for itself. Unless there is an instructed public opinion to support administrators who take right paths, and to censure those who follow wrong ones, a country governed on democratic principles is in a bad way. If this were an age of strong statesmen, of politicians ready to take their own line in face of opposition, and to trust in the future for their vindication, then we might be content to fold our hands and to leave questions of national safety in theirs. But nowadays we have no strong statesmen. Our politicians keep their ears to the ground to catch the murmurs of popular opinion. They take a decided line only when the nation urges them on. They openly disavow responsibility, and declare that their aim is merely to carry out the wishes of the man in the street. When they do propound a policy, it is usually the policy forced upon them by the Press. When they suggest measures of precaution out of their own heads, they are too often measures that expert opinion finds to be futile and even dangerous.

More than ever before then must the nation make up its mind for itself upon the problems of national defence; and, when it has come to a decision, more than ever before must it keep a watchful eye upon its "rulers" to see that its views are carried into effect. Unfortunately opinion seems at the present time to be in a fluid state. Few people find time to stop and think. Few have the strength of mind, when once they are convinced, to hold firmly to their conviction and to take every opportunity of professing it in opposition to the views of others. To a very large extent this is the fault of newspapers. If the newspapers were sound in their judgments, their readers would be kept in the right way. But with many journals considerations of national policy give way to the momentary allurement of a "boom." Take, for instance, the cyclist manœuvres of last week. It was a capital idea on General Maurice's part to bring together a large body of cyclist Volunteers, and to show them the sort of work which forces of this mobile kind would have to do if they were used in warfare. It is an excellent thing for officers to gain experience in handling bodies of troops, of whatever class. But to speak of these exercises as being of any importance from the point of view of national defence is to overstate the case absurdly.

The only sound theory of the defence of these islands is based upon recognition of the fact that the Navy is our first and last line of protection. The Army has plenty of work to do, but its work lies overseas. We must not count upon it to repel an invader, if invasion should ever be seriously undertaken. With a Fleet kept up to its necessary strength we can sweep the seas, and make the very idea of attacking our shores futile and unpractical. If our Fleet could be disposed of, if the command of the sea fell to another Sea-Power, England's day would be over. We could not be saved, though every man in the country were a trained soldier. For what enemy would be foolish enough to risk landing troops when by the easy method of blockading our ports we could be starved into submission in a fortnight? Even if we were invaded and were able to repel attack, what could we do without our Fleet? Troops could be poured in from the Continent until we were overwhelmed by mere force of numbers. Making terms would be only a question of time.

How dangerously misleading it is, then, to talk of plans for defending the Brighton Road, as if they really formed part of a sober scheme of national defence! Such exercises as these of the cyclists must be taken for what they are worth. To let people think they have any connection with our protective policy is to distract their attention from the only true lines of safety, and to run the risk of a decline of interest in the Navy, which would very soon mean an insufficiency of Naval power. Just in the same way is it misleading and dangerous to talk and write as if coast defences—forts and submarine mines and expensively useless military engineering performances—would help us at all if we were at war. This year's Naval Manœuvres have proved once more that Naval battles are fought at sea, and that, if we cannot win on the water, we shall never be saved by coast defences, however elaborate. This view is known to be strongly held by the best Military as well as by Naval authorities, but it must be shared and forcibly expressed by the nation if it is to prevail. Some of the authorities think that the Admiralty and not the War Office ought to control all coast defences. To this there are a good many objections. The Admiralty has its hands quite full enough as it is. Much more effective than any measure of this kind would be the growth of a sound public opinion which should sweep aside all views not in keeping with the settled lines of our policy, and should force the Government to follow that policy with steady determination and a single eye.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 18, 1711.—Admiral Boscawen born. 1759.—Boscawen's victory over De La Clue in Lagos Bay. 1813.—Storming of the batteries of Cassis, near Toulon, by landing parties from the "Undaunted," 38.

August 19, 1702.—Benbow's battle with Du Casse in the West Indies. 1811.—The "Hawk," gun-brig, 16, defeated and destroyed five French armed vessels under the batteries of Barfleur. 1840.—Defeat of a large Chinese force by landing parties from the "Druid," 44, and "Larne" and "Hyacinth," sloops.

August 20, 1578.—Drake entered the Straits of Magellan. 1799.—Capture of the French "Vestale," 36, by the "Clyde," 38, off Jersey. 1801.—Cutting out of the Spanish "Neptuno," 20, from the harbour of Coruuna, by the boats of the "Fisgard," "Diamond," and "Boadicea."

August 21, 1797.—Capture of the "Penguin," 18, by the "Oiseau," 16. 1800.—Capture of the French "Vengeance," 52, by the "Seine," 46, off the coast of Cuba.

August 22, 1795.—Capture of the Dutch "Alliance," 36, off the coast of Norway, by the "Stag," 36. 1798.—Capture of the French "Decade," 36, off Cape Finisterre, by the "Naïad," 38. 1806.—Cutting out of two Spanish vessels under the batteries in the harbour of Rio de la Plata, by the boats of the "Alexandria," 36.

August 23, 1794.—Destruction of the French "Volontaire," 36, by Sir J. B. Warren's squadron, on the coast of Brittany. 1796.—Destruction of the French "Andromaque," 36, by the "Galatea," 36, and "Sylph," 18, in the Bay of Biscay. 1827.—Admiral Lord John Hay born. 1888.—The "Marathon" launched.

August 24, 1217. — Defeat of Eustace the Monk, by Hubert de Burgh, off the North Foreland. 1702.—Benbow's second battle with Du Casse in the West Indies. Benbow mortally wounded. 1841.—Reduction of Amoy, China, by the "Wellesley," 74, and "Blenheim," 74.

AUGUST 18, 1513.—Battle of the Spurs. The British utterly defeated the French near Enguinegathe. 1706.—Siege of Menin. Successful attack on the covert-way under Marlborough. 1793. — Action at Lincelles. The British and Dutch defeated the French. The Guards' Brigade, under General Lake, especially distinguished themselves.

August 19, 1119.—Battle of Brenneville. Henry I. defeated the French. 1799.—Reduction of Surinam. The Dutch garrison capitulated to Lieutenant-General Trigge and Vice-Admiral H. Seymour.

August 20, 1695.—Siege of Namur. William III. made an attack on the Citadel, which was stoutly resisted by the garrison, under Marshal Boufflers.

August 21, 1801.—Surrender of the Castle of Marabout by the French to Colonel Darby. 1808.—Battle of Vimiera. Wellington defeated the French under Junot. The French lost 1,800, and the British 720. 1812.—Detroit captured from the Americans. 1860.—Capture of the Taku Forts by the British and French, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded. 1882.—Chaloux-el-Terraba (Egypt) captured.

August 22, 1138.—Battle of the Standard. The Earl of Albemarle defeated the Scots near Northallerton. 1485.—Battle of Bosworth Field. The last battle between the Houses of York and Lancaster. Richard III. was defeated by the Earl of Richmond, and slain. 1801.—Major-General Sir Eyre Coote drove back the French from their position outside Alexandria, and captured seven guns.

August 23, 1781.—Surrender of Tripasore to Sir Eyre Coote. 1782.—Cape River Fort (Mexico) carried by Captain John Campbell. 1793.—Surrender of Pondicherry to Colonel Braithwaite. 1897.—Fort Ali Musjid and Fort Maude (Khyber Pass) captured by the Afridis.

August 24, 1773.—Sortie from Tanjore repulsed. 1793.—Action near Furnes. The French defeated. 1814.—Battle of Bladensburg. General Ross defeated the Americans, and as a consequence captured the City of Washington. 1842.—General Pollock defeated 12,000 Afghans at Mammoo Khail. 1882.—Defeat of the Egyptians near Ismailia. 1898.—Advance of the Anglo-Egyptian Army from Wad Hamed.

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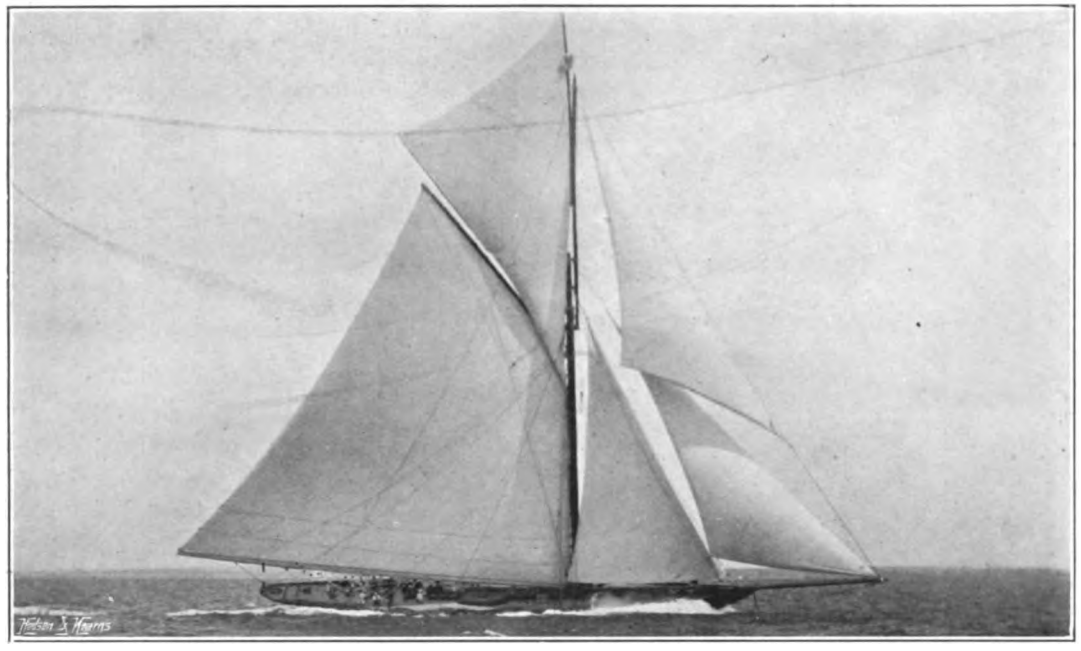
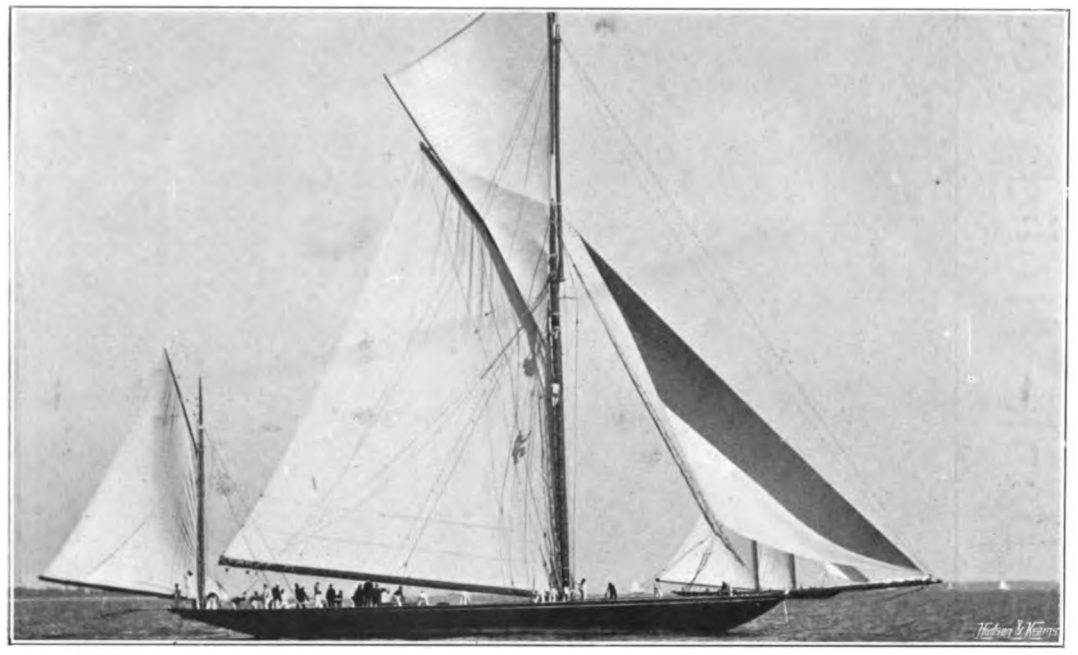
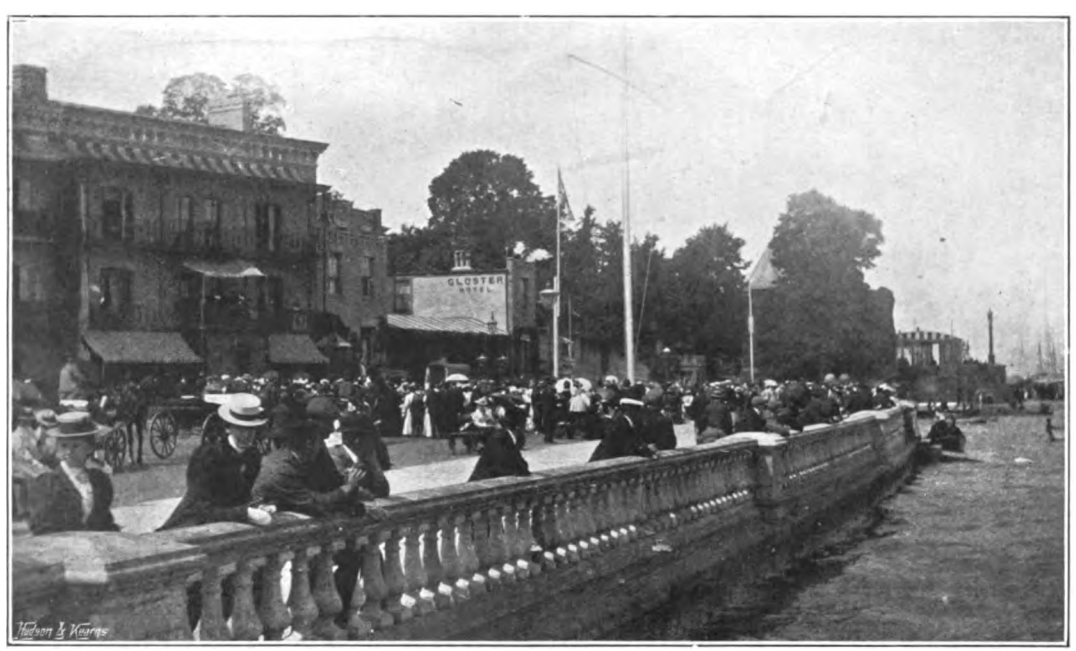
The Cowes Week.



GRACE AND POWER—A WINNER OF MANY RACES.
The Prince of Wales's Yacht "Britannia."



ONCE A SPEEDY CUTTER, NOW A YAWL
The German Emperor's Yacht "Meteor."



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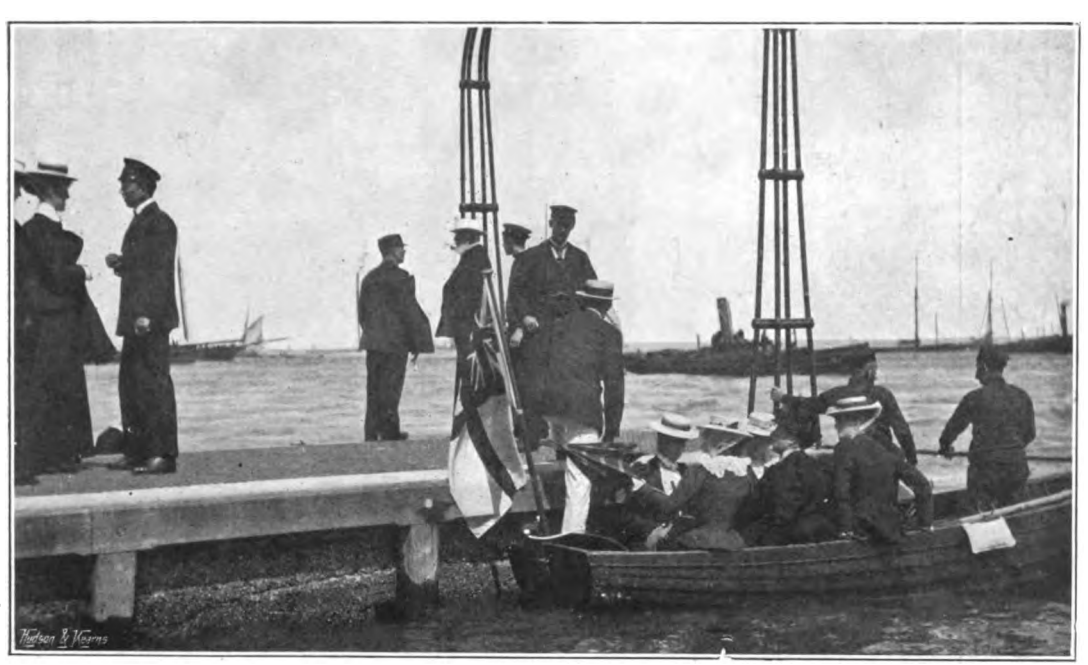
A SCENE ON THE MARINE PARADE, COWES.
The Crowd Watching the Races in the Solent.



S. Cribb, Southsea.

WHERE THE WHITE ENSIGN FLIES FOR YACHTS.
The Squadron Landing-place at Cowes.

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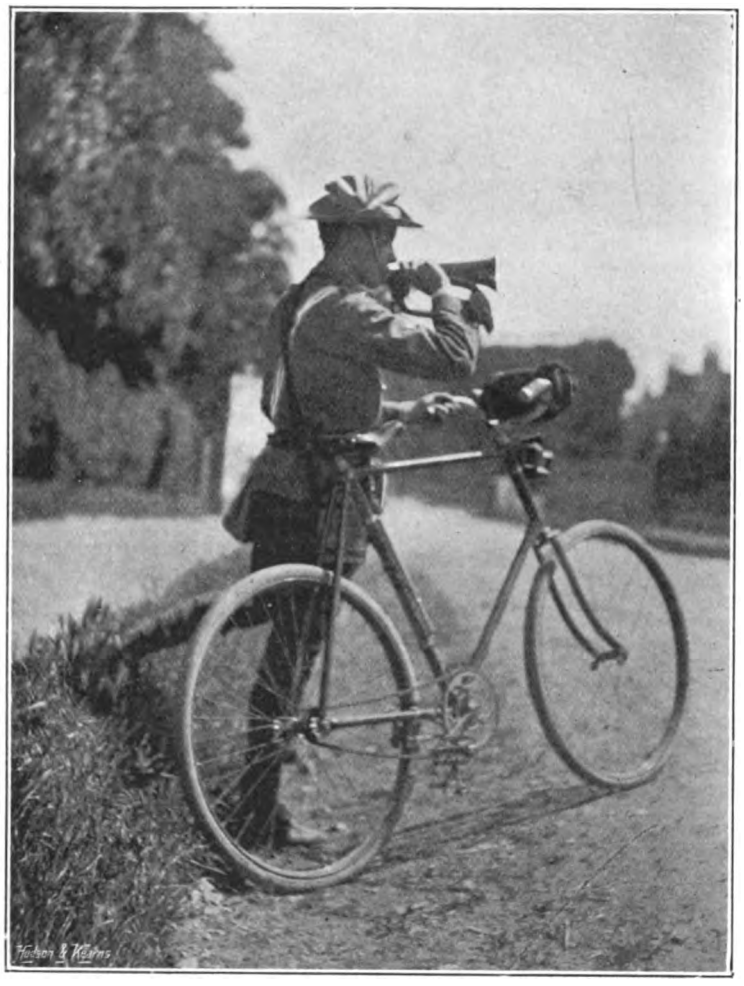
With the Cyclists on Bank Holiday.



STARTING FOR WORK.
A Bugler Sounding the Advance.

THE NEW VOLUNTEER CYCLISTS' DRESS.
Khaki, of course, with Rifle and Bandolier.

Photos. Copyright.
SIGNALLING IS AN IMPORTANT DUTY.
A Signaller of the 2nd Hants Artillery.

S. Cribb, Southsea.
THE SOLDIER'S NECESSARY PRELIMINARY.
His Careful Study of the Map.

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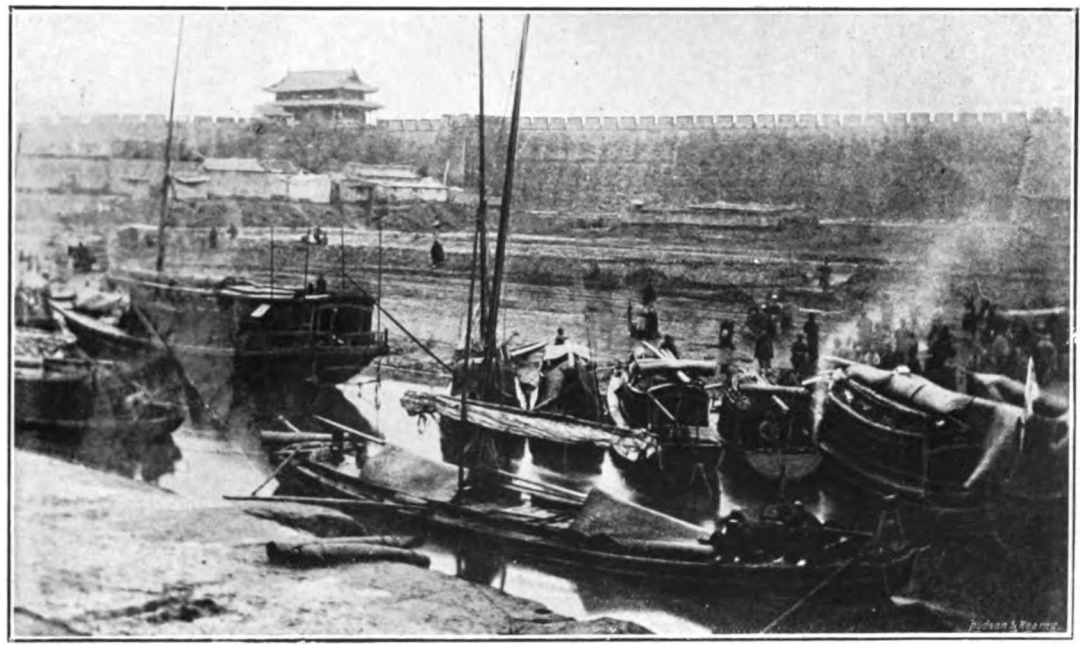
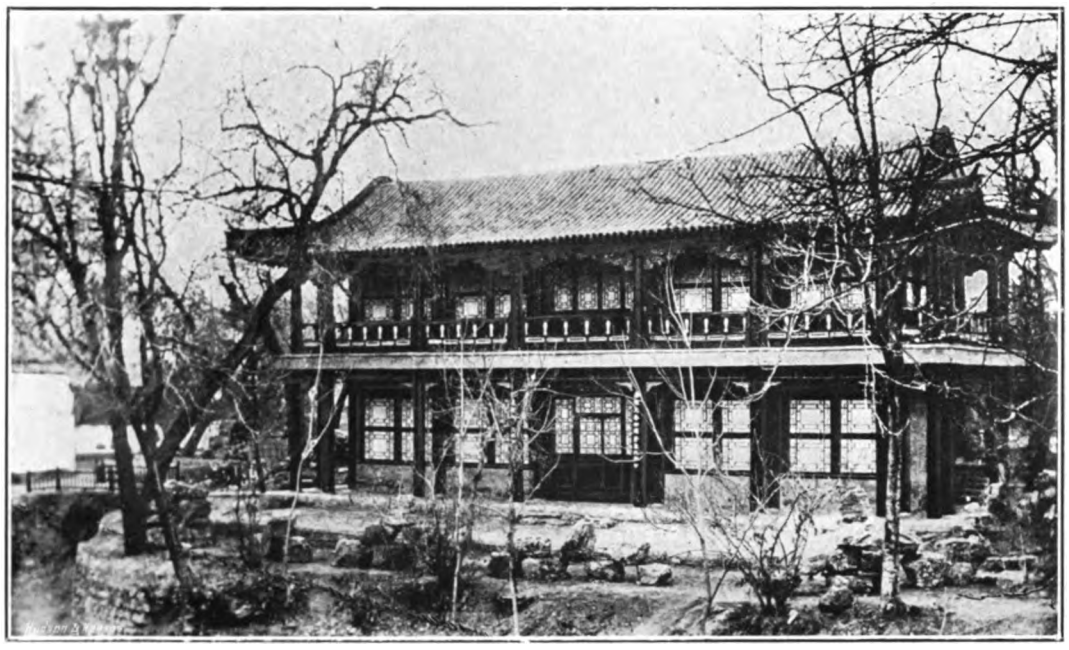
The Tragedy at Pao-ting-fu.

CHINA is the land of tragedies, and this has been more particularly the case recently. The missionaries are almost inevitably the principal sufferers. Their work is mainly up-country at outlying stations. They are, moreover, prominent in everything that means opposition to Chinese ideas; perhaps, too, they are not always discreet as the world counts discretion. They have their following of converts, but when the storm bursts they are the first sufferers. The non-converts hate them for their religion, and the isolated positions which they occupy offer boundless facilities for attack. The consequence is that during the present troubles there have been constant tales of mission houses burned—in some instances of missionaries slaughtered. Among the cases of massacre is that of Pao-ting-fu, where it was originally said that all the foreign missionaries and native Christians had been massacred and their houses destroyed. It seems to be impossible definitely to state the number of foreign missionaries in the place. The estimates vary between twenty and forty, the greater number being Americans. This is typical of the risks which are run by foreigners who take up their abode in the interior of China.

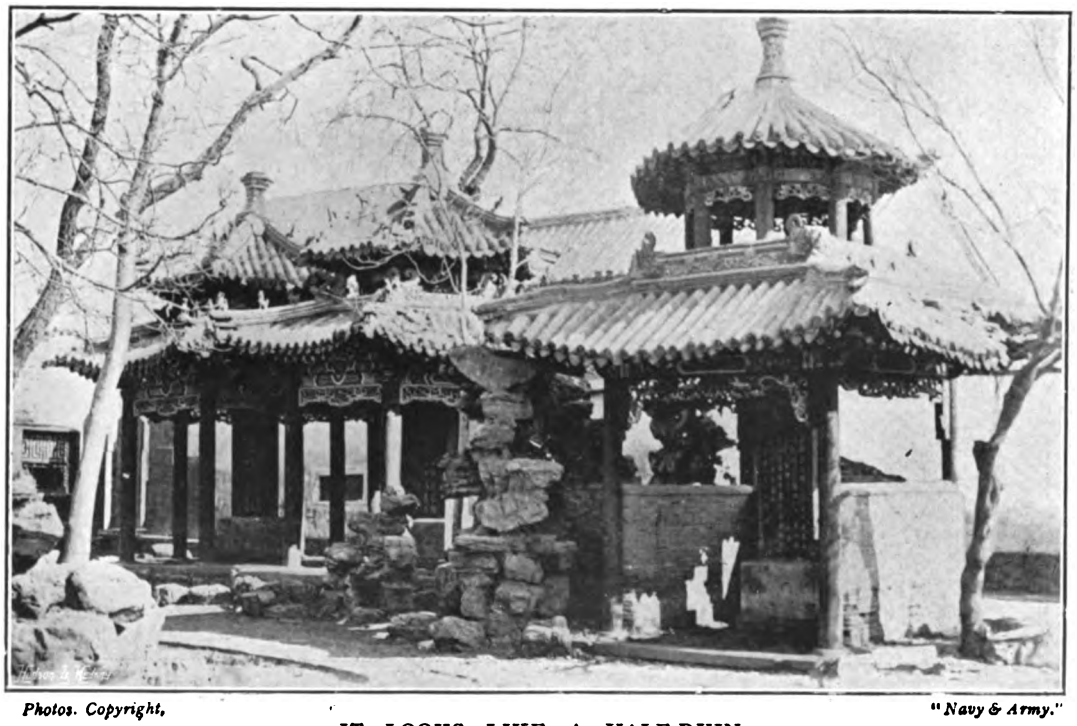
It would be almost impossible, indeed, to use any words too bad to describe the average Chinese. The man sometimes to be met with in this country, who is far too common in San Francisco and certain parts of Australia, is one thing. He is not always a very elevated being, but he has seen white civilisation and has learned that he must obey its dictates, in his outward conduct if not in his domestic life. The Chinaman of the interior of China is another being altogether. He knows nothing of the West; his ideas, his methods, his modes of life are altogether alien from it. Just as the Aztecs possessed a certain civilisation which did not hinder them from ceremonies of a demoniacal cruelty, so the ordinary Chinaman, living among the relics of a defunct civilisation, is a brute, and nothing but a brute. It is hardly necessary to scratch him to find that his civilisation is a veneer. And yet it is among such men as these, more savage than the beasts, that our missionaries are content to go and to take with them their wives and children. We can hardly wonder that a catastrophe sometimes happens such as that which has occurred at Pao-ting-fu. And yet it is hard to associate rapine and slaughter with such scenes as are portrayed in our pictures. The pavilion of the Summer Palace may be dilapidated, but it looks peaceful, and the crowd of boats on the river almost give the lie to the frowning ramparts above them. The Examination Hall bears testimony to the mania of the Chinese for passing examinations, a mania which is deeply ingrained in their social life, but which, nevertheless, does not prevent successful candidates from becoming violent anti-foreign agitators.



RIVER BOATS AND FROWNING WALLS.
A Scene on the River Outside the Town.



A BUILDING SACRED TO LEARNING.
The Examination Hall at the Old Imperial Palace.



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IT LOOKS LIKE A HALF-RUIN.
But it is the Pavilion to the Summer Palace at Pao ting-fu.

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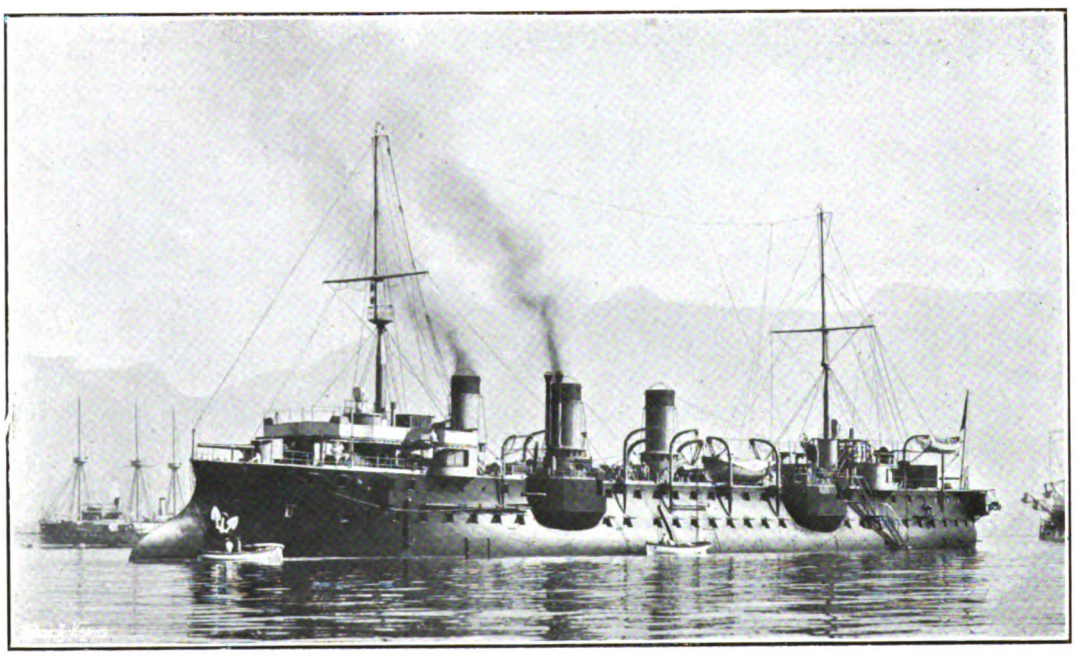
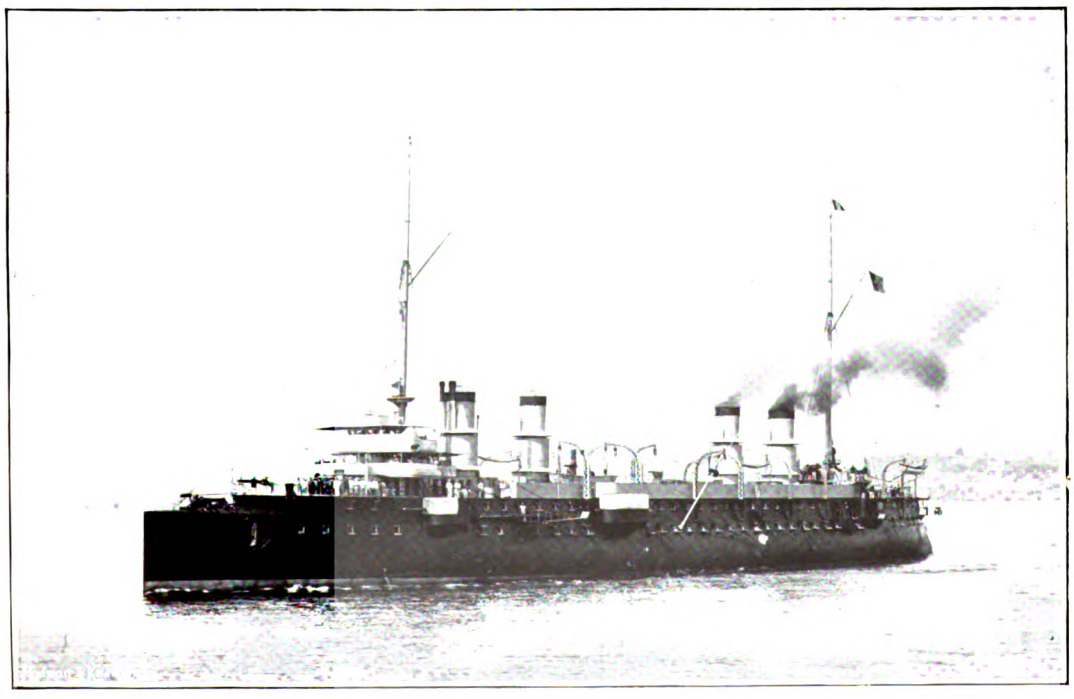
The French Fleet

ON THE MORROW OF THE NAVAL REVIEW AT CHERBOURG.



A USEFUL SECOND-CLASS CRUISER
The "Bugeaud," Launched in 1893.



Photos. Copyright. *M. Bar, Toulon.*

THE "GUICHEN," A RECENT FIRST-CLASS CRUISER.
Her Speed is 23 knots.

THE review of the French Fleet at Cherbourg by President Loubet, on July 19, was a grand Naval display. Our first picture shows the ships lying in the roadstead, and the imposing appearance of the combined squadrons will be evident to our readers. Evident, too, are the peculiar characteristics of French war-ships—the "snout" bow of many of them, the somewhat heavy upper works, the huge military tops. Opinions must always differ as to the value of various types in ship-building, but no one with any experience could ever mistake a French battle-ship for an English one, or *vice versâ*. Never before had France assembled so powerful a fleet as that assembled at Cherbourg after the manœuvres, in order that it might be reviewed by the President of the Republic. The Mediterranean Squadron had come north, and was united with the Northern Squadron, and the combined fleet was under the command of Admiral Gervais, France's most able admiral. President Loubet may well have felt a pardonable glow of national pride as, in the "Elan" he steamed between the long lines of massive battleships and swift cruisers. France has made enormous efforts to create a powerful Navy; she has submitted to sacrifices which we can estimate only by remembering that she maintains also an enormous Army, and the Cherbourg review was the outward and visible sign of the success of her efforts, and the reward of her sacrifices. Even so brilliant a result, however, has not satisfied our neighbours, and the new French Naval Defence Bill makes provision for the construction of six battleships of 14,865 tons, five armoured cruisers of about 12,600 tons, twenty-eight torpedo-boat destroyers of about 300 tons, and about twenty-six torpedo-boats. France has always made a feature of armoured cruisers. Her constructors have managed to do some remarkable work with this particular type of vessel, producing vessels of heavy armament on a small displacement; and the fact that, after trusting for so long to protected cruisers, we are

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At Home and Abroad.

THE UNITED FRENCH SQUADRONS IN THE ROADSTEAD.

now reverting to the armoured type, is evidence that they have not been far wrong on the other side of the Channel. The "Amiral Charnier," now in China, and which forms the subject of one of our pictures, is a case in point. The "Pascal," the subject of another of our pictures, is also in Chinese waters, but she is of a different type, and represents the protected as opposed to the armoured class of cruiser. In this respect she resembles the "Bugeaud" and the powerful first-class cruiser "Guichen"—reputed to be able to steam 23 knots—which are represented in our remaining two pictures. Two of the latest additions to the French Navy, the "Gloire" aud the "Marseillaise," are armoured cruisers, but these are larger vessels, having a displacement of about 10,000 tons. The "Gloire" was launched at L'Orient on June 27, and the "Marseillaise" from the Salon slip at Brest on July 14; so that although both are afloat, it will be some time before either is ready to go to sea. Not content, however, with being powerful at sea in the ordinary way, France has given great attention to submarine or submersible boats designed to attack an enemy from below the surface of the water. A long series of experiments has been conducted, and there is a school of French Naval officers and, still more, of French civilians which believes that the problem of submarine navigation has been solved, and that the naval warfare of the future will be waged beneath the surface of the waves. The real value of this type of vessel has yet to be determined. From what has been here written, it will be readily understood that the French Navy is a national institution of which Frenchmen may well be proud. The review at Cherbourg was the fitting culmination to a series of manœuvres of which very little is at present known in this country, and, of course, to a series of fêtes which could hardly be omitted from an occasion when the most powerful fleet that France ever assembled was gathered together in the beautiful and spacious roadstead in the Cotentin peninsula.

VERY FAST AND WELL ARMED.
The "Pascal," Small but Efficient.

Photos. Copyright. *M. Bar, Toulon.*

A SMALL BUT POWERFUL ARMOURED CRUISER.
The "Amiral Charnier," of 4,792 tons.

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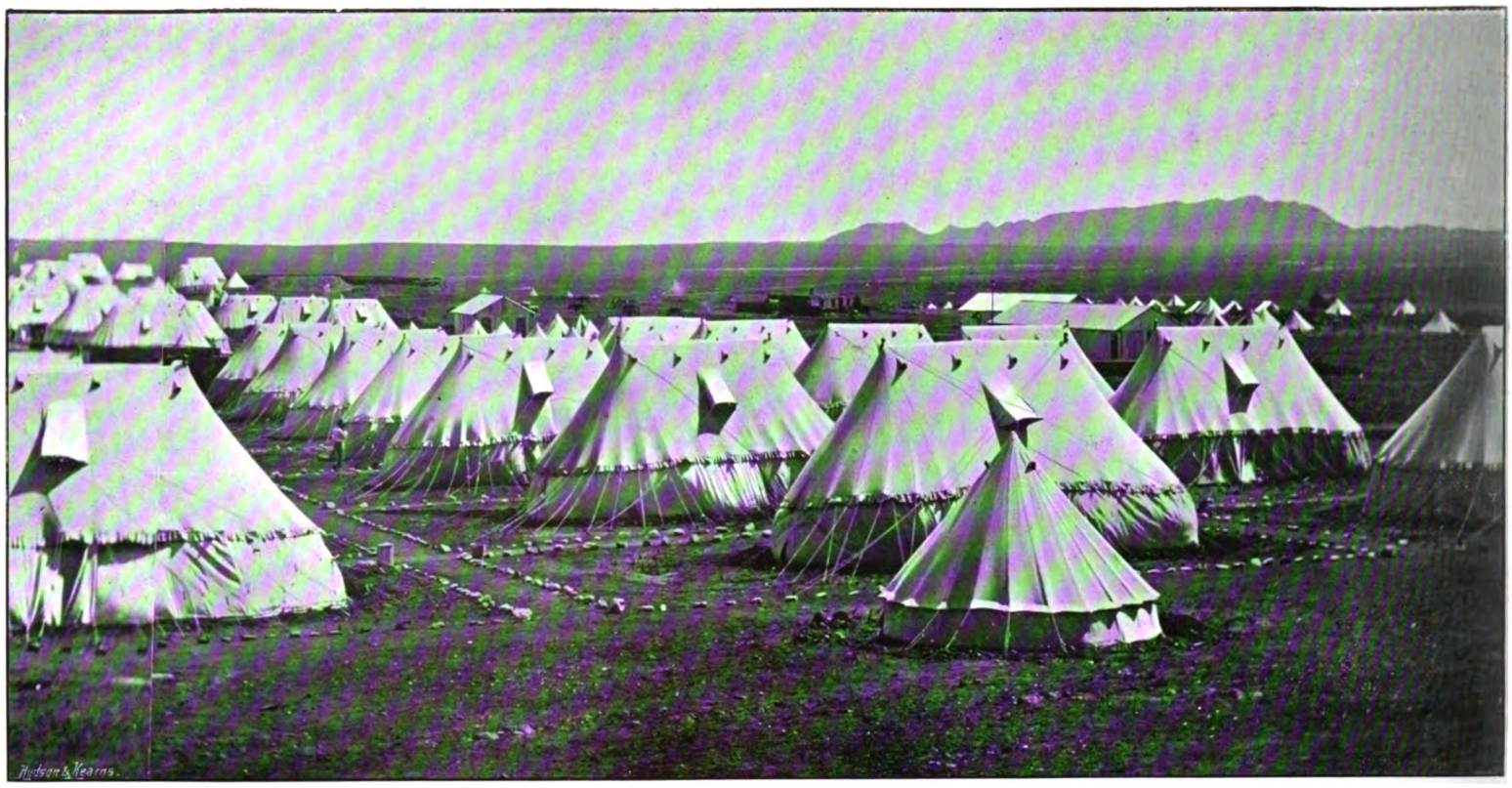
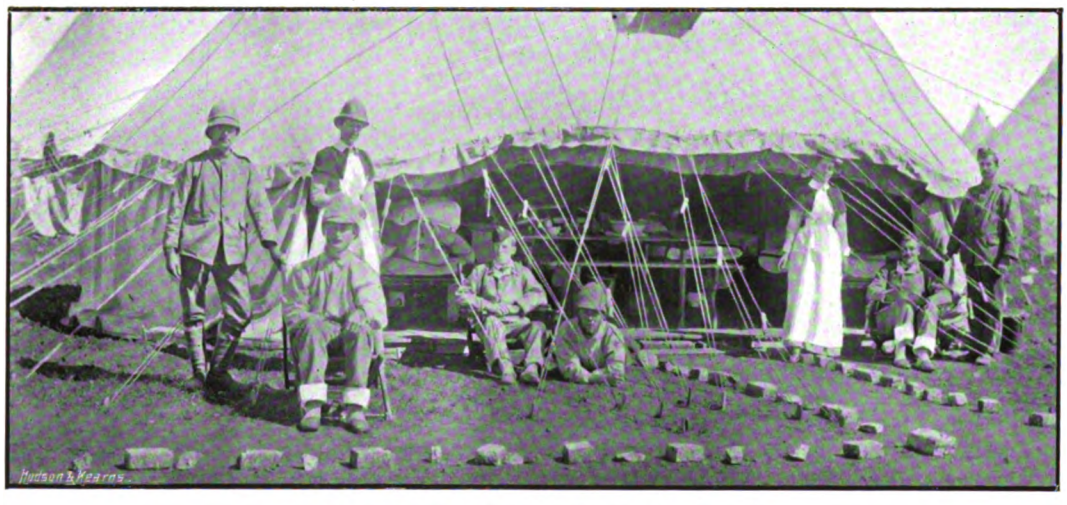
The Care of the Sick and Wounded



A VIEW OF No. 6 GENERAL HOSPITAL



A CORNER OF THE HOSPITAL.
Showing Tents with Open Sides.

TO TEND THE SICK AND WOUNDED.
The Nursing Staff of the Hospital.

From Photos. by a Medical Officer at the Front.

NO apology, surely, is needed for a return to this subject, often as it has already received allusion, pictorial and literary, in these pages. On the broad ground of general interest it would be difficult to overdo a topic of such vital importance and such many-sided instructiveness. The mere contemplation of the marvellous strides that have of late years been made in the treatment of the hapless victims of war and its accompanying evils, renders such pictures as those which are here reproduced of fresh and abiding interest. When we look back upon the almost Chinese indifference which was formerly displayed towards the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the field, the most rabidly conservative of us must admit that, even if the Service at large has in the eyes of prejudiced veterans "gone to the dogs," there is one direction at least in which it has made magnificent progress.

A shrewd and cynical French military writer of the old school remarked that in war it was better to wound one of the enemy than to kill him, because a wounded man required two other men to carry him off the field, and thus three men were placed *hors de combat*. But the modern field hospital system has largely modified the soundness of that neat observation. Nowadays a stricken man may require two men to carry him away, but as they are non-combatants, the process does not affect the fighting line. Moreover, the wounded man has now at least two distinct chances of getting back to the front, and, very possibly, of settling accounts with the very enemy who originally bowled him over. For if he cannot be patched up and made "as good as new" in the field hospital, which moves forward with the troops, he has a

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In Our Hospitals in South Africa.

AT THE BASE AT NAAUWPOORT.

second chance given him of complete and speedy recovery in the general hospital, of which No. 6 at Naauwpoort, here illustrated, is an excellent example.

Naauwpoort will be chiefly remembered in connection with General French's cavalry operations in Cape Colony before he went to join Lord Roberts and relieve Kimberley. It was from Naauwpoort that French moved on Arundel and Rensburg, around which his brilliant cavalry manœuvring must have come as rather a painful revelation to the Boers at Colesberg. Although the tale of casualties in this quarter was not so deadly as it has been elsewhere, we may be sure that the hospital and nursing staff at Naauwpoort were kept pretty constantly occupied.

It would be foolish to omit in this connection a reference to the important Inquiry into the Working of Army Hospitals—more especially of the general hospitals such as that at Naauwpoort—which has resulted from the strictures passed upon the system by Mr. Burdett-Coutts. But it would be still more foolish to attempt to discuss in any but general terms a subject which is undergoing expert investigation, and as to which there is likely to be a sustained and acrimonious controversy for some time to come. Putting differences of opinion aside, there seems a happily unanimous admission that, while here and there serious cases of overcrowding produced deplorable results, the conduct of individual members of the Royal Army Medical Corps and of the nursing staff was truly admirable. In the majority of cases, too, the working and organisation of the hospitals was as perfect as it could be under conditions which often made the transport of hospital necessaries a matter of great difficulty and delay.

UNFORTUNATELY A NECESSITY.
A Glimpse of the Operating Theatre.

READY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.
The Medical Officers of No. 6 General Hospital.

From Photos. by a Medical Officer at the Front.

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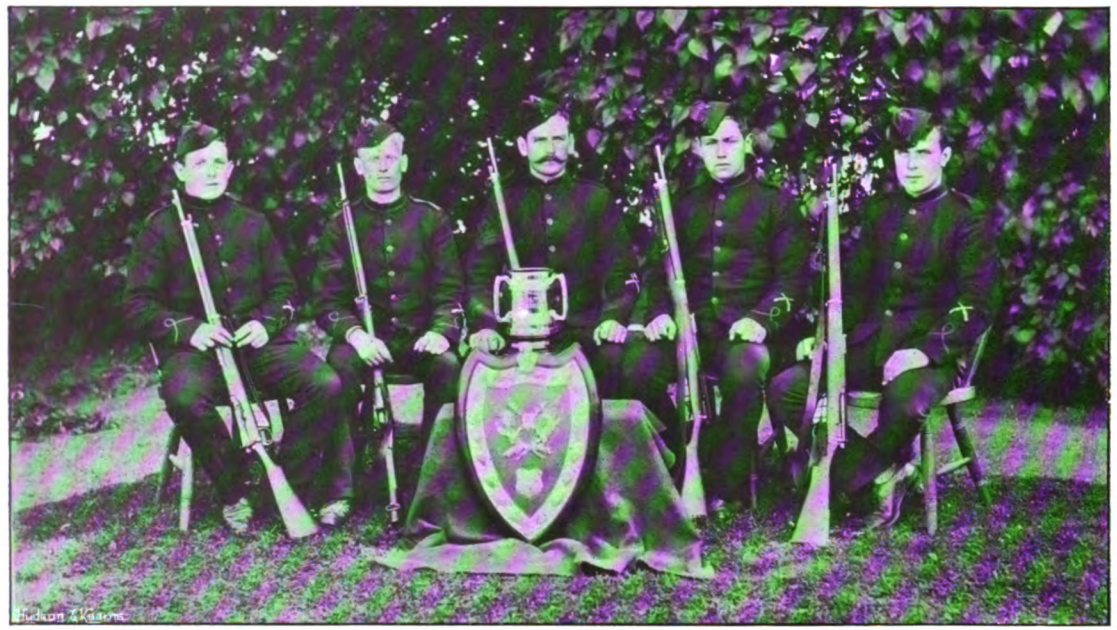
The All-Ireland Rifle Meeting at the Curragh.

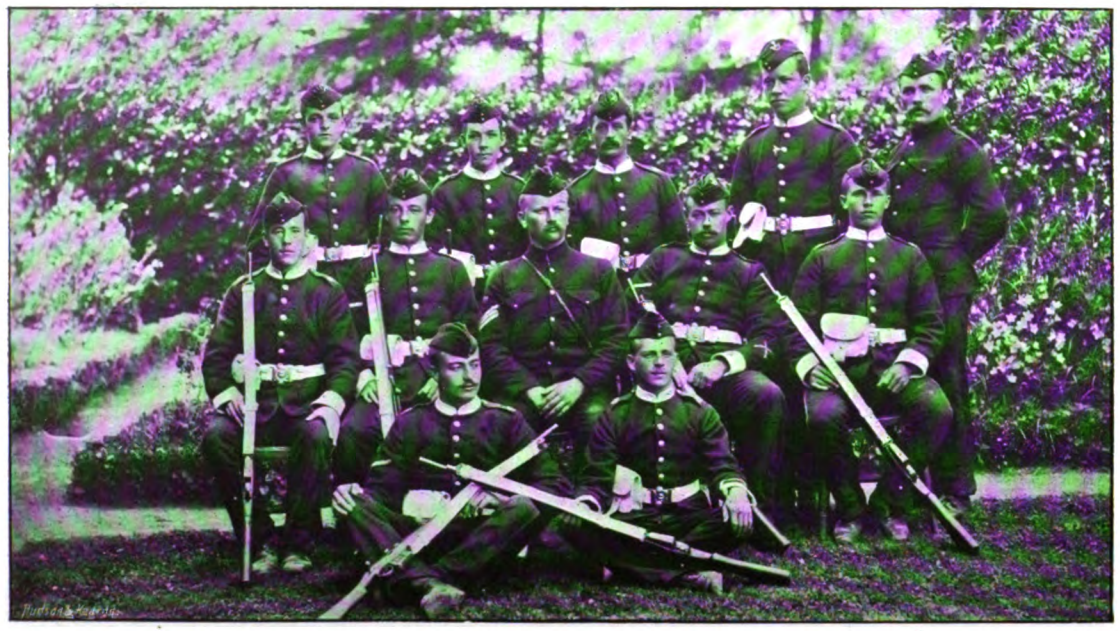


BRAVO THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES!

The 4th Battalion Team who Won the Mappin and Webb Shield and Cup.

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE MEETING.

The 4th Rifle Brigade Won the Queen's Cup, the Curragh Cup, and the Duke of Connaught's Cup.



THE WINNERS OF THE VANISHING TARGET PRIZE.

A Credit to the Details of the 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

From Photos. by P. Charleton & Son.

THE LORD ROBERTS CUP FOR YOUNG SOLDIERS

Given for the First Time this Year, and Won by the 4th King's Royal Rifles.

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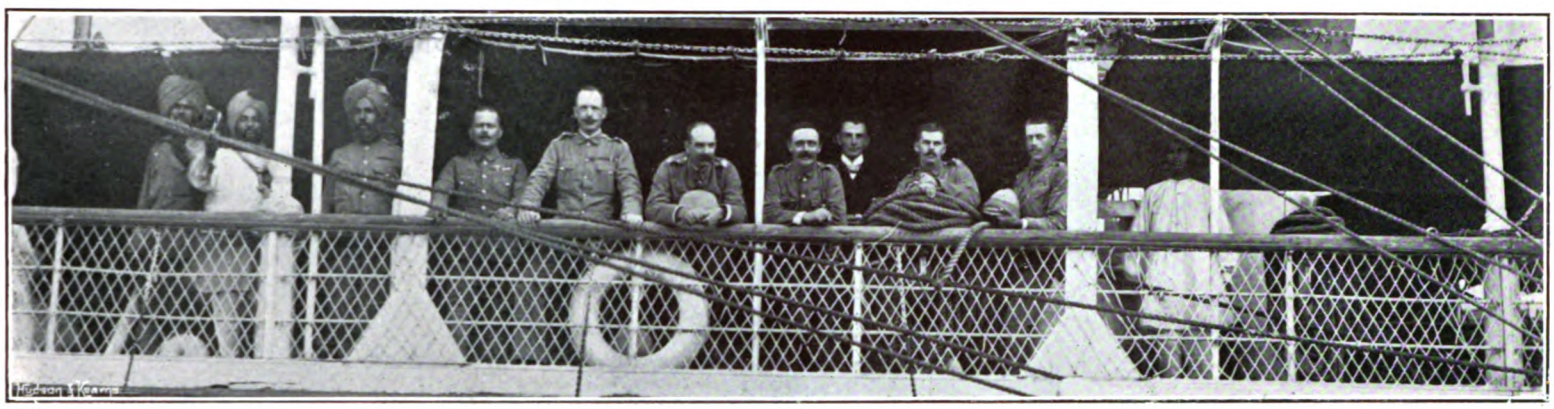
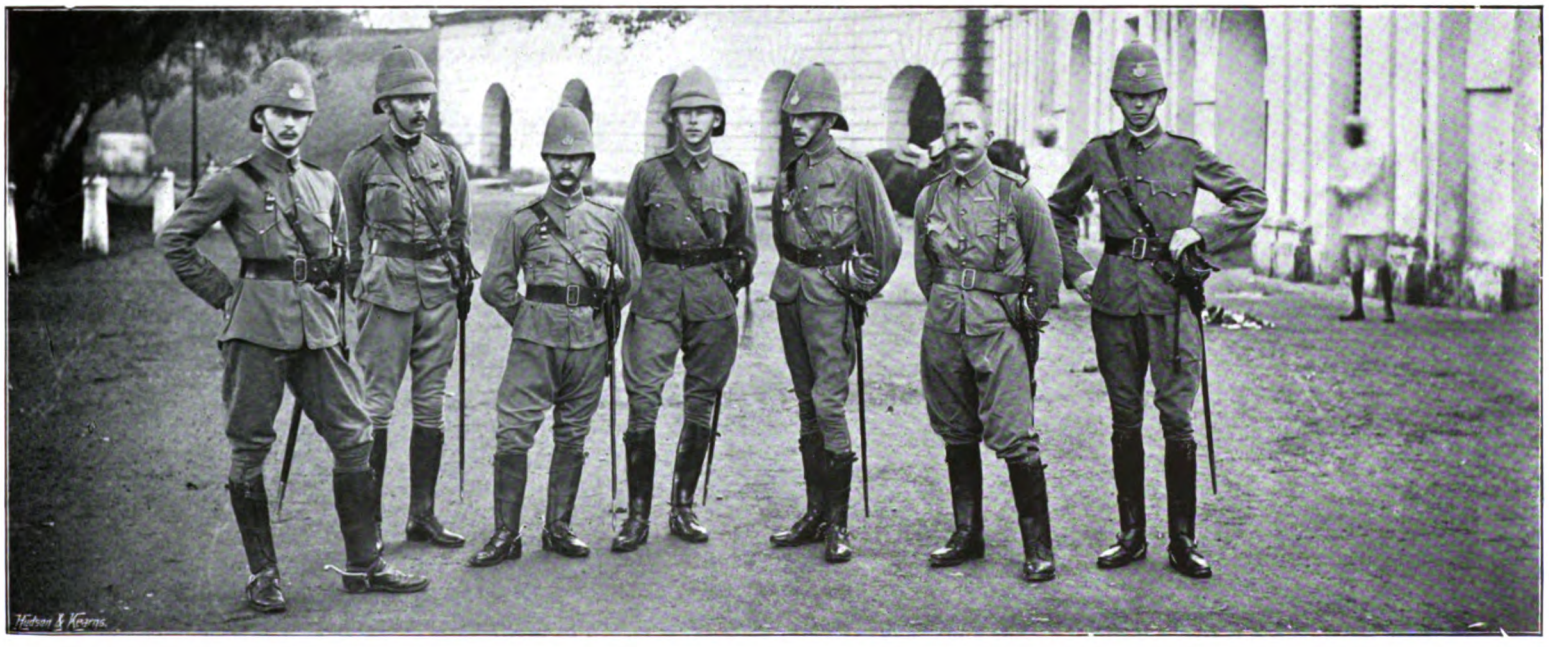
On Their Way to the Far East.

FROM INDIA TO CHINA IN THE TRANSPORT "NUDDEA."
The Officers of the 24th Punjab Infantry.



A CELEBRATED SIKH REGIMENT IN COLONEL STEWART'S BRIGADE.
Officers of the Right Wing, 1st Sikhs.

ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP "PATIALA."
Officers of the Right Wing, 22nd Bombay Infantry.



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AT THE BARRACKS IN CALCUTTA BEFORE STARTING.
Officers of the Right Wing, 7th Rajputs.

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The Embarkation of Indian Troops for China.

PREPARING FOOD BEFORE GOING ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT.

Photos. Copyright. *Kapp & Co.*

THE 24TH PUNJAB INFANTRY TAKING BAGGAGE ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "NUDDEA."

While our pictures on the previous page have portrayed the officers of the different regiments, these two show the actual preparations for an immediate start. The carefulness of the Sikhs about their food is a matter of religion. They prepare it for themselves, and one of our pictures shows the men of the 1st Sikhs engaged in the operation before embarkation. Our other picture speaks for itself, but the eagerness with which the work is being done is of ill omen for the foe whom the Punjabis have to meet.

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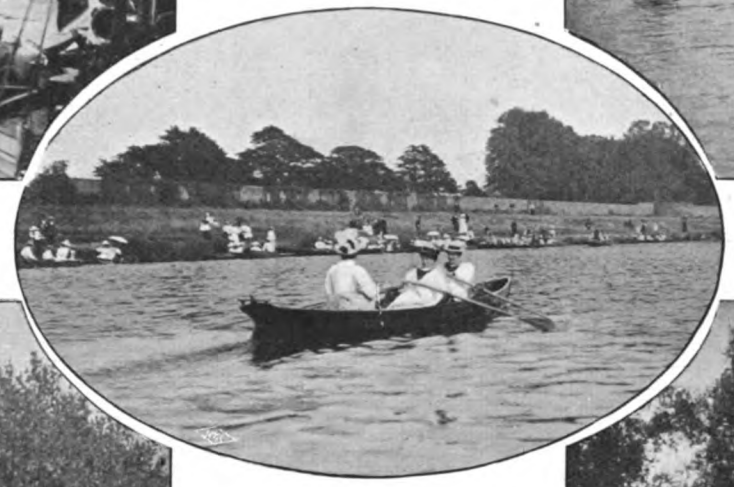
Hampton Court Regatta.

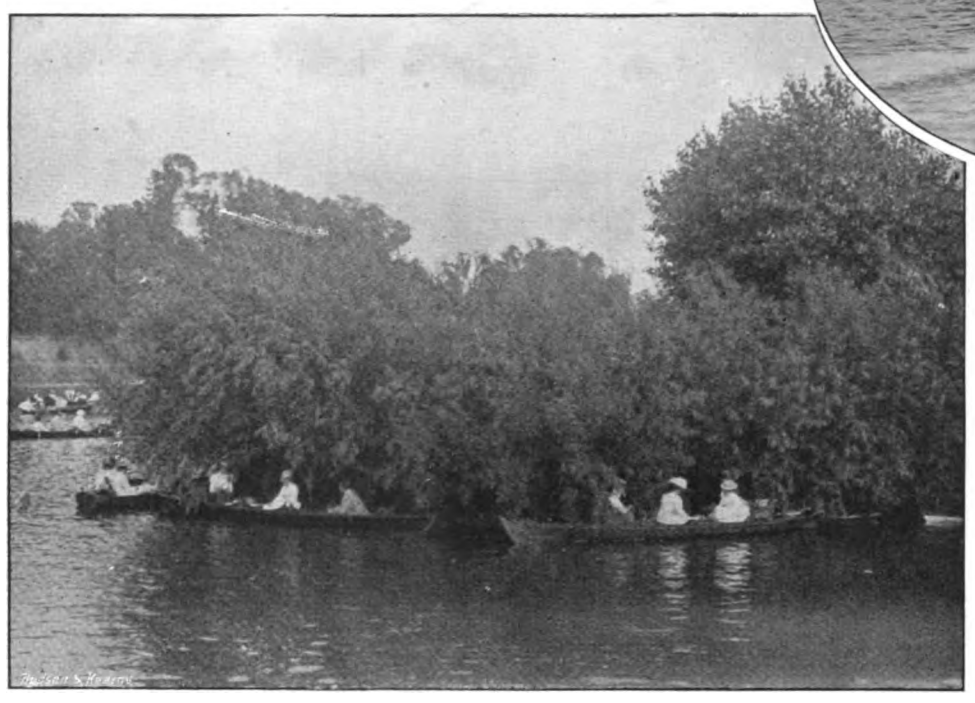
BETWEEN THE RACES.
Opposite Hampton Court Palace

AT THE WINNING-POST.
The Gentlemen's Double Sculls.



THE WINNERS OF THE LADIES DOUBLE SCULLS.

A Pretty River Fixture on Saturday Last.



A PLEASANT INTERVAL.
Tea Under the Trees.

AFTER THE RACING.
Looking Towards the Albany Lawn.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

THE SURGEON-EMPEROR.

IT has been already said that Captain Daly's scheme for "containing" General Nhelkentchowski's Poles was crowned with success, but a further consideration of the papers relating to the affair convinces me that the details of its execution and the difficulties that were overcome are worthy of recalling.

We left Mr. Surgeon McFeeter attired as Napoleon Bonaparte, followed by Captain Daly in what was intended as the dress of a Mameluke, and escorted by one squadron of British Dragoons, approaching a division of Polish Lancers, whose commander verily believed his visitors to be what they gave themselves out to be.

Mr. Surgeon McFeeter could pose very gallantly as Napoleon before a single Polish Lancer, but when it came to feeling the eyes of a couple of thousand of them, officers and all, fixed on him, the worthy gentleman grew a trifle fidgety. Happily, however, the waning light spared his blushes, and it also helped to cover the severe tomahawk thrusts which the supposititious Mameluke occasionally delivered in tender parts of his anatomy, while such interludes as "Bad luck to you for a sawbones" varied the burden of his song.

Although Mr. McFeeter sniffed at the antecedents of the Corsican usurper, and often aired an opinion that his manners would never have been tolerated in the society which he (Mr. McFeeter) adorned, nevertheless it is on record that General Nhelkentchowski's first impression of his visitor was not a favourable one.

"O Poland!" he said to himself (according to his "Souvenirs d'une Vie Patriotique," published in Brussels in 1849) "is such an one to heal your bleeding wounds? It cannot be, my gloriously miserable country. Oh! Alas!" Then he appears to have added aloud that his pay was in arrears, and that it was another man of the same name whose troops had done something or other to a convent in Swabia. Mr. McFeeter listened attentively, catching the meaning of just one word in ten, nodding affably, and saying "bon" whenever the Pole came to a period, and generally filling that personage with the idea that either the Emperor was much more easy-going than commonly rumoured, or that he himself was really a very brilliant officer.

The Poles, although their persons were adorned with ear-rings, brooches, and rings, travelled light in the matter of camp equipment; but Nhelkentchowski had at his disposal a biggish tent of a kind, and in this the Surgeon-Emperor was accommodated. Unsightly yet luscious viands were produced for his refection, and McFeeter became so intent on the enjoyment of them that he forgot everything else for the time being, much to the annoyance of Appleby, whose inside felt all the emptier for seeing that of his doctor filled. Captain Daly, however, allowed the surgeon to gorge himself, deeming that the essential hours might as plausibly be consumed in that way as any other, particularly as it afforded an excuse for silence. He was none the less startled when Mr. McFeeter, throwing down his knife (General Nhelkentchowski's mess plate did not run to forks), suddenly clasped his thumbs and exclaimed in an access of after-dinner piety, "Hech, O Lord, but I am truly thankful to Thee for this Thy bounteous mercy and uncommon tender bit o' mutton. Amen!"

The last word saved the speech. "Amen!" repeated General Nhelkentchowski, and crossed himself politely, rather than devoutly, much struck by the fact that the supposed free-thinking Cæsar should say a Latin grace. Captain Daly breathed again for the moment, but he was perturbed at his puppet's absence of mind; another slip like that might not be so ignored.

But so far was General Nhelkentchowski from entertaining suspicion of his guest, that he was praying in his heart that the Emperor might not demand food for his staff, too; a few more such feeders would leave his larder clean. He accordingly made a great show of preparing to offer him the information collected on his march, and orderlies came bustling in with maps, and papers of every kind germane.

Mr. McFeeter went through the form of looking at them, blinking and winking his eyes the while and repeating as he put each away again, "bon, c'est bon, bon très bon," causing Appleby to envy the fluency of his French. General Nhelkentchowski, knowing very little about the documents himself, although he wondered vaguely at their being so perfect that no fault should be found anywhere, was too elated at his master's appreciation to question the reality of it.

Between food and papers four long hours were passed in such a way as surely the real Simon Pure would never have let them pass. Captain Daly had nathless his misgivings as to what would happen when the consideration of the reports came to an end.

Mr. McFeeter solved this problem very happily by falling asleep over the second last. He nodded forward in his chair, and, although wakened for an instant by the lock of hair which Daly had artistically brushed down over his forehead catching fire from the candle, as soon as the latter was pushed out of his way he went off again.

If Captain Daly was relieved by this termination to a trying ordeal, General Nhelkentchowski seemed equally so. He rubbed his hands, almost childishly gleeful, as Appleby and Daly lifted the surgeon with much respectful ceremony from his chair and laid him on the general's mattress, with his hat cocked down over his eyes so far that he positively breathed into it. It really looked as if Daly's scheme stood a fair chance of success.

So enchanted was Appleby that he entered into a conversation in French with General Nhelkentchowski, and was near spoiling everything. "L'Empereur," he commenced briskly, and then stopped.

"Monsieur le Colonel dit quelque chose?" asked General Nhelkentchowski civilly, as addressing one who stood near the Court.

"Je dis," said Appleby, regretting his temerity as he felt Daly's eyes turned on him, "je dis que l'Empereur est, que l'Empereur est——" and language failed him again.

General Nhelkentchowski waited a little while, and then, still smirking, politely answered, "Je suis fort interessé; qu'est-ce qu'il est, Monsieur?"

"Il est," said Appleby, "il est——" and then he whispered in an anguished undertone to Daly, "In the Lord's name what is the French for asleep?"

"Il dort," Daly muttered back.

The moisture of relief pushed through Appleby's forehead as he retook his theme. "Je dis que l'Empereur est il dort," he said, triumphantly, but did not pursue the subject further, which was as well, for even Nhelkentchowski had made up his mind that he could be no Frenchman.

The Pole looked at him distrustfully, and thence to the recumbent form of the Surgeon-Emperor. The latter was snoring in blissful forgetfulness of the greatness thrust upon him, and without suspicion of the threatened end of that greatness. The Pole made a movement to approach more nearly, but recoiled on finding the Mameluke's tomahawk circling round his head.

"The Emperor's rest must not be broken," said Daly sternly, and General Nhelkentchowski, not wishing his pate to suffer that fate either, relinquished the attempt to study his features. Nevertheless, it was evident that some vague notion that he was being hocussed had crossed his mind. He took a turn up and down the flooring, swinging his hand round the tent pole as though in doubt. Daly, while crooning another psalm full of bismillahs and chincillas, watched him closely. There was no one in the tent except Nhelkentchowski, Daly, Appleby, Masham, and his snoring Majesty, but outside could be seen the shadow of the sentry thrown by the now brilliant moon: the night was in mid career.

Suddenly, the general made a movement for the opening. Appleby and Masham both instinctively leaped forward to bar his exit, but the Mameluke's staying hands were already heavy on his shoulders, and the Mameluke's voice said: "The Emperor bade me keep you till he wakes."

General Nhelkentchowski's position was a trying one, and he was not a man of trained and balanced judgment. He felt himself a prisoner in his own tent, which was ignominious, but what still more annoyed him was the possibility that he

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was the victim of a trick. If he was detained by order of the Emperor it was an honour; but if the Emperor was not really —General Nhelkentchowski's brain was hardly equal to the conception—if the Emperor was not really the Emperor, then he was an enemy of the Emperor, and an enemy of the Emperor was an enemy of Poland in general and Nhelkentchowski himself in particular; and the long and short of it was that he did not know whether he was standing on his heels or his head.

All the four men looked covertly at one another, only the Emperor-Surgeon snored placidly in their midst; once, and once only, did he open his lips; it was to say simply, "Surely you'll be my pint stoup and surely I'll be thine," followed by the, to the Polish general, insignificant word "Willy-Waucht."

Nhelkentchowski slid down on a stool, and sat there in silence; it was easy to call the sentry, and he would have done it, although it spelt death, if only he were sure his guest was not the Emperor. But should the sleeping man prove to be the Emperor after all, then Nhelkentchowski felt he would appear in a ridiculous light, and lose the good opinions he had won. Besides, no men in their senses would dare to buffoon with him—the famous Nhelkentchowski.

The sheer nonsensicality of Daly's scheme was carrying it through. But, suddenly, unlooked-for danger threatened. From the examining post near the headquarter tent came the quick rattle of talk, above the rest the high, clear pitch of a pure Parisian accent; the words were not clearly to be distinguished, but Daly knew what they meant, so did Masham and Appleby, and so did Nhelkentchowski—a messenger was come from the commander of the French forces in the field, Napoleon or not Napoleon.

There was only one thing to do, and Daly did it with a quickness that astonished even Appleby and Masham. He knocked Nhelkentchowski insensible with a smack from the tomahawk and he blew out the light. Then the other two heard him scrambling furiously in the dark.

"What are you up to now?" cried Appleby.

"Whisht, sir," answered Daly. "Slip under the canvas at the back of the tent and lie doggo. I think I can manage another hour of this sort of thing, but if I can't you'd better clear out with the squadron as fast as you can go."

Appleby and Masham did his bidding without a word, the latter cutting a way through the canvas with his sword for his bulky superior to pass through. They lay down outside and watched. Daly continued to fumble about, until the sound could be heard of footsteps approaching the tent-opening, and the sentry had already challenged, when the candle was relighted.

The two officers, peering through the slit Masham had made, dropped their hands on their swords. There was General Nhelkentchowski sitting at his table with his back towards them, and poring over his maps. Then Appleby incontinently chuckled, for he perceived that the general wore no pantaloons, that his naked legs were black, and that there lay in his lap a tomahawk. No one else was visible, but where the bed had been lay now a mysterious pile of uniforms, saddles, rugs, boots, and indeed almost every movable object the tent contained. It seemed to the two officers that the surface of this unsavoury hotch-potch rose and fell gently in the manner of a ground swell, and sounds came from it not unlike the murmur of the sea. But their attention was recalled from the accessories of the scene to the comedians themselves. The sentry passed the newly-arrived aide-de-camp, and he entered the tent accompanied by a Polish officer.

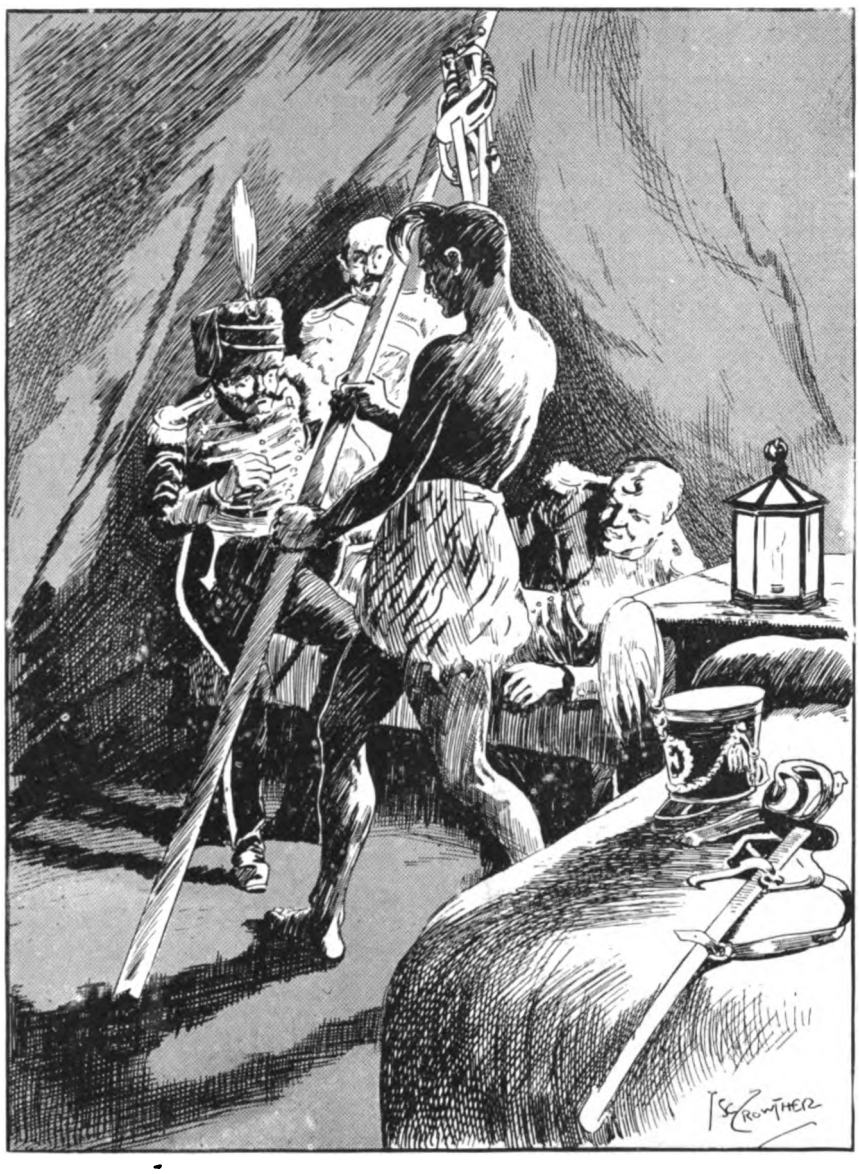
The latter seemed to hesitate on seeing Daly, who sat, his head half buried in hi shands, so that the faint candle glimmer did not reach his face, but the French officer burst at once into speech: "General, could you not have hastened your march? The Duc de Belluno has fought all day in the hope that you might come—your message of yesterday——"

"The Duc de Belluno," said Daly, interrupting him, "the Duc de Belluno has fought—with what result?"

"At first successfully, but, wanting horse to follow up the first achievement, the English recovered their ground, and——"

"Where is the Duc de Belluno now?" asked Daly, his eyes fixed on the Polish officer who was edging near him.

"In full retreat, and all for want of your fellows," snapped the Frenchman. "The British Dragoons chased me within an hour of your outposts. You must make up your mind to do something, or you are lost."



"He did not tug in vain; the pole gave in his hauds."

"Hip hooray!" was the reply of the supposed Polish general.

"Hip hooray!" echoed Appleby and Masham from their coign of vantage.

And yet one more "Hip hooray!" was heard, as the old clothes-heap in the corner was riven by the head of the Surgeon-Emperor. "Hech! but that's gurreat news," quoth he.

"Treachery!" shrieked the Polish officer, at last discovering the secret of Daly's extremities, and he out with his sword and smote lustily at his head.

Daly was ready, and the steel broke on the tomahawk; but the situation was serious, for the guard came rushing in, and officers and men assailed his nakedness. Then Daly rose, and, as another Samson, flung himself on the tent-pole; he felt the sharp steel across the back of his legs as he tugged, but he did not tug in vain. The pole gave in his hands, and as the canvas flopped to earth he caught the Polish officer in his arms and rolled and rolled, so that in the canvas folds none mote tell what was Daly and what not. The Emperor-Surgeon saw the wile, and, plucking the still unconscious Nhelkentchowski from the litter in which they both had lain, he imitated Daly's example. Masham followed suit with the French aide-de-camp, and Appleby, taking unto himself a corpulent sergeant, joined the dance.

The tent of General Nhelkentchowski grew like the stormy sea in the pantomime, four separate hurricane centres roused it to turbulence. With awestruck eyes the Poles watched it rise and fall beneath the glimmer of the moon. They were bold, bad men, but not so bold and bad that they sympathised with all the actions of General Nhelkentchowski; particularly they thought of that little business at the convent in Swabia.

And then they recalled the strange, unearthly figure that had come into their camp that evening; what should that figure be unless the devil, come to fetch their beloved but Heaven-accursed general? What did they behold now but the very act of taking him; fear fell upon them, and they shrank from the appalling sight.

Suddenly there was a great shout, and a body of Dragoons, French Dragoons, flying in pell-mell disorder, clattered through the camp. "Sauve qui peut" they cried as they fled.

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The Polish Lancers found this advice excellent. For sure some terrible catastrophe had overtaken the legions of Napoleon, and they had already seen the fate of their own leader and his second in command. Panic spread like wild-fire from troop to troop, and in less than ten minutes' time fifteen hundred of the Poles (almost all who could find their horses) were galloping the same road as the French Dragoons.

Those that remained fell easy victims to Cornet Mesurier. An officer or two required to be knocked on the head, but most of the men were too demoralised to offer any resistance; they submitted to be tied up together like bundles of firewood.

Meanwhile the struggle in the tent wore itself out from sheer exhaustion. When Mesurier's men at length extricated Major Appleby, Daly, Masham, and Mr. McFeeter from the wreck of canvas, hemp, wood, and the rest of it, they found them little the worse for the adventure, save that Daly had some ugly cuts across the legs. Their enemies had suffered no more, except the *sous-officier*, who had a rib broken when Appleby first plumped his well-fed form upon him.

General Nhelkentchowski, whose head was still sore from the tomahawk blow, was inclined to use bad language, but both he and his second in command were glad to give parole, while the French officer was so delighted with the story that he quite overlooked his own misfortune. He particularly felicitated Mr. McFeeter for having dined *en Empereur*.

Mr. McFeeter shook his head gravely. He thought the honour went nigh costing him too much.

"Unwounded fra' the feeyerful close
But breetheless a' FitzJeemes ar-rose"

he quoted, solemnly, adding, "But I dinna deny that the Polish mayner of cuking is deleecious. Ye ken eeverything teestes of sperrits."

The Crisis in China.

IT is impossible to forecast the course of events in China. The discordant elements of Chinese politics, the treacherous assurances of Yamêns and Taotais, the vacillating purposes of the Dowager, the growing power of Li Ping Heng, his beheading of more temperate mandarins, and his intense jealousy of Li Hung Chang, the prospective peace-maker, combined with the fury of the native mob, forbid us to count upon to-morrow. One thing is necessary. The allied forces must advance, and, as Sir Claude Macdonald has said, when they have broken through the resistance near Tientsin, they must swoop down upon Peking, unless the peril of massacre is to be hazarded. The Chinese troops, well supplied with artillery, attacked the European Legations from June 20 to July 16, and it was only cowardice that caused them to withdraw. Yung Lu and Tung-fuh-siang, who were in command, were praised in public orders for their great gallantry in bombarding for a month defenceless women and children, cooped up in the Legation compounds, using shell, shrapnel, round shot, and expanding bullets. At the British Legation all the women and children were gathered, and it was stoutly held, as were the French, German, and Russian Legations, and the centre of the American Legation, but outside the area of the Tartar City everything foreign was in ruins.

After July 20 the Chinese began to take alarm; some provisions were supplied to the Legations, and an effort was made to represent the relations of the Ministers with the Imperial Government as most friendly. At the same time the authorities endeavoured to persuade the Ministers to retire with the foreign community to Tientsin, but they very wisely refused to be beguiled by such treacherous counsel. Last week the Russian Minister, M. de Giers, was authorised to leave, but only under most stringent conditions of guarantee. On August 3 the Chinese allowed cipher telegrams to be forwarded from the Ministers, and thus intelligence began to arrive. It furnishes a further revelation of Chinese treachery, and removes all doubt as to the necessity for a rapid advance.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON WALDERSEE.
Appointed to the Command of the Allied Forces.

The operations of allied troops are proverbially slow, and the events in China have been no exception to the rule. At the end of last month Generals Gaselee and Yamakuchi, as well as Colonel Dalgetty of the Americans, were eager to advance, but the Russians threw some difficulties in the way. The appointment of Count von Waldersee to the command of the allied force has given wide satisfaction, and though he does not leave Europe until next week, and cannot reach Shanghai until about September 22, his appointment has already had a beneficial effect. The only danger is that his late arrival may serve to retard operations, and, unfortunately, urgent though the situation is, the flooded state of the country between Tientsin and Peking does not now promise at all well. Count von Waldersee, who is in his sixty-ninth year, is a very distinguished officer, and his age, experience, and rank will give him authority. He took part in the campaign of 1866, and as aide-de-camp to King William was present in 1870 at Gravelotte, Beaumont, and Sedan. He had been Military Attaché in Paris up to the outbreak of the war, and when the troops arrived before the city, his knowledge was of the utmost service. During the war he displayed conspicuous tact in executing several delicate missions, and at the close of hostilities he acted as German Chargé d'Affaires in Paris. He has since commanded the 9th Army Corps, and been an army inspector, and he was raised to the rank of Field-Marshal when the Crown Prince came of age.

The forces soon available will number about 38,000, with 120 guns, including 6,000 British, 16,000 Japanese, 10,000 Russians, 2,900 Americans, 2,600 French, and smaller numbers of Germans, Austrians, and Italians, and this week 2,500 Germans arrive under command of General Höpfner, as well as 2,000 French and 6,000 Japanese, and next month will see large additions to the forces of most of the Powers. It is anticipated that nearly 80,000 troops, with about 280 guns, will then be in the Pechili district, while Russia will have 142,000 men in Manchuria and Siberia, and may be expected to overcome the hostility of the Chinese in the Amur region. There has been some lack of organisation at Tientsin, and the need of a commander-in-chief has been apparent; generally speaking, an excellent spirit has prevailed, but, while some have urged an immediate advance at all costs, others have advocated a careful organisation of transport and resources as a necessary preliminary. The Japanese are said to have given a splendid example of good organisation, the transport of their troops having moved like clockwork, and one correspondent has said that the handling of their forces, and the bravery, spirit, and intelligence of the troops, have been a revelation to Europeans.

The Japanese reconnoitred the enemy's position north of Tientsin on July 30, and were under a hot fire. The forces opposing the advance have been estimated at 18,000 or 20,000, General Sung being reported at Yang-tsun, where a number of junks full of stone had been sunk in the river, and a large ditch dug across the railway, and General Ma with the Viceroy Yu Lu at Pei-tang.

The movement of the allies began on August 4, and at half-past three on the 5th a heavy engagement at Pei-tang began, with the result that the Chinese, after several hours' fighting, were defeated. The allies then pursued the advantage as far as Yang-tsun, which was captured on the 6th.

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With Buller in the Orange River Colony.

AFTER the relief of Ladysmith, on February 28, Sir Redvers Buller found it necessary to halt for some little time, partly to recuperate his own forces, and particularly the Ladysmith garrison, and partly to collect stores and ammunition for a further advance. It was May 13 before he resumed operations in earnest. On that day the Biggarsberg position was taken and the Boers retired. Two days later Buller entered Dundee and Glencoe. Pushing gradually forward on his left, and clearing the spurs as he advanced, he was able to outflank the Boers on Majuba Hill and Laing's Nek.

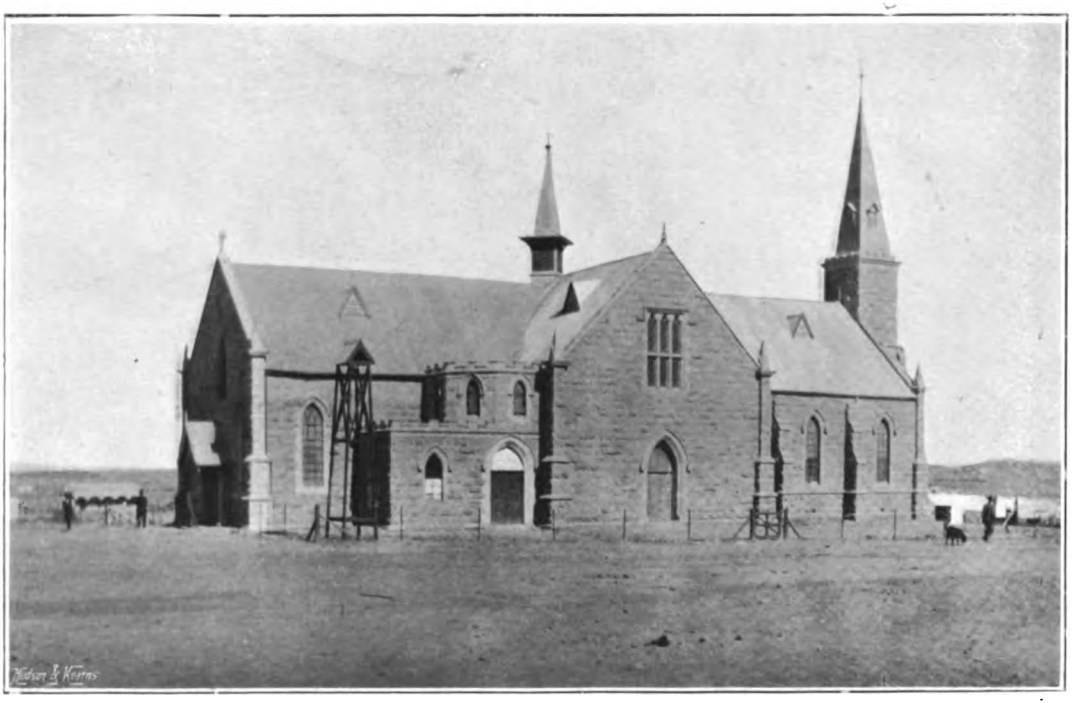
These positions were evacuated during the night, of June 11, and General Hildyard forced Almond's Nek, the last defile to Charleston Flats. The enemy were in strong force and had several guns, but the British troops would not be denied. The Artillery, the 10th Brigade, and the 3rd Cavalry Brigade did most of the work, the brunt of the fighting falling on the 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment, who carried the position at the point of the bayonet, and the cavalry, who were heavily attacked from the broken country round Iketini Mountain. This victory enabled Buller to immediately enter the Orange River Colony, and to report at the same time that Natal was clear of the enemy.

The first picture shows our artillery in position on the summit of Almond's Nek covering the advance of the British troops. The second represents the scene of one of those acts of treachery by which the Boers have rendered themselves infamous. It portrays a large farmhouse, from which the white flag was conspicuously flying. As, however, it was approached by our troops, in whose minds it seems impossible to implant a due suspicion of that treachery which the Boer himself regards as skilfulness, a volley was poured into them at close quarters from a neighbouring kopje. The well-merited fate of the farmhouse may be imagined. Buller, however, was not the man to stand still when once he had entered the Orange River Colony. He pushed on towards Standerton, which is, of course, over the border of the Transvaal, and which Lord Roberts was exceedingly eager that he should occupy with as little delay as possible. This occupation, indeed, was to form in some sort the starting-point for the combined operations that were to bring to a close the serious operations of the campaign.

On June 23, Buller was able to telegraph that Lord Dundonald's cavalry had marched into Standerton the previous day. Three guides were the first men in, and in spite of the fact that the landdrost and officials and some of the burghers had fled, the troops were heartily welcomed when they rode into the town. The Boers had destroyed the centre span of the railway bridge, but otherwise the line was intact.

ON THE SUMMIT OF ALMOND'S NEK.
A Naval Gun Covering the Advance to Volksrust.

A BOER FARM FLYING THE WHITE FLAG.
It was Found that the Burghers Held a Kopje Close By.



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The Church at Standerton, Conspicuous on the Veldt.

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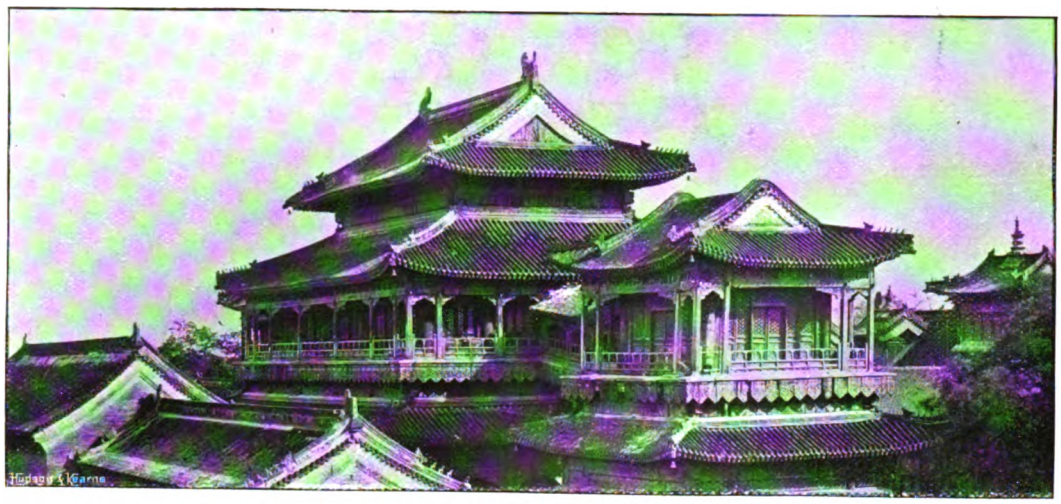
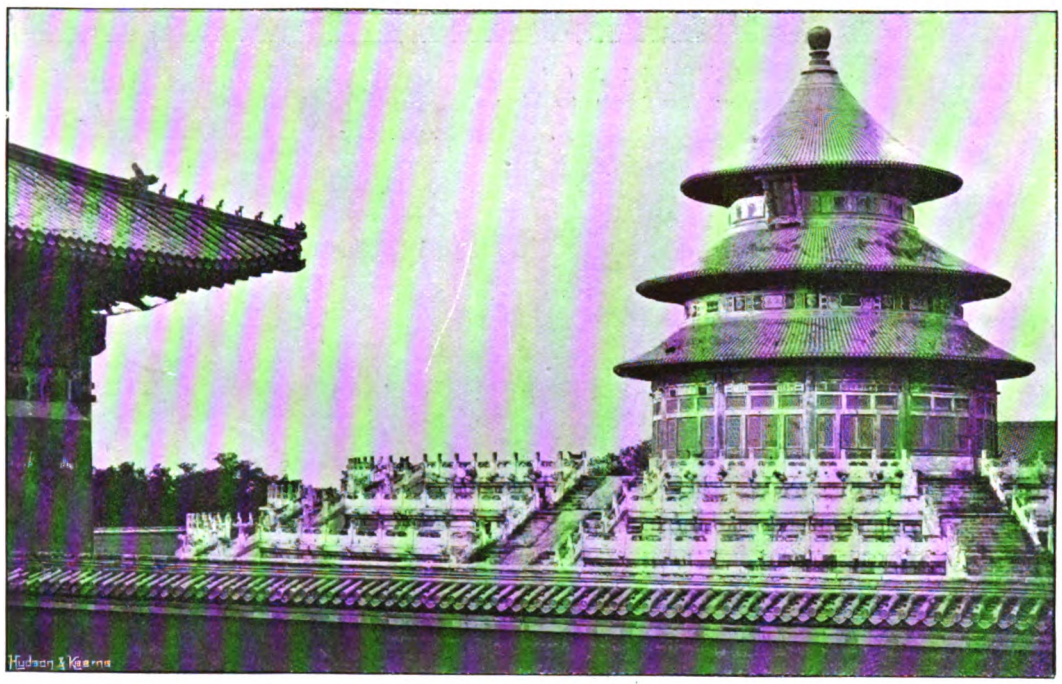
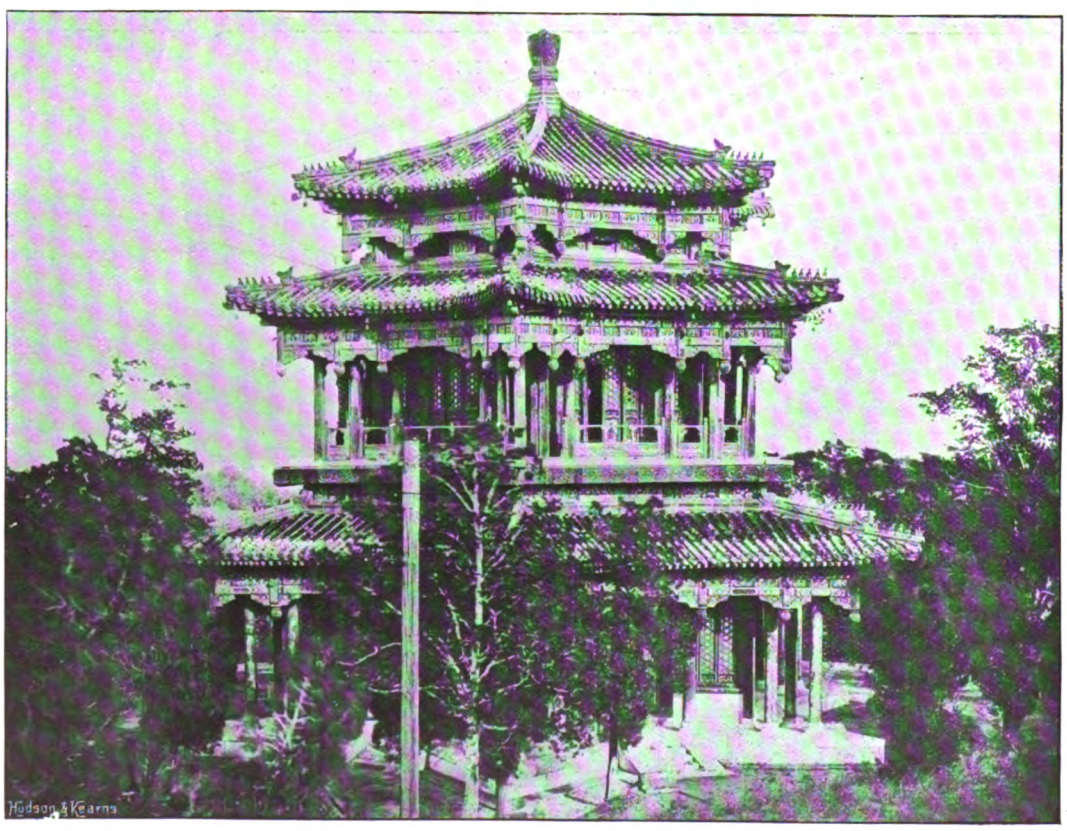
In the Capital



THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS IN PEKING. 1860.



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.



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THE SUMMER PALACE BEFORE THE BURNING IN 1860.

TO the eye of the European, Peking, with its Tartar City and its Chinese City—each apart, and yet united to oppose one series of walls to an advancing foe—is venerable for its antiquity. In the eyes of the Chinese themselves, who reckon time in the life of nations in a different manner from ourselves, Peking is a modern creation. To the real Chinese, indeed, it is the symbol of Manchu domination, and he looks wistfully back to the days when the capital of his race was at Si-ngan or Sagan, a place on the Hoang Ho, far enough from the coast to be able to bid defiance to European interference.

In the streets of Peking little or nothing can be seen of those palaces, mansions, temples, and trees which look so well to the spectator at an elevation. They are surrounded by high walls, and mostly invisible. Even the common dwelling-houses are shut in. Only the shops face the streets. Some of these have elaborately carved and beautifully gilded fronts, particularly the silversmiths', confectioners', and tea-dealers'. But there are no glass or plate windows decorated with choice goods as in our Western cities. The shop fronts are usually open to the street, and the goods are arranged on shelves or in drawers at the back. Generally speaking, the shops are dull and uninviting, and often dingy and dirty. They are mostly on the ground floor, and none have more than one upper storey. This is true also of the dwelling-houses, very few of which have any upstairs. Looking along the streets the view is curious and interesting, but not beautiful. There were drains once, but most of them are choked up and useless, or broken at intervals, and pour their malodorous contents into the streets. Cesspools are numerous, and the filth from these and from the drains is used every evening to water the streets. The possession of a nose is always more of less of a trial in Peking, but at watering time it is a great infliction.

But these dirty streets present a busy scene. The raised centre is crowded with carts and cabs coming and going in a double row from sunrise till sunset. The sides are thronged with a blue-clad, slow-moving multitude from morning till night. The amount of small trading done in the streets is enormous. They are alive with pedlars, whose varied cries never cease while daylight lasts. Everything Chinese humanity needs to eat, wear, or use is hawked, and each trade has its own peculiar cry or rattle. There are cooks with miniature restaurants on their shoulders, supplying hot luncheons for a farthing and dinners for a penny, sellers of fruit and flowers, cats'-meat and muffin men, wood and charcoal vendors, tape and ribbon dealers, market gardeners, rag-and-bone gatherers, scissors grinders, cobblers, tinkers, carpenters, crockery menders, and a host of others.

In the busier sections of the city the streets are lined with booths, stalls, and tables of all sorts and

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Of Far Cathay.

sizes, like the streets of an English country town on fair-day. In the broader places may be seen at all hours the fortune-teller, the quack doctor, the story-teller, the conjurer, and the acrobat. Walking down one of those streets in the autumn of 1895 a well-known traveller and author said to the writer: "This is the most interesting city I have ever seen, Constantinople not excepted."

In the busy crowded streets various races and nationalities are represented. The Chinese, of course, form the bulk of the population. The business is nearly all in their hands; but as they come from every part of China, there is a perfect babble of dialects. Next in point of numbers are the Manchus. They are the descendants of the great Manchu army which took Peking and conquered China in 1644. They are divided into eight banners, and all males receive a monthly allowance from the Government and are liable to military service. Hundreds of rough, hardy Mongols, dressed in sheep-skins and mounted on ponies or camels, visit Peking in winter, some on business and some as escort to their native princes, who come to make their New Year's obeisance to the Emperor. Koreans in queer conical hats and white quilted gowns used to come every spring and autumn; but Korea is now independent, and they come no more. Occasionally may be seen in the streets small groups of Tibetans, Burmese, Nepaulese, and Tonquinese come to lay tribute at the foot of the great Dragon Throne.

Peking is not a place of foreign trade, and the European and American residents consist of the members of the Legations, the Maritime Customs, the Catholic and Protestant Missions, and the Chinese College and University. Ordinarily they number about 280; but early in June this number was raised to over 700 by the arrival of refugees from the surrounding country and of 400 Marines from Taku. The fate of this beleaguered band is occupying the thoughts of the civilised world to-day.

For the capital of a large empire, Peking has few great buildings, monuments, or ancient relics, and those few are not very accessible. The most important are the Altars to Heaven, Earth, Sun, and Moon, representing the ancient cult of China; the Astronomical Observatory with its beautiful bronze instruments, founded by Khublai Khan about 1279 A.D.; the great Examination Hall with its 1,700 cells; the great Lama Temple, known as the Yung-ho-kung, with its gigantic image of the coming Buddha and its 1,500 monks; the Confucian Temple and National College with its 200 stone slabs on which is engraved the text of the Confucian Classics; the Bell and Tower, the latter with its huge bell weighing 120,000-lb.; the offices of the Six Boards where the government of the Empire is carried on. These and many other places will well repay a visit. They are peculiarly Chinese and the best products of their mechanical skill and architectural genius.

A DOMESTIC SCENE IN PEKING.
A Mandarin's Family at Home.

A TYPICAL GROUP OF THE BOXERS.
With Bows and Arrows and the Spear.

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IN THE WEST CITY OF PEKING.
Missionaries and Converts at the Chapel.

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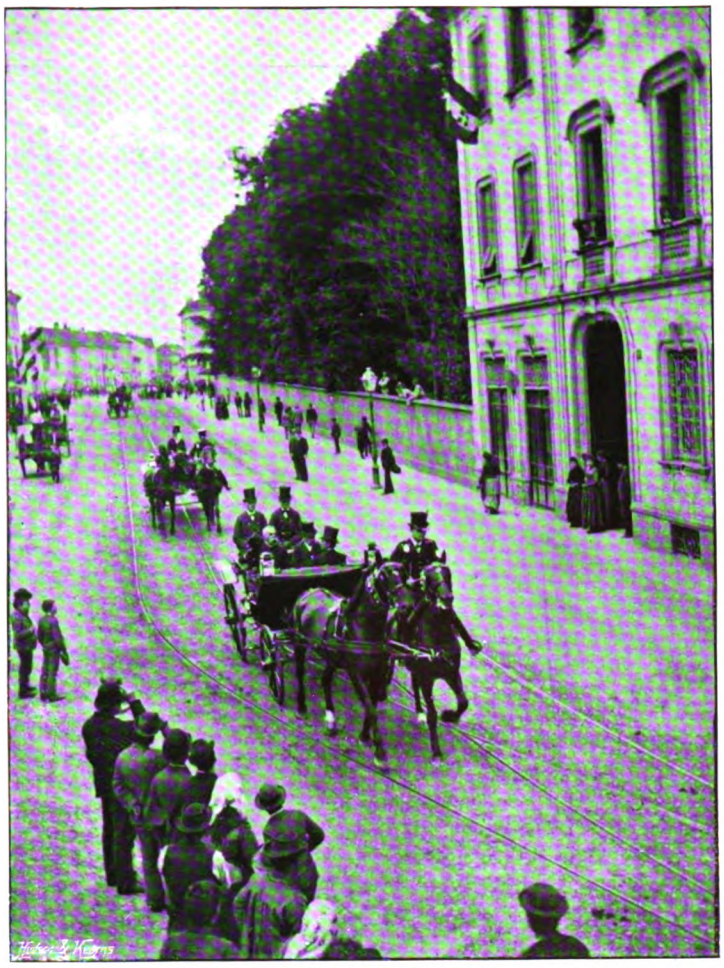
The Assassination of the King of Italy.



ON THE WAY TO MEET HIS DOOM
King Humbert in the Corso at Monza on His Way to the Sports.

THE ATHLETES PARADING BEFORE THE KING.
This is a Formal Parade in which all Competitors Take Part.

Photos. Copyright.

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE PAVILION.
Bresci Stood Against the Railings Waiting for the King to Appear.

"Navy & Army."

"LE ROI EST MORT; VIVE LE ROI!"
The Arrival of King Victor Emmanuel III. and the Queen at the Summer Palace, Monza.

At the time of his assassination, King Humbert, alike loved and respected by his people, was returning from the athletic sports at Monza. It was on leaving the ground that he was shot by Bresci, who had been waiting for him at the rails outside the Pavilion, and who managed to get to the front in consequence, apparently, of some slight relaxation of the stringency of the observances that would obtain at a more formal ceremony. His son, King Victor Emmanuel III., and his beautiful Queen were at the time abroad on a yachting tour, but hastened to Monza as speedily as possible.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN,

DUKE OF SAXONY, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., Personal A.D.C. to the Queen.

The Duke of Connaught, who is universally recognised as a thorough soldier, commanded the Guards' Brigade in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He subsequently commanded at Aldershot, where he was as popular individually as he was respected as a general. It is well known that his absence from the South African War has been entirely contrary to his own wishes, as he desired to serve "in any capacity."

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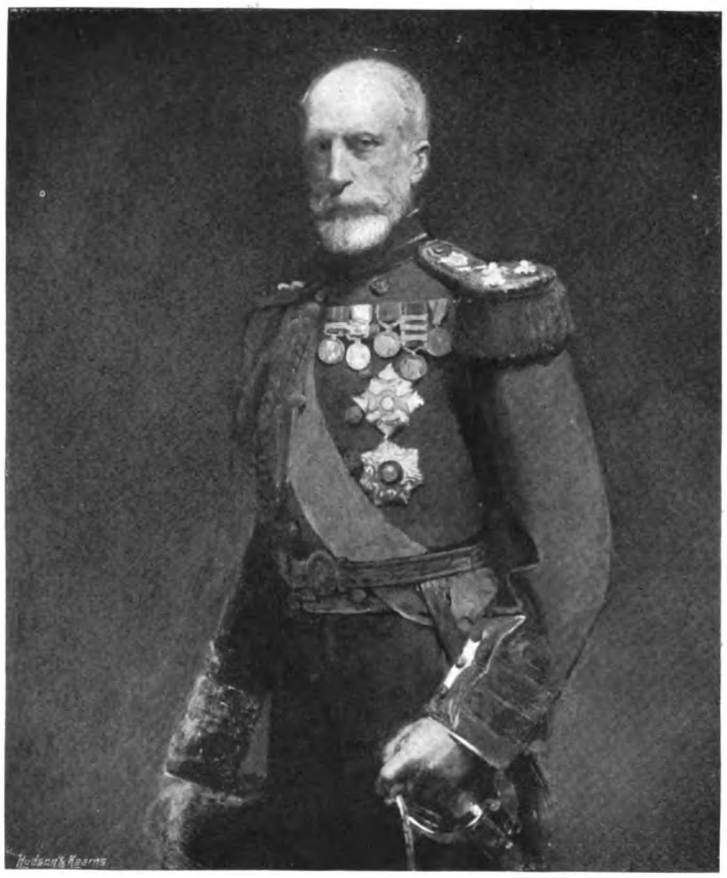
ROUND THE WORLD

PERSONALITY counts for a good deal in history and politics, even in China. The Empress is probably one of the most remarkable women-sovereigns and despots the world has ever known. In a land where women are despised through the teachings of the sages and in the practice of the people, the Empress grasped the purple by sheer force of character and dominating strength of will, and has swept away centuries of precedent to satiate her greed for power. She rose from a humble place in the harem of the Emperor Hienfeng, through being the mother of the boy who became the Emperor Tungchih. Hienfeng's consort had no son, but the two women ruled as Empresses of the East and the West until the widow died and the ex-concubine stood alone. Tungchih was said by some to be a weakling, by others a young man of spirit, but in any case he was a puppet, and, in a time of intrigue, apparently having made himself objectionable, disappeared. Then came a succession difficulty, but Kwangsu was selected, being the son of Prince Chun, seventh brother of Hienfeng, and by a legal fiction the last-named ruler was supposed to have adopted the boy, though he had in fact been some years in his grave when the youth ascended the dragon throne. It was an astute piece of diplomacy, for the act of adoption made the wily Dowager Kwangsu's stepmother, and gave another puppet to her hand.



ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, BART., G.C.B.
Who is Just Relinquishing the Post of 'Commander-in-Chief' at Portsmouth.

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ALMOST alone among women the Empress-Dowager likes to be accounted older than she is, for she hastened forward to her sixtieth birthday, the period of special honour, when in fact she was some years younger. This was in 1894, but unfortunately, instead of the Mikado being dragged contemptuously to witness her triumph, the ignominious peace of Shimonoseki was negotiated, and her splendour was shorn of its beams. The war created a small Young China Party, of which Kang Yu Wei was the leader, and the Emperor Kwangsu was emboldened to dream of freedom and reform. His stepmother was not to be outdone. She, too, would be in the forefront of progress, and straightway all manner of enterprises were favoured, and there was even a rumour of drawing-rooms and garden-parties. Thus did the reformers show their hands. Then came the crash, and the *coup d'état* at her bidding, and to a man they fled or were decapitated, while she rose to a still more dizzy height of power. The Boxer movement issued from the reaction, and she has steadily fomented it. While inciting her soldiery to attack the Legations, and while dragooning the Tsung-li-Yamen through her truculent minion, Li Ping Heng, she has been speaking fair words to the Powers, whose subjects have suffered so heavily at her hands. Such is the woman we have now to deal with, and she must be dealt with heavily, for apparently she is shrewd enough to know when she is beaten, and Li Hung Chang is the elected peacemaker.

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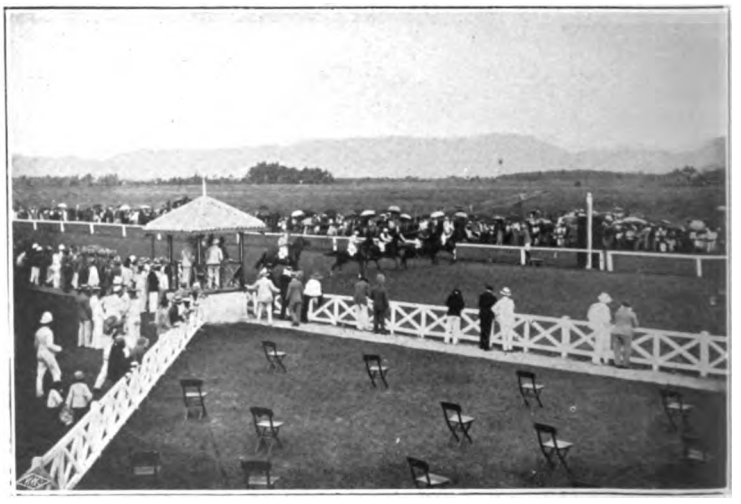
THE plot to kidnap Lord Roberts throws a little new light upon the Boer character. His is a great personality, but no one supposes, if the treachery had succeeded, and even if it had been accompanied by the dastardly murder of officers, that it would have averted the inevitable end.

Photos. Copyright.
MOUNTED INFANTRY IN CAMP AT MALTA.
It is only Three or Four Months since a Mounted Infantry Force was Formed at Malta, and already Two Companies have been Trained and Sent to South Africa.



"Navy & Army."
A RACE-MEETING IN THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.
The Start for the Cup Presented by the Captain and Officers of the "Brisk" at the June Meeting of the Selangor Turf Club

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AT THE PARI-MUTUEL STAND AT SELANGOR.
The Non-Members' Enclosure Just After the Race for the Royal Navy Cup.

The Field-Marshal has done a great work, and is a great soldier, but is even he the *homme nécessaire?* In real life is any man so important as the king on the chess-board? There have been some whose departure would have swayed the fate of nations. What if Napoleon had fallen at the bridge of Arcole? It was good fortune, according to a recent correspondent, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and not Sir Charles Tupper was at the head of affairs in Canada when the question of sending troops to South Africa was mooted. The former, because of his race, religion, and influence, was able to bring Quebec into line with Ontario; and the correspondent says it all turned upon that. Thus if Sir Charles Tupper had been in power, we should have lost something to the cause of Empire.

THERE is plainly a fascination for the human mind in speculating as to what would have happened if something different had occurred. Thus the sage historians of Waterloo have often speculated as to what would have resulted if Blücher—stout old "Marshal Vorwärts"—had been captured by the obscure cuirassier at Ligny. Would Gneisenau have ordered that famous flank march to our aid at Mont Saint Jean? Perhaps not. In any case we may congratulate ourselves that the plot to carry off Lord Roberts was, as he says, "clumsily conceived," and that the plotters are likely to get their deserts. There has been too much leniency with the Boers, some of whom seem to possess Chinese truculence and cunning.

SEAMAN-GUNNER LILLAKER,
Of the "Buzzard." Eight Hits in Ten Shots in Five Minutes at a Mile and a-half. Last Year the Admiral's Cup, and this Year £10.

IT is strange that men are apt sometimes to continue for long periods quite oblivious of things that seem vitally important for their welfare. They watched the steam issuing from pipkins and kettles for ages before it occurred to one of them to employ its expansive power. There have been things quite obvious to reason that yet have required the demonstration of some practical occurrence to bring them home to human experience. The changes dictated by the introduction of smokeless powder and long-range weapons were well known, but few were those who had quite realised the actual aspect of a modern battlefield, or the absolute need of cover, until we came to blows with the Boers. In the same way the correspondent of the *Standard* who was with the A Fleet during the Naval Manœuvres states on authority, that the "Belleisle" experiments have taught our Naval officers how to save perhaps as many as a hundred lives in a single battle-ship going into action by making a special disposition of their men. If this be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the circumstance probably results from a too limited circulation of confidential reports upon the effects of explosives, thus leaving those ignorant who have the best right to be informed.

AND now General Montgomery Moore has had to express amazement at Aldershot at the small profit yet derived from the South African War. There would have been tremendous slaughter on both sides, he said, and the lessons had not been "drummed" into the heads of the troops hard enough. Infantry practically went into action in close formation; the Artillery allowed their horses to come needlessly under fire, and moved upon the crest of a hill, making a splendid target; while men "strolled along" under a heavy rifle discharge. These are significant facts, which serve to show how difficult it is in some cases to give practical effect to matters logically known, sometimes even when they have been demonstrated in practice.

THE British Empire League has done well to render instant support to Mr. Seddon's proposals. The Premier of New Zealand urges the need of Imperial Military co-operation—the efficient organising of the forces of the Empire. It is a matter that we all have at heart, and the League broached the subject long ago. Commanding intellects are needed to work out a scheme which shall make us ready and efficient at every point, shall utilise in the right way every element of our power, and shall throw an equal strain, to be lightly borne, upon every part of the Imperial body politic. The idea is that the Imperial Naval and Military authorities shall confer with representatives of the colonies, and we may all hope well for the result, though past experience does not encourage high hopes of the outcome of such deliberations. They are apt to stand in the speculative order of things.

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THE FIRST BRITISH MILITARY OFFICERS LANDED IN CHINA.
R.W. Fusiliers: Major F. Morris (In Command); Captain J. H. Gwynne; Captain H. M. Richards; Captain H. Rotherham; Lieutenant O. S. Flower; Lieutenant F. J. Walwyn; Lieutenant Browne; 2nd Lieutenant C. S. Owen. Major J. J. C. Watson, R.A.M.C.; Major F. W. B. Koe, A.S.C.; Captain W. F. Trevelyan, Army Pay Department.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT was recently talking some astounding rubbish about the English race. Of course, there is an excuse for this, because if Mr. Davitt talked sense no one would print it or pay any attention to him. Insignificant people can only gain notoriety by making themselves either objectionable or absurd. Mr. Davitt combines these two *rôles* with curious

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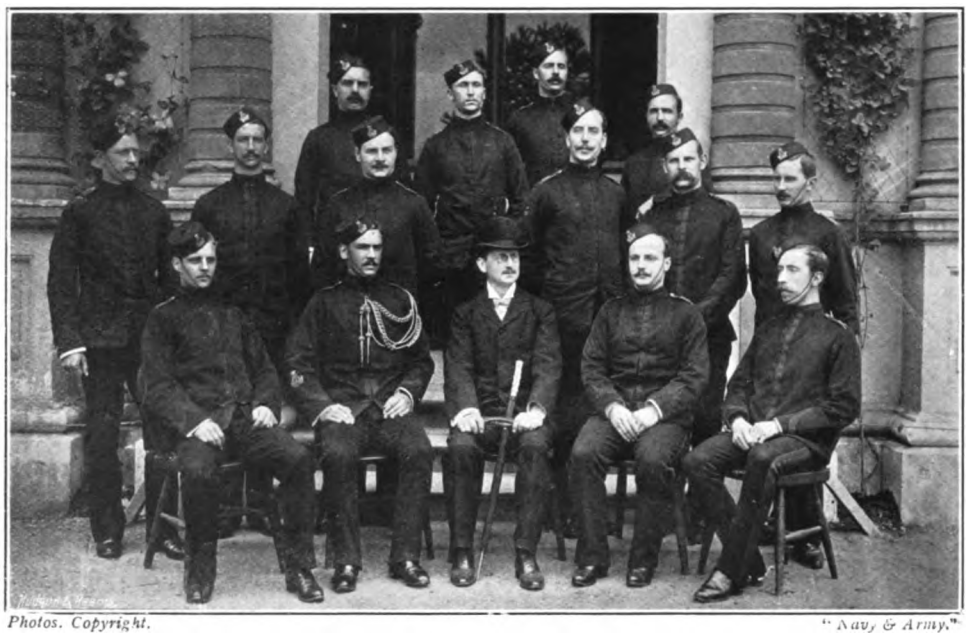
success. His chief grievance against the English race is their conviction that they are unequalled among ruling peoples, and destined to become the greatest World-Power of the earth. Perhaps Mr. Davitt would name the nation which has shown a capacity for rule equal to that of the English. Perhaps, too, he would tell us which nation is the greatest World-Power of the earth at present. We imagine it to be the conviction of most Englishmen that destiny has placed their country in this proud position already. Another remark of Mr. Davitt's, which was particularly silly, was that the uneducated Englishman knows nothing of love of country until the schoolmaster or the newspaper implants it in his mind. How should he, poor man! being uneducated, which we take to mean deprived of the early influences of a happy home, and of those first lessons which a child never forgets? Are we meant to believe that other races are born with love of country implanted as an instinct in their nature, like the instinct which teaches infants to cry out when they are hungry? No one expects Mr. Davitt to see any good in the English character, but abuse is always more effective when it is coherent.

ROYAL marriages are becoming less and less regularly royal. Only a few weeks ago the heir to the Austro-Hungarian thrones married a lady of merely noble birth, and had to renounce for his children all claims to the succession. Now the youthful King of Servia has gone a step further. He has espoused a fascinating widow, who was formerly one of his mother's ladies-in-waiting. This suggests all sorts of romantic possibilities. We are accustomed in novels, and occasionally in real life, to the marriage of the son and heir with the ladies'-maid or the dressmaker. But if kings are going to take our breath away by such relapses from kingship into common ordinary young manhood, it will soon be difficult to find a "regular, right-down, royal Queen" anywhere in Europe.

BOAT-SAILING PLAYS A LARGE PART IN NAVAL CADETS' TRAINING.

The Winning Crew of the Fourth Term "Britannia" Sailing Cutter Competition.

The Names are—(Standing) Wigglesworth, Field, George, Boase. (Chairs) Chambers, Baddeley, Talbot, Roberts. (Sitting) Douglas, Denniston, Gowan.



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SOME OF THE MILITARY BANDMASTERS OF THE FUTURE.

The Last Class of Students of the Royal Military School of Music who Passed the War Office Examination.

From Left to Right the Names read—Students Gibson, R.H. Guards; Andrews, 2nd Innisk. Fus.; Dought, 2nd Gordon Highlanders; Ripp, 2nd K.R. Rifles; Taylor, 2nd R.I. Rifles; Sheehan, 1st D.G.; Anvers, 2nd Life Guards; Slattery, 10th Hussars; McClurg, 2nd R. Highlanders; Barrett, 2nd Bedford; Parkes, 3rd K.R. Rifles; Crosbie, 21st Lancers; Lieutenant A. Stretton, Director of Music; Students Ancliff, 2nd Somerset L.I., and Swain, 15th Hussars.

Photo. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd.*

FORMER SCHOOLMATES MEET AGAIN IN INDIA.

Old Wellingtonians at Simla.

Reading from Left to Right we have — (Standing) Captain B. Vincent, R.H.A. Captain W. McL. Campbell, R. Highlanders. Lieutenant G. J. Watt Smythe, R.E. H. S. Harrington, C.E. Major J. Turner, Imp. Service Troops. Captain A. A. Johnstone, 5th P.I. H. C. Clogstoun, Dist. Supt. of Police. (Sitting) Major F. H. R. Drummond, 11th B. Lancers. Lieutenant-Colonel M. P. Hawkes. Lieutenant-Colonel H. Finnis, R.E. Colonel S. B. Beatson. Major R. C. Broome, 13th Bengal Lancers. Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Hawkins, R.A. (On the Floor) Lieutenant Stockley. Captain H. B. Wilkinson, Durham L.I. Lieutenant R. L. Bourchier, R.A.

THE native soldiers of the West African Frontier Force have put their usefulness and bravery beyond doubt. Of their conduct during the difficult operations which led up to the relief of Kumassi, Colonel Willcocks has spoken in the highest terms. Our drill-sergeants seem to have turned these Yoruba natives into as good military material as they have made of "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," and of the Gyppies, who marched and fought so well in the last Soudan Campaign. The 'Eathen in his natural state, as Mr. Kipling has told us, "'e wears his side-arms orful." But when the British N.C.O. has had him in hand, the 'Eathen turns out a thoroughly smart soldier, a credit to his instructors, and a serviceable member of the Empire's fighting force in far-off lands.

WELL may Mr. Diosy feel aggrieved at some of the harsh things he has heard said of the Japanese, for according to all accounts they are acquitting themselves splendidly in China. They were a pattern of good organisation at Tientsin, and they secured the honours at Peitang. There is a quality of organised courage in them, and, if they did act brutally once or twice during the last war with China, and revealed something of the savage, it was because their blood was up at the barbarities they had seen. Their civilization is rather new. That is all,

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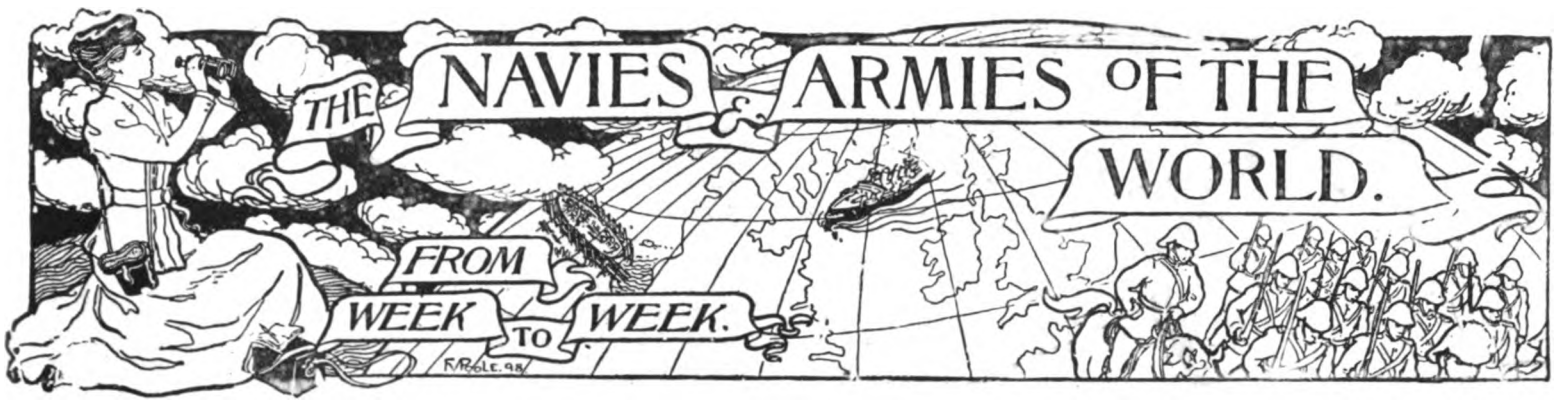

SIR CYPRIAN BRIDGE has done me the honour to make an answer to some observations of mine on his article on the subject of the press in the *National Review*. The admiral's references to myself are too laudatory, but that is only an additional reason why I should thank him for them. The difference of opinion between us is not really great, and lies, or so it seems to me, chiefly in the estimate we have respectively formed of the importance of the press as a means of manning the Navy at one particular period. The reader must be left to judge between us. On one point I wish, however, to add something, though it cannot be very precise, as my notes have been destroyed, and my references must therefore be vague. Sir Cyprian Bridge seems to doubt how far I was justified in speaking of the press as formerly used for recruiting the Army as well as the Navy. In Grose's "Military Antiquities" there is an account of an instance in which it was employed in the latter half of the eighteenth century. One at least of the existing regiments of our Army was raised by the use of the press in the reign of George II., but at this moment I cannot say which it was. It does seem to me to be of some importance in an examination of this antiquated method of recruiting to remember that it was not peculiar to the Navy, though it continued to be used for the Sea Service after it had been given up for the Land.

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What Admiral Bridge says about the relative number of pressed men on the books of the ships he examined is, of course, accurate. It shows that only a limited number of them appeared as pressed on the books. But how many of the volunteers came in, as Captain Cook did, because they knew they would be pressed if they did not? Surely in such cases there was coercion. When you say to a man, "You must come into the Navy; and if you come cheerfully, without giving trouble, and you are fit to be rated A.B., you shall have a bounty of three pounds (which was generally, at least, the figure), and thirty shillings if you are an ordinary seaman; but if you will not come quietly you shall be knocked down and brought in with a broken head," then it seems to me that the press is used. Take a parallel case. The Emperor of China sends poison to a Viceroy, telling him to commit suicide. The alternative is that he will be executed if he refuses, his goods will be confiscated, and his ancestors disgraced, which to a right-minded Chinaman is a terrible prospect. To escape worse, the Viceroy takes the poison. Can anybody say that his death was quite voluntary? To me it does not appear that he can. Then unless the work of pressing men out of merchant ships at sea was going on continually, how was it that we had no trouble about the men we seized in American vessels? At the same time, it must be allowed that the press affected mainly the "prime seamen," who formed only the smaller part of our crews. Admiral Bridge is, and must be, quite right in saying that the Navy was not chiefly recruited from the merchant service. It was physically impossible that it should be, since when the Navy was on a war footing the number of the men it employed was considerably in excess of the total seafaring population of the country, fishermen included. The explanation is that the Navy never was chiefly manned by seamen. Even in theory it was not supposed that more than a third of its men must have been "bred to the sea," and in practice the proportion was rarely, perhaps never, so large.

* * * *

The facts about the health of the Navy published by Captain Rason are striking and a little mysterious. Substantially they amount to this, that whereas lung and chest diseases diminished very much in the Navy some years ago, they have lately begun to increase again. Meanwhile other forms of illness have not increased, but, on the contrary, have diminished. It is precisely this exceptional increase of one class of disease which makes the puzzle. If there were any general condition contrary to health, it would not only be lung troubles, but others, which would have increased. Therefore it is difficult to accept Captain Rason's own explanation, which is that the evil arises from putting men to live in unlined steel ships. But have the majority of our ships no wooden linings? Besides, if the cold of the metal is the cause, why has there not been an increase in the amount of rheumatism suffered in the Navy? One would like also to know whether the mere cold of steel is as bad for the lungs, the throat, or the nerves, as the damp which exudes from a scrubbed wooden deck. Water takes much longer to dry out of wood than off a metal surface.

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There is perhaps no thorough explanation of this revived vigour of chest troubles in the Navy. Diseases, like men and plants, have their alternate periods of vigour and quiescence. The increase of lung diseases in the Navy probably does not stand alone. The same phenomenon might be observed elsewhere, and it might be found in both cases to be connected with the late epidemic of influenza. It may seem a very small point to take, but I cannot help thinking that there has been a change of fashion in the Navy which has more than a little to do with the revived activity of this form of disease. Comparing the general appearance of a crew now with what it was between 1870 and 1874, it strikes me that a much larger proportion of the men, and officers also, shave clean. When permission was first given to grow the beard, many did it because they had formerly been forbidden. Of late, for various reasons, of which pure imitation is one, the Navy has taken—or so it strikes an onlooker—to shaving very much more than it did. Men are everywhere, whether they wear jumpers or any other form of garment, so much given to moulding themselves on some popular type, that the fact that a certain very conspicuous admiral of our time is almost aggressively clean shaven has probably much to do with the diminution in the number of beards on the lower deck—and also on the quarter-deck. But when the beard goes, a natural protection of extreme value to those who live in the sea air goes also.

* * * *

I hope it is not disrespectful to say so, but the controversy in progress in the *Times* between Mr. Holt Schooling and "Naval Officer" seems, to my judgment, exceedingly barren. They will never agree, nor will the two types of men which they respectively represent. "Naval Officer" belongs to that class of Englishmen who enjoy "the luxury of woe," and Mr. Holt Schooling does not. So they look at things from different points of view. The French have two popular types to represent these orders of mind—Jean Qui Rit and Jean Qui Pleure. Each acts after his kind. But besides that, there is very little or no good in taking one element of those which go to make up a war-ship, such as tonnage, and judging by that, without first defining precisely what you want your tonnage for. If battle-ship A is built for service near her own shore only, she can carry X guns on a tonnage of 10,500, because she does not need to stow great quantities of coal, since she is not meant to steam for long distances. But if you want a vessel to carry as many guns as A, and also to be able to operate in distant seas, it stands to reason that you must add tons, because you must find room for coal. It is mere logomachy to make comparisons between ships on their guns alone, or even on their guns and tonnage taken together, without regard to other considerations. For the purposes of a battle in the Channel they are about equal. For distant cruising the larger is far better than the smaller; for general purposes the bigger has the more resources, but is not therefore better at a given moment.

DAVID HANNAY.

LIBERIA is the country possessing the smallest fleet. Perhaps, however, it would be correct to write in the past tense rather than the present, since a very short while back its entire fleet was lost, and in time of peace, too. This seemingly remarkable occurrence is not so wonderful when it is borne in mind that the said fleet consisted solely of a couple of gun-boats, the "Rocktown" and "Goronuamah" to wit. The former sank in the harbour of Monrovia in 5½ fathoms, whilst the other capsized in St. Paul's River, where she had been conveyed to be overhauled and cleaned. The Liberian Admiral-in-Chief had, perforce, to hoist his pennant in a four-oared rowing-boat while his submerged ships were being raised.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Penalty of Failure.

WHILE the ships were assembling for the Naval Manœuvres, the battle-ship "Conqueror" ran aground. As soon as the Manœuvres were over, a series of courts-martial tried the officers of the "Conqueror," with the result that the captain was reprimanded and the navigating officer dismissed his ship. These decisions were at once made known, the public knew who was responsible for the mishap, the innocent were freed from suspicion, and the incident was closed. So it always is in the case of "regrettable incidents" at sea. Such has been the Naval tradition ever since and even before the days when Admiral Byng was found guilty of "not doing his utmost" and was shot, in Voltaire's famous phrase of irony, *four encourager les autres*. It is a salutary tradition. No more hardship is inflicted by it than has to be borne by those who make mistakes in other kinds of employment. It keeps officers up to the mark. It fosters that healthy sense of responsibility which turns even the skylarking "middy" into a useful servant of his country as soon as the occasion demands it, and which has made Naval officers justly respected all the world over as men who can be relied upon in a tight place. It gives the nation a feeling of security; it gives them confidence in the "rulers of the Queen's Navee," which they certainly have not got in the rulers of the sister Service.

For in the Army this sense of immediate responsibility does not exist. Of course, officers of all ranks, from a Commander-in-Chief, having authority over a quarter of a million of men, to the subaltern in charge of a patrol of a dozen raw Tommies, do feel that they have a sacred duty to discharge. They do understand, though sometimes they understand vaguely, that they are in a position of trust. But the authorities do extremely little to foster these feelings. How can the War Office insist upon making officers strictly responsible to the nation for errors of judgment and mistakes due to carelessness, when in Pall Mall there reigns supreme the glorious doctrine of the utter irresponsibility of everybody? We can never saddle a particular person with the blame for any of the acts of foolishness and incapacity that are daily brought to light—whether it be a small matter of idiocy in sending out unnecessary and irritating "forms" to be filled up to no purpose, or a large matter of administrative blundering and doubtful honesty, such as the apportioning of Army contracts. The staff of the War Office must regard themselves as a collection of privileged incapables. Sometimes they even seem to suppose that they are employed by a nation in want of laughter as humorists-in-chief, as the successors to the Court jester of former days. Their antics would, indeed, be laughable if they did not as a rule inflict grievous wrong, or at any rate serious annoyance, upon the unfortunate people who have to deal with the War Office. The Court jester's pranks had a limit. Overstepping the bounds of becoming mirth, he lamented a sore head or sat a day in the stocks to meditate upon the hard lot of practical jokers. But to the incredible ineptitudes of Pall Mall there is no boundary. No fresh stupidity could surprise us now. That the War Office should always do the wrong thing seems to us as much a part of the order of things as that day should follow night and the tides rise and fall at regular periods.

Unfortunately the Army has been affected by this lamentable loosening of the bonds of responsibility. It could hardly be otherwise. Instead of mistakes being followed, as in the Navy, by immediate investigation and retribution, they are generally slurred over and nothing said about them, in the hope apparently that in course of time they will slip out of the public mind. When officers are sent home, they take up highly-paid and important positions in England; others, who seem to the impartial observer to be equally incompetent, are allowed to remain; and when the reasons for the sending home are made public they are by a series of strange indiscretions made to include severe strictures upon the conduct of officers still entrusted with commands. Of such deplorable affairs as that at Koorn Spruit no explanation is given at all. In fact, the system, both in peace and in war, is well calculated to leave upon the minds of all officers the impression that, so long as they fill up War Office forms satisfactorily, and spoil enough paper by making unnecessary reports, it does not much matter what they do in the field. The Admiralty ideal of a seaman is a highly-trained man of action, ready for any emergency, and realising that failure in duty will bring with it an inevitable penalty. The War Office ideal of a soldier is a machine-turned pedant with the punctilious industry of a clerk and the copiousness of language of a begging-letter writer.

For the difference between the Navy and the Army in this matter of responsibility, there seems at first sight to be a reason deep-based upon the British character and the laws of the realm. In the eyes of the Law offences against property are far more heinous, more severely to be punished, than offences against the person. The law will send you to gaol for stealing a turnip, while you may pay a fine for an atrocious assault; and a man can half kill his wife and not serve more "time" than he would for an unsuccessful attempt to snatch a purse. Naturally, therefore, to hazard a ship would be a crime; to risk the lives of men merely a misfortune. Curiously enough, though, the principle is evaded when Army property is lost. How about the guns at Colenso, lost through sheer disregard of the rules of war, and even of drill-book regulations? How about the convoys that have fallen into Boer hands? No one, so far as we know, has been dismissed his regiment or even reprimanded for any incidents of this kind. Consequently we are driven back upon the conclusion that, even allowing for the peculiarity of the British Statute-book, the system which prevails in the Army is in need of complete reformation. The lines of improvement are not hard to suggest. Put the Army on the same businesslike footing as the Navy. Free it from the fetters of social influence. Let the good soldier come to the front more quickly, and let the incapable find other employment as speedily as may be.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 25, 1706.—Surrender of Menin to the Duke of Marlborough. 1801.—The French repulsed near Alexandria by Sir Eyre Coote. 1811.—Reduction of Fort Cornelis, Java, by Colonel Gillespie. 1882.—Defeat of the Egyptians at Tel-el-Mahuta. The enemy's position was captured, and Mahsameh was occupied. 1897.—Capture of Fort Lundi Kotal by the Afridis.

August 26, 1346.—Battle of Cressy. Edward III. utterly routed the French, who lost over 37,000. 1752.—French defeated near Bahoor by General Lawrence. 1897.—Rising of the Orakzais. Fighting in the Samana Range.

August 27, 1756.—Reduction of Fort Frontenac on Lake Oswego by Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet. 1776.—Battle at Long Island. General Howe, having landed without opposition on the 22nd, defeated the Americans, who lost 2,000 and were compelled to evacuate the island. 1799.—Reduction of the Helder. Sir Ralph Abercromby drove back the Franco-Bavarian force which had attacked him.

August 28, 1710.—Siege of Bethune. The garrison surrendered after having been besieged by Lieutenant-General Schulenburg (by order of Marlborough) since July 14. 1799.—Surrender of the Helder and consequent capture of the Dutch Fleet. 1882.—Battle of Kassassin. General Graham being attacked by 13,000 Egyptians, General Drury Lowe, with Household Cavalry, came to his assistance, and by a brilliant charge routed the enemy.

August 29, 1778.—Capture of Rhode Island. Major-General Prescott captured the last position held by the Americans and took possession of the entire island.

August 30, 1711.—Siege of Bouchain. The guns on the ramparts were dismounted, the outworks partly demolished, and the bastions on the right and left of the lower town taken by storm. 1782.—Surrender of the Spanish garrison at Black River Bluff, Mexico, to Major Campbell. 1842.—Action at Gonine. Major-General Nott, with 3,000 men, routed 12,000 Afghans.

AUGUST 25, 1799.—Capture of the French "Républicain," 28, by the "Tamar," 38, off Surinam. 1850.—Discovery of the first traces of Sir John Franklin's Arctic Expedition.

August 26, 1804.—The "Immortalité," 38, "Harpy," 18, "Adder," 12, and "Constitution," cutter, attacked sixty vessels of Napoleon's Boulogne flotilla, off Cape Gris Nez. Capture of the Russian "Sevolod," 74, off Rogerwick, close to the Russian Baltic Fleet, by the "Centaur," 74, and "Implacable," 74.

August 27, 1563.—The "Henri Grace a Dieu" burned at Woolwich. 1816.—Bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth. 1889.—The "Katoomba" launched. The "Karrakatta" launched. 1896.—Bombardment of the Sultan's Palace, Zanzibar.

August 28, 1796.—Capture of the French "Elizabeth," 36, by the "Topaze," 36, off the Chesapeake. 1890.—The "Philomel" launched.

August 29, 1350.—Edward III.'s great victory off Winchelsea, called "Espagnols-sur-Mer." 1782.—Capsizing of the "Royal George" at Spithead. 1800.—Cutting out of the French "Guêpe," 32, under the batteries of Vigo, by boats of the "Renown" and squadron. 1863.—The "Wivern" launched. 1890.—The "Bellona" launched.

August 30, 1759.—Surrender of the Dutch Fleet in the Texel to Vice-Admiral Mitchell's squadron. 1833.—Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon McLennan Lyons born.

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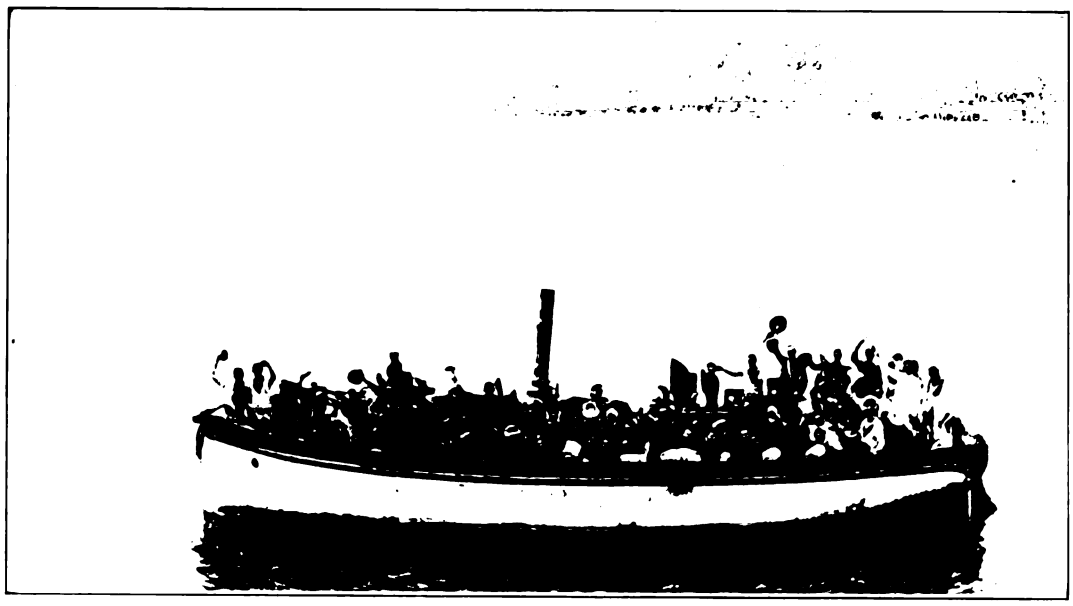
The Navy and the Relief Force in China.

JUST as in South Africa, so in China, the Navy has rendered most essential service at a time when help was most needed. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is fully represented at the scene of operations, and we are very glad to be able to publish to-day some exceedingly interesting Naval photographs from our special correspondents. On another page will be found a picture of the "Centurion" off Taku, with the latest addition to the Navy alongside, being one of the four Schichau-built destroyers captured by the "Whiting" in the river, and now flying the white ensign under the name of "Taku," as well as one of the Chinese regiment brought from Wei-hai-Wei by the "Orlando." The Chinese soldiers have already made their mark, and are fine fellows, clad in khaki, with black putties and straw hats, armed with the Martini, and are both brave and well disciplined.

Here also we have some pictures of very special interest. The "Terrible," upon her arrival at Chefoo, embarked certain refugee American missionaries and their families, who had fled from the interior of Shan-Tung, where scenes of massacre were imminent, and we give an excellent group of them on board taken during the passage to Wei-hai-Wei. That enterprising officer, Captain Percy Scott, had been busy at work in getting ready 12-pounder 12-cwt. quick-firers on mountings of his own pattern, as employed in South Africa, to accompany the China Field Force, and in another of our illustrations it will be seen how these guns were transferred from the "Terrible" to a boat for transport to the shore. They were three in number, and were the heaviest and most powerful pieces with the International forces. Still another picture, of particular interest, shows the guns with their crews leaving for the shore, and the officers and men responding to the cheers which sped them on their way. The officers landed with them were Lieutenants Drummond and Wylde, and Midshipmen Dorling, Troupe, Hutchinson, Leir, Reinold, Cargill, and Sumner.

The Naval Brigade was of the utmost value at Tientsin, and the correspondents report that even when the Hong-Kong reinforcements arrived, and the military took the situation in hand, the bulk of the service continued for a time to be done by Bluejackets and Marines, while the admiral was still to the fore. Their guns may again be said to have saved the situation, for they effectively put out of action a 6-in. Chinese gun that was pouring shrapnel into Tientsin, and that would have shelled Sir Edward Seymour's force with terrific effect as he marched into the place after destroying the Shi-ku Arsenal on his return from the first attempt to relieve the Legations at Peking. Englishmen will certainly conclude that the "Terribles" deserve well of their country, and that, like the Navy at large, they merit a larger recognition for their services in the success than they have yet received.



THE MEN WITH THEIR GUNS LEAVING THE "TERRIBLE."
And Answering the Rousing Cheers at Their Departure.

REFUGEES FROM AMERICAN MISSIONS IN SHAN-TUNG.
Conveyed in the "Terrible" to Safety at Wei-hai-Wei.

Photos. Copyright "Navy & Army."

NAVAL 12-POUNDERS FOR THE CHINA FIELD FORCE.
Being Transferred from the Cruiser to a Boat for the Shore.

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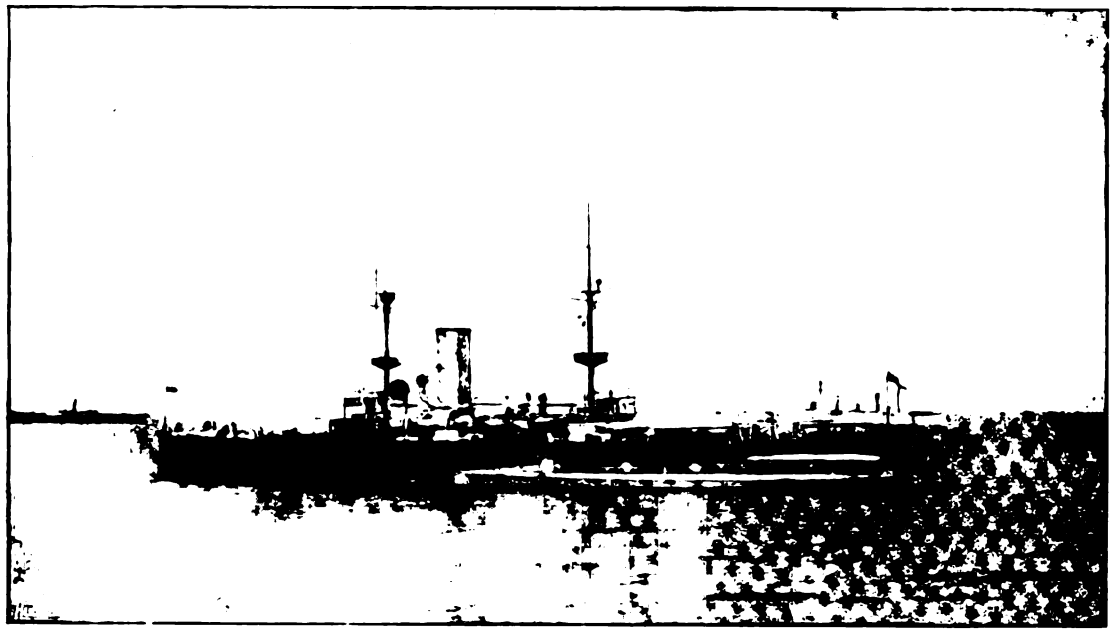
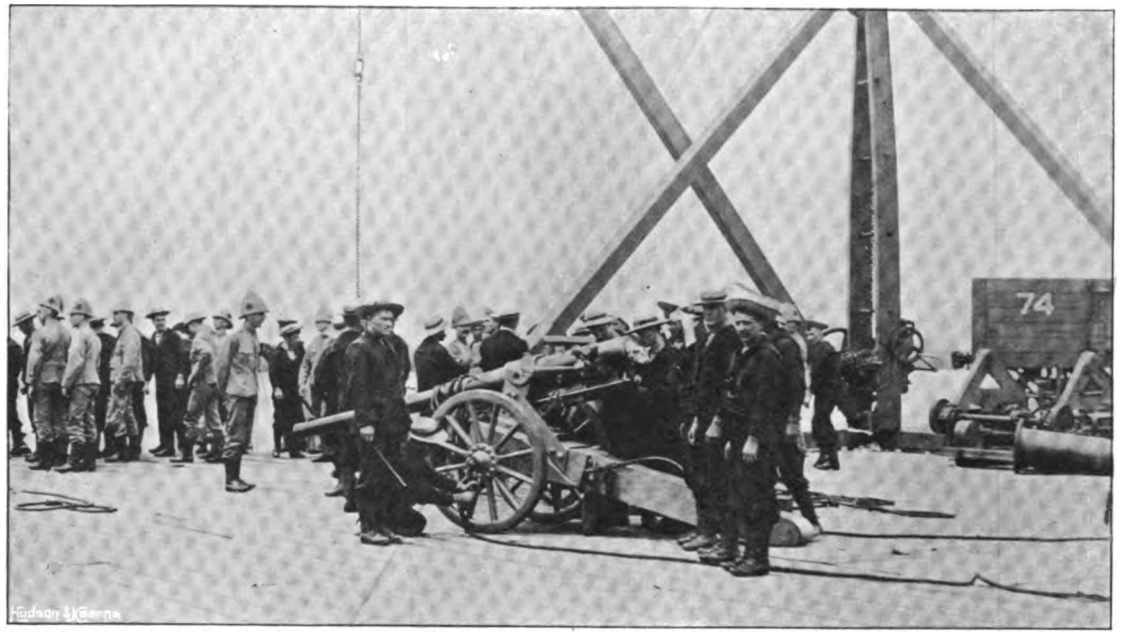
Off the Taku Forts.

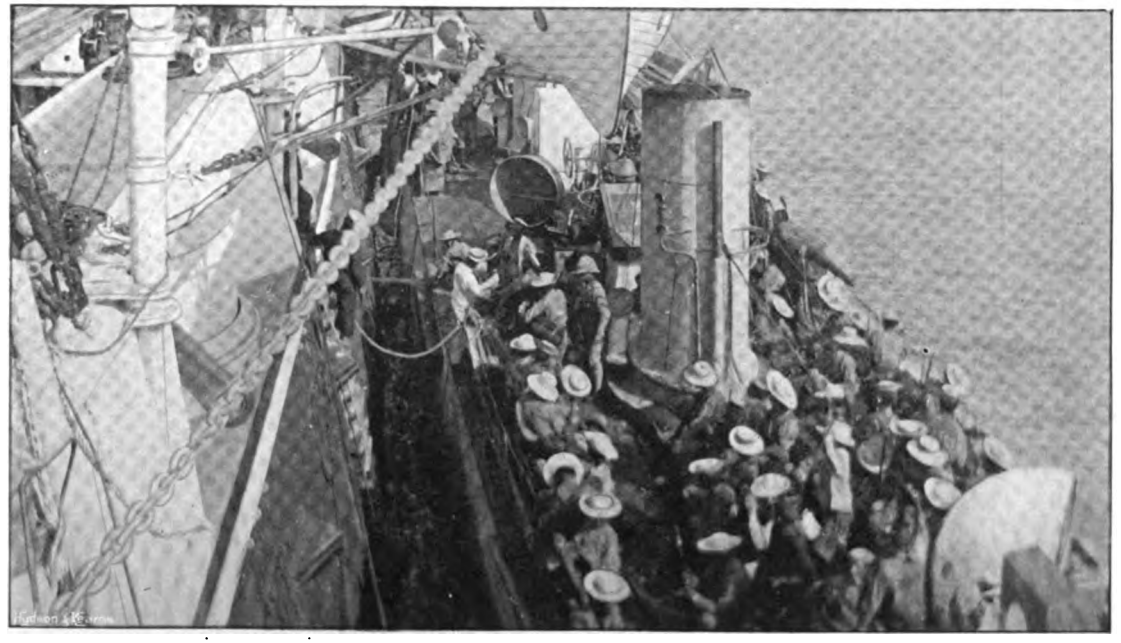


THE FLAG-SHIP ON THE CHINA STATION.
The "Centurion," with the Newly-acquired Destroyer "Taku" Alongside.



THE SAME OLD GAME WITH THE GUNS.
The "Terrible." Ashore with the Guns on Captain Scott's Mounting

ALONGSIDE THE "ORLANDO."
The "Fame" Embarking the Chinese Regiment for Service at Tientsin



AFLOAT IN THE "FAME."
Just Getting Clear with the Chinese on Board.

From Photos. Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Naval Officer.

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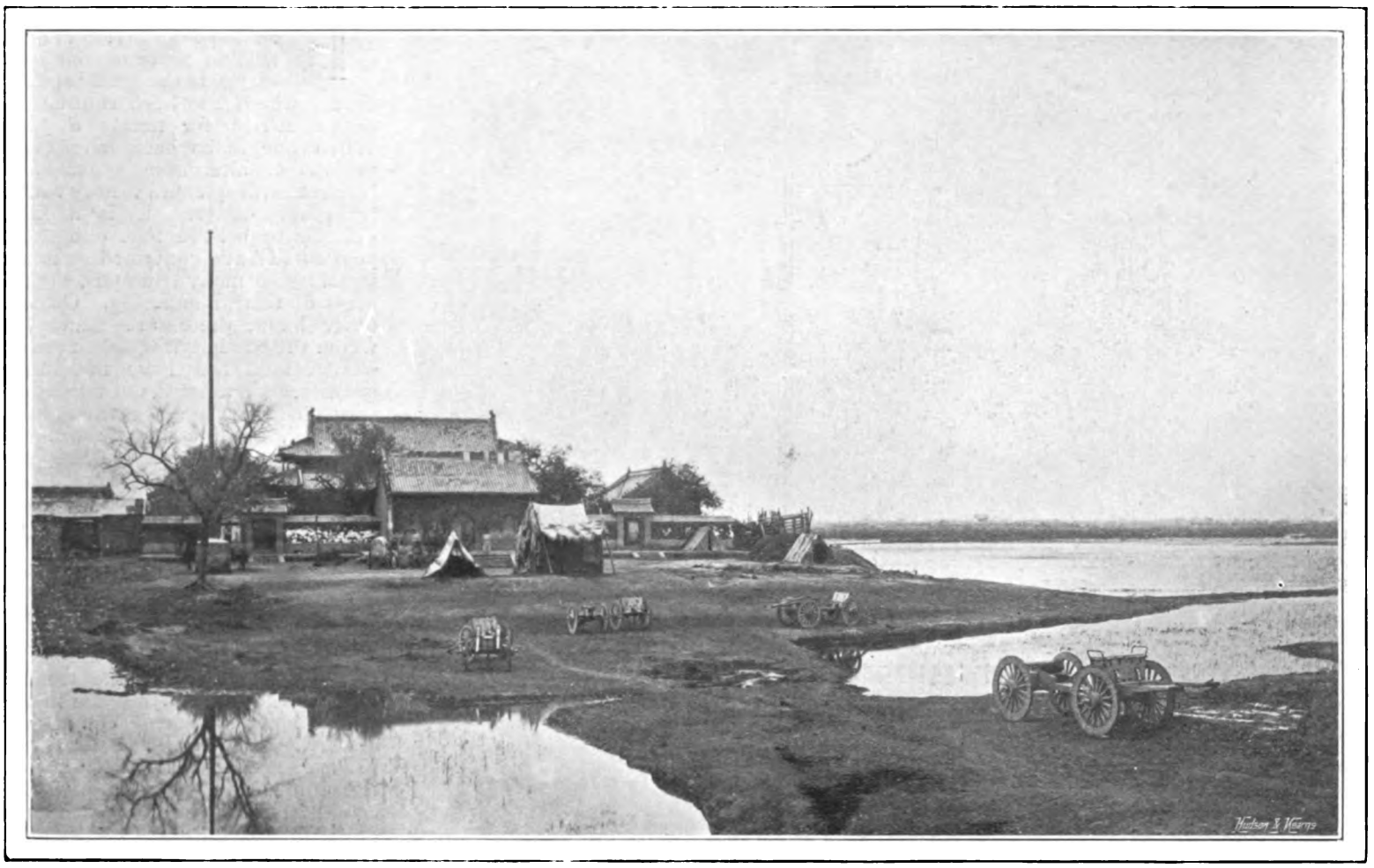
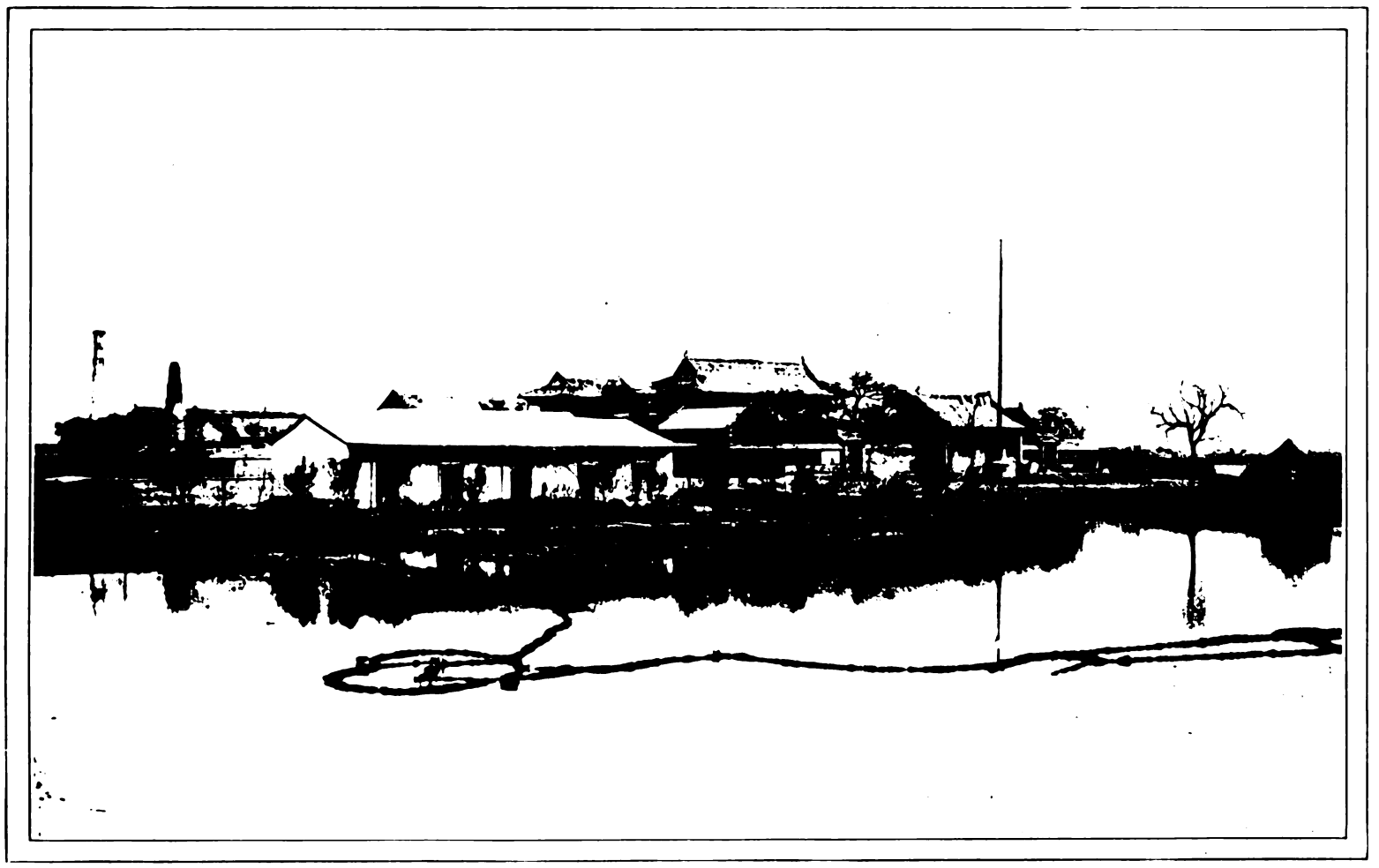
Scenes of the Fighting with Sir Edward Seymour.



THE CHINESE IMPERIAL ARSENAL, NORTH OF TIENTSIN, ON THE PEIHO.

Which was Captured by Admiral Seymour after Heavy Fighting on June 23.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

AN IMPORTANT FOREIGN FACTORY IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF TIENTSIN.

Much Damaged by the Boxers and Their Imperial Allies.

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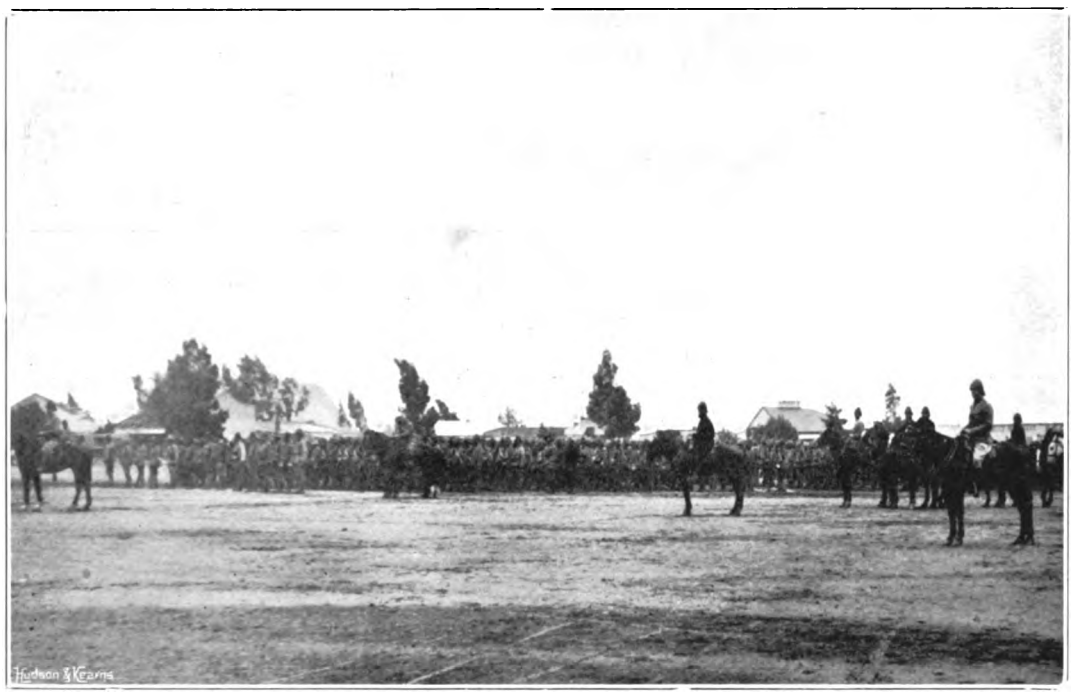
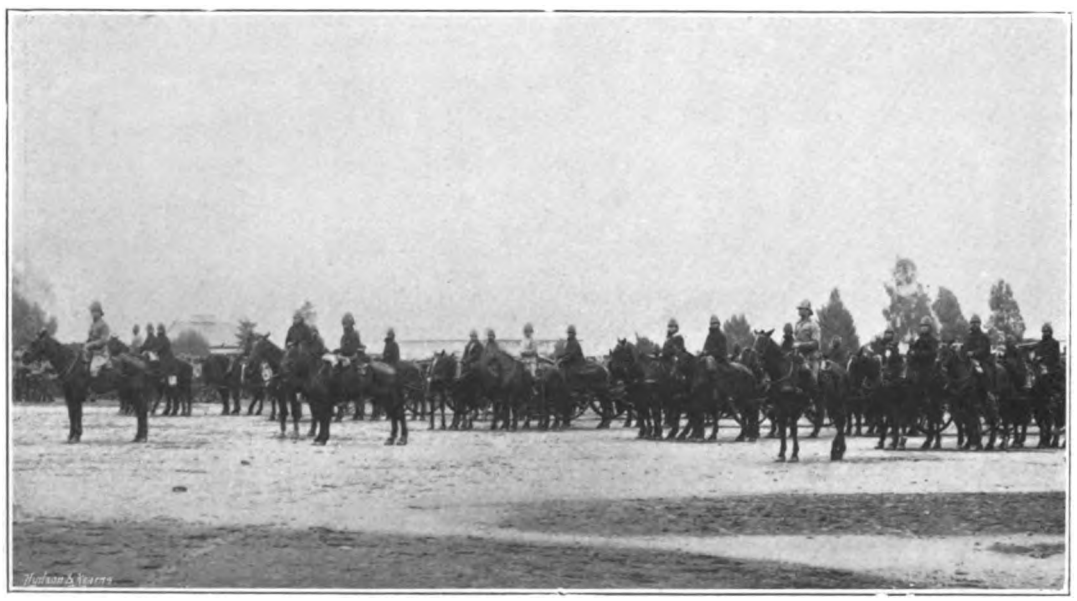
Recent Operations in South Africa.

THE RESULT OF BLUFF.
Captain Lambart Hoists the British Flag at Klerksdorp.



AT KLERKSDORP.
The 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers.



Photos. Copyright. *'Navy & Army."*

THE 76TH BATTERY R.F.A.
British Gunners in the Oldest Town of the Transvaal.

THE accompanying pictures illustrate in a very graphic and pleasantly varied fashion some of the later scenes in the great military drama which has been running in South Africa for nearly a year. When one looks back over those months of alternating gloom and brightness, of splendid victory varied by grave disaster, it is a little difficult to believe that one short year could have contained so much fighting, so many triumphs, such a mass of fearful suffering. On the other hand, there are many for whom the war has dragged on rather slowly, and who have not infrequently, and, perhaps, not unreasonably, chafed at the delays which have occurred, more especially towards the last, in bringing the Boers into complete and permanent subjection. Time is always relative to individual ideas, but on the whole it may be taken that the civilised world is rather inclined to be sick of the Boer War, than to view it as a marvel of rapid and comprehensive achievement.

Much of the delay towards the end has been due to the trouble given at the end of July and in the beginning of August by the gallant and irrepressible De Wet, who, prior to his enclosure by Lord Kitchener, led us much the same sort of dance as did Tantia Topi in the last days of the Indian Mutiny. The manner in which this most capable leader broke through the cordon which Rundle and Hunter were slowly drawing round the Fouriesburg and Bethlehem Hills was a splendid instance of combined skill and audacity. Although hotly pursued by Broadwood, he did not hesitate to capture a train and take 100 prisoners, much in the same way as a fox has been known to snap up a fowl or a duck, and he astonished Lord Methuen by slipping across the Vaal to create trouble further north.

Our picture of De Wet's commando is an interesting memento of a Boer general for whom not only his immediate opponents, but every intelligent military student, must have conceived a very real respect.

Another reason why the war was not over some time back is, perhaps, indicated in the "family picture" which forms one of the accompanying series. We do not say of these particular families that the elder members who at one time or another surrendered their arms and became, theoretically, loyal British subjects, did not abide by the oaths which they took on giving themselves up. But there is no question that in a number of instances burghers who were allowed to return to their farms on giving up an obsolete rifle or two, and taking an oath of neutrality, merely went home, dug up their Mausers from temporary graves, and rejoined their commandoes. To such an eminently pious race as the Boers profess to be one would have thought that this breaking of solemn pledges would have been abhorrent. But the Boer creed in such matters is painfully elastic, as many a sorrowing English family has sad reason to know. Latterly, rather more

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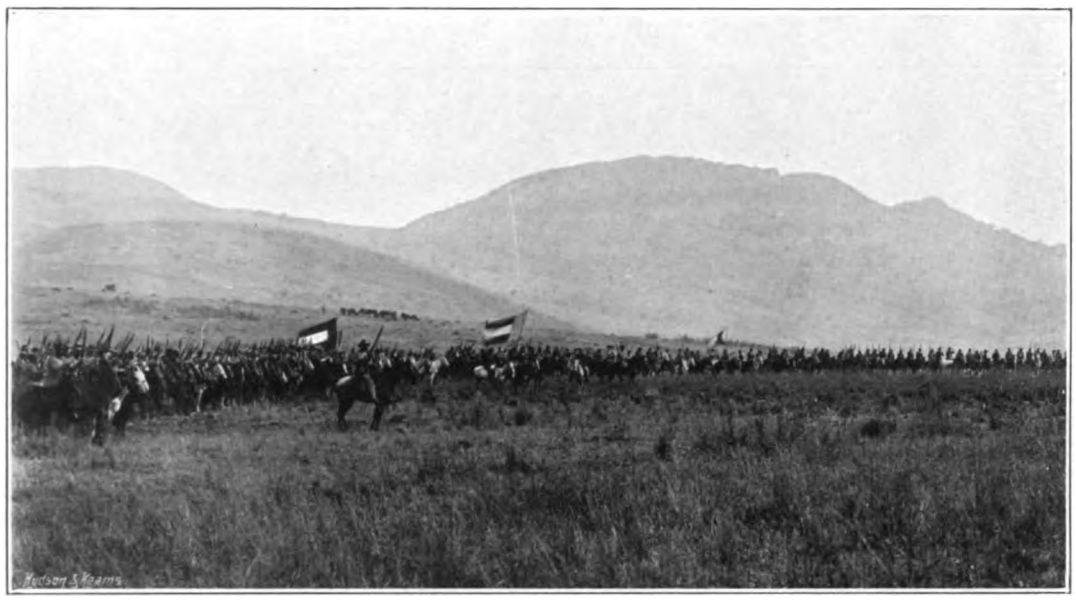
stringent measures were applied in cases where double dealing was suspected, but most of those who "know these things" are distinctly of opinion that much blood, treasure, and time would have been saved if captured Boers had only been allowed to return to their farms in exceptional cases, and under substantial guarantees for their good and strictly neutral behaviour.

The picture of the principal Boer laager in the Lydenburg district is a forcible illustration of the manner in which Lord Roberts gradually "cornered" the enemy until escape was only possible in one, and that a not very inviting direction.

The history of the final operations was almost entirely a record of enclosures and earth-stoppings, combined with the very clever escape of De Wet from the clutches of Lord Methuen. At the time of writing it is impossible to form any accurate forecast of the last act, but it is becoming daily clearer that the Boers under Botha are preparing to "trek" into the Lydenburg district as soon as the British advance *viâ* Middelburg had become unpleasantly close. Indeed, everything points to the futility of continued resistance. Following on Prinsloo's surrender to General Hunter, the Boer downfall in the Caledon Valley had been as nearly complete as possible, only an odd 1,000 or so escaping with Commandant Olivier, to find their road blocked by MacDonald's occupation of Harrismith. Westward of Pretoria the trouble in the Rustenburg district had been met by Ian Hamilton's withdrawal from the eastern advance, and his despatch to the assistance of Baden-Powell. But presently we heard that the Elands River garrison had been captured, despite the efforts of Carrington, and that De Wet was north of the Vaal hoping to spread the flames of revolt.

Three of our pictures have reference to an incident which, although it occurred some weeks earlier than the surrender of Prinsloo, was in a measure indicative of the approaching termination of the campaign. This was the surrender of Klerksdorp to Captain Harry Lambart, of the mounted infantry of the Kaffrarian Rifles. Klerksdorp is said to be the oldest town of the Transvaal, and is the terminus of a branch line which runs from Johannesburg through Krugersdorp and Potchefstroom. It was garrisoned by 900 Boers under one of the Cronjes. Hither, on June 7, came Captain Harry Lambart. In the picturesque language of the correspondent to whom we are indebted for these pictures "he was entirely unprotected, and arrived with only a stick and a smile to take the town." After several meetings with Cronje and his officers he succeeded in negotiating a surrender, which took place at 9 a.m. on June 9. Of course this would not have been possible had not the British ascendancy been apparent, but it was a fine piece of "bluff" nevertheless, and nothing but splendid tact and pluck could have rendered it so successful. Captain Lambart was warmly congratulated by Lord Roberts, and is said to have been noted for the D.S.O., which the gallant officer well deserves.



SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS.
De Wet's Commando in the Orange River Colony.

A LAST RESORT.
Boer Laager in the Lydenburg District.

From Photos. by *Our Special Correspondent with the Boer Army.*

BRITISH SUBJECTS!
Boers who have Surrendered, and Their Families.

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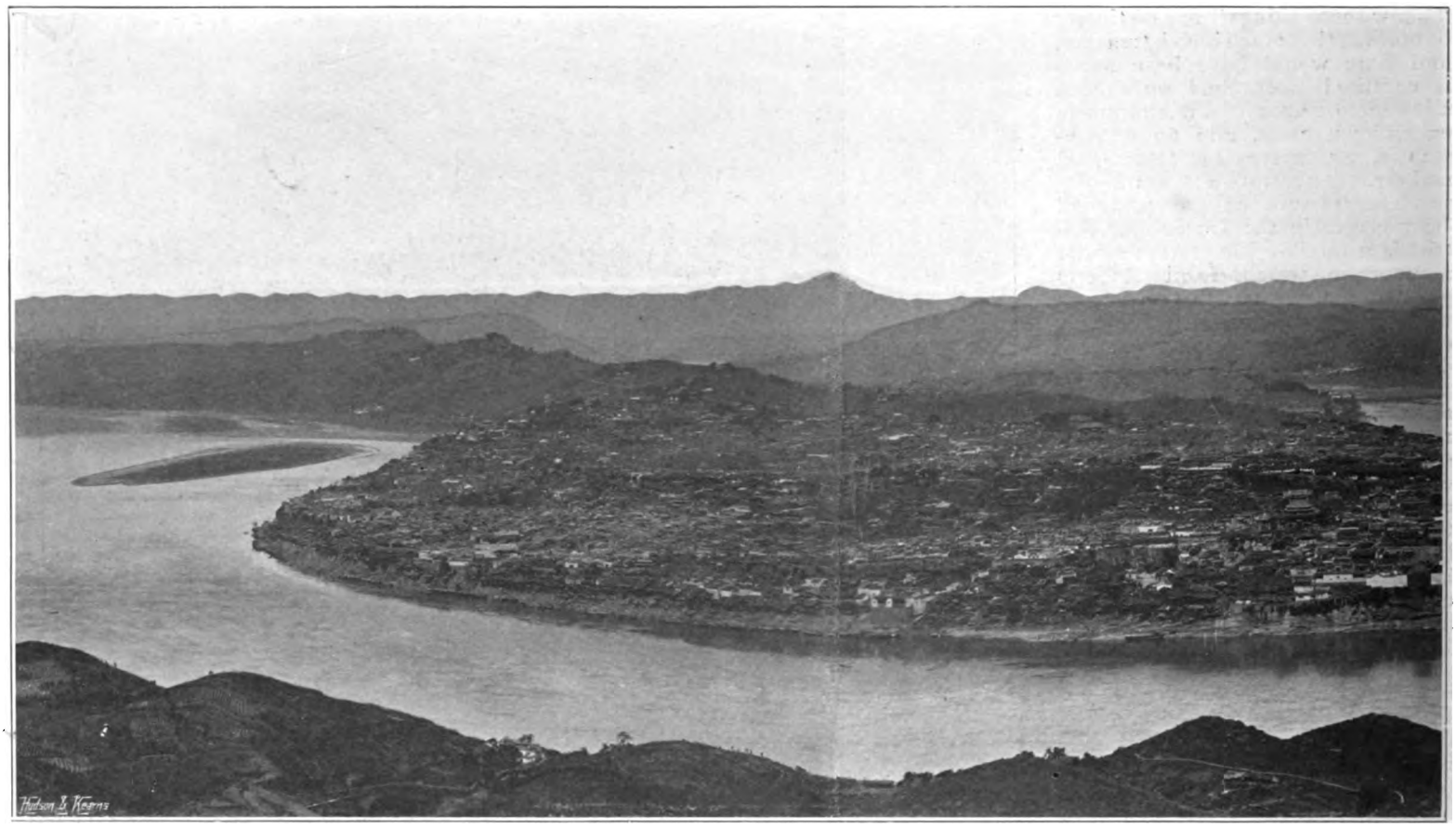
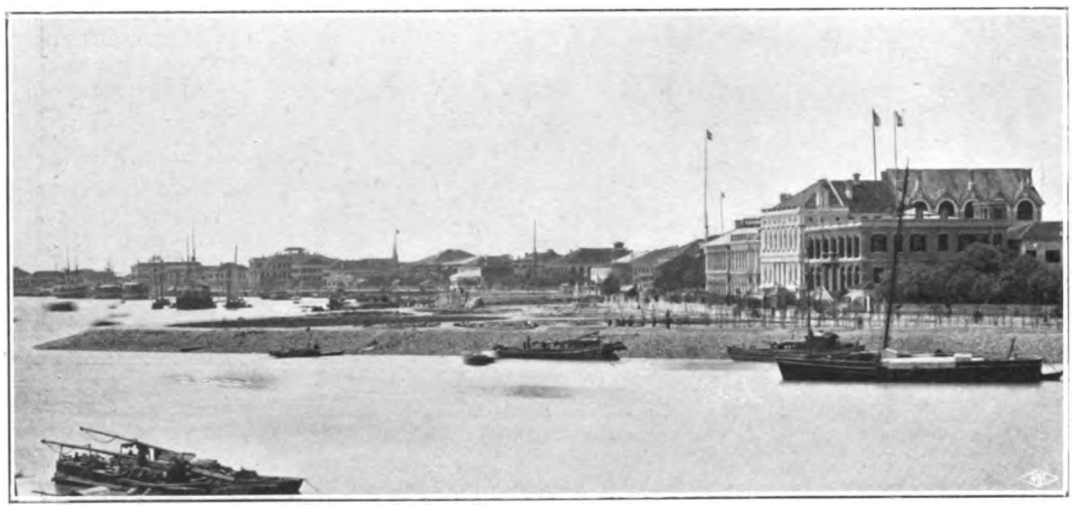
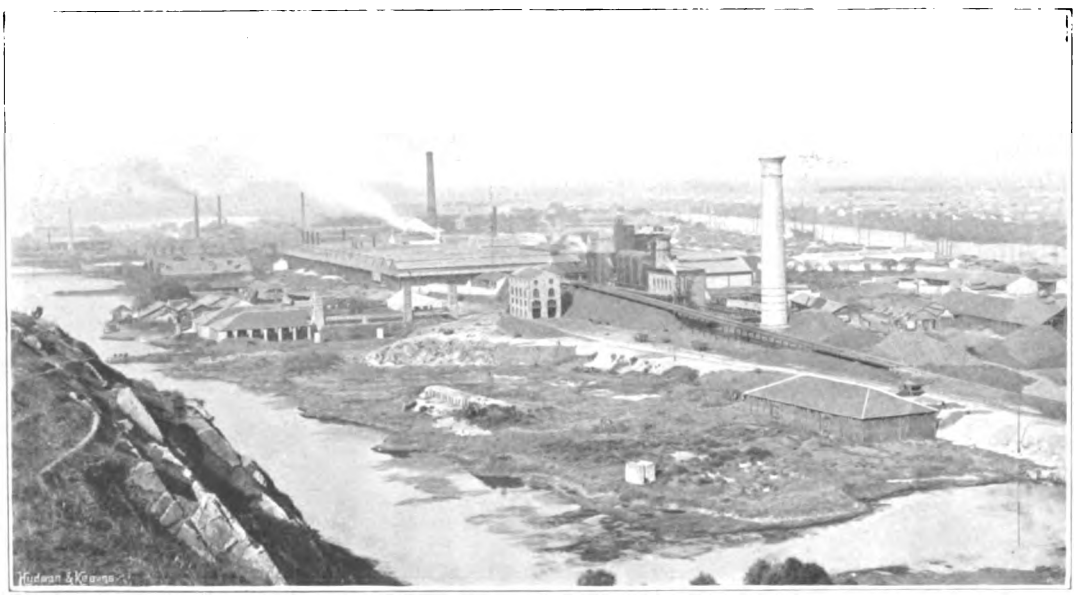
In the Sphere



CHUNG KING, ON THE UPPER YANG-TSE.



THE SHANGHAI BUND.
The Most Important Foreign Settlement in China.



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THE CHINESE ARSENAL AT HAN-YANG.
The City of Hankau is Seen Beyond.

ALMOST in the last words of the session, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was careful to emphasise the fact that the British Government had stated that there were to be no spheres of influence in China. The British Government must be singularly sanguine if it expects other Powers to fall in with its views on this point, and the sphere of influence marked out for this country is the Yang-tse Valley. International European agreement has sanctioned the fact that in this region British influence is to be predominant, and we should have a just cause of complaint if any Power were to attempt to establish an influence hostile to our own. At the entrance to the river Yang-tse—which is about 2,300 miles long and is connected by its tributaries and canals with every part of China—stands Woo-sung, and, on a side water as it were, about forty miles to the southward of it, is Shanghai. This is the most important foreign settlement in China. Our picture shows how thoroughly European the non-Chinese portion of it is in appearance and character. It almost resembles an English watering-place, and the bulk of the foreign settlement is English. In no port in China, in fact, is so much trade done. There was a small British Government Dockyard there until the eighties, but it no longer exists, and the place is commanded by Chinese forts. It is obviously commanded, moreover, by the possession of Woo-sung. As we proceed up the Yang-tse, the next point of interest is of course Nanking. This is the capital of the province, and the residence of the Viceroy. Apart from this it is not more interesting than the majority of Chinese cities. Kin-Kiang is a trading port of more

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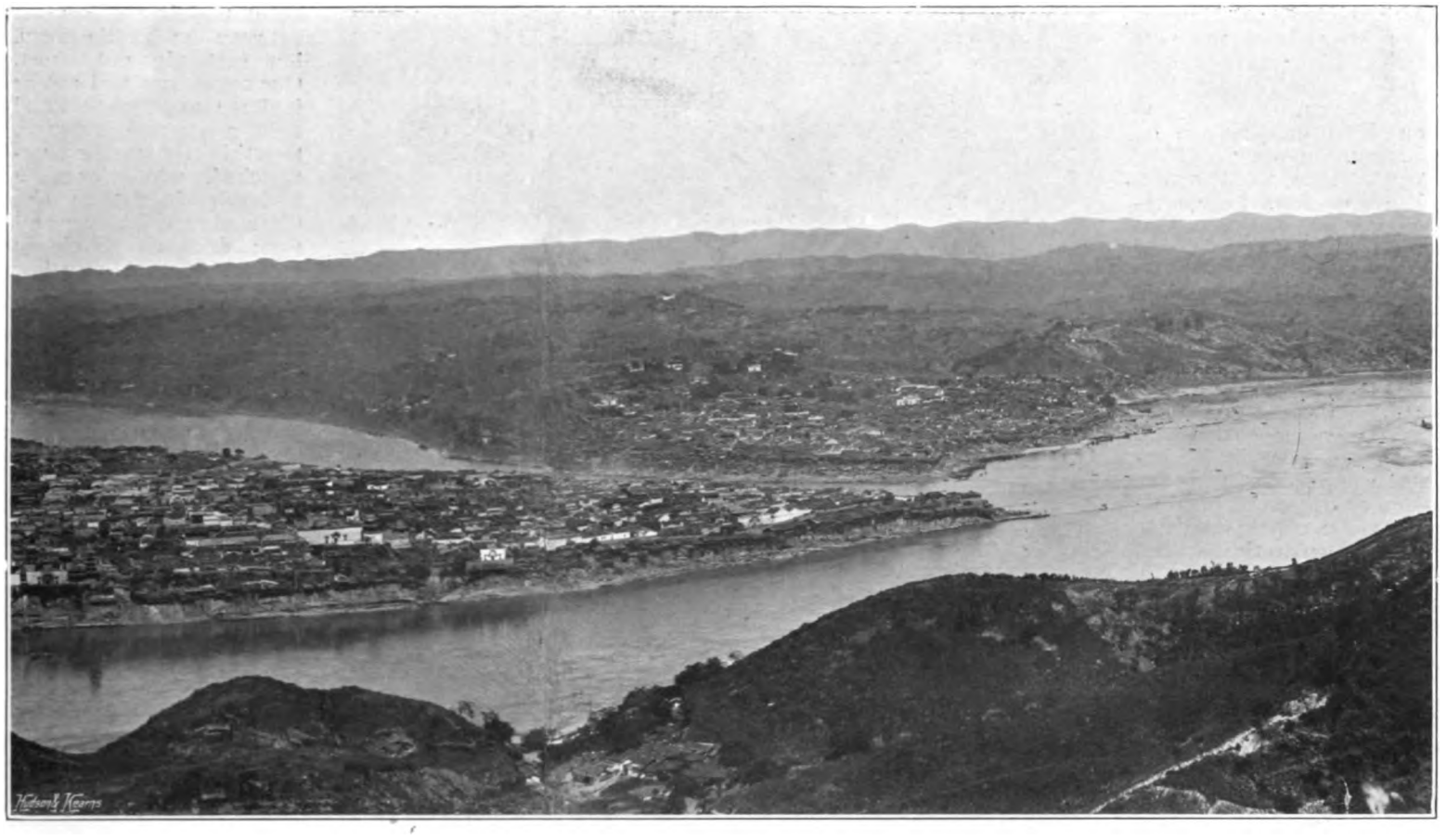
Of British Influence.



FROM WHICH BRITISH SUBJECTS WERE WITHDRAWN.

than a little importance. It is a treaty port situated just in the bend of the river and in direct communication with Canton and Hong-Kong.

A little further up we come to Hankau, Wuchang, and Han-yang, a triplet of towns. We are now some 500 or 600 miles up the Yang-tse. Wuchang is the big town, but Hankau is a treaty port, while the great Chinese arsenal is at Han yang. A few years ago the Viceroy of Hupeh, in which province Hankau is situated, was particularly bitter against anything foreign. But his estate produced iron ores. He needed to smelt them, and he established works at Hankau. At the present time the place is a great arsenal, which is capable of turning out 8,000 Mausers, 200 1-pounder guns, and 3,650,000 cartridges each year. Happily the corruption which is so deeply ingrained in Chinese life does not allow of these weapons being properly finished, or even of the supply being equal to the nominal powers of production. Kingchau, about 100 miles above Hankau, is also a treaty port, and so is Ichang, which is an important town situated about seventy or eighty miles further up the river. After this we have to travel a long way—some 400 miles, allowing for the winding of the river—before we reach Chung King, from which British subjects were recently withdrawn, and which almost represents the limit of European enterprise. This picturesque town abuts on the Yang-tse, and on the Kia-ling, which here joins that river from the northward, and standing on a peninsula of sandstone between the two streams it is singularly picturesque. It has a population of about 400,000 souls, and it is the centre of a vast commerce from inland regions.

AT A MANDARIN'S GRAVE AT KU-KIANG.

A Picnic of Naval and Customs Officers.

Photos Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

A VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE YANG-TSE.

Cargo Junks on Their Way Down the River.

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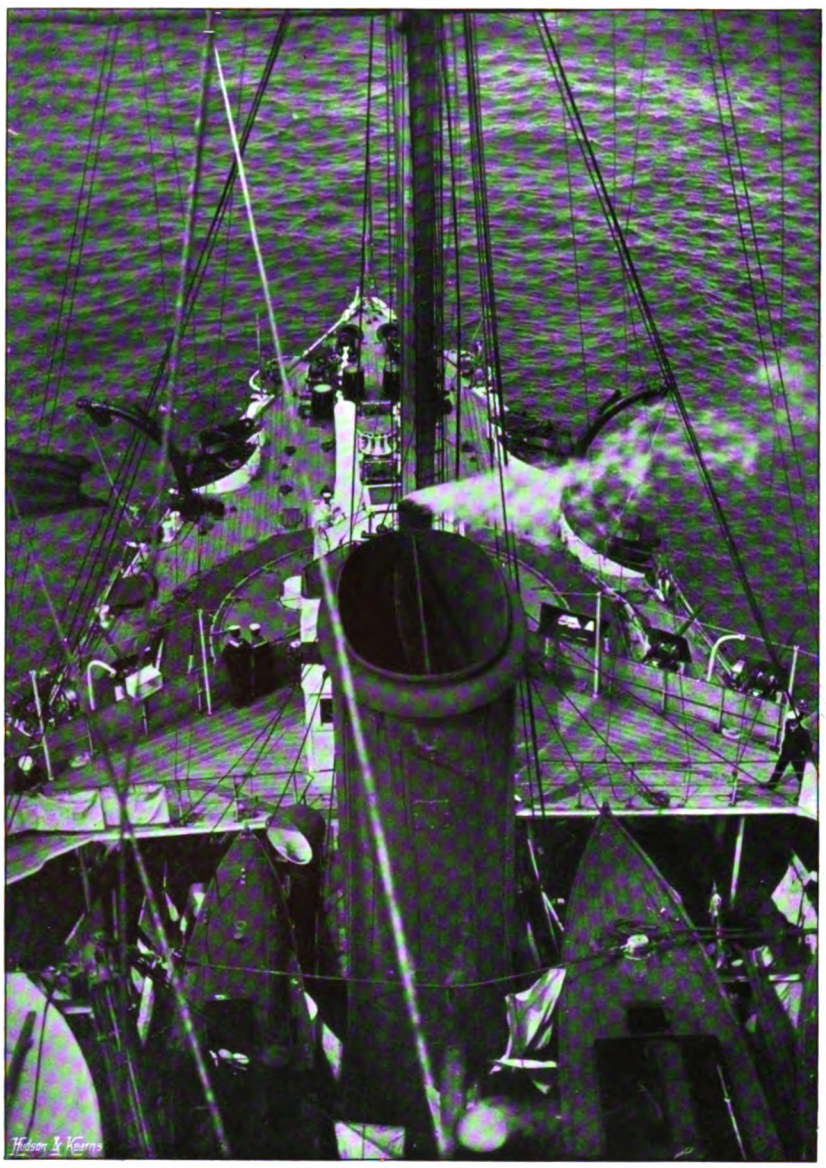
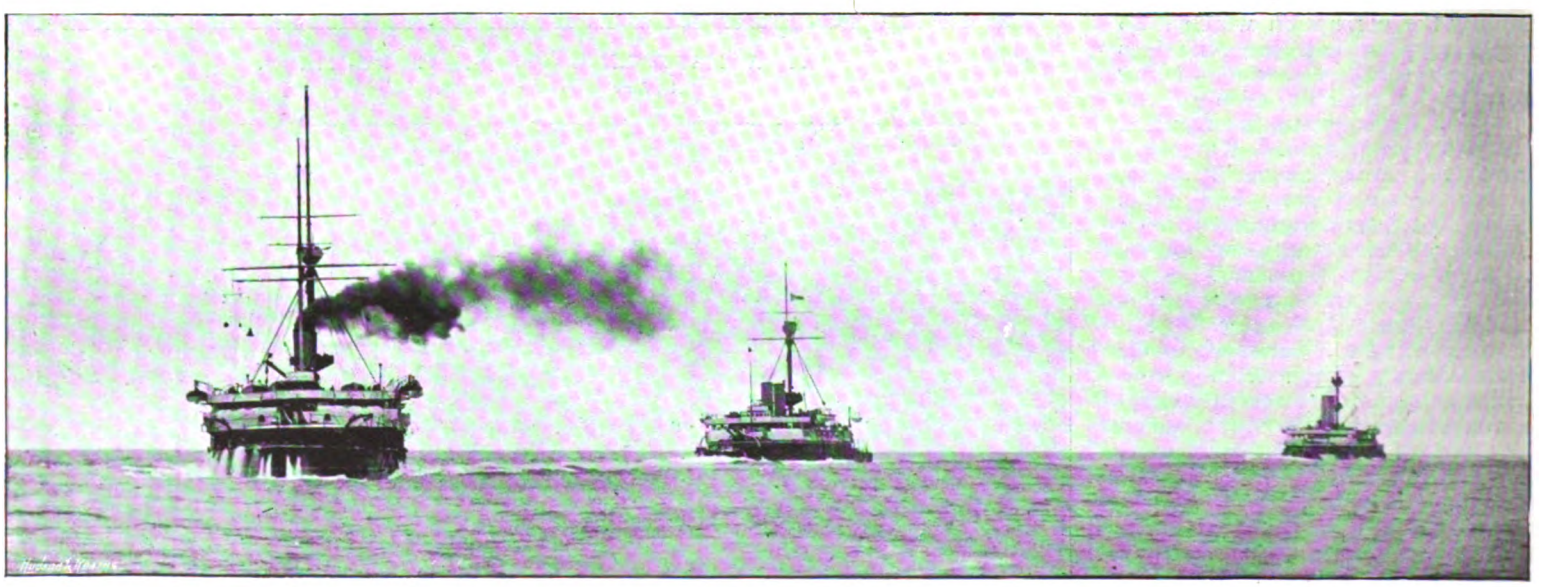
The Lessons of the Manœuvres.

THE Naval Manœuvres of the year began at 2 a.m. on Tuesday, July 24, and came to an official end at 2 a.m. on Friday, August 3. They really terminated a few hours earlier, in consequence of the fact that the modern battle-ships of the A Fleet had the heels of the heterogeneous battle-ships of the B Fleet, and that after a futile pretence at pursuit, the latter had to return to Milford to renew their supplies of that precious coal which they had somewhat recklessly expended during the Manœuvre period, in doing the work which ought to have fallen to the share of their cruisers. Practically only the collateral lessons of the Manœuvres have any value. The operations were brought to an end by the time being up just as they were beginning to be interesting, and it is quite an open question whether the Manœuvres ought not to extend over an entire month. Be this as it may, there can be no question that the great problem propounded in the Admiralty instructions relating to the Manœuvres was not solved. The main object was stated to be to obtain information relative to the working of a fleet which is composed of vessels of all classes and is fighting for the command of the sea. Neither side obtained the command of the sea. Sir Gerard Noel may contend that the fruits of victory rested with him, since he drove his enemy before him. But the A Fleet was still a "fleet in being," and capable of assuming the offensive on a favourable opportunity. We may be quite certain that when we are engaged in actual hostilities, the command of the sea will not be settled in ten days—the period over which the Manœuvres lasted—nor perhaps in as many months. The "man in the street," to use a phrase which is now familiar, seems to imagine that the next great naval war will be short and sharp. Never was there a greater mistake. Sharp it will be at the time of contact between the hostile fleets, but certainly not short. Our opponents will not be inclined to leave port and fight a general action if they think themselves overmatched, while even a British defeat in the Channel would be very far from decisive. Such an event might render necessary the temporary abandonment of the Mediterranean; it might compel this country to recall battle-ships and cruisers from foreign stations; but it would mean neither national defeat nor invasion. There have been unsuccessful actions in the Channel in past times, but they have only stimulated the country to fresh efforts and to ultimate victory. This is one reason why one of the dominant elements of "make-believe" in the Manœuvres would be rendered less powerful in its influence if the period over which the Manœuvres extend were increased. At the outset, this year, the B Fleet was divided into two squadrons, situated respectively at Milford Haven and Lamlash, while A had squadrons at Berehaven and Lough Swilly, and a third squadron far out in the Atlantic, and supposed to represent a reinforcement coming from the Mediterranean. There was a time when there seemed a possibility that the B Squadron from Lamlash might be cut off, and it is not very clear why, when the B Squadrons were united, a greater effort was not made to intercept the A reinforcement. As far as can be judged Sir Gerard Noel allowed himself to be lured away in pursuit of the other portions of the A Fleet—by that time united—and spent precious days in aimless cruising off the North Coast of Ireland. When by good luck the two fleets came into contact at the close of the Manœuvres, Sir Harry Rawson, in command of the A Fleet, had fortuitously got rid of his slower ships. He had with him only the eight battle-ships of the Channel Fleet, and as these were much faster



LOOKING FORWARD IN THE "CAMPERDOWN."

The Fore Part in a Smooth Sea, from the Upper Fighting-top.



THREE OF THE "ADMIRAL" CLASS.

The "Howe," "Rodney," and "Camperdown."

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent

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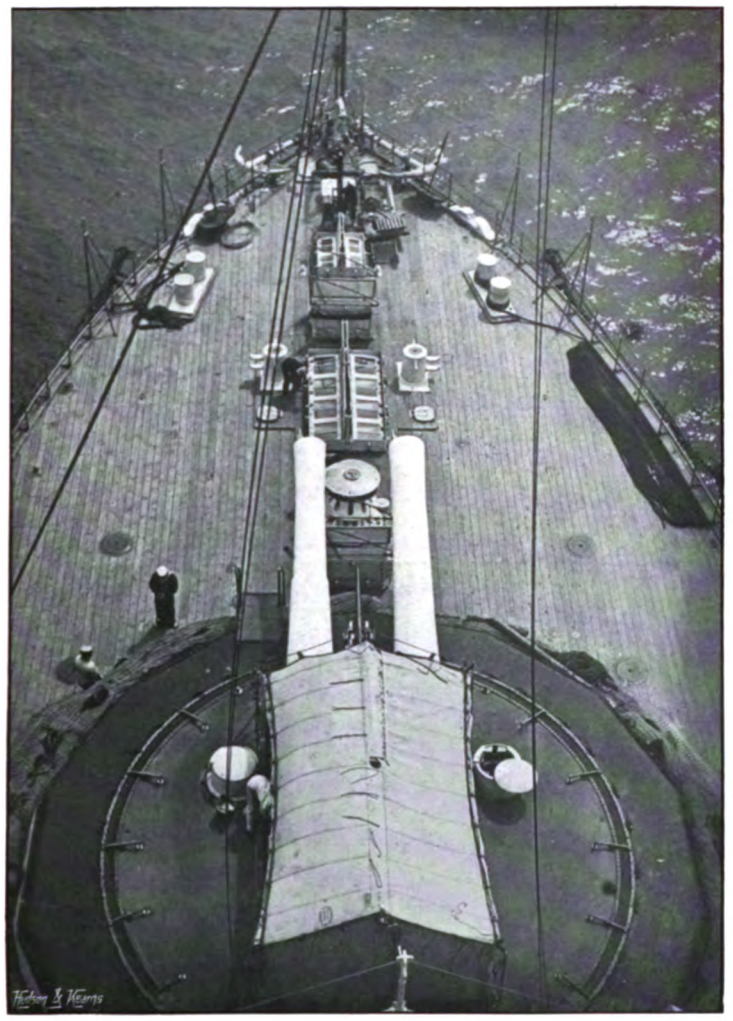
STILL GOOD FOR FIFTEEN KNOTS.

The Old "Alexandra" Leading the "B" Squadron.

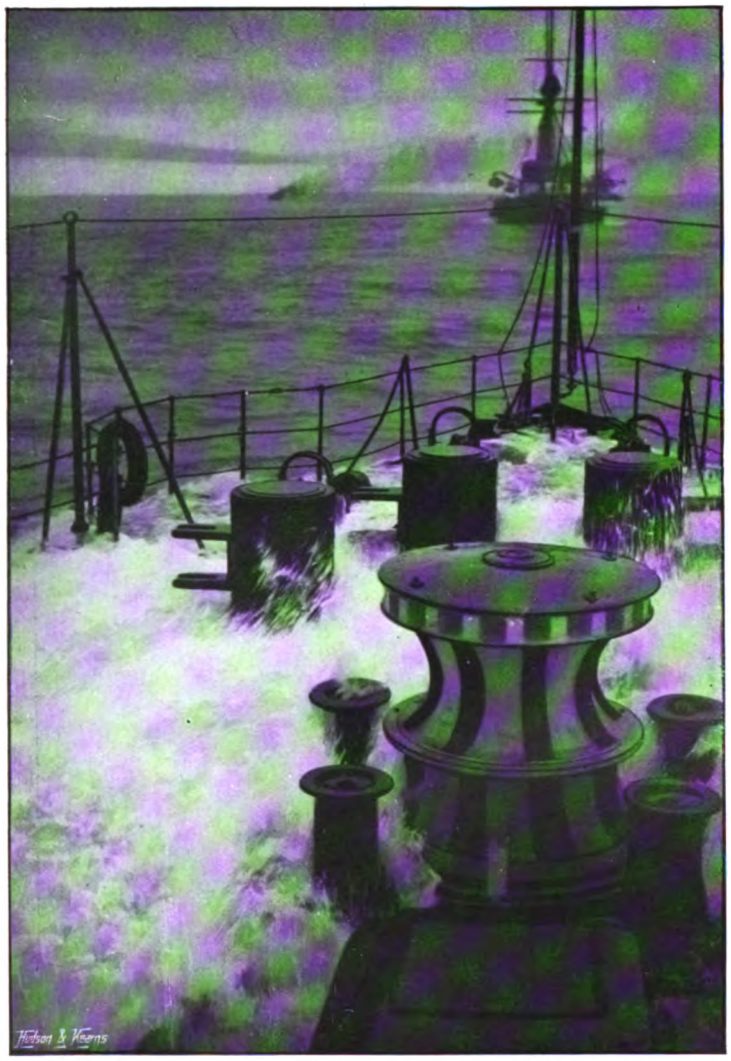


IN THE SWIRL OF THE SEA.

The Quarter-deck of the "Camperdown," from the Upper Fighting-top.

than the ships of the B Fleet—in which the signal had been made that ships unable to keep their station were to haul out of line—he was released from the necessity of choosing between abandoning his slowest ships to certain capture, or fighting an action in their defence in which, according to the rules of the game, defeat was inevitable. At the same time, he lost, of course, the fighting power of the absent ships, and in real war this would be a consideration not to be neglected. Some of the ships of the B Fleet seem to have developed a speed of which they were not deemed capable, but other ships failed grievously from various causes, and it is evident that in the matter of speed there will be some unpleasant surprises whenever actual hostilities are upon us. Still we must expect that the enemy will suffer in this respect at least as much as the ships flying the White Ensign. There have been complaints of the difficulty of getting coal from the bunkers in some ships, but this is not new, though it certainly ought to be remedied. In fact, none of the lessons of the Manœuvres of this year possess the charm of novelty, and it is perhaps true that the evolutions were less actually instructive than any that have taken place since 1891. The most important lesson, and it certainly is not a new one, is that a fleet organised for fighting requires a much larger proportion of cruisers in relation to battle-ships, than was allotted to either of the opposing fleets, or than is maintained in either the Mediterranean or the Channel Squadrons. These are our two principal fleets, and both are woefully short of cruisers. Particularly is this the case in the Channel. It is perhaps thought that the necessary vessels could be rapidly commissioned in the home dockyards; but even if this be the case, it takes time for a crew to "shake down." Two cruisers to each battle-ship is a proportion that has been recognised since a certain memorable report, and it may be doubted whether even that is sufficient. Cruisers must be the eyes and ears of a fleet, and we may expect that just as Nelson asked for more frigates, the modern admiral will be calling out for more cruisers, and plenty of them.

One good purpose is served by Manœuvres. They offer opportunities for practice in the management of ships as a squadron; they smarten up the men; and they afford experience to all ranks and all ratings.



From Photos. by *Our Own Correspondent.*

AWAY INTO THE BROAD ATLANTIC.

The Forecastle Awash with a Light Sea.

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Four Fine First-class Cruisers.

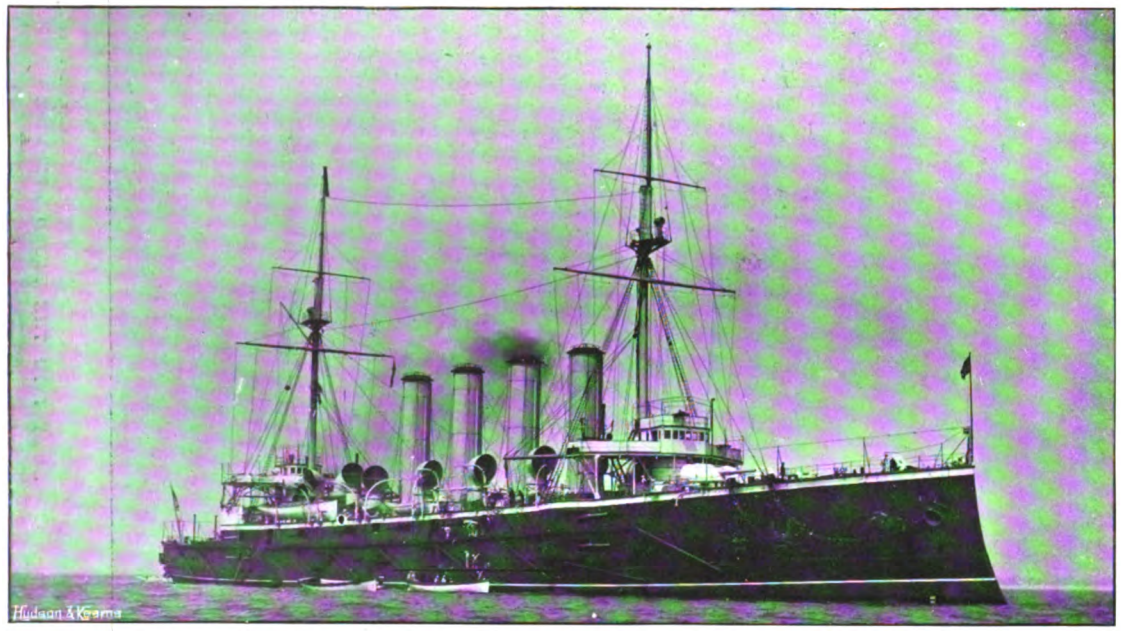
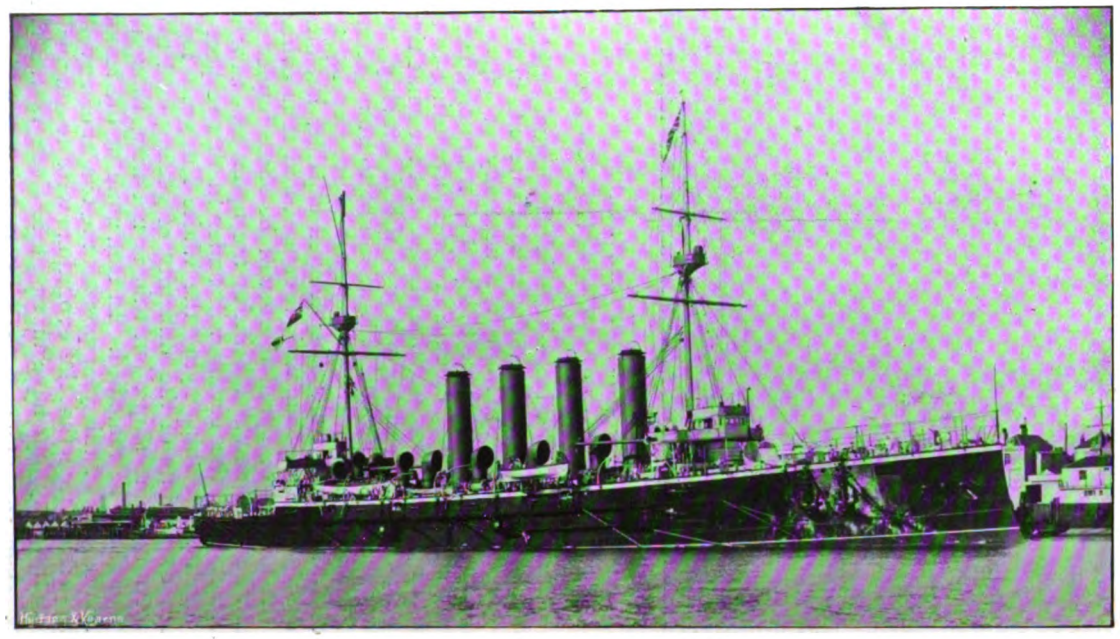


Photo. Copyright. *E. W. C. Hopkins, Southsea.*

THE FIRST-CLASS PROTECTED CRUISER "ARGONAUT."

Lately Sent to China after Many Unavoidable Delays.



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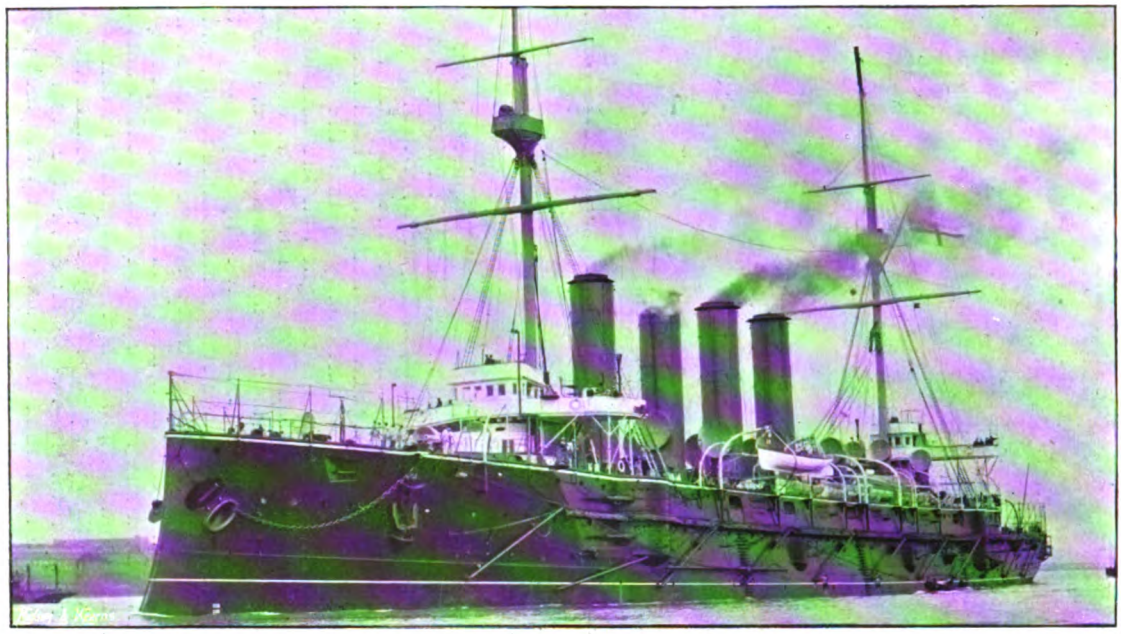
A SISTER SHIP TO THE "ARGONAUT," AND JUST AS HANDSOME.

The New Cruiser "Ariadne," which can Steam at 20·75 knots.



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A CRUISER WHICH HAS SERVED AS A TRANSPORT.

The Sister Vessel "Europa," which Took Out Reliefs to Australia.

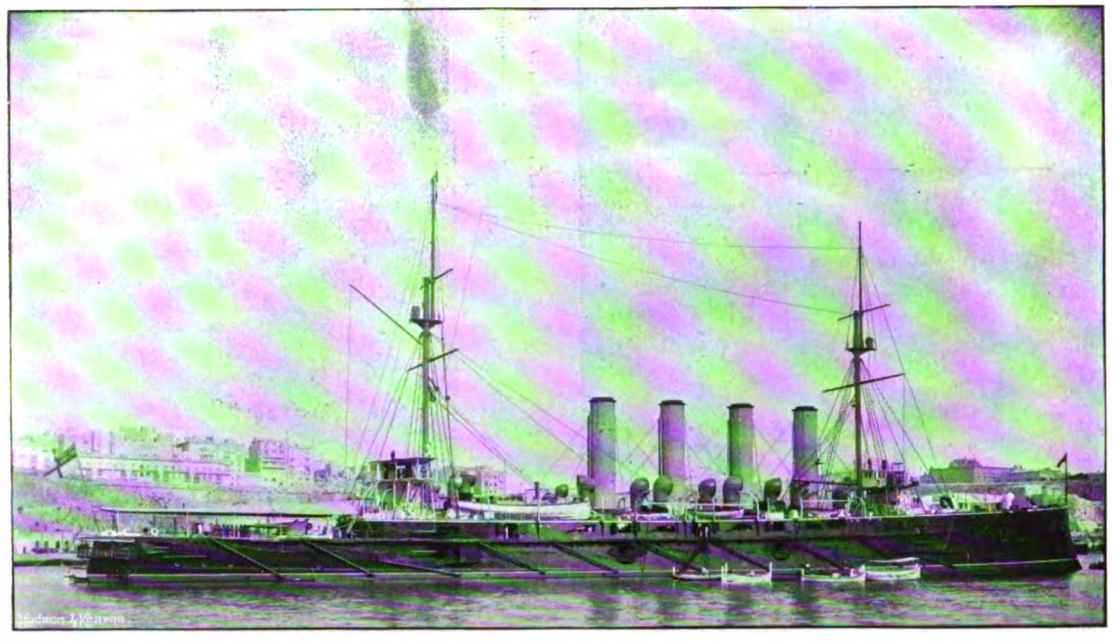

Photo. Copyright. *R. Ellis.*

ANOTHER OF THE NOW WELL-KNOWN "DIADEM" CLASS.

The "Andromeda," the "Europa's" Sister Ship, in Malta Harbour.

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The Duke of Connaught's Own Sligo Artillery.

TRAINING.
Ten-inch 18-ton M.L.R. Gun.

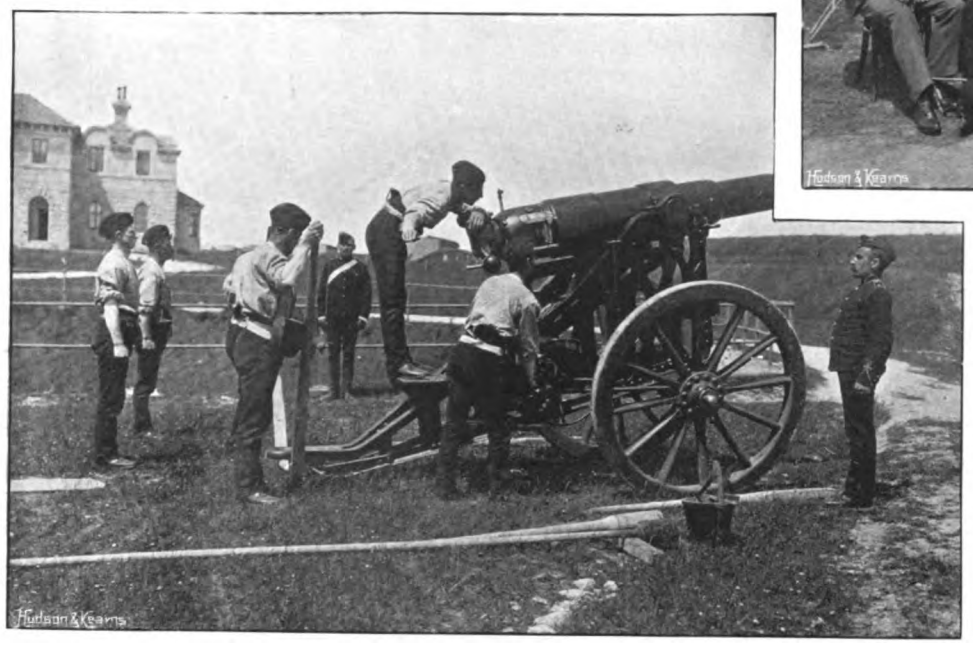
IRISH
MILITIAMEN.

EMBODIED
MAY 10, 1900.

THE OFFICERS.

NOTED
FOR
SMARTNESS
AND
MARKSMANSHIP.

LOADING.
Twelve-inch 25-ton M.L.R. Gun.



ELEVATING.
Breech-loader on Wheeled Mounting.

TRAVERSING.
Howitzer for High-angle Fire

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

MAJOR APPLEBY'S ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

As usual, Appleby had pledged the Horse Grenadiers to accomplish the impossible. He explained to Daly that the fault was not his own, but that General FitzCumberland had asked him whether he thought the squadron couldn't do a bit of coastguard work just to oblige. "It was after mess, you know, Daly; and, bless your soul, I wasn't taking much notice of what he said, so I answered frank and free: 'The Horse Grenadiers are fit to do anything between here and hell, sir.' It occurred to me afterwards that the job wasn't much in our line, but first thing in the morning I had my orders. And what's there to do?"

Captain Daly pulled a long face. "That FitzCumberland ought to be fried in his own fat," he protested. "Does he think that the British Cavalry are mounted upon bumboats, or what does he take us for?"

"Well, you know, after all," suggested Appleby, tentatively, "I thought you might like it. For it is something that hasn't been done before, isn't it?"

"Not so sure, sir," said Daly. "Hawley's Dragoons in '46 ——"

"Bother Hawley's Dragoons in '46," retorted Appleby; "they're all dead and buried and the rest of it. It's not been done in our time."

"What exactly is to be done?" asked Daly. "And where?"

"I'm not very clear on that point," answered Appleby; "but I think FitzCumberland mentioned something about our taking a ship."

"Our taking a what?" ejaculated Daly.

"I'm pretty sure he said a ship," faltered Appleby.

"You don't mean a township?" asked Daly.

Appleby shook his head. "No, I understood it was a sea ship; you know, with sticks in the middle and sails."

Daly took off his cap and pressed his fingers to the sides of his head. "What sort of ship is it at all?"

"I don't remember the description very well." Appleby strove hard to recall his after-dinner conversation. A bright light illumined his face. "I know—it was a smuggler or a pirate, something that way. 'Pon my soul, I think I remember it was a pirate."

"That beats anything I ever heard of in all my born days," quoth Captain Daly. "I'll sell Pious William and buy a sea horse." He sprang to his feet and executed the opening steps of an uncertain hornpipe.

"Confound you for a Jack-in-the-box," spluttered Appleby. "You've opened my shin with your spurs."

"Never mind, sir," said Daly, coming to a standstill. "Tell me all about the ship. And when are we to sail for the Spanish Main, sir?"

"This is no time for levity," answered Appleby, hopping ponderously to relieve his pain. "The accursed ship is coming to us."

Captain Daly affected to scan the horizon. "Can't see any trace of her yet, sir," said he.

"O bother!" returned Appleby. "She's not coming here, of course. But somewhere down there." He waved his hand vaguely towards where he supposed the coast-line to be.

"Ah!" said Daly, "she's down there, is she? And when are we to go and meet her?"

"Dunno a bit about it," replied Appleby. "But I daresay it says all about it in the orders. I haven't had time to read 'em yet. Got a bit of a head."

"Perhaps we'd better have a look at 'em, sir, before we go any further," Daly suggested, deferentially.

"That's not a bad idea," Appleby granted. "I believe I've got 'em somewhere."

The precious orders were discovered in Appleby's punch-bowl, where the gallant major had consigned them, as the place least likely to be overlooked. He took them out and glanced down the sheet; then he blinked, passed his fingers over his eyes, and handed the paper to Captain Daly, protesting that the general's secretary wrote a "devilish wriggly hand."

Captain Daly conned the paper. "Why," said he, in a little while, "it's not an inelegant business at all."

"Glad you like it," grunted Appleby. "What's it all about? I can't recall a blessed thing beyond there being a ship. It does say something about a ship, doesn't it?"

"I should rather think so," Daly answered, still scanning the paper. "There's a brimstone ship on the bedevilled sea, and the Horse Grenadiers have got to either take that brimstone ship and put her on the sanguinary shore or take the bedevilled sea and put it on the brimstone ship."

"I begin to understand," said Major Appleby. "Lord love you, Daly, why doesn't the general get you to put his orders into shape for him? I'd have spent all the morning trying to make that much sense out of the diabolical thing. Does it say any more—which ship they mean or anything that way?"

"It seems to be a sort of French privateer that has been playing the deuce along the coast-line, basting churches with red-hot shot and all such sport."

"Why don't the Navy look after her?" Appleby growled. "'Pon my soul, I think they went to sleep when Nelson died."

"Oh! she's beneath the dignity of the Navy," answered Daly. "Only a bit of a sloop with sixpenn'orth of long guns, and a live man to fire 'em."

"What's 'is name?" asked Appleby, without great interest.

"Calls himself Roger le Belami."

Appleby was all attention. "Seems to me I've heard of him. That's the chap from St. Malo?"

"Formerly from St. Malo, yes," said Daly, a little surprised that Appleby had ever heard of anyone; "but latterly from Barcelona."

"He's rather a warm customer, isn't he?" asked Appleby. "Wasn't it he who nipped the 'Jane Elizabeth' Indiaman under the guns of the 'Bolus' and blew her to repeating decimals, passengers and all, when the wind failed?"

"You've hit the right nail, sir," said Daly; "that's our friend."

Appleby shook his head doubtfully. "Don't believe a chap like that will ever come ashore to let us lay hands on him."

"Well, if he doesn't," said Captain Daly, "sure we can only remember the example of the pious prophet Mahomet."

"What example?" asked Major Appleby.

"Why, when the holy man invited the mountain to come and drink a glass of wine with him——"

"What nonsense are you talking?" broke in Appleby. "How could a mountain come and drink a glass of wine with a man? It's impossible."

"So the mountain seemed to think," answered Daly, "for devil a bit of notice did it take of the invitation. So what did Mahomet do but ups and says, 'Sure if the mountain doesn't care to step over here for a glass of wine, it's myself will just step over and take a cup of tay with the mountain.' Now if his amiability won't come ashore like a Christian to hold a little conversation with us, it's you and I and as many of the squadron as are fit must go and talk to him on his own quarter-deck."

Appleby was unconvinced, but agreed that it was time the squadron should be getting on their way to do something.

Evening found them descending the Downs towards the seashore. Appleby searched the water with his glass. "Can't see a sign of a sail anywhere," he declared.

"So much the better," answered Daly; "the squadron's fagged out from that impossible road, and we'll all be the better for a quiet night before commencing regular operations."

With this opinion Major Appleby was in full sympathy, and a hamlet with a tolerable inn being discovered nestling in a thicket near the shore, the Horse Grenadiers settled down snugly for the night.

Mine host welcomed them with ardour; he had heard of the doings of the strange corvette, although so far he had suffered not, and was glad of the protection of the Dragoons, for he attributed his immunity merely to the concealment from the sea afforded by the trees.

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These trees, however, did not entirely block the seaward view from the house, and when Captain Daly tumbled out of bed in the morning he caught a glimpse of the sun dancing on the green white-capped waves which rolled with a pleasant murmur on the sandy beach.

"Blessed St. Simon Stylites, what a chance to bathe!" he said, and, naked as he came from the sheets, skipped off to the water. His eye registered the fact that his whereabouts was on the margin of a bay, with headlands stretching out to left and right of him, but, seeing no more, he dashed out upon the waves. Delighted with the water, he played in it like a child until he tired; then coughing a pint of sea-foam out of his inside, he resought the shore.

Casting his eye around for the towel with which in his eagerness he had forgotten to provide himself, he saw in the offing a white pillar of canvas. A small vessel, bows on, under a crowd of sail, was standing in for the shore. She was travelling at a clipping pace, and he could see the scud fly over her nose.

Captain Daly had not a moment's doubt of her identity. He judged her distance to be ten knots from shoal water, her speed eight to the hour; he turned and pelted back to the inn.

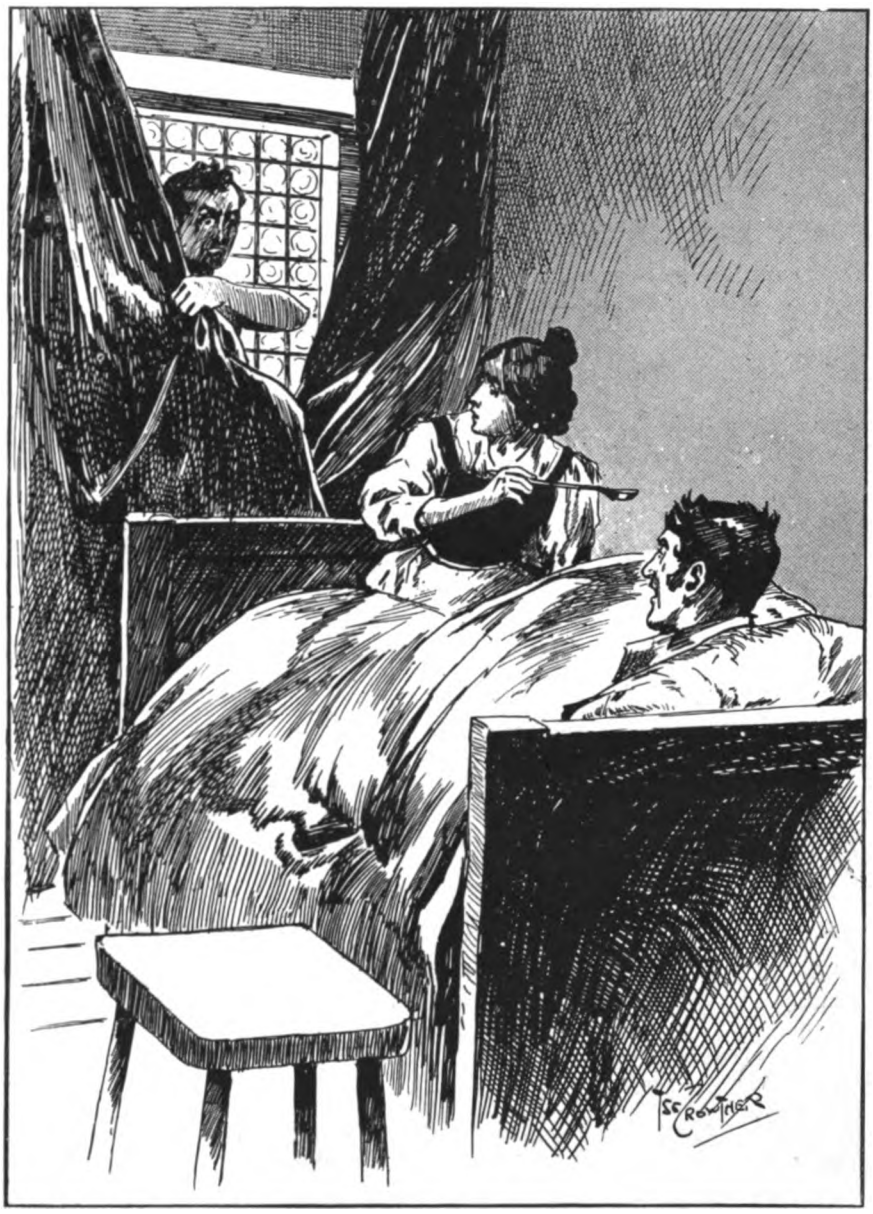
"Musha! your honour," cried Tomkins, seeing him arrive, "and have the pirates taken your clothes?"

"Out of the way, man," answered his master, bounding upstairs, and bouncing through Appleby's doorway. Here, however, his career ended abruptly, for the innkeeper's daughter sat on the side of Appleby's bed, administering him his breakfast with a large ladle. Luckily her back was towards him, and by the time she turned—as she did with a little scream, hearing the door opened—Daly was a noble Roman, with a window curtain draped gracefully round his torso.

"Damn it, man, I wish you'd knock," spluttered Appleby, very red in the face and his mouth full; "you have frightened the poor dear child."

"There's someone coming who'll frighten her worse," answered Daly—"Roger le Belami."

"The devil!" ejaculated Appleby, starting up, and his suddenly contracted knees discharging his breakfast tray bomb-like empyrean-wards, while the girl fled the apartment, bawling "Roger" at the top of her voice.



Captain Daly Astonishes Major Appleby.

Appleby drew his plump body out of bed, and yawned. "Bad end to Roger what's his name," he muttered. "I'd counted on another forty winks after breakfast."

Daly had his own opinion on this subject, but he reserved it. "Never mind, sir," he suggested; "perhaps this will be a great day for you and me, sir."

"I don't want great days," Appleby retorted, sulkily. "Great days are nothing to me; I despise 'em."

"Well, then, perhaps we'll be dead, sir," was Daly's alternative suggestion.

Appleby stared. "Lord, how pessimistic you can be," he protested, and proceeded to draw on his overalls.

Daly called Tomkins to fetch his kit, and the two dressed rapidly while they discussed the situation.

So far only one thing was clear to both, and that was the necessity of the Horse Grenadiers keeping under cover until the privateer's skipper had developed his plans. Tomkins was despatched with these instructions to Le Mesurier, while Appleby and Daly reconnoitred the enemy from Daly's window.

The brig had taken her sails aback, and was hove to at a little distance from the shore. "Perhaps she'll drift right in," suggested Appleby, who had little knowledge of and less respect for the intelligence of seamen, more especially French seamen. But his hopes were presently crushed by the rover splashing her bower in the sea, and swinging round head to wind.

Daly, on the other hand, was rejoiced at the sight. "Faith, they've come to stop," said he.

Yet, although it was clearly the intention of the ship's company to effect a landing, two hours dragged away without their showing any further life.

"Confound the rogues," exclaimed Daly at last, "they're waiting for the night. I wonder if nothing would tempt them."

"I think I know what would," said Appleby, slily.

Daly winked. "I know what you mean," he declared readily. "The landlord's daughter. But it's a dangerous game for the girl. Supposing our plans missed fire, and they nabbed her."

"Nab her," cried Appleby. "While I'm there, never. She'd be as safe under my eye as in Westminster Abbey."

Daly found the symbol inept, but did not say so. He saw Appleby was charmed with his own cleverness, and gave way, observing only that he hoped the major would hold himself responsible in case of mischance, and compensate the girl's parents.

"Not another word," exclaimed Appleby. "To me be the risk, to me the glory."

"With a heart and a-half, sir," responded Daly.

Appleby at once made his arrangements; the girl's father required something more than persuasion, but, like many better men, he had his price, and the thing was done.

The girl, dressed in her showiest clothes, was sent to walk along the beach a little way, and presently to turn on her footsteps and proceed to make preparations to bathe; a small dismounted party of the Horse Grenadiers followed her under cover of the trees. The girl had never dreamed of doing such a thing before, but she played the comedy with some spirit, and ere the first act was over an echo from the brig announced that she was clearing away a boat.

Soon they saw the boat coming, propelled by the eager oars of six strong men. The girl on the beach saw them too, and hesitated. "Go on, my dear," cried Major Appleby from his coign of vantage. "Don't mind the villains; enjoy yourself." Whereupon the Horse Grenadiers within earshot were heard to guffaw. Happily the girl, not understanding one word of what he said, simply stood and waited.

On came the boat, and there was a perceptible haste in the stroke of the oars; still, they swung fairly together, and the coxswain had sufficient control to make his men go about when close in and beach her scientifically stern foremost.

The excitement of the watchers under the trees rose to fever pitch; faithful to her instructions, the girl held her ground, pink-faced but resolute, until, leaving the others in the boat, two sailors approached and seized her. Then she screamed.

On the instant Appleby's pistol went off of its own accord, slaying an inoffensive seagull which was staring scandalised at the scene. "Dash it all!" he exclaimed, and

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well he might, for, warned by the report, the Frenchmen rushed their burden down to the beach, and the boat was afloat in the twinkling of an eye. Carbine bullets flew round on all sides, and a few of the Horse Grenadiers galloped headlong into the sea, but with derisive cheers the boat pulled quickly out of harm's way. Then the crew lay on their oars and laughed.

Nor was this all; with a startling flash and bang a four-pound shot sprung from the brig's stern chaser, and thumped to earth within speaking distance of the Horse Grenadiers.

"No use crying over spilt milk under fire," said Daly, and followed by his superior officer and the others he trotted to the rear of the trees.

After another round or two the cannonade ceased. "Short of powder and shot," observed Daly, "or they'd search the trees and bag the village."

Appleby took no heed of the observation. "I've been and gone and done it now," was all he had to observe, really upset at the thought.

"Cheer up," said Daly; "we've lost a trick, but it'll be all right presently, as soon as we can rearrange our hands."

"D'ye mean it?" Appleby cried, eagerly. "D'ye think we'll ever be able to get her back?"

"Get her back!" echoed Daly. "Is that all that troubles you?"

"Troubles me!" choked Appleby, in a tremor of hope and fear. "I'd give all my chances of Heaven and earth to undo what I have done."

"To be precise," Daly begged to know, "would you give five hundred guineas?"

Appleby's face fell. "It's a thundering lot of money," he observed, "but I really think I would, provided, of course, you didn't mention the circumstances to anyone."

"Would you, or would you not?" asked Daly point blank, and added, as a discourager of hesitancy, "I would like to deliver the goods in fair condition."

"Yes, yes!" Appleby fairly bawled. "Word of honour I would."

"The girl shall be here within an hour," said Captain Daly, and proceeded then and there to divest himself of all his clothing except his undervest and pantaloons.

"How many of you know how to take the nap?" he asked the reassembled squadron.

Some dozen men stepped forward.

"You fellows chase me," cried Captain Daly, simply, and started Pious William at a canter, which quickened to a smart gallop as he left the cover of the trees.

Roger le Belami, reconnoitring the shore with his telescope, saw a diverting and remarkable spectacle. A posse of horsemen dashed out in the open and showed themselves to be one pursued by several others; sometimes the quarry gained, sometimes the hunt; the latter the skipper recognised as the Horse Grenadiers, of the former he could distinguish nothing except that he was well mounted and made the most of it. He was clearly no friend of the Horse Grenadiers, and that was enough to rouse Roger's sympathy. He made up his mind that if the chance offered he would carry off their prey from under the nose of the English. Although he could ill spare it, he ordered the stern gun to be shotted again, and brought it to bear on the dragoons. Luckily for both interests the range was too far and the projectile fell short.

Content with this demonstration of his feelings, Roger delivered himself over to the mere passive pleasure of watching the fun of the thing, like a spectator in a circus. And it was well worth watching, for the fugitive, ever doubling on his pursuers, at last got right through them, and came tearing away for the foreshore. The dragoons followed hard, and Roger wondered they hadn't the sense to put a carbine bullet through his spine. Roger might well have helped the runaway now by bursting a shot over the dragoons, but he reflected that one man was hardly worth it; besides, he was interested to see the natural climax of the incident.

At last the horseman drew rein and leaped from his saddle; in descending, he seemed to stumble, and ere he could recover the dragoons also dismounted and were on him.

A tremendous exhibition of fisticuffs followed. Roger could recall no such herculean vigour as the fugitive displayed: One blow from the left shoulder sent three dragoons sprawling; from the right, and the casualties numbered four. The soldiers seemed only to stand up for this extraordinary fellow to knock them down again; and each blow was marked by a slap as loud as the crack of a pistol shot. Suddenly the fugitive, abandoning his defensive attitude, rushed on his pursuers, and did with two sweeps of his fists what Roger le Belami could hardly believe he saw—he sent the whole dozen to earth at once.

Then he turned and took to the water, striking out for Roger's ship, and swimming as manfully as he had fought.

"It is a giant among men," shrieked Roger, his eyes dancing with glee. "Lower a boat away at once, and pick him up."

An hour later the same boat was lowered again, and, under the white flag, approached the beach, where it landed, not without ribaldry, a lonely maiden, and then forthwith pulled off again. The maiden was the innkeeper's daughter, who sought Major Appleby and gave him this message: "Goods despatched from here in perfect order, per shortest passage. Should undersigned not return, please lodge five hundred guineas, Adair, Pall Mall, by whom a receipt will be given.—Your very obedient servant, A. DALY."

"That's the worst of Daly," muttered Appleby, as he read it a second time; "he's damned mercenary."

The Relief of the Legations.

ALTHOUGH the relief of the Legations at Peking did not arouse the same enthusiasm that greeted the relief of Mafeking, deep thankfulness has been felt throughout the world at the success attained by the Allies. Our countrymen and countrywomen, and those of nearly every civilised Power, have been released from a situation of imminent outrage and peril, and the splendid tale of heroism has yet to be fully told. There has been equal courage on the part of those who were surrounded by the Chinese hordes, and of those who made the great fighting march by which they were saved. True to the day predicted was the attack on the capital delivered. The British and Americans fought shoulder to shoulder, and forced their way into the Chinese city, while the Japanese and Russians, on the north side of the Tung-chau Canal, attacked the Tartar City, two of the gates being blown up by the Japanese. The Chinese, by attacking the Legations and representatives of the Powers, and stretching forth their sanguinary hands against women and children, have committed an unparalleled outrage, and a salutary punitive lesson must be taught. Our illustration of the entrance to the British Legation is very interesting. This building was an imperial "fu," or palace, secured for our purpose, and the picture shows the stone lions which always stand before the five-bayed entrance gate leading to the courts and pavilions of such a building.

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH MINISTER'S HOUSE.

Which has been so Well Defended by the Legation Guard.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

IT has been suggested to me that I should write a few articles on sport in foreign lands for the benefit of my brother officers, giving them the result of my experience, extending over many years, in the hope that such may be useful to them, and show how it is possible for Naval officers to enjoy a fair amount of all-round sport without interfering with their duties in any way, in fact, giving them a greater zest for them. It is easy to understand that the higher one gets in one's profession, the greater are the opportunities for enjoying sport in the Navy; a youngster cannot always get away from the ship or have boats and men at his command, as a captain or an admiral may, nor can a sailor make long expeditions inland in search of big game, as is the fashion nowadays; for such expeditions are expensive, and are usually far beyond the means of sailors, no matter what their rank. On the other hand, we sailors have some opportunities of visiting out-of-the-way places beyond the reach of ordinary sportsmen or tourists, where we can enjoy both shooting and fishing without the expense attached to either form of sport in more accessible and civilised countries. During my time of service, I have perhaps had unusual opportunities of indulging in my favourite pastime, and I have made the most of them. I must preface my remarks by explaining that for the first ten or a dozen years in the Service I had no opportunity of sport in any sense, being otherwise engaged, first in the Russian War and subsequently in China, where the rifle was more often in my hands than a "scatter" gun. Sporting reminiscences are always of keen interest in the Service, even though, like mine, they may not be of quite recent date. Perhaps officers will follow me and relate their experiences among the pheasants up the Shanghai River or salmon-fishing in the Gulf of Tartary, pastimes which were denied to us during the China War of 1856-59. At that time our opportunities of sporting in those regions were so scanty, that I must leave others to relate their experiences and confine myself to the Western part of the world, with which I am more familiar, and later on with the East India station, where anything from an elephant to a snipe may be killed without much trouble or huge expense.

In the Mediterranean also good sport is to be had, but it is generally swamped by the number of ships and the multitude of gunners, so that it is only the small craft and solitary cruisers that get the cream of it. My own experience in those latitudes was disastrous, for along with two brother officers I was unfortunately wrecked whilst on a yachting cruise on the coast of Albania, when we lost all our traps and narrowly escaped with our lives. As regards the proper equipment in the matter of guns, rifles, fishing-tackle, etc., much depends upon the station one is bound to; on some stations there is no sport with a rod, but on all there is sea-fishing.

A gun is always useful, and frequently a rifle, but as economy has to be considered, and space, the best all-round weapon for a boy to take to sea is in my opinion a Paradox 12-bore gun, which shoots ball or shot equally well. Also a good stout trolling rod, reel, and line, and a grilse rod (16-ft.)

AFTER CARIBOU: A HUNTERS' CAMP IN WINTER.

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which will do for trout or salmon. It is difficult to recommend any particular firm for the purchase of these articles; there are so many all equally good, though differing in price. Such names as Purdey, Westley Richards, Boss, Evans, Lancaster, Bland, and hosts of others are familiar to all sportsmen, as are Rigby and Henry, north of the Tweed. Some sportsmen are of opinion that no really good gun can be obtained out of London; that is not my experience. Of course, the London firms are second to none, but you must pay more, as rents are high; and I have always been well served by Powell and Sons, of Birmingham, who are too well known in the trade to need any puffing from me. I have used their guns for years and never had a fault to find with them, and with a little 450 single express rifle, costing only £12, I killed a lot of caribou in Newfoundland, and never wished for a better weapon until I had a double 500 express. Then as regards rods, Messrs. Carter are well known for excellence of quality combined with cheapness, while the names of Messrs. Hardy Brothers, Little and Co., Farlow, and Cummins of Bishop Auckland, are household words amongst the followers of the gentle art. With these few remarks I shall proceed, taking each station in turn, beginning with the North American and West Indies.

NORTH AMERICA AND THE WEST INDIES.

Taking it all round, I do not consider this station can claim to be really good for sport, although it enjoys a high reputation. True it is that the sport in Newfoundland, with rod, gun, and rifle, is first class, but how few can partake of it. Only the commodore's ship and the few favoured ones temporarily attached to his command can enjoy it. In the neighbourhood of Halifax some good trout fishing is still to be had on lakes and rivers, with an occasional salmon; and woodcock, snipe, and tree grouse may be found in the marshes and woods of that beautiful country.

At Bermuda the only kind of sport is sea-fishing, which is first-rate of its kind, and in the West Indies snipe, teal, quail, and pigeons may be bagged, also guinea-fowl in Cuba and Jamaica, and snipe and duck at Belize, and the rivers in Jamaica teem with fish of large size but difficult to catch. Having had the good fortune to be detailed for fishery duties on the coast of Newfoundland for three seasons, besides visiting those happy hunting grounds subsequently on half-pay, I will confine my remarks to that part of the station. I can fancy some sportsman saying, but how about moose in Nova Scotia, and salmon-fishing in Canada and Prince Edward's Island? I believe there are still some moose in Nova Scotia, but probably they are scarce, and I have yet to learn of a moose having been killed by a Naval officer except Admiral Fane, who got one, though I am not sure of the locality; and as regards the Canadian rivers, they are mostly taken up by American syndicates or reserved for the Governor-General, and consequently are out of the reach of Naval officers except by courtesy. Of late years the Newfoundland Government has put a tax of 100-dol. (£20) on caribou stalking, and made such ridiculous restrictions that sportsmen are almost debarred from hunting the caribou, while the settlers are allowed to slaughter them wholesale, and large consignments of frozen carcases of these deer are shipped to St. John's by local steamers. This tax is, I believe, not enforced in the case of Naval officers engaged on the fisheries, but presses hard on ordinary sportsmen.

The salmon and sea-trout fishing, though far inferior to that of Canada, is by no means to be despised, especially the latter. Salmon run smaller than they do in the rivers of the mainland, but are improving both in size and numbers, and if the law were properly enforced, as it is not, the rivers of Newfoundland would be equal to those of Norway, and would attract English sportsmen to her shores and do good to the colony by the money they spent there. But unhappily the rivers are disgracefully misused, and poached in the most scandalous manner, with stake and bag-nets and every engine that the ingenuity of man can devise, even barring them altogether by nets stretched across the mouth from bank to bank and by mill-dams, allowing no fish to pass to the spawning grounds above, so that it is a wonder that any fish escape. Naval officers endeavour to remove these obstacles, not without success, but are not properly supported by the authorities, who regard the cod-fishing and the lumber industry as superior to salmon and trout. So it may be from their view. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is occasionally splendid sport to be had. The fish strike the coast and enter the rivers about the third week in June, and by the middle of July the best sport is in full swing. At this season black flies and mosquitoes are also going strong, and are such a nuisance that it is absolutely necessary to besmear oneself with a heavy coating of tar and oil or carbolic and oil, one part of the former to twenty of the latter; and even this has to be constantly renewed.

The same flies as are used in Scotland do for Newfoundland, viz., Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Butcher, Dusty Miller, Durham Ranger, etc., all of medium size, also phantoms and other artificial lures; and the same dress is suitable, the climate during summer being identical.

(To be continued.)

Shooting Notes.

I AM writing on Tuesday, August 14, and before all the great doings on the moors for the opening day have been placed upon record; and, besides, the opening of the season is not the beginning of shooting on some of the best moors. Thus the Scotch record driving moor of Moy Hall was not shot on the 13th. Neither were the record English moors. They hardly ever are. It is not considered that driven grouse will come to the guns as well on the opening days as they will later in the season. Those shooters, therefore, like Lord Westbury at Wemmergill, Mr. Vyner, the tenant of High Forse, and Mr. Rimmington Wilson at Broomhead, who delight to give their friends record days, upon record-breaking moors, keep their powder dry until the grouse can fly for all they are worth, and can go on doing it all day long, as often as they can be encircled in a new beat by the most skillful woodcraft in the world.

* * * *

But if the record-breakers have not been busy, those who take their fresh air and exercise in large doses, and their grouse in small ones, have been doing very serviceable work upon the moors. As usual on the opening day, the dog moors have beaten the driving ones in spite of the wet weather of the previous fortnight having made birds wild. But then did you ever know a shooting party outside Caithness and the West Islands who did not complain of the wildness of the birds? Perthshire, the premier grouse county of Scotland, heads the list for actual bags, as on the Dalnaspidal Moors Mr. William Younger and party of six guns killed, over dogs, 226 brace of grouse. But that is not nearly as high an average per gun as the Duke of Portland's bag in Caithness—the best county in the British islands for shooting over dogs. The grouse lie just well enough there not to tempt one to take those wicked long shots that are sure to wound if they do not kill. Moreover, on most Caithness moors you can see what your dogs are doing and they can see each other, so that it is no uncommon thing to see a dog backing 300-yds. away from the pointing dog. The Duke and his brother, Lord Henry Bentinck, in the Braemore Forest, had 140 brace of grouse up to five o'clock in the afternoon, and no doubt made it a still better bag before the shades of night stopped proceedings. The Duke, of course, shoots over pointers of the best strain—the same sort, in fact, that enabled a previous Lord Henry Bentinck to breed that celebrated field-trial winner, Mr. Lloyd Price's Belle, some thirty years ago.

* * * *

In Aberdeenshire, on the Forest of Brise Moors, the Messrs. Heaven (four guns) killed 98½ brace of grouse, and this, I believe, was over dogs too. At Ballogie Mr. W. E. Nicol and Mr. Randal Nicol killed 52½ brace. Such bags have been made in plenty over dogs throughout the Highlands. Jumping the width of Scotland to Invarary Castle, in Argyllshire (which is let for the first time in history, and also establishes a precedent for the letting of the ducal palaces of the Scots), it is said that Mr. Lawson Johnston with a party (six guns) got but thirteen brace of grouse before lunch time, probably because Argyllshire was less favoured in point of weather than the rest of Scotland. It is bad beginning for an expenditure of some £2,000 for a month or two. On the Ardlamont estate in the same county Mr. Watson's party bagged sixty-five brace of grouse and seventeen couple of snipe—"brace" the daily papers say, but what can you expect when the sporting papers talk of "coveys" of grouse, and even the *Thunderer* itself talks of the newly-acquired habit of egg-sucking of "crows" when it obviously should have said rooks. Glutt, in Caithness, the highest moor in the county of flatness, yielded Mr. Greswold Williams 115 brace of grouse, and when the high ground of Glutt is good then grouse shooting is always first rate in Caithness.

* * * *

The English moors have not yet told their best story, and, as usual, thrown dog-moors into the shade, as they probably will during the last twelve days of the month. The Duke of Devonshire, shooting from Bolton Hall, got 120 brace in the day, Lords Gosford, Curzon, Harewood, Hon. Evan Charteris, Hon. Francis Curzon, Major Seymour Wynne Finch, and Messrs. Arthur Sassoon and Riversdale Walrond being of the party. On the Midhope Moors, near the new Sheffield waterworks, Messrs. Norton, Lancaster, Wragg, Smith, Bush, and Day accounted for 180 brace, driving, of course. On the moors between Richmond in Yorkshire and the borders of Westmorland and Cumberland good sport was obtained. Sir E. Green, Mr. Staniforth, and party had 133 brace. Mr. Walter Morrison's party in North Ribblesdale are shooting over dogs for a fortnight, and on Rathmell Moors, near Settle, Mr. Holme's four guns had 60 brace over dogs before lunch.

JOE MANTON.

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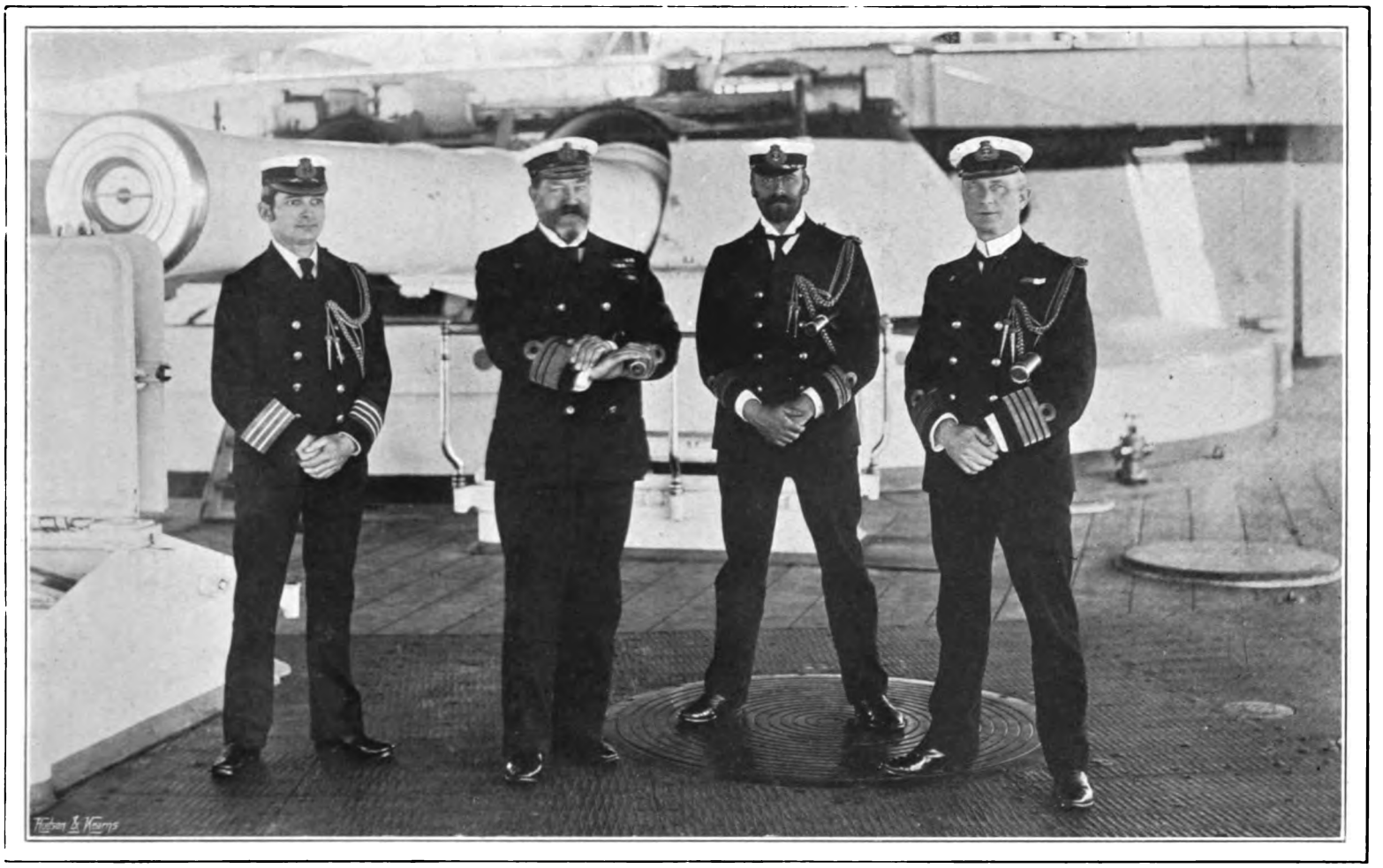
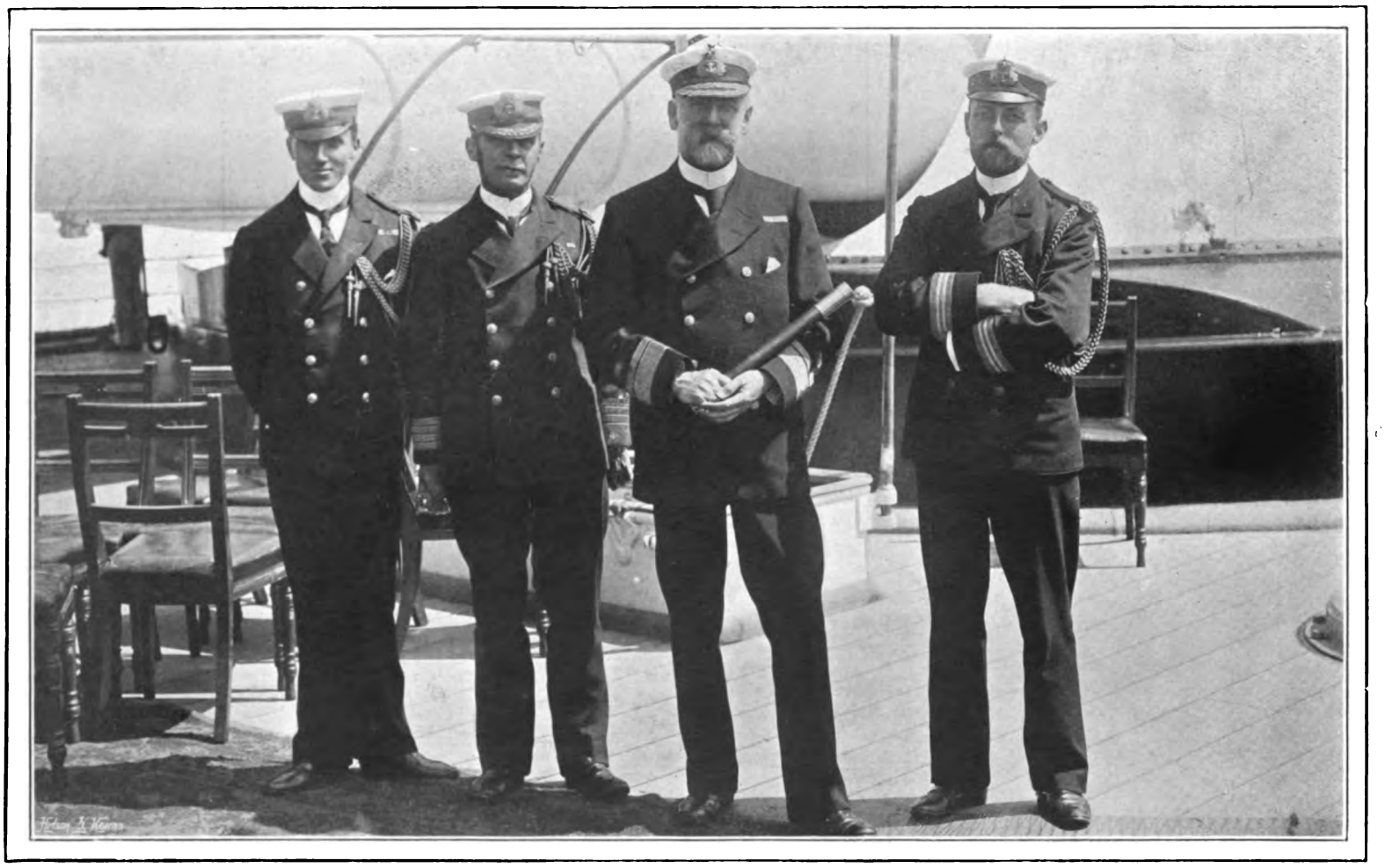
In Command of the Channel Squadron.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON AND HIS STAFF.

From Left to Right the Names Read:—Mr. W. H. Rowe, Secretary. Vice-Admiral Sir Harry H Rawson, K.C.B. Lieutenant Allan F. Everett. Captain George Le C. Egerton, C.B.



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THE REAR-ADMIRAL'S STAFF IN THE "MAGNIFICENT."

Reading from Left to Right we have—Lieutenant Henry F. G. Talbot. Captain John Ferris. Rear-Admiral Albert B. Jenkings. Mr. Charles M. Luckham, Secretary.

If its battle-ships are not so numerous as those of the Mediterranean Fleet, the Channel Squadron comprises, ship for ship, the most powerful group of battle-ships in the world. It is always said that in the event of war it would reinforce the Mediterranean Fleet. Be this as it may, the Channel Squadron has in its present Commander-in-Chief, Sir Harry Rawson, and the second in command, Rear-Admiral A. B. Jenkings, two of the most able and popular officers in the Service, and, though the latter has but recently been appointed, both have used their utmost endeavours to bring the squadron to the highest possible pitch of efficiency.

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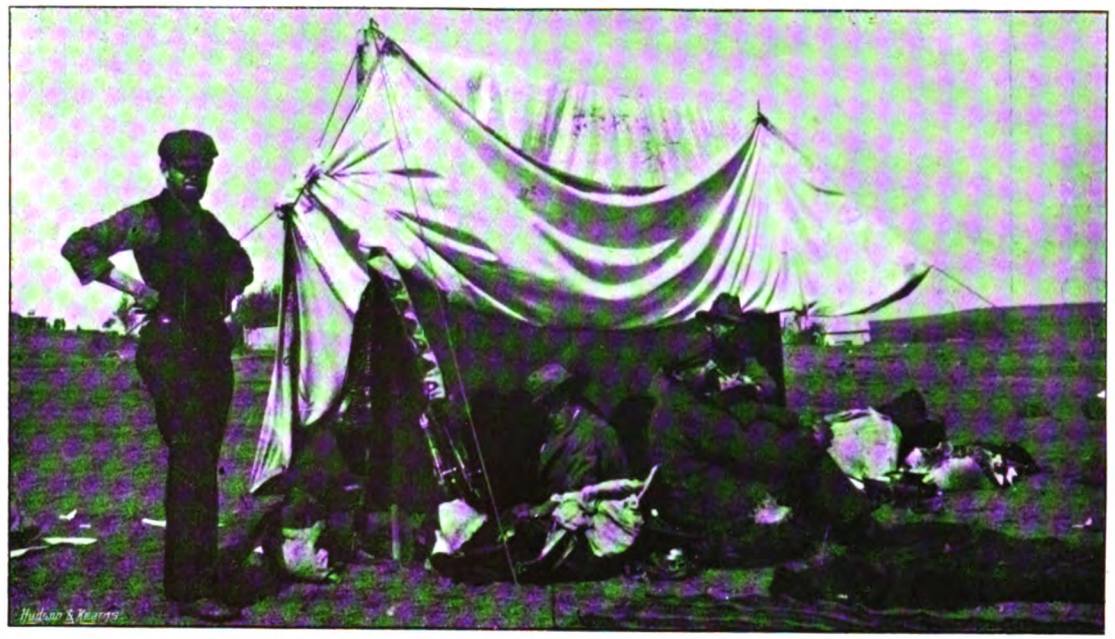
With the Boer Irish Brigade.

WHAT IS IN THE LARDER FOR DINNER?
An Important Question for General Blake.



NOT A VERY LUXURIOUS OFFICERS' MESS.
But Welcome Shelter for the Irish General's Staff.

RESOLVED TO DO ALL THE MISCHIEF POSSIBLE.
The Railway Pier well Breached Already.

MAKING THE BEST OF SCANTY PROVISIONS.
The Sergeant Improvises a Savoury Stew for Supper.

From Photos. (Copyright) by Fred. W. Unger, Special War Correspondent of the "Daily Express."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 187.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

LI HUNG CHANG—HIS LATEST PORTRAIT.

This picture of the wily old Mandarin, who now describes himself as "Peace Envoy Extraordinary Plenipotentiary," is reproduced from a photograph taken when he was at Hong-Kong recently on his way to Shanghai. It is highly characteristic of Li that he should pose as a beneficent and impartial negotiator now that Peking has been occupied by the Allied Forces, but his antecedents are sufficient to throw the strongest suspicion on any course he may propose, not to mention that there is good reason for believing that he has been in constant communication with the Empress and the Boxer Chiefs all through the late disturbances.

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ROUND THE WORLD

AFTER the exceedingly gratifying news of the relief of the Legations great curiosity was evinced as to the whereabouts of the Government of China. The Chinese "saved their face" by declaring that the Dowager had welcomed us, but, then, when we burned the Summer Palace in 1860, they spread the report that we went there to render homage. Sir Chih Chen Lofengluh could throw no light upon the situation, but probably he thought of the Chinese equivalent of a committee of public safety, and had some faith in Li Hung Chang. In ordinary times the Tsung-li-Yamen is commonly regarded as a force in Chinese affairs, but the truth is that it has really been a consulting body, discussing matters submitted to its members, who would repair to the Imperial palace every morning at an hour when British Ministers are peacefully slumbering, to be received by the Dowager, while they reported their views to the Council of State, which may be something like the notorious Venetian Council of Ten. But the members of the Council of State and of the Tsung-li-Yamen have all been appointed by the Dowager, and have therefore, as her creatures, represented everything that was anti-foreign since reaction reacted at her usurpation. The extent to which the latter body has been dragooned was seen by the beheading lately of certain of its members who ventured to differ from the Dowager. The fact that these boards have become the tools of the usurper does not make easier the task of the Powers in the settlement.

Photo. *Russell.*

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PORTSMOUTH,

Admiral Sir Charles Frederick Hotham, K.C.B. He Served Ashore in the Maori War of 1863, and was Flag-Captain in the "Alexandra" at the Hombardment of Alexandria. He was in Command on the Pacific Station, and His Last Appointment was that of Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

THE Navy was represented at the relief of the Legations by two officers of the "Centurion," seven of the "Barfleur," seven of the "Terrible," landed with the guns which have done such good service, five of the "Endymion," one each of the "Aurora," "Fame," and "Phœnix," and four Marine officers from Wei-hai-Wei. Now that the "Terribles" are once more in the public eye, it may be hoped that they will get something of their deserts. Many have been asking why the people who were inside Ladysmith got so much, and those outside so little. Thus the gunner of the "Terrible," who fought in four battles, and was mentioned by Sir Redvers Buller for conspicuous gallantry, went unrewarded, while his comrade of the "Powerful," who was shut up in the place, was deservedly made a lieutenant. The "Terribles" mounted the guns which the "Powerfuls" took up to Ladysmith, and when these were enclosed by the Boers, they mounted more, which were employed in the four battles to get the others out. When the time comes these are inequalities that must be remedied.

Photo. Copyright. *Montegriffo.*

THE NEWLY-FORMED BAND OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AT GIBRALTAR.

The Bands of the Royal Artillery have always been Celebrated, but it is only within a very Recent Period that the Artillery at Gibraltar have had a Band of Their Own.

THE flight of De Wet has brought to many minds the famous pursuit of Tantia Topee in Central India at the close of the Mutiny, and a few of the facts are worth recalling because they illustrate

Photo. Copyright. *Hawkins*

TO THE FRONT WITH THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITAL.

Army Nursing Sisters from the London and Provincial Hospitals who Went Out in the "Briton" to the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, Deelfontein.

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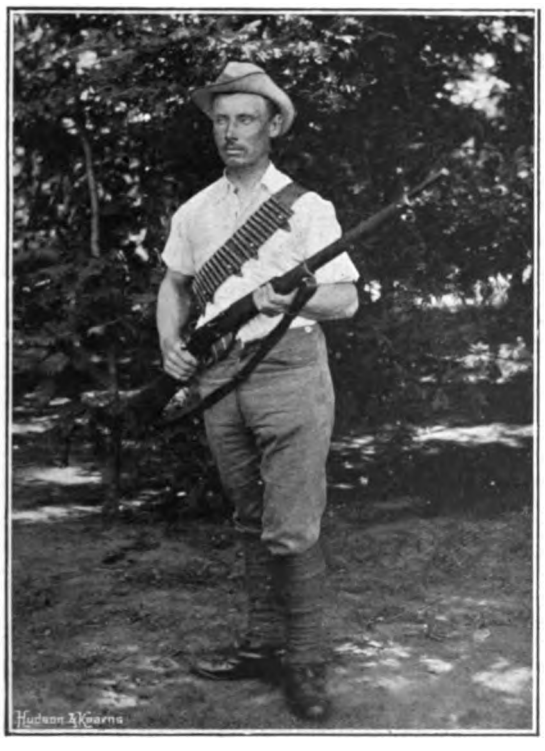
the difficulties encountered, and the splendid quality of our soldiers at that time. Tantia possessed a perfect genius for guerilla warfare, and travelled without either tents or supplies, satisfying his wants by looting the country he passed through in and about Malwa, where he was hunted like a rat. Much like the irrepressible Boer, Tantia was three times defeated—by Sir Hugh Rose—and his force was "broken up" by Sir R. Napier at Jowra Alipore (June 22, 1858), after which he struck westward to Tonk, and southward, being twice defeated by General Roberts, and then eastward to Chumbal, where his force was swollen to 10,000. He aimed at Indore, but was headed off to Rajghur, and was pursued amid heavy rain, black mud, and the intense heat of Malwa, into the jungle. Then he took a great circuit, marched into the jaws of his pursuers and was severely beaten at Mungrowlee, but escaped again.

———

IT would take too long to recount all the subsequent flights, fights, and doublings of this ideal guerilla leader, and his crossing and recrossing the Nerbudda, up to the decisive defeat at Barode (January, 1859), after which the fugitives were tracked by blood-stained hoof-prints until they were completely crushed, and the terrible Tantia was delivered up by his friends. In that pursuit the cavalry, and most of all the 17th Lancers, covered themselves with honour. They wore, be it remembered, English clothing—blue tunics, overalls strapped with cloth, and forage caps with white curtains, and the course was through jungles and mud, or in heat that caused men to drop with sunstroke from their saddles. Once they covered 178 miles, including the passage of two large rivers and a victory over the enemy, in six days, without European supplies, or protection from the night cold, and without a murmur; again, they made 54 miles and 40 miles in two marches, and 256 miles in eight days, and at the actual running down of the quarry they covered 236 miles in six days.

A VALUABLE RELIC THAT OUGHT TO BE PRESERVED.

Figure heads are Obsolete Nowadays, and this Splendid pecimen, which Decorates the Stem of the Old "Black Prince," is the only Relic Left in the Navy.



Photos. Copyright.

COMPOSITOR AND FIGHTING RIFLEMAN.

A Man Who Went to South Africa as a Printer, and became a Good Fighter Against the Boers.

———

SUCH marvellous marching was due both to the men and the animals. Sir William Gordon, whose squadron saw the hardest service, never failed at the end of the march, and whatever the hour, to inspect the back of every animal, and if the hair seemed the least ruffled he would shift the stuffing of the saddle with that humble instrument—a two-pronged fork. The result was that sore backs were unknown, and the squadron, for all its hard work, literally brought back every horse with which it started fit for duty, excepting those killed or wounded in action. The horses were mostly Arabs, and it was remarked that though a few "Walers" dropped dead under their riders, and one or two Cape animals gave out, no Arab was ever off his feed. It was an achievement of which any officer might have been proud, and shows that the chase of guerillas by our soldiers did not begin with De Wet, and that horses were well cared for forty years ago by excellent officers of the "Death or glory boys."

———

MANY are the penalties of Empire, as the Americans are rapidly discovering. The latest burden is the social one in the Philippines, where liberty, equality, and fraternity do not thrive. Now that things are beginning to "straighten out a bit," officers and military ladies have become the arbiters of the jealousies of coteries, each snubbing the others and posing as the *crême de la crême*. They have harmonised the differences of the cross-bloods, and Spanish, Chino, and Jap mestizos have been induced to embrace one another. But, when the full-blooded Tagalos and Visayans were admitted, there was a revolt, and the cross-bloods absolutely refused to tolerate the niggers. Here was a big social question. Ostracise the Filipino and you raise a new rebellion? But the officers rose to the situation, and one night would find

"Navy & Army."

IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES OF INDIA.

Bandsman J. Bond, of the 1st East Surrey Regiment, with a Class of Drums not often seen in India.

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them dancing with the wealthy mestizo hacienda-owner, and the next at the casa of the flat-nosed presidente of the pueblo. The levelling of social distinctions finds curious illustrations according to American society journals. At a wedding at the mountain resort of Ysabel, "it was diverting to watch a Negrotian with a plum pudding complexion and double-barrelled mole for a nose, clad in white duck and tan shoes, swagger up to an American officer's wife or daughter, jab his elbow at her, and say, in the native gibberish, '*Icao muluyag mag sant sa acon?*' and the charming American would resign herself to the situation, and dance a two-step with the perspiring Malay." Truly a heavy penalty to pay for Empire.

———

WHO can be expected to care about the revolution in Colombia when China and South Africa are still unsettled? Yet the men who have been fighting at Panama are determined enough about their little grievance, which is of the smallest interest to Europe. Sir Martin Conway, coming along unsuspectedly in the train from Colon, and greatly interested in the Culebra cutting for the canal, suddenly found himself plunged into the midst of the affair. One gentleman had described it as a "substitute for cricket," but the rivals, to the number of 2,000, were fighting for possession of a bridge over the railway, and pumping lead at one another from Mausers at short range. The people in the train, old and young, men and women, priests, niggers, peasants, bagmen, and globe-trotters, grovelled ludicrously on their hands and knees along the corridor towards the baggage van, while bullets flew thick and fast—"the funniest sight imaginable." But the combatants were desperate, and the slaughter was terrible. They had no ambulance, and if Bluejackets had not been landed from the "Leander," the situation would have been deplorable. At last huge fires brought a gruesome end to the remains of the antagonists. Such has been the latest Central American Revolution.

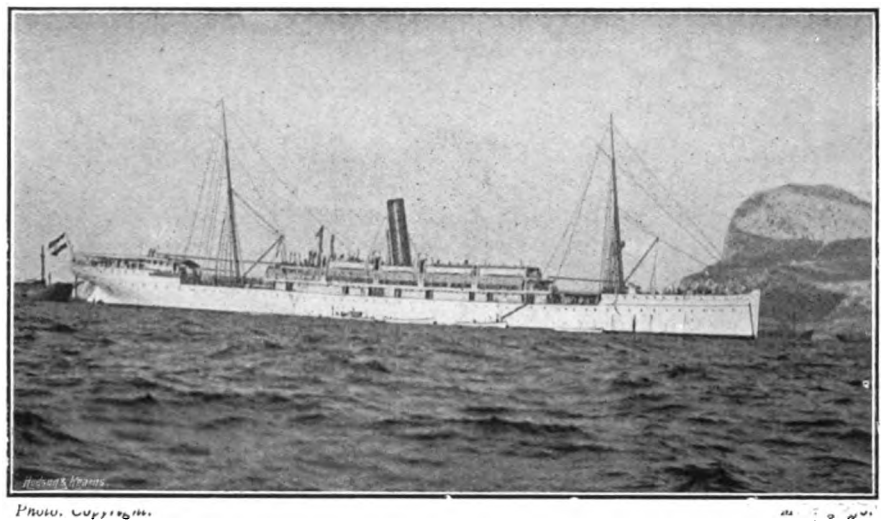


Photo. Copyright. [illegible]

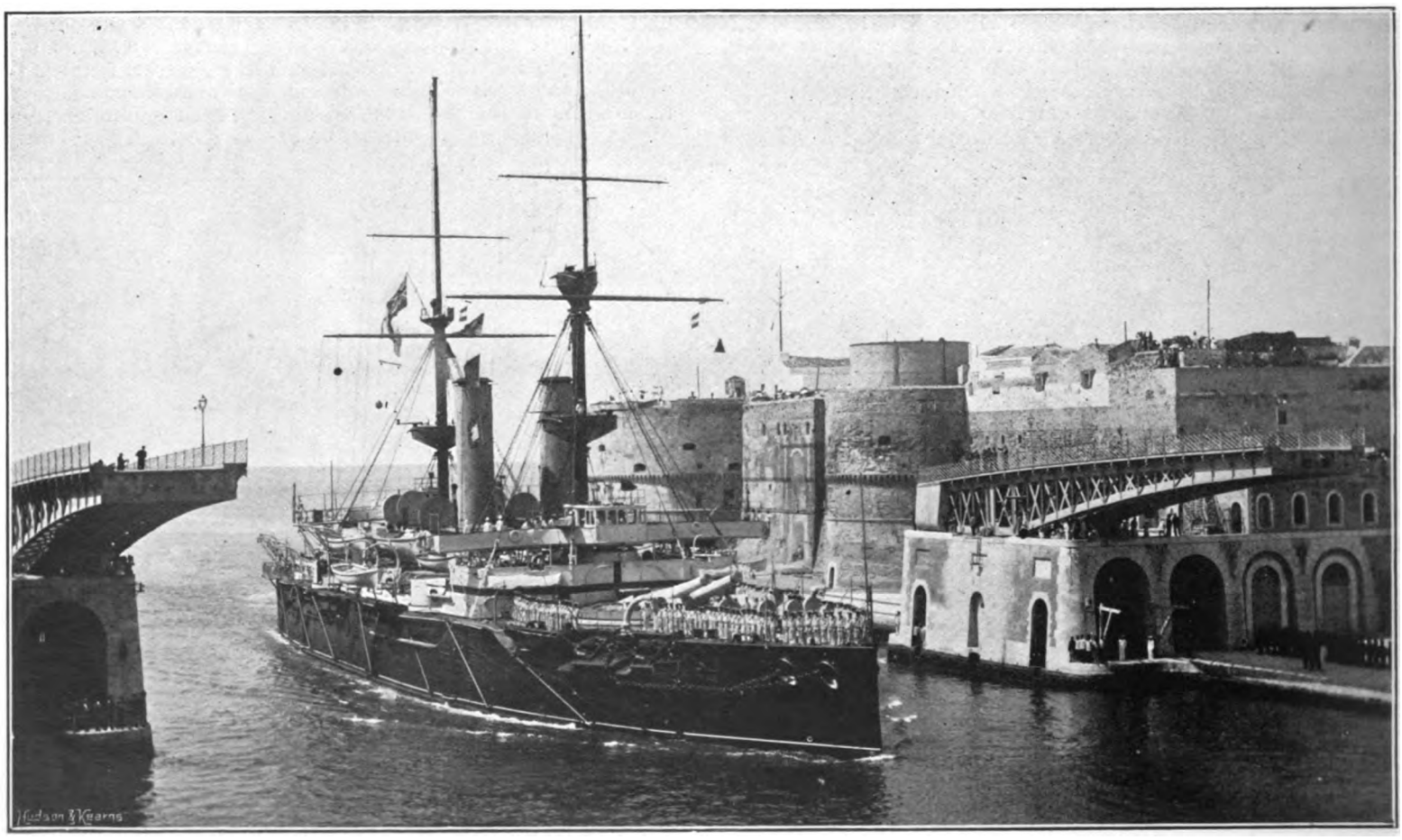
THE GERMAN HOSPITAL SHIP "GERA," ON HER WAY TO CHINA.

She Undertook the Duty, not often given to Hospital Ships, of Escorting Torpedo-boats.

Photo. Copyright. [illegible]

MISS AGNES WESTON—THE "MOTHER" OF BRITISH BLUEJACKETS.

Her Bright and Cheerful Disposition has Won its Way to the Hearts of the Sailors whom She has Helped so much, and Her Unostentatious Kindness Commands Their Affectionate Respect.



GOOD SEAMANSHIP IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

On Leaving Taranto recently, the "Ramillies" (Flag-ship of Lord Charles Beresford), "Royal Sovereign," "Illustrious," and "Astræa" Steamed through the Entrance to the Inner Harbour, which is only 197-ft. wide, then Turned and Steamed Out Again. The Manœuvre Created Considerable Sensation.

From a Photo. by a Naval Officer.

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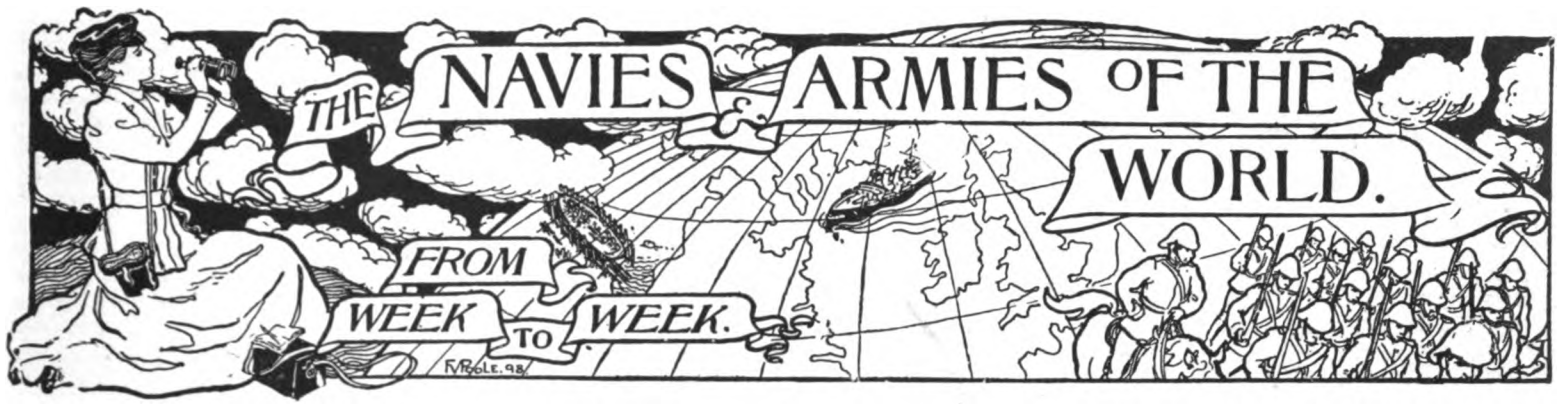

THE Proclamation lately issued by Lord Roberts has provoked some wild declamation in certain quarters. It and the approval it has received have been denounced as proofs of our national decadence by persons who seem to think that war can be conducted with rose-water, or, at any rate, that it is the clear duty of Englishmen to carry it on with that harmless material. But, as a matter of fact, Lord Roberts has done nothing which had not been done before by British commanders. When the Duke of Wellington entered the South of France in 1814 he wished to conduct the war with the least possible hardship to the inhabitants, and promised them protection. Provoked, as it is alleged, with every probability, by the excesses of Mina's Spaniards, who wished to repay the French for what their own country had suffered, the inhabitants of Bidarray and of the Val de Baggorry took up arms and began to harass the allied army. "Wellington, incensed by their activity, then issued a proclamation calling upon them to take arms openly and join Soult or stay peaceably at home, declaring he would otherwise burn their villages and hang all their inhabitants. Thus," says Napier, from whom I quote, "notwithstanding the outcries against the French for their system of repressing the partida warfare in Spain, it was considered by the English general justifiable and necessary."

* * * *

If approval of Lord Roberts's strong measure is a proof of our national decadence, what are we to think of these passages from the correspondence of General Wolfe? They were written, to his friend Rickson, who was then at Fort Augustus, in 1755, on the eve of the Seven Years' War, and in contemplation of a Jacobite rising in the Highlands. "Such a succession of errors and such a train of ill behaviour as the last Scotch war (the rebellion of 1745) did produce, can hardly, I believe, be matched in history. . . . What if the garrisons of the forts had been under the orders of a prudent, resolute man (yourself for instance), would they not have found means to stifle the rebellion in its birth? . . . What might have been done by means of hostages of wives and children and of the chiefs themselves? . . . If, notwithstanding all precautions, they get together, a body of troops may make a diversion, by laying waste a country that the male inhabitants have left to prosecute rebellious schemes. How soon must they return to the defence of their property (such as it is), their wives, their children, their houses, and their cattle."

* * * *

And Wolfe was the man to act on his own principles, as he boasts in another passage of this same letter: "Mr. McPherson (*i.e.*, McPherson of Cluny) should have a couple of hundred men in his neighbourhood, with orders to massacre the whole clan if they show the least symptom of rebellion. They are a warlike tribe, and he is a cunning, resolute fellow himself. . . . Trapaud will tell you that I tried to take hold of that famous man with a very small detachment. I gave the sergeant orders—in case he should succeed and was attacked by the clan with a view to rescue their chief—to kill him instantly, which I concluded would draw on the destruction of the detachment, and furnish me with a sufficient pretext (without waiting for any instructions) to march into their country, *où j'aurais fait main basse, sans miséricorde.* Would you believe that I am so bloody? It was my real intention; and I hope such execution will be done upon the first of that revolt to teach them their duty, and keep the Highlands in awe. They are a people better governed by fear than favour."

* * * *

Now I think this as pretty an example of cool ferocity as will readily be found. Observe that the future conqueror of Quebec, who was an admirer of the poetry of Gray, a pattern lover, a model son, and altogether a rather tender-hearted and sentimental person, lays a cold-blooded scheme for bringing about the slaughter of some of his own men, in order that he might have an excuse for massacring the whole clan of McPherson. Cæsar Borgia could hardly have done better; and yet it will not be maintained that our national character was in a state of decadence just before the beginning of the Seven Years' War. The fact is that all warfare in which a whole people is concerned, and in which there is no distinction drawn between soldier and civilian, inevitably tends to follow the savage lines recommended by Wolfe. Where all take part in the fighting, all must be treated as combatants. When a whole people is united in resistance against invasion and cannot defeat the invader in a set battle, the obvious course for it is to retire before him, taking its cattle, its women, its children, and its movables, and destroying all mills, water-works, or provisions likely to be of use to its enemy. This method of hampering an invader was used by Wellington with considerable success during the Torres Vedras campaign, and still more signally by the Russians in 1812. If the Boers had done this, nobody could have said that their action was not perfectly legitimate. But they cannot expect to be allowed to remain within our lines unmolested, and also to be left free to fight—when they see a fair opening. The worst feature of their conduct is that they want to make a war to the knife, but not to take the consequences.

* * * *

The exceedingly silly conspiracy of Lieutenant Hans Cordua, who, to be just, is not a Boer, is an example of what comes of letting men understand that the customs of war will not be strictly enforced. If he had not thought that the worst which could happen to him was to have to make a voyage to Ceylon he would not have broken his parole. It was a mean action in any case, and an unpardonable one in a man belonging to such a military nation as Germany. He must have known what the rules are in such cases, and if he broke them it was clearly because he trusted to us not to do what his own countrymen would most certainly have done in a similar case. If Cordua was so bitter against us that he wished to be free to go on fighting, he might surely have arranged not to be left behind at Pretoria, or he might have refused to give his parole, and have endeavoured to escape. But when he accepted the good terms given him, he bound himself by every conceivable obligation of honour not to make use of them for the purpose of doing us damage. If the Boers, and the foreign adventurers who are serving with them, do not understand this, it is idle to give them the benefit of the courtesies of war. They must, as Lord Roberts tells them, take one course or the other—either remain in arms and retire before us when they cannot repel attack, or give up fighting altogether. There is no third way. Of course, the war will become much more harsh if conducted in this spirit. But the enemy can surrender if he likes, and if he will not he must take the consequences. A good many among us have been all along under a considerable delusion about this war. We thought it would be an easy business, and that the Boer resistance would collapse at the first blow. We were mistaken; but that is no reason for persisting in our error.

* * * *

The good old complaint over the pay of Army officers keeps coming up. The *Daily News* has been arguing for "a living wage" for officers, as a means of making the Army more democratic and freeing it from "snobbery" and other vices. What is a living wage for an Army officer? A good many in this world live on as little as is given them, or even less. Why is it that the military gentlemen cannot make it do? Some assert that it is because they are too fond of show and sport. Ought a living wage to be based on the calculation that the recipient must keep a polo pony or two polo ponies? If so, £600 a year, with free quarters, free forage, and servants picked out of the regiment, and supplied cheap at the public expense, will not suffice. Until we know what is expected of the Army officer it is idle to talk of giving him a living wage. Perhaps what is most of all wanted—as I have ventured to point out here before—is a change in the prevailing view of what the style of living among military gentlemen ought to be. The real snobbery is that of the nation.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Submarine Telegraphy.

WE are so accustomed to the telegraph, and to receiving news of events in far-off corners of the world almost before they have happened, that it comes as a surprise to most people to hear that the jubilee of the first successful submarine telegraph has occurred only this week. We, who find on our breakfast-tables long and detailed accounts of battles that were fought while we went peaceably about our business the day before, of crimes or disasters that filled nations with mourning even while we slept, find it difficult to keep in mind the fact that the inestimable benefits of lightning communication and cheap newspapers are of quite recent date. We grumble if a storm interrupts the channel telegraph service even for a night; we complain bitterly of the apathy of Governments and cable companies when the long-distance lines break down. And, indeed, we have reason to complain, for so dependent upon the telegraph has the world become, that to be left for two or three days at a time without news from some disturbed area might be a very serious business. When both African cables had to be repaired at the time of the Jameson raid, the impossibility of receiving information as to the course of that troublesome event was not only annoying, but dangerous. Yet it is only fifty years since the first submarine cable was laid. Only half a century ago, in those stormy times of revolution and unrest, our grandfathers were obliged to wait until couriers could reach England with despatches before they knew what was happening in Paris day by day, or which of the kings, princes, and governors of the earth was the latest to fly before the power of the People, engaged, as many respectable observers believed, in putting an end for ever throughout the length and breadth of Europe to monarchical and aristocratic institutions.

On August 28, 1850, the first under-sea cable was worked between Dover and Cape Gris-nez. Scarcely anyone believed that the dream of the promoters could be realised. They were regarded by half the world as fools; by the other half as knaves, eager to conjure money from the pockets of the lieges by holding out a ridiculous promise of impracticable wonders. They laboured also under more concrete difficulties than this public incredulity. They had only a certain time in which to get their cable down. If it was not working by September 1, their concession from Prince Louis Napoleon—then President of the second French Republic—would be cancelled. Everything had to be done in the most amateur fashion. Four days before the date fixed for the revoking of the concession a tug set out from London for Dover with the gutta-percha cable aboard. One end was hitched on to a horse-box at the Dover railway station—it was the only office the experimenters could get hold of—and then the tug started on its cross-Channel trip. The cable was paid out, weighted with little pieces of lead to keep it down, and when Cape Gris-nez was reached the end was taken into an old customs-house that stood on the cliff. Then came the trying moment which was to decide whether messages could be sent through or not. The operator at Dover tick-ticked out a respectful telegram of congratulation to President Louis Napoleon. Plenty of power was used, for it was known that in one or two places the gutta-percha was weak. For a few moments everyone held his breath. Then came back the welcome click of the needle which showed that twenty miles away across the sea the message had been safely recorded. The experiment was a success. The possibility of submarine communication had been proved. As the *Times* wrote on the following morning, "The jest of yesterday" had become "the fact of to-day."

The difference which the extension of the telegraph from land to sea has made in our daily lives is incalculable. It has affected every department of life. It has brought the uttermost parts of the earth nearer together than they could ever have come without this extraordinary agency. It is marvellous to us still, familiar though it be. If we think at all about it, familiarity can never in this connection breed the proverbial contempt. The neat uniformed telegraph boys, the brown envelope and the pink flutter of its contents, we regard now without any feeling of amazement or of awe, without even that tremor of excitement and apprehension that used to follow the double knock when telegrams were less frequently sent. But consider how the words of that pink message have come to you, consider the mysterious process through which this herald of joy or sorrow has gone before the telegraph boy hands it in at your door. How many of us, even in these days of science for the million, could give an account of the process? How many of us have any clear idea of what electricity is? All we know is that we are making use of the latent powers of the earth and the air, that

> "We have stolen the force of the universe;
> We have harnessed the lightnings of God."

It is possible to argue that the telegraph has had an effect upon our national character. Those who do argue thus say that it has robbed our rulers of the British habit of looking ahead and taking initiative and working out a policy for the race, without paying heed to what other nations may be doing. Our central Government is always waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up." With one eye for ever on the tape machine, how can an unfortunate Prime Minister make up his mind? The easier course is to drift along and patch up yesterday's decisions in the light of to-day's news. Result, a patchwork policy. In the same way, our pro-Consuls and Viceroys cannot act upon their own judgment and do what seems to be desirable in the opinion of those who are on the spot. They have the fear of Downing Street ever before their eyes. Nothing can be done without an interchange of telegrams. And those who take this line of argument go even further than this, and say that the telegraph has affected the ruled just as much as the rulers—has made us all, for example, too ready to jump to conclusions upon insufficient data. They would point triumphantly to the Peking massacre story, as an instance in point; and they would remark, too, how often popular judgments about incidents of the South African War have been proved to be wrong when full details have arrived. However, in an imperfect world, we cannot expect improvements to be without drawbacks of any kind. Those who decline to regard submarine telegraphy as an improvement are the kind of people who, when railways came into use, denied that they were an improvement upon stage-coaches, and who regard everything new with distrust and annoyance. They are the descendants of those early Britons who, long after clothes had been invented, continued from sheer obstinacy to stain their bodies with woad.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

AUGUST 31, 1807.—Reduction of Heligoland. 1858.—Late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha first went to sea in the "Euryalus."

September 1, 1762.—Capture of the French "Zephyr," 32, off Ushant, by the "Lion," 60.

September 2, 1591.—Death of Sir Richard Grenville. 1762.—Destruction of the Spanish "San Josef," 32, by the "Æolus," 32.

September 3, 1782.—Action between Hughes and Suffren off Trincomalee. 1800.—Cutting out of the Spanish "Concepcion," 22, and "Paz," 22, by the boats of the "Minotaur." 1806.—Capture and destruction of the Spanish settlement of Brabatano, Isle of Pines, West Indies, with a flotilla of privateers, by the boats of the "Stork," 18, "Supèrieure," 14, "Flying Fish," 12, and "Pike," 4.

September 4, 1777.—Defeat of the American frigates "Raleigh," 32, and "Alfred," 24, by the "Camel," 22, "Druid," 14, and "Weazel," 16, in defence of the West India convoy. 1778.—American vessels destroyed at Martha's Vineyard.

AUGUST 31, 1751.—Capture of Arcot. The garrison abandoned the fort on the approach of Clive with 200 Europeans and 300 Sepoys and five guns. 1813.—Combat at Vera. Wellington attacked the French lines, and drove the enemy from their camp beyond Urdax and burned it. Storming of San Sebastian. The town was taken after severe fighting, in which our losses were 2,500.

September 1, 1748.—Siege of Pondicherry. The French driven from their advanced post. 1880.—Sir Frederick (now Lord) Roberts arrived before Candahar on August 31, and next day totally defeated the Afghans under Ayoub Khan at Mazra.

September 2, 1801.—Surrender of Alexandria. The town and forts were taken possession of by General Hutchinson, the French troops having evacuated them according to terms agreed upon. 1898.—Battle of Omdurman. Major-General Sir Herbert (now Lord) Kitchener, with an Anglo-Egyptian force of 25,000 men, annihilated the Khalifa's army of 50,000, and took possession of Omdurman and Khartoum.

September 3, 1191.—Battle of Ascalon. Richard I. defeated the Sultan Saladin. 1650.—Battle of Dunbar. Cromwell defeated the Scots. 1651.—Battle of Worcester. Cromwell defeated the Royalists.

September 4, 1417.—Caen taken by Henry V. 1760.—Attack on the British camp near Cuddalore by Lally repulsed. 1763.—Major Adams utterly defeated Ali Khan at Auda Nulla. 1879.—Massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari and suite, and consequent renewal of the war against Afghanistan.

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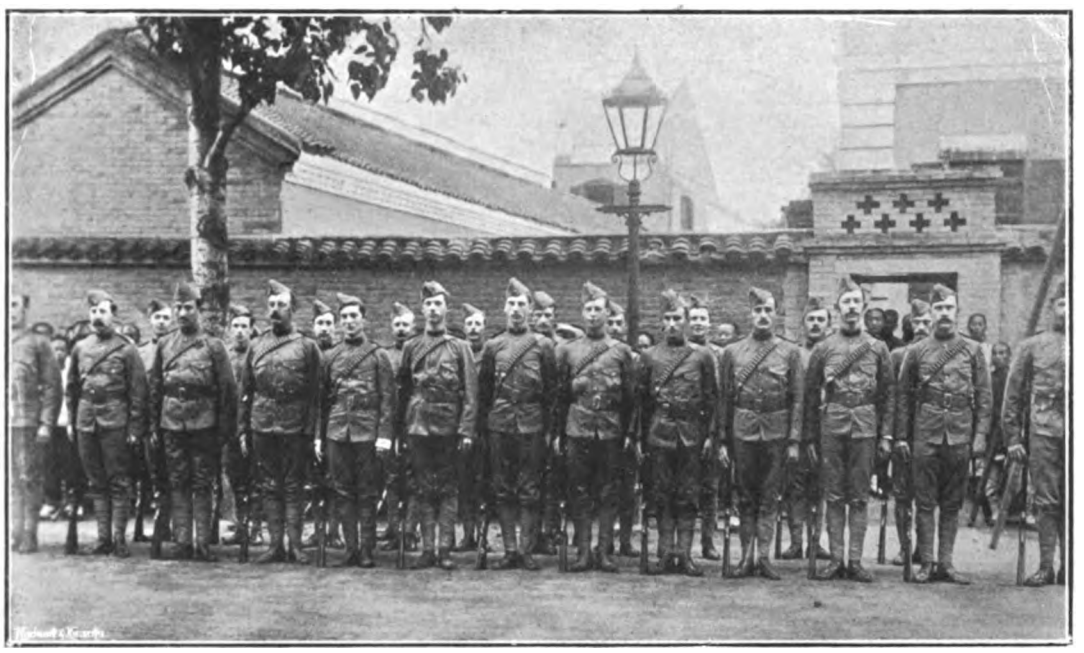
Places of Interest in the China Struggle.

NOTABLE SCENES OF MILITARY ACTIVITY.

OUR correspondents continue to send us most interesting pictures from the scene of operations in China, from which we have selected three illustrative of recent activity. They are concerned with the hard fighting work of Sir Edward Seymour, the relief of Tientsin, and the landing of the troops at Shanghai. These pages have depicted many of those "Righteous Harmony Fists," who, as cat's-paws of the reactionary Government of China, have caused a good deal of the trouble. But the illustration of the very men who, with bows and arrows, yataghans, and those formidable implements which look like jagged billhooks on poles, attempted to resist the march of Sir Edward Seymour is singularly interesting, because it brings before us "unchanged China." The Allies have discovered, however, that China is not altogether unchanged, and that more modern arms than those we depict are also employed with precision and effect. Our correspondent was most fortunate, when serving with Sir Edward Seymour's column, in being able to get this snap-shot.

In sharp contrast to this savage group is that of the smart Tientsin Volunteers. This admirable corps has proved invaluable in the operations which preceded the advance on Peking. Not everything was done that was desirable there, and it has yet to be explained why all the 12-pounders, prepared by Captain Percy Scott, were not sent up with the Tientsin relief column in the first instance. Yet it was one of these guns that rendered conspicuous service by knocking out the formidable Chinese 6-in. gun known as the "Empress Dowager," which was so mounted as to be able to shell both the Tientsin Settlements and Admiral Seymour's hard-pressed force at the Hsiku arsenal. Tientsin was in a tight situation before the fort was captured, and it was there that the Volunteers fought so well. Positions under fire were no places for ladies, and they were sent down to Tong-ku in a large lighter, with a guard of forty of the Tientsin Volunteers on board, to be afterwards conveyed to Shanghai. There were many sad hearts among them, for the blight that had fallen upon the prosperity of the commercial city on the Peiho meant for them the breaking up of homes and the severing of many ties.

Our other picture is of the creek at Shanghai, which is the boundary of the British concession on the east, and shows the place now occupied by the troops we have landed. Our Consulate stands in a considerable park adjoining the public gardens in the British Settlement, and is the centre of commercial and social life. The true flavour of China, the heavy smell of bean-oil, incense, and opium smoke, exists in Shanghai as elsewhere, with the narrow streets, the filth, and the shouting crowds; but the river is thronged with shipping, the sounds of industry are in the air, and the hum of life is heard, showing where the busy West is knocking hard at the long-closed door of dormant China.



A PARADE OF THE TIENTSIN VOLUNTEER CORPS.
Which has been doing such Excellent Work at the Settlement.

A PARTY OF BELLICOSE BOXERS IN BATTLE.
The Same Men who Resisted the March of Admiral Seymour.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE YANG-KANG-PANG CREEK AT SHANGHAI.
Showing the Part Now Occupied by the British Troops.

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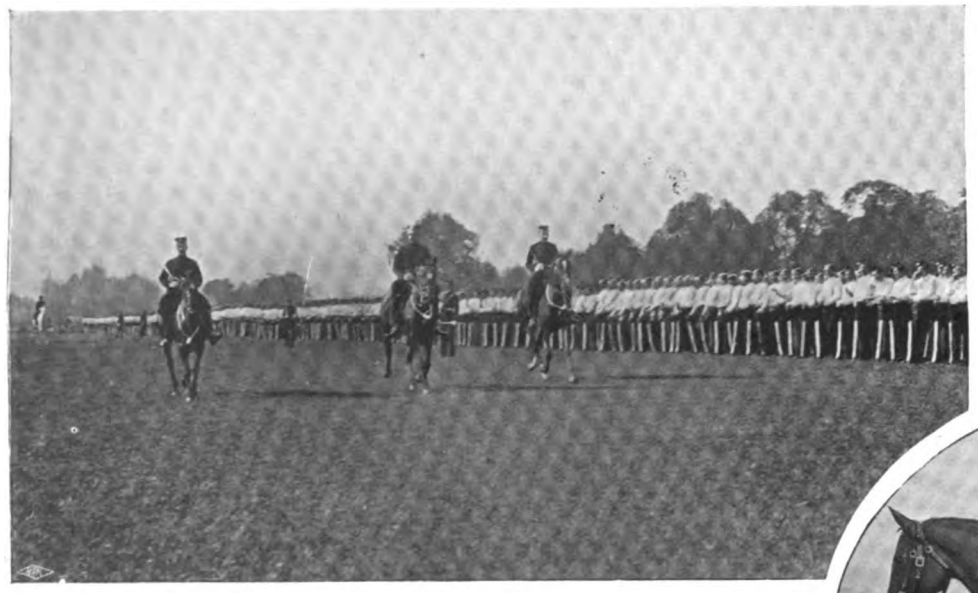
A Field Day in Hyde Park.

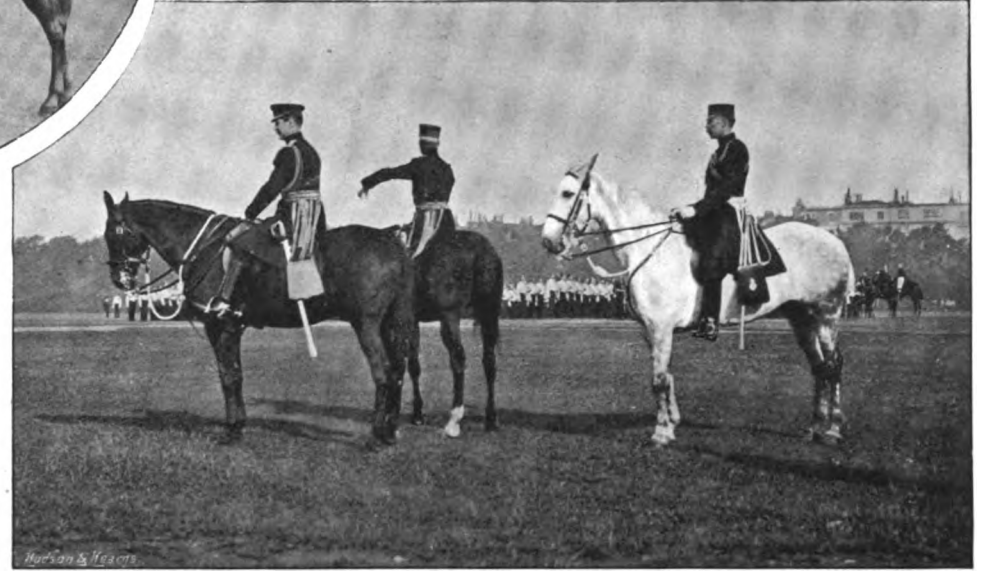


A GALLOP DOWN THE LINES.
Obeying the Summons.

THE YOUNGEST GUARDS BATTALION.
Inspecting the 3rd Scots Guards.

MAJOR-GENERAL TROTTER AND HIS STAFF.

LISTENING TO INSTRUCTIONS.
Mounted Officers Receive the General's Orders.



AT THE SIGNAL OF COMMAND.
Major-General Trotter Exercises the Brigade.

A Fine Muster of the Guards.

From Photos Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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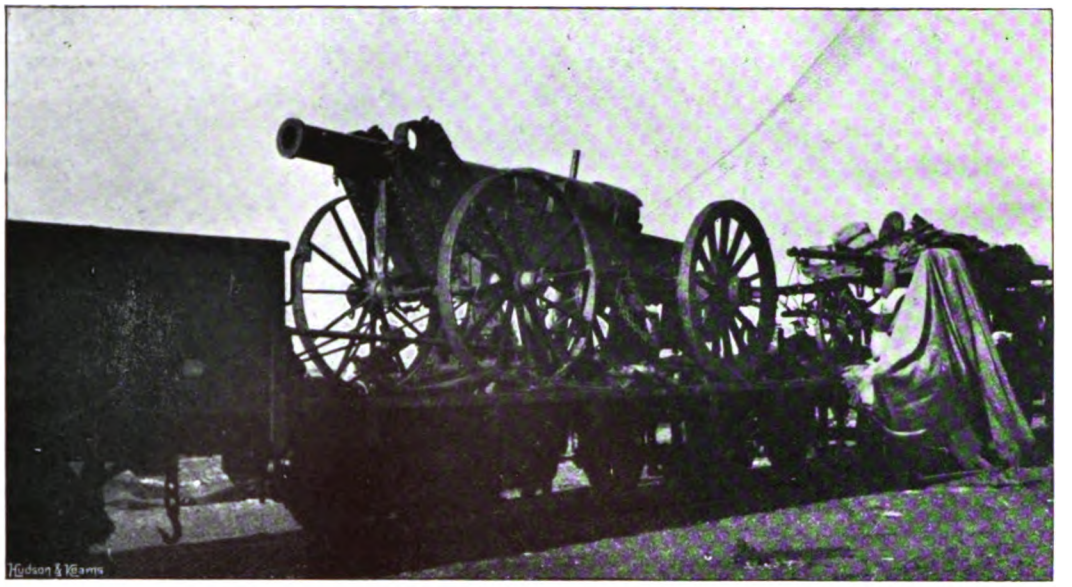
With Kruger in Retreat.

THE seven illustrations which are here brought together have a special interest, not only because they present vivid pictures of life and incidents with the Boers in their retreat from Pretoria, but also because of the peculiar circumstances under which they were taken. Mr. Fred. W. Unger, a talented American, was acting as special correspondent of the *Daily Express*, when he received an intimation from that paper that an interview with Mr. Kruger would be considered very timely. Undeterred by the apparent and obvious difficulties, Mr. Unger, relinquishing for the time his position as special correspondent of a British newspaper, started across the veldt, and, despite the obstacles which confronted him, succeeded in his mission. It was while Mr. Unger was on his way to the Boer camp, and during his stay at Machadodorp and Nooitgedacht, that he succeeded in obtaining the pictures which are here reproduced.

The three illustrations on this page are all scenes connected with the *débâcle* which took place as soon as the troops of Lord Roberts were known to be approaching the capital of the late Republic. It has been entirely characteristic of the Boers that they have been able on almost every occasion after a reverse to save their artillery from capture, and when they took their departure from Pretoria there was no exception to this rule, and we see in the illustrations how the guns were conveyed by rail to Machadodorp and other positions on the line to Lourenço Marquez. Another picture shows the retreating soldiers, some of them mounted on waggons, and others trudging on foot with all the haste they could possibly make to get away from their advancing foes. The third picture is that of the railway station at Middelburg, a point just eighty miles to the eastward of Pretoria.

The four illustrations on the opposite page are particularly noticeable for the portraits they contain. In the uppermost one, to the left are two military attachés with the Boer army standing up in the railway trucks. Captain Ram, who represents the Netherlands, has a pipe in his mouth, while Captain Reichmann, of the United States Army, stands under the folds of the Stars and Stripes. It was the latter officer, it may be remembered, who was charged with directing the operations of the Boers at the battle of Koorn Spruit, a charge which, it is needless to say, could not have had any foundation. In the picture underneath we see General Botha, the stout man on the left, and State-Attorney Smuts, with his hands in his trouser pockets, listening to the story of a Boer spy who has just returned from the British lines. Opposite to this is another interesting group. The man with his legs crossed is the notorious Colonel Blake, of the Irish Brigade. The two women are relatives of the ex-President, and the scene is in the grounds of Mr. Kruger's official residence. The remaining picture shows the British prisoners at Nooitgedacht.



THE RAILWAY'S PART IN THE FLIGHT.
A Gun for Machadodorp.

THE BULLOCK TRAIN ACROSS THE VELDT.
Dismounted Burghers on the Retreat.

THE RAILWAY STATION AT MIDDELBURG.
An Important Point on the Line to Lourenco Marquez.

From Photos. (Copyright) by Fred. W. Unger, Special War Correspondent of the "Daily Express."

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In Camp with the Enemy.

Photos. Copyright.

TWO MILITARY ATTACHES WITH THE BOERS.

Captain Reichmann, U.S.A., and Captain Ram from Holland.

BRITISH PRISONERS AT NOOITGEDACHT.

The Cheerless Quarters of Unlucky Comrades.

THE QUESTIONING OF A BOER SPY.

General Botha and State-Attorney Smuts Gleaning Intelligence.

A FIREBRAND OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

Colonel Blake of the Irish Brigade with Kruger's Family

From Photos. (Copyright) by Fred. W Unger, Special War Correspondent of the "Daily Express."

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Indian Troops for China.

THERE is little of novelty in the mere fact that once again India is helping us to demonstrate to the world at large the glorious many-sidedness of the Imperial idea. Not by any means for the first time are Indian native troops fighting side by side with their comrades of the British Regular Army in a campaign far outside the limits of our East Indian possessions. At Suakin, and in Egypt in 1882, native regiments were most usefully employed, and, although the Indian troops brought by Lord Beaconsfied to Malta in 1878 were not required for the purposes of actual warfare, they served as an object-lesson which has not altogether faded even now out of the mind of Europe. Still further back, and in China itself, Fane's Horse and other Indian corps left their mark, and a deep mark too, on the Tartars between Peking and the shores of the Gulf of Pechili.

But, novelty apart, there is no diminution in the inspiring quality of such episodes, even when they follow closely on the lines of former instances. Indeed, the splendid readiness of India, time after time, to prefer her assistance in fighting the Empire's battles, cannot but endear her noble soldiery more and more to their white comrades. It would be strange if custom could stale the genuine gratitude which we of the Mother Country honestly feel when our dusky fellow-subjects of the Queen lay lance in rest, or fix the ready bayonet, in a quarrel which for them has little meaning save by reason of the bond of Imperial unity. With the keenest interest we are bound to watch every move of these gallant fellows who, under white officers to whom their devotion is literally as strong as death, are steadily teaching the lesson of discipline and *moral* to the Heathen Chinee.

Our pictures show the last great example of India's patriotism in its early stages. At any time, and in any circumstance, an Indian embarkation possesses many points of peculiar interest, and in the multitude of pictures published in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED in connection with the South African War, some of the most attractive have been those illustrating the departure of the British Indian contingents. Here we have similar scenes with additional local colouring in the shape of native troops belonging to very famous corps.

The first shows the transport mules with their attendants and a certain number of troops awaiting embarkation in the "Umta" at Calcutta. It would be interesting to know the history of some of those mules, several of which, no doubt, are veterans that have smelt powder before, and are perfectly willing to smell it again.

The group of Military and Royal Indian Marine officials engaged in superintending the embarkation is of great interest, both by reason of, and apart from, the central figure, Brigadier-General H. P. Leach, C.B., D.S.O., R.E., commanding the Presidency District, the headquarters of which are at Fort William, Calcutta, is a most highly distinguished officer who has won repeated mentions in despatches for gallant service on the Frontier, in Afghanistan, and on the Nile. The remaining officers and others shown in the picture deserve the highest praise for the energy and assiduity they displayed in making the necessary preparations for these departures, a task of no common exertion when the Indian climate in the month of July is taken into respectful consideration.

Photo. Copyright. *F. Kapp & Co., Calcutta.*

AWAITING EMBARKATION.

Troops and Transport about to Ship in the S.S. "Umta" at Calcutta.

General Leach appears again—the helmeted figure in white leaning over the rail—in the picture which shows the officers of the 1st Madras Pioneers on board the "Vadeela." A corps of highly respectable age is the premier regiment of Madras Infantry, having been founded in 1758 from the old "Independent Companies" at Fort St. George. It is what is called a class company regiment, having one company of Mahomedans, two of Tamils, one of Telingas, and four mixed companies. It possesses a number of battle honours, including the glorious "Seringapatam," and has seen much service in Burma, both in the first Burmese War and in Sir George White's operations in 1885-87.

The final picture shows the British and native officers of the 14th or Ferozepore Sikhs, essentially one of the fighting regiments of the Indian Army. It used to be called the Regiment of Ferozepore, and was raised in 1846. The 14th fought at Lucknow, in Afghanistan, and was grandly represented in the defence of the Chitral Residency in 1895. As a special distinction the regiment wears a steel quoit over the turban. This is not a plaything by any means, but a notable old Indian weapon. It is caused to gyrate by means of a stick, and when hurled forward its sharpened edge will take a man's head off with uncommon ease and celerity.

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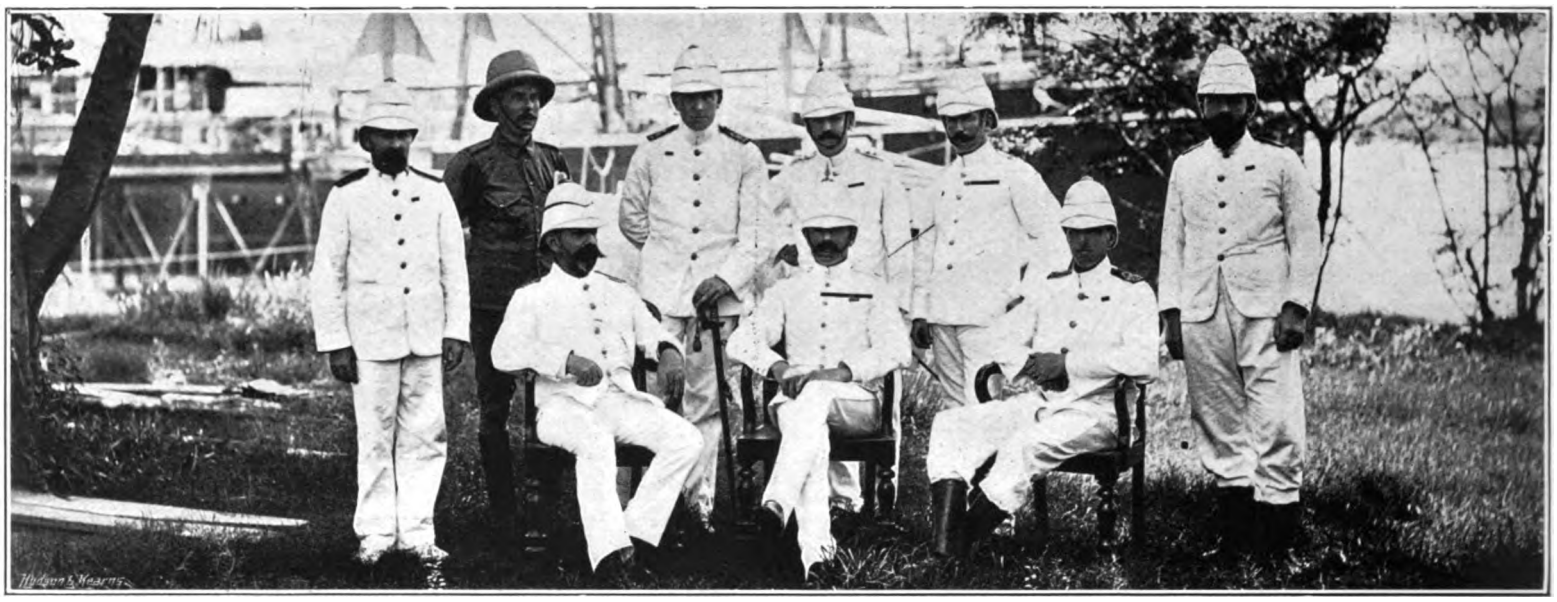
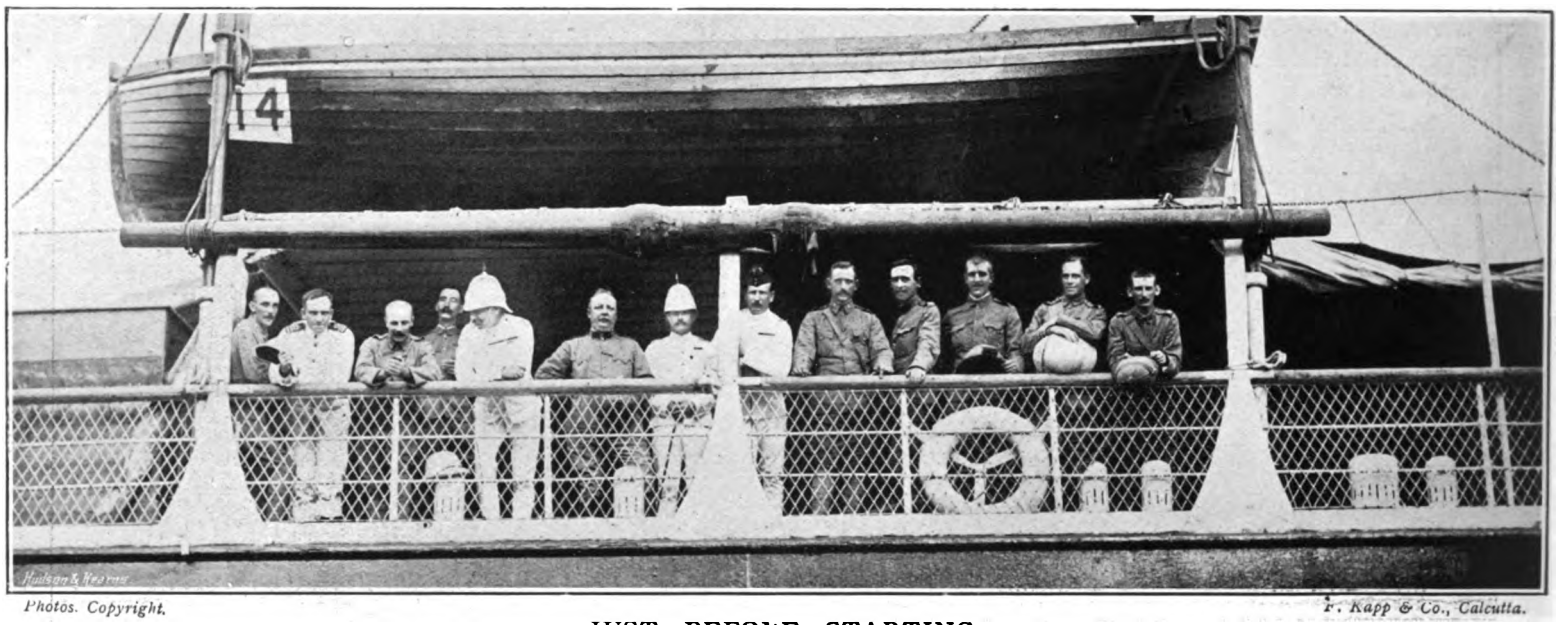
Britain's Contribution to the Allied Forces.



MILITARY AND ROYAL INDIAN MARINE OFFICERS WHO ASSISTED AT THE DEPARTURE.

Reading from Left to Right the Names are—(Standing) Gunner Peterson, R.I.M.; Transport Sergeant-Major Niblett; Lieutenant E. W. Huddleston, R.I.M., Dockyard Staff; Captain Somerset, D.A.A.G.; Captain Iggulden, A.A.G.; Boatswain J. Connor, R.I.M. (Seated) Captain Wilson, Deputy Director R.I.M.; General Leach, C.B., D.S.O., Commanding at Calcutta; Lieutenant E. D. Vale, R.I.M., Assistant Transport Officer, China Field Force.



Photos. Copyright. *F. Kapp & Co., Calcutta.*

JUST BEFORE STARTING.

Officers of the 1st Madras Pioneers in the S.S. "Vadeela."

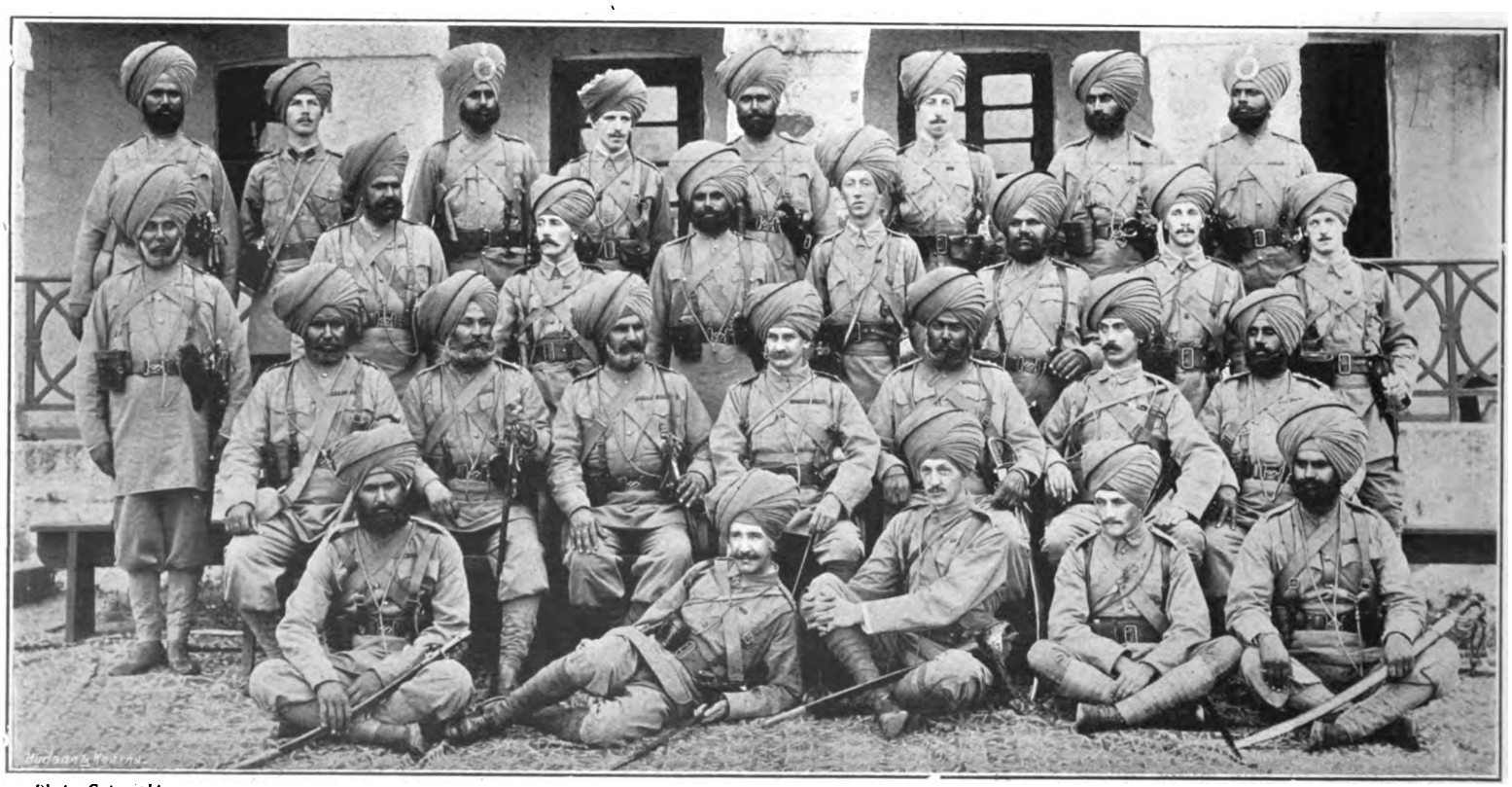


Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

BRITISH AND NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE 14TH SIKHS EN ROUTE FOR CHINA.

Lieutenant Battye, I.M.S. Lieutenant Currie. Lieutenant Franklin. Captain Barff. Lieutenant Swinley. Lieutenant Talbot. Lieutenant Gough. Lieutenant-Colonel Hogge, C.I.E. Captain Jones, D.S.O. Captain Richardson. Lieutenant Carter. Lieutenant Waterfield.

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From Tientsin to the Chinese Capital.

SCENES OF THE MARCH TO PEKING.

THE portentous brain of China had been fumbling for centuries with the problem of inland transport, but until about four years ago had never evolved a better way of journeying from Tientsin to Peking than that to which the Allied forces were driven by the destruction of the railway. During the season of open navigation, the journey was made in junks with mat sails, or crews of trackers towing with a rope round the inexpressibly dreary reaches of the muddy Peiho. When the road was better than the river, the fat mandarin and the enterprising tourist or weary diplomat would often confide their precious bodies to that instrument of special torture the Chinese cart. Stifled for want of air, and aching in every limb through the awful thumping of the springless wheels across innumerable ruts and gullies, excavated by rain or by the maimed beggar who made pretence to fill them up with demand for alms as he came, the unlucky stranger would exclaim that he must see Peking or die. The river would only bring him to Tung-chau, and there he would betake himself to the cart, unless a pony, donkey, or sedan-chair were available, for the remaining thirteen miles across the baked mud flats of the plain, where millet is the standing crop, and the fields are fish-ponds in the floods.

The villages by the way are Peitang and Yangtung, at both of which places we have been fighting, and then Ho-si-wu, where the Bengal Lancers captured Chinese standards, and where we illustrate native boats in the river. It was at this place that the Allies—there were only English and French then—had their camp in 1860, when the treacherous seizure of Mr. Parkes and his companions demanded condign punishment. These villages are merely rows of mud hovels where cabbage and pork and curious boiled things of doubtful origin can be bought. Then the forces reached the important town of Tung-chau, where we are fortunately able to depict an encampment of Chinese soldiers, this being the place where the junks discharge their cargoes for transport by road or canal.

The Diplomatic Corps in the capital is a world of its own—a modern Western oasis in an archaic Oriental wilderness, with its club and theatre, its tennis courts convertible into skating areas, its summer diversions and winter festivities, its race track outside the walls, and its serious occupations within.

We illustrate the interior of the British Legation, which is the largest of all, with a five-acre compound, while the American is the smallest. Sir Claude MacDonald's house was once the Liang-kung-fu, or palace of Duke Liang, and was even recently neighboured by a malodorous sewer. Within it is charmingly kept, and in our picture the part of the building nearest on the left is the Minister's study, while beyond it are the drawing-room and Lady MacDonald's boudoir, the theatre being the structure opposite on the right.

JUNKS AT ANCHOR ON THE PEIHO.
Near the Village of Ho-si-wu.

CHINESE TROOPS ENCAMPED ON THE RIVER.
In the Neighbourhood of Tung-chau.

Photos Copyright. SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD'S RESIDENCE AT PEKING. *"Navy & Army."*
Showing the Domestic Buildings at the Legation.

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Overland to China.

SCENES ON THE GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

WHEN it became necessary a few weeks ago for Russia to despatch troops to China she had two lines of transport available for the purpose; one was from Odessa to Vladivostock by sea, the other was the overland route by the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Some 30,000 troops have been despatched from Odessa to the Far East, and about 70,000 to the Amur from Moscow, Tula, and Cheliabinsk, *viâ* Irkutsk and Stretensk.

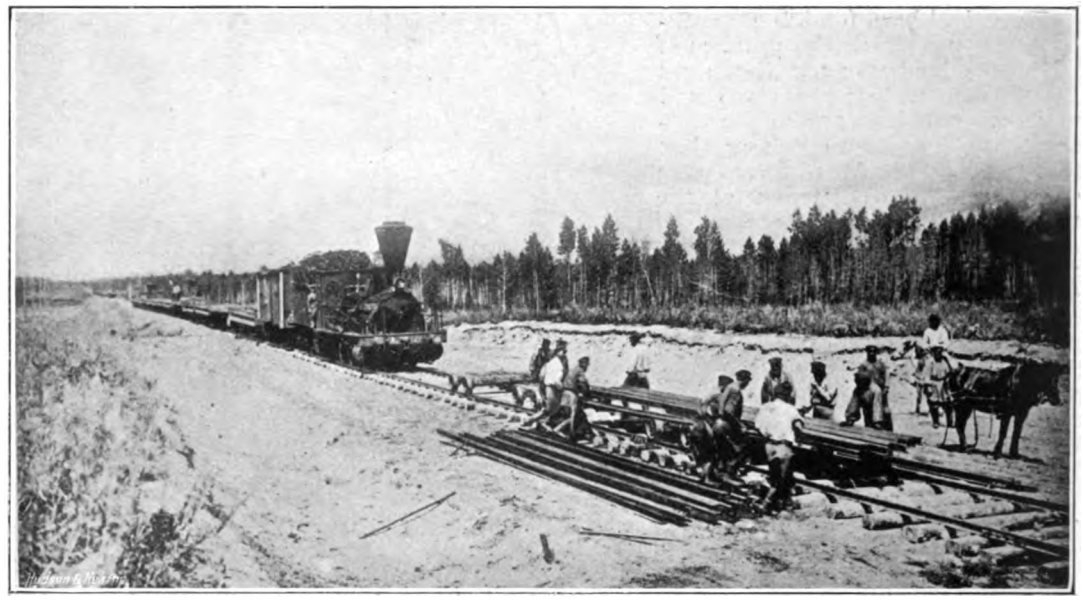
On July 13 last the Trans-Baikal section of the Trans-Siberian Railway was thrown open to traffic, thus affording direct communication by rail between Moscow and Stretensk, a distance of 4,214 miles. From Stretensk to the Pacific Coast the way lies down the Amur River.

The great railroad, which is to bring Paris into direct overland communication with Vladivostock, and which will, commercially and otherwise, be one of the greatest events of the opening years of the new century, commences at Cheliabinsk, the terminus of the Moscow-Samara-Cheliabinsk line. The first section from this town to Omsk is the "West Siberian," from Omsk to Irkutsk is the "Central Siberian," from Irkutsk to Messozaga is the "Baikal," and from Messozaga to Stretensk is the "Transkbaikal" line.

The abandonment of the Amur line was the result of the Russo-Chinese agreement, whereby China consented to allow the construction of a railway through Manchuria.

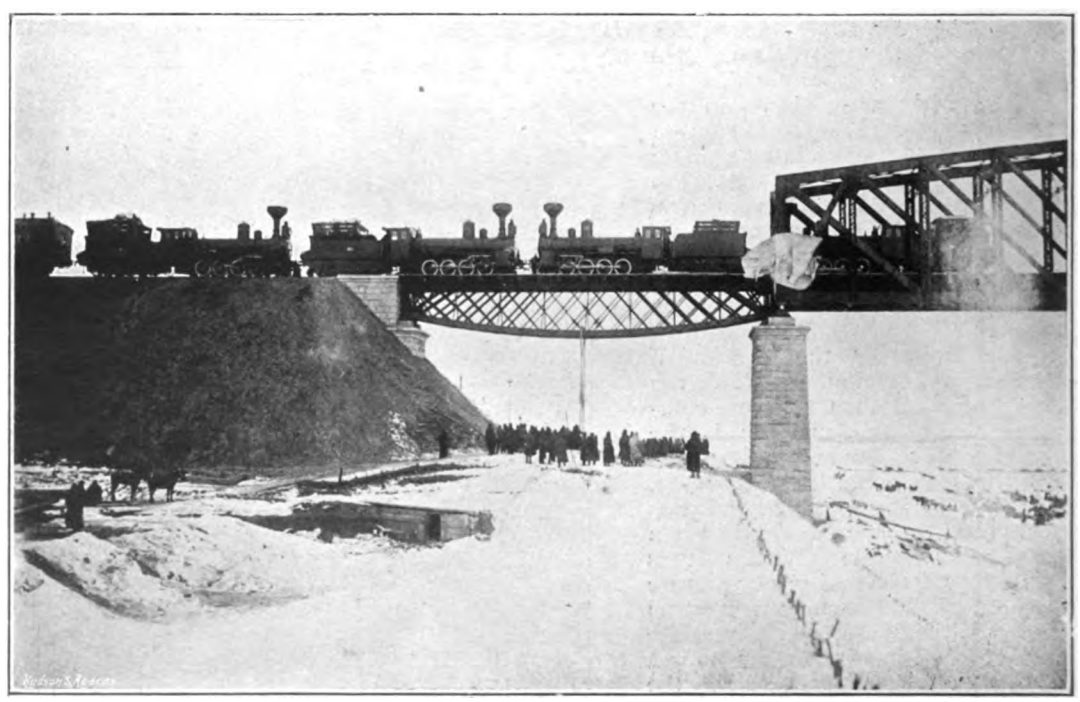
The present line will be continued no further than Stretensk, but two direct lines to the Chinese frontiers will be constructed. One starts from Kaidalovo, on the main Siberian route, some little way west of Stretensk, and the other from Nikolskoe, on the Vladivostock-Habarovsk line, which is already open. These two lines will traverse Manchuria from opposite directions, and will meet at Khaorbia, thence running southwards to Dalni and Port Arthur. Thus by the end of 1901, when the great railway is expected to be opened along its entire route, passengers will be enabled to travel direct from Moscow to Vladivostock and Port Arthur, and it will be possible for the globe-trotter to take his seat in a railway carriage at Paris and arrive eventually, some twelve days later, without changing, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Every Saturday evening *trains de luxe* leave Moscow, provided with sleeping, restaurant, library, and bath cars, and on the Siberian sections with church and gymnasium cars. The first-class compartments are provided with pianos, writing materials, a barber's shop, a gymnasium, a bath, a good supply of ice, patent water boilers, dials which indicate the next station and the length of stop, and double windows to protect from dust and the extreme Siberian cold. The cars are lighted by electricity, and there is no charge for the barber or for medical attendance.



ON THE CENTRAL SIBERIAN LINE.
Bringing the Metals to the Rail head.

AT A ROADSIDE STATION.
A Halt at Kovfevskaya.



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A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.
Testing a Bridge Over the Irtish.

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The Russian Railway to the Far East.

IN ADVANCE OF THE IRON HORSE.
A Surveying Expedition at Work.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE RAILROAD.
The Excavating Machine at Work.

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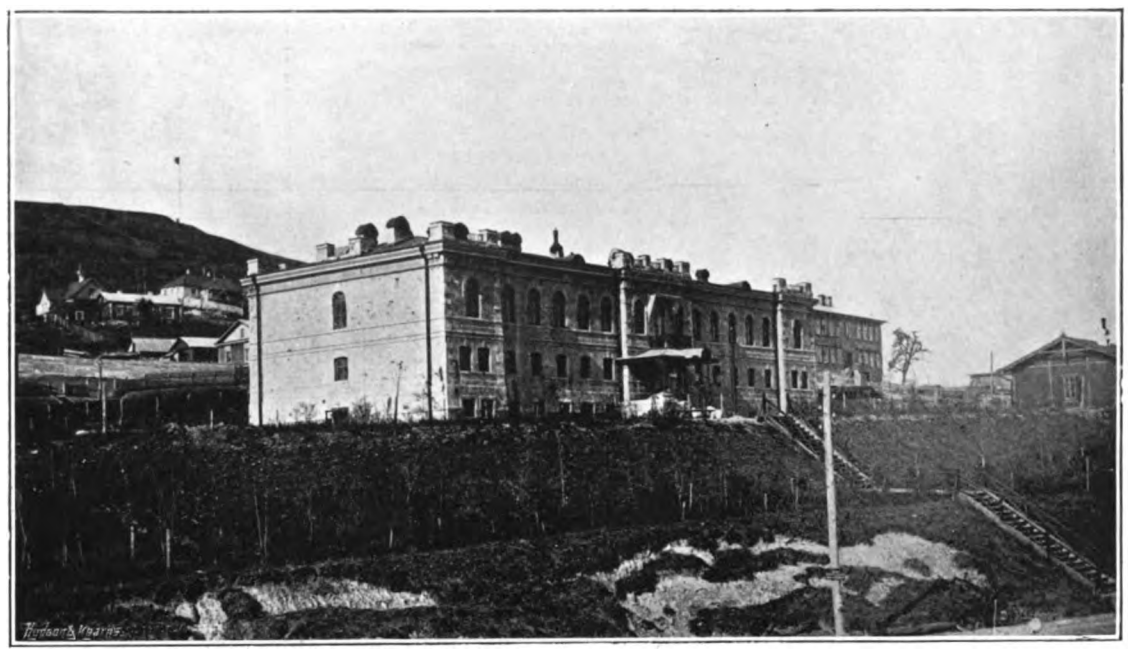
THE MOST IMPORTANT SIBERIAN STATION.
On the Platform at Omsk.



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ON THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC.
The Head Offices at Vladivostock.

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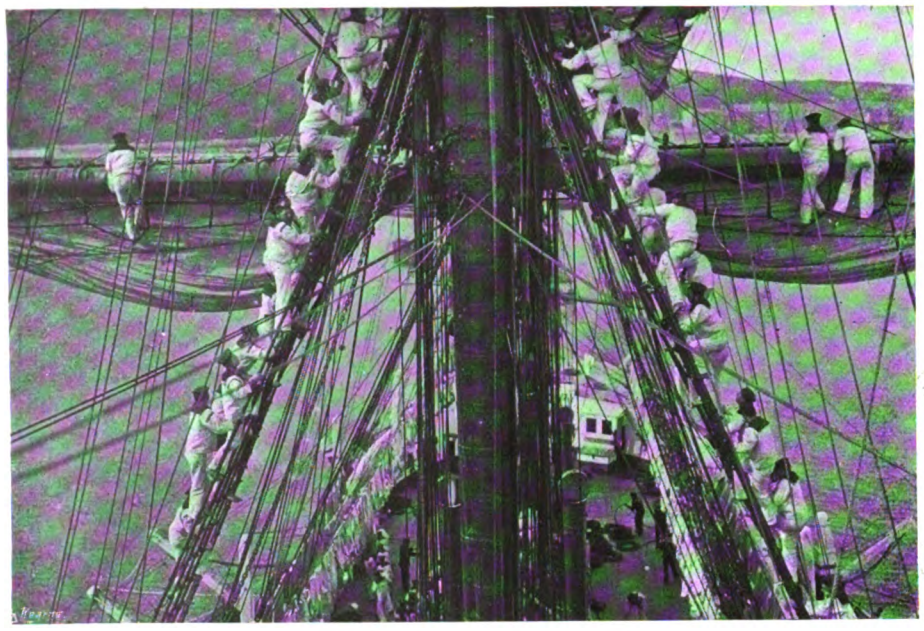
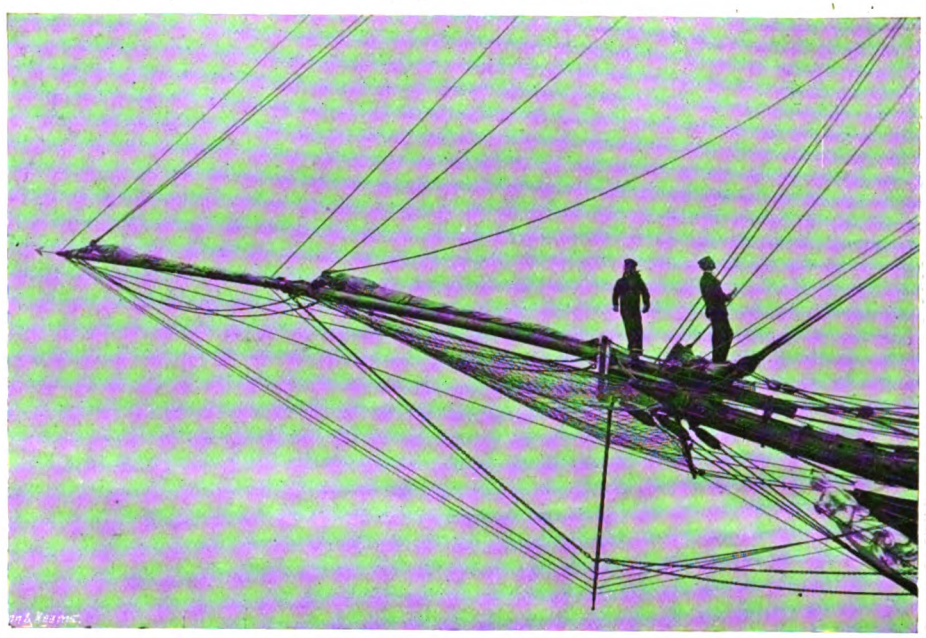
The Making of a Seaman.

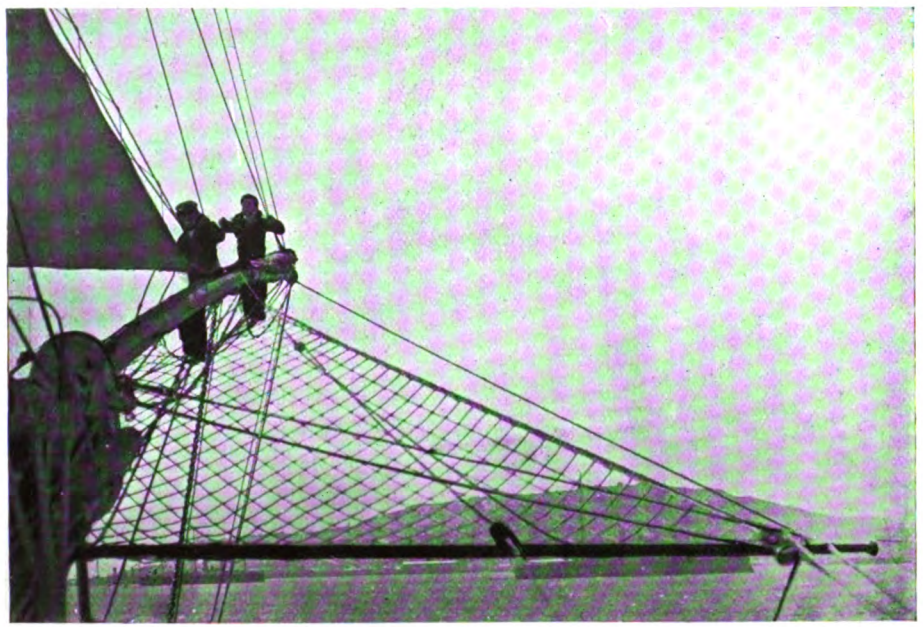


RUNNING UP THE RIGGING.
The Boys of the "Boscawen" Go Aloft.



THE OFFICER HAILING THE FORETOP.
From the Bowsprit of the 'Seaflower.'

Masts and Sails as an Educational Factor.



EARLY TRAINING OF THE BOYS.
An Instructor of the "Seaflower" On Duty

SMART WORK IN THE TRAINING-SHIP.
Young Seamen Reefing Sail.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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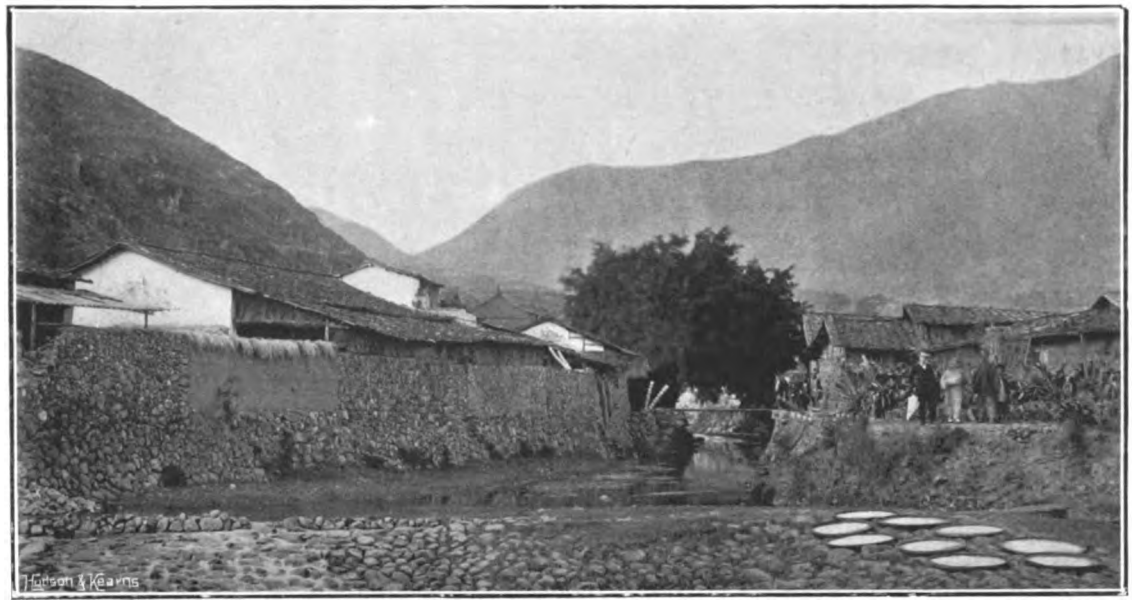
To Peking and After.

ON THE ROAD TO PEKING.
A Peaceful Scene Outside Changfu

THE EFFECT OF A CHANCE SHOT.
This Portion of the Wall was a Promenade for the Legation Ladies

Photos. Copyright.

NOW IN RUINS AND DESTROYED.
A Missionar,'s House on the Way to the Capital.



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TO SINGAN-FU, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.
A Pretty Spot on the Road.

Scenes Illustrating the Present Operations.

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

THE SHIP AND THE MAN.

MAITRE ROGER LE BELAMI, the holder of letters of marque from the Emperor of the French, watched from the deck of his brig, lying in San Gengulpo Bay, the approach of his port quarter-boat, which had been lowered to pick up a man struggling in the water. That man the highly-respectable Roger had seen with his own honest eyes knock down no less than twelve British dragoons who had pursued him to the beach, a success which was not attained by the sundry 4-lb. balls Maitre Roger had devoted to the like object.

"This," said the good-natured, if sometimes hasty, rover—he had been directly or indirectly responsible for the deaths of 200 men, 20 women, and 35 children within a twelvemonth—"this is a man after mine own heart." And as the dripping fugitive clambered aboard by the main chains (Roger deprecated the use of unnecessary ropes, which were liable to be forgotten when clearing for action, and attracted boarders), the skipper clasped him to his breast.

"En' who are yew, en' where do yew come from?" he asked.

"Who am I, sir?" replied the fugitive. "I am Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers."

"Yew're who?" asked Master Roger, in something resembling the English tongue. "Yew're who?"

"Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers," the fugitive reiterated, "come to offer his sword to France."

"Git out," quoth the captain of the letters of marque. "Ye think because o' my French name ye kin take me in; but thet's nothing. My darned cuteness, thet's all. I'm Roger L. Bellamy, and my ship's the 'Bloody Bunker,' Baltimore built like myself, though we do fly the blarsted tricolor. En' as fer yew, I guess yew're just a tarnation trooper wot 'as been a kumpletely fersaken bruiser 'oo sloo his flamin' man on the providential ropes, en' awaded justice by taking crazy George's disrepootable shillin'. Own up ye're a liar, en' all shall be forgiven, as the preacher in our sanguinary meeting-house used to say when in doubt."

The fugitive hung his head, and confessed at once that he was not Captain Daly, but a blank trooper, who had been a lost bruiser, who slew his hiatus man on the hyphen ropes and evaded justice by taking the carefully qualified shilling, precisely as Captain Bellamy had guessed.

"En' what made yew to desart?" Roger demanded. "Kissin' the kyurnel's gal, I'll be bound. Waal, we've got her aboard, a-waiting to know if my 'tentions is honourable, in my cabin. En' as likely a bit o' thet she is as I should keer to see."

"Still waiting?" asked Captain Daly.

"Still waiting," the skipper assured him. "But as fer yewr chance, I'm afeard yew must wait a durned long spell."

"The longer the better," said Captain Daly.

"What's thet?" the skipper rejoined. "Don't yew go fer to call sour grapes."

"Taste for yourself," suggested Captain Daly.

"Earthquakes and cataclysms," roared the skipper. "Say yewr meaning."

"I mean," Captain Daly unblushingly declared, "I would rather see that girl among my enemies than my friends. Why do you suppose she was allowed to fall into your hands?"

This argument was convincing; for it inspired Skipper Bellamy with the dread of being over-reached. "The etarnal trickery o' it," he exclaimed. "Ye'd never think she was sassy to look at her."

"Not to look at her," Daly cordially agreed.

"Waal," drawled the skipper pensively, "I guess I'd better heave her overboard at once before there's any harm done. When thet's off my mind we'll drink to the lass thet loves a sailor."

He had already hailed the boatswain, ere Daly, taken aback by the too sudden, not to say too complete, success of his fabrication, had a chance to say any more.

But in the nick of time he found words. "Please yourself," said he. "But, to my mind, heaving her overboard merely shows temper, and gives the English the laugh of you."

"En' what on airth would yew do with her?" queried the skipper.

"What would I do with her?" cried Captain Daly. "Is it what I'd do with her?" the question was repeated for his own benefit quite as much as for the skipper's. "What I'd do with her is this, Mr. Bellamy: I'd vindicate the honour of the American seaman by lowering the boat and sending her back ashore as innocent as she left it."

Mr. Bellamy smacked his thigh in an ecstasy of chivalry. "Thet's the tarnation ticket," he screamed. "We'll vindicate the hell-fire honour o' the mud-faced Amurican seaman. We'll show them how the Yankee tar can respect a woman, howsomdever humble. Ahoy, Mr. Bo'sun, boat for shore there."

And so the innkeeper's daughter was safely returned to Major Appleby and her sorrowing father; but, first, Mr. Bellamy insisted that Daly should write a little note (the skipper owned himself no scholar), calling attention to the aforesaid "vindication." "Fer," he observed, "honour to them to who honour is jew, say I." So Daly had his chance to communicate with Appleby, and used it.

This incident closed, the skipper turned his attention to Captain Daly, whose teeth had a tendency to chatter. "Aint yew afeard o' ketchin' cold in them wet togs?" he asked. "I'll ax my stoord to fix yew out with some dry duds."

Daly was afraid of catching cold, but he feared catching worse things out of the rover's slop room, and told his host that the sun outside, assisted by a rum grog within, would soon put him to rights.

Mr. Bellamy was not inhospitable, least of all as regards rum, and two brimmers stood between him and Captain Daly on the hatchway lid as quickly as the nigger steward could shin to his cuddy and back.

The mere smell of the brew had a thousand and one hours of headache in it, but Captain Daly put a stout heart to it and gulped it down, while the skipper looked admiringly on.

"Where on earth did you get this?" Daly gasped, as he laid the tumbler down again.

"I jedged ye'd ax thet," the skipper made answer. "Thet's prime Jamaky rum. It came to me from Jamaky, per a mercantile embarkation which to my sed regrit—fer she was fair rottin' wi' lovely women en' purty childer—I was kumpelled to send to the 'tarnal bottom o' the Caribbean Sea. By the blessin' o' divine Providence she bruk her back on a reef as she foundered, en' the next morning I found three o' her puncheons afloat on the briny. I've a fine young gent aboard swears it smacks o' salt water, but me en' my crew find naught amiss wi' it. What do yew think?"

Privately, Captain Daly regarded it as a miscarried vengeance on the pirate; his actual reply was: "I think it well worth the trouble you were at to get it, sir."

"I see yew en' me will agree about things," the skipper contentedly observed. "Now me en' thet cockalorum I hev mentioned, we don't agree at all. He sez my wittles is muck, en' my drink pizen. En' when I tell him thet aint the way to speak o' the del'cacies pervided by his host he answers me, 'S'elp me David, no more 'en George Washington can he tell a lie.'"

Daly grew interested. "The confounded young rascal, what is he at all?"

"A predestined-to-evil-here-en'-hereafter hop-o'-my-thumb o' a John Bull middy."

Daly's heart beat high; his voice retained its composure. "Where did he come from? Last remnant of a seventy-four?"

"He jest happened this way," the skipper here expectorated as though preparatory to a yarn. "Friday week in the first watch 'tween four en' five bells, bein' on deck 'cos o' the mist, I saw him step over my side same as yew did to-day, en' as wet as yew was. I caught up a belayin'-pin to squelch him, when he had the cool cheek to up en' say, 'Run en' call the master, my man.' 'I am master here, Your Reverence,' I answered, and axed him who was he. 'I'm an officer o' His Majesty's gun-boat "Souptureen,"' he answers. 'En' I'll trouble yew to bring to en' give me a boat to rejine my ship.' Waal, when I heard the word gun-boat yew could ha'

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knocked me down wi' a prevaricatin' compass needle; it was a good arf second before I could pitch young Nepchewn down the hatchway, en' give the word to clap on every inch o' rag, down to the tail o' the carpenter's shirt. I made the 'Bunker' track, I kin tell yew, mist en' all."

"She looks a good boat," said Daly, not to be too interested.

"Too easy to board," answered the skipper. "Thet's the fault o' these buckeyes fer our trade; they've no free-board to reckin. They kin trevvel with the wind anywhere, but get 'em under the lee o' a cruiser, en' it's fare thee well fer I must leave thee, en' short shrift fer the pore mariner who kerries his life in his hand a-bravin' the dangers o' the seas." Mr. Bellamy's prate was stilled a breath to frame this picture of the hardships of his career.

Daly thought it safe now to return to the more important subject, "And the younker; how is it you didn't hang him?"

"I'm goin' to," quoth the skipper, "perhaps this very day." He suddenly laughed, with a ring of genuine merriment that Daly found quite contagious. "I'm hevvin a lark with thet there Master Hopeful," he declared. "Every day riglar 'tween my ninth en' tenth grog I beats to quarters, en' has the varmint marched up to the yardarm en' the nuse put round his neck. Then, just at the last moment, I purtend to see a ship comin', British man-o'-war fer preference, en' I let him go again. What do yew think o' thet, eh?"

"It shows, sir," Daly gravely responded, "that the many sorrows and disappointments of life on ship-board have not robbed you of your native sense of humour. 'Pon my soul, capital, witty, if it is permitted so to describe a practical joke."

"I'm sartin me en' yew will agree," the skipper vouchsafed to observe again. "Yew understand a bit o' fun. Me en' yew, we're wot they calls congenital sperrits, eh?"

Daly here had to submit to a friendly clout in the ribs, which told him his rum was undigested. He sat very tight, and asked whether the victim of the skipper's fun was not beginning to see through it.

"He is; yes," admitted the merry rover. "Last tu times he went through the ceremony quite mechanical, en' grinnin' like a conger eel. But we aint come to the anathema 'denoodemong,' as the froggies call it, yet."

"And what is the *dénouement* to be?" Daly asked.

"Somehow the despised noose ran all right."

"Why, when the little swab least expects it he'll find hisself a hist en' kickin' fer his last breath." Again the skipper's mirth shook him. "Thet's wot me en' yew calls a joke, eh?" He wiped his eyes. "Lor', it does me good to talk to a man thet kin understand."

Now Daly understood so well, that he was only deterred from pitching the joker into the sea by the reflection that the joker could probably swim. But the sea hardly merited such insult at his hands, and, again, Daly was interested in Mr. Bellamy's view of life.

Mr. Bellamy was equally interested in Daly. "The minnit I saw yew, I knew yew'd a sense o' humour. The way yew had them cruel butchers o' dragoons by letting on yew was afraid o' 'em was as good as anythin' I ever seed, bar Shakespeare. The only fault I found was when they closed; why didn't yew knife 'em?"

"I hadn't a knife."

Mr. Bellamy shook his head deprecatingly. "If I was Guv'ment," he declared, "I'd make it law thet every man should carry a knife. When I first went to sea, my mother—good lovin' woman thet she was, too lovin', my father used to say—gev me a scriptewr. I promised faithful I'd never let it out o' my sight, but it was a durned big book, en' my first skipper said he couldn't dress the ship with it on board; he told me to trade it against somethin' useful. 'Get a knife,' sez he. 'Yew'll be wastin' a deal o' time learnin' to read the testators, but handlin' a knife comes nat'ral to a healthy lad.' En' he was right; it's very sed, but so it is, but cut and thrust is simpler 'en A B C Not thet I doubt but the alphybet is full o' interest fer an intellecshul man."

He waved his hand, and there was more rum. Daly could drink no more, and feared his host might take offence at it, but the worthy man did not; having drained his own tot, he turned to Daly's. He seemed to grow a little fuddled, and causeless laughter turmoiled his speech.

"Yes," he declared, battering a nail with the empty mug. "I've vindicated the honour o' the Amurican seaman this mornin', en' this afternoon I'm goin' to vindicate the humour o' the same noble crittur. Afore yew come, I didn't mind keepin' Jack-a-dandy fer the sake o' company, he bein' amusin' in his John Bull way, but now I've got yew, a real kindred sperrit, as yew hev said, I'll just string t'other to the yardarm, en' save his prog. I'm queerious what he'll look like with his neck broke, en' what he'll say when he feels it's goin' to go. Like as not he'll sass me, though I might be his father." This idea tickled him deliciously, and it was some minutes before his talk was again to be followed. "Yew bein' like me, kindred sperrit en' all thet, yew'd like a bit o' a hangin', wouldn't yew? Mebbe yew'd like to hang 'im yewrself, but I can't allow thet. I'm short o' men, en' hangin's been off with me lately. I must do this meself just to keep my hand in. Besides, no offence, but yew might do it wrong, en' a broken rope means spiled paint in a case o' this kind. I'll show you exactly how I do things, en' you can tie the nuse if yew like; but with the artistic part, thet's where I come in."

He paused as for an answer, and Daly said that he quite understood the position.

The skipper swigged off the remains of his drink and smacked his lips. "Let's make a start. I'm just in the right mood fer it," quoth he.

Daly nerved himself. "Right O!" said he.

Mr. Bellamy mustered his company, and at the same time the boatswain and carpenter marched up between them a short slim figure drawn from some cranny forward. Daly saw a red-faced, yellow-haired, blue-clad lad, who might very well have been learning his Latin declensions at school or considering the phenomenal result of adding two to two.

He stared defiantly both at the skipper and his guest. "I say, I'm getting jolly tired of this game," he said. "Can't you find some other way of amusing yourself."

Mr. Bellamy turned to Daly. "What did I tell yew? Would anyone believe it thet didn't hear? Sasses me to my face, en' I might be his father. I wasn't brung up like thet."

Meanwhile preparations were made to put Master Roger's joke in play; the carpenter rove a snaky coil of rope through a block in the main yard. Laying hold of the end of this, the skipper's deft fingers wove a noose around the neck of the middy, who kept a firm lip enough, but seemed to doubt there was murder in the game.

"Thet's what I call a nice nuse," said the skipper proudly, running the rope gently to and fro.

"I don't think much of it," replied Daly.

The skipper snorted. "D'yew know anything about nuses?"

"I could tie a better one than that, anyhow," said Daly.

Dignified contempt paraded Mr. Bellamy's face. He

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loosed the rope-end from the middy's neck and passed it to Captain Daly. "Show us yewr nuse," said he.

Daly willingly obeyed; he did not, however, experiment on the middy's neck; he preferred for this purpose Mr. Bellamy's. The latter, in the interests of science, calmly submitted. But when the work was done he burst into a hearty guffaw. "Call thet a nuse," said he. "It's little yew know about knots, I ken see. Look here, man, jest lay hold o' the other end o' the rope en' pull, an easy pull as I gev jest now; yew'll see yewr nuse won't slip at all."

Daly carelessly laid hold of the other end of the rope and pulled; but it was not an easy pull, indeed there went into it every ounce of strength in Daly's body. Somehow the despised noose ran all right, and Roger danced off his heels on the road to judgment. He swore once, he wriggled twice, frothed at the mouth, and all was over.

The astounded crew were still gaping when Daly, passing his end of the rope round the nearest bitts, called to the middy, "Up aloft and see whether there are any cavalry near the shore."

The boy was up in the shrouds in a flash, and the word cavalry roused the crew from their stupor. They knew now what their visitor was. Two shots were loosed at him but missed.

Daly caught up the pistol that had fallen from the skipper's belt when he lost his feet: "If in ten seconds' time I see a man with a weapon in his hand, I'll blow up the ship," he said, quietly but resolutely.

Two levelled muskets clattered to the deck at once, but the bolder spirits only hesitated while five seconds sped. At the moment, there was a shout from the masthead.

"A sail," cried the middy, "a sail," and then making a trumpet of his hands, he added in his loudest voice: "I claim this vessel as the legal prize of His Majesty's ship 'Souptureen.'" Something fluttered in his hands, and behold it was the Union Jack.

"O, no you don't!" Daly promptly demurred. "I made her the prize of the Horse Grenadiers the moment I came aboard." He addressed the now panic-stricken crew: "My lads, if you like to stay aboard ship, you're welcome to be hanged here. But if you'd rather take your chances ashore—not that I can speak very highly of them, except that they have the charm of uncertainty—the ship's boats are at your disposal. I need not impress on you the necessity for despatch."

The privateersmen were wont to make up their minds quickly; in less than no time the boats were lowered and the oars plashing in the water.

When they were well out of earshot the middy descended from his perch and approached Captain Daly, who was straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the oncoming vessel.

"Where did you see her?" Daly asked, looking hard at the boy, who blushed.

"I promised my mother I'd never tell a lie. But I don't think she'd like to hear that I'd been blown up," he explained.

Daly laughed, and held out his hand. "To quote the words of an eminent humorist lately deceased," said he, "'me and you will agree.' And now if the tide's coming in we'd better slip the brig's moorings and run her ashore."

And so, in the rays of the setting sun, the Horse Grenadiers beheld the "Bloody Bunker" drifting towards them, the Union Jack at the masthead and the famous Roger le Belami aswing at the yardarm, youth at the prow and Captain Daly at the helm.

The Story of Seymour's Gallant Dash.

THE fact that Peking is in the hands of the Allies, and that the Legations are now secure, does not diminish the heroism of Sir Edward Seymour's gallant but unsuccessful attempt to rescue the foreigners from their peril. Those who have made it a reproach that he marched out from Tientsin with a totally inadequate force, forget that the nature of the Chinese movement against Europeans was not then disclosed. It was not known on the spot at the time that the Boxers were merely the tools of the Manchu Government, and unquestionably the attack on the Taku Forts, which was made after Admiral Seymour had begun his march, and for which he was in no way responsible, profoundly modified the situation, and is believed to have determined the Empress Dowager to authorise active measures of resistance. As Admiral Seymour has himself said, he was aware of the risk he ran, but no other course than that he took was open in view of the urgent appeals from Peking. "I could not with honour have held back. I went myself, as the best and only way to put all under one head. When the Imperial Chinese troops, in numbers unknown, took arms against us, the project became impossible, and retreat difficult. Two or three times our prospects were very dark, and disaster seemed not improbable, yet I never regretted I had started, and I could not have respected myself if I had not done so." The soundness of Admiral Seymour's view as to the leadership of the expedition was amply proved by the excellent spirit that his presence inspired, and has been illustrated by the scenes of looting which have since occurred at Peking, owing to the absence of any commanding personality.

Notwithstanding the danger, the many hardships, and the harassing discomfort of Seymour's march, there was never a shadow of dissension, and the conduct of the men of the various nationalities composing the force was worthy of the best traditions of any of them. It was, indeed, a trying time, and the skill, fortitude, and discipline of that march, conducted often under fire, with ammunition getting low and food running short, hampered by the wounded and in constant uncertainty as to the future, reflected the hightest credit on all who took part in it. The Taku Forts were stormed on June 17, and, as recent reports now show, it was on the following day that General Tung's foreign-drilled and well-armed troops attacked the force. Then it was that Sir Edward Seymour realised the need for a change of plan, and that the retreat began. The march back to Tientsin was resisted at every step, and on the second day the hearts of many in that gallant band failed when they learned that Tientsin itself was hard pressed, but they fought their way forward, constantly under fire. The food fell to a quarter of a pound of biscuit per man, and nine pounds of meat between sixty. They drank Peiho water which Admiral Seymour describes as "like red pea-soup, plus the most awful things thrown into it." Once they shot a horse and its rider in the morning, and "ate the former (not the latter) in the evening." All the time they were menaced by barbarous foes, capable of hideous atrocities, in overwhelming numbers, and the story of their march is a striking testimony to the admirable spirit displayed. The severe trial of that time has told upon officers and men, and many have since been down with dysentery and enteric fever. There was a sad contrast between the confident air with which the force had marched out, and the ghastly, bedraggled, foot-sore men who came back. As one correspondent said, they would have faced a harder struggle without flinching, and probably would have come through it with triumph, but in this case "the severity of trial had lain in the unexpected." The column "had been forced into a situation for which it was unprepared, and which its leaders had in no way anticipated; the result had been a hard-fought struggle for life." All honour, then, to the gallant fellows who, in a time of imminent danger, marched faithfully through unsuspected perils.

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IN HOSPITAL AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

Seamen Wounded in Admiral Seymour's Expedition for the Relief of Peking.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE intimate connection between the Services and sport is traditional, and if the Iron Duke did not say that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton, he, at all events, kept a pack of hounds in the Peninsula. Many readers may remember the incident of his turning to an A.D.C, when the hounds came to a check one day, and asking the distance to the hospital at some place in the neighbourhood. "Eight miles, sir," was the reply. "Then let us ride over and visit the wounded," said the Duke. All officers in command do not take quite the same view of the case, certainly; and I well recollect the righteous indignation of the late General John Duncan—as good a soldier as ever stepped—when he found me to be out hunting on a day on which there was some company business to be transacted at the orderly-room. "No officer, sir, should apply for hunting leave when a man of his company has to be brought before his colonel," was his dictum, but I think it is an exceptional opinion. At all events, "no parades on hunting days" was an unwritten standing order at Gibraltar some years ago. That ordinance also I remember being broken through, and also the frightful wrath of the commanding officer when the band — quite innocently — struck up "Hard times come again no more" at the commencement of a parade he had ordered for such a day.

Exceptions, however, prove the rule, and the general devotion of sailors and soldiers to sport is undoubted. In what other country could we read of a general commanding such a force as our Indian Army, at the age of three score, taking part, on his last journey down the country, in pig-sticking, and putting it on record in his autobiography as a perfectly natural circumstance—as, indeed, it is to us. (Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India.") Just as there is no doubt that no good officer will allow sport to interfere with the performance of any really important duty, so there is none that there is no amusement which he can turn to when off duty which will be so likely to develop the powers of endurance, observation, and even strategy, as the pursuit of big game, and certainly none which will give him that intuitive feeling of how to act promptly and decisively when a critical moment arrives—the one thing lacking which no man ever was a great commander, either by sea or land.

A HUNTER'S CAMP IN BOMBAY.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CAMEL CARRIAGE.

Sailors and soldiers, as everybody knows, are liable to be moved often, and sometimes at very short notice, from one station to another. Now it will often happen that the new station may be one concerning which nobody in the ship or regiment knows much from a sporting point of view. Much valuable time is lost in finding these things out after arrival, and perhaps just when the sportsmen have found out where to go and how to get there the order comes for another move. A case showing the value of having sporting information recently came under my notice. An officer in a regiment stationed in Crete last September saw an account in a sporting paper of an ibex-shooting expedition of my own to Anti Milos, which, of course, is quite near. Armed with the information so obtained, he went to the place, and succeeded in getting what I believe to be a record head. The same officer has since written to me as to shooting in Corsica and Sardinia, and I have given him information which I hope may be of use. Surely it would be much better that anybody in his position should know exactly where to look for such guidance. In the following articles it is hoped to give at least as much as will enable those ordered to certain garrisons to know more or less what to expect and how to set about getting it.

Beginning with India, for the obvious reason that it is our largest and most important foreign station, I hope to have something to say also about our other Eastern stations—Ceylon, the Straits, and China. Then, turning backwards, I shall deal with the Cape and Natal; and, lastly, we shall enter the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, and follow it along as far as Egypt.

Of America but little will be said, for the reason that it will be dealt with by an abler pen than mine, that of a well-known sportsman of long experience, from the point of view of Naval officers on the North American and West Indian stations. It is obvious that this information will be equally useful to a soldier stationed at Halifax, Jamaica, or Bermuda. Indeed, it may be worth mentioning—although, perhaps, the fact is significantly obvious—that the details to be given in these articles will be found equally useful to civilians. As far as I know, there is only one place in the world where shooting is free to the Services but closed to everybody else, and that is the Aden Garrison Reserve in Somaliland. Surely nobody who knows that arid rock would grudge this slight advantage to those obliged to spend a part of their lives there.

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INDIA.

Although the British public still demands a palm tree in every Indian picture—and generally gets it—it is beginning to be understood that India is hardly to be treated of in a general manner. A country at one end of which snows lie deep in winter, while at the other the dense jungles steam in almost equatorial heat at the same season—a country of which one side is an enormous sandy desert, and the other a still larger expanse of damp grass jungle intersected by a thousand streams—cannot be spoken of or written of as a whole. It seems to me that it may be best to follow old lines and divide the country into Presidencies, speaking separately, however, of the Central Provinces, the Punjab, and the Himalayas. The Presidency in which almost every soldier's life in India begins is

BOMBAY,

and this again divides itself naturally into three regions—Sind, the desert with Rajputana, and the home districts.

On the whole, Sind is not a great sporting country as far as big game is concerned. Leith Adams, who traversed it in 1849, has very little to say on the subject in his well-known book, "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India," beyond mentioning that the Caucasian ibex occurs in the mountains of Beloochistan. Since his day the record horns of this animal have been obtained from this district; but, unfortunately, it is one which must be looked upon as closed to the sportsman. European troops—and to speak of the thousand stations of native troops would require several volumes—have only two stations in Sind—the seaport, Kurrachee, and Hyderabad, the old capital. Quetta, in Beloochistan, is, of course, considered to belong to Bombay also, but is not a shooting station.

THE DEATH OF A SAMBHUR STAG.

In one class of sport Sind, during the winter months, is almost unrivalled—I mean wildfowling—and concerning its capabilities in this respect Leith Adams writes warmly. He adds: "As the sportsman threads his way through the jungle in quest of hog-deer, pigs, hares, or partridges, he feels a sort of nervous twinge as he sees in the mud by the side of a pond the broad rounded footprints of a tiger. There the fierce lord of the jungle has been skulking only a few hours previously. Then there is excitement when, suddenly emerging from the bushy labyrinth, the eye of the young Indian sportsman lights upon the graceful figure of the Houbara bustard feeding on the tender shoots of the young barley.

"Hunting the Houbara in the open plain requires great tact and dexterity. Mounted on a camel, the pursuer ranges the desert with his telescope until an individual is discovered. This is by no means easily accomplished, in consequence of the plumage assimilating with the colour of the sand. He then commences to describe circles round the bird, gradually diminishing their circumference until he gets within shot, when he dismounts, using the saddle as a rest for his gun or rifle." A better plan, I think, would be to dismount earlier in the proceedings; moreover, a camel standing up would be rather a dangerous rest to use.

The mountains which shut in the Bombay Presidency to the north and west would be of interest to the sportsman did not the turbulent nature of their inhabitants close them. The Suliman type of markhor, however, is found on one hill to which this remark does not apply—the so-called sanatorium of Sheikh Budin, which by reason of its elevation affords some slight relief from the terrible heat of the Sind Valley below. Not many years ago an officer there, who had waited long and patiently, was baulked of his shot by a terrific earthquake, in which he nearly lost his life. SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

Crack Shots.

A FEW short weeks ago we were all enthusiastic about rifle clubs and teaching the whole nation how to shoot; the most enthusiastic of all was the Premier, who would have every man taught to shoot from his own doorstep. Soon it transpired that the facilities to be given by the War Office, through the National Rifle Association, did not at all meet the broader views of the head of the Government. Now it has been ascertained that the authorities care very little about encouraging rifle shooting, unless it be at the long ranges, and, consequently, the Primrose dream of the Premier is not likely to be furthered by the War Office. If it is brought about, it will be by some means similar to the Primrose League, for the longer the ranges the further off they must be from every man's doorstep. Meantime the demand for miniature rifles and for small ranges is increasing; but in greater demand is information about both.

At present the population is mostly ignorant of how the thing is done on the Continent, and especially by the Swiss, and also in America, where the national sports are trotting horses and shooting at targets, the latter both with the rifle and the shot-gun. One of those who has attempted to meet the need for information is Mr. W. W. Greener, of Birmingham, who issued simultaneously a cheap machine-made rifle and a book of instructions, called "The Sharpshooter," neither of which I have seen up to the present, but hope to see soon. Another firm invented a rifle, in three sizes, the smallest of which is suitable for miniature ranges. This was Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison; and again the price is a low one. In both cases the cartridges are cheap, which is absolutely necessary. These, with the Morris tube, are practically the only two cheap rifles of English make in the market suitable for practice at short ranges. How they bear comparison with the various American weapons on sale in this country for accurate shooting has to be proved, for they are probably both too new for the best diagrams to have been made already.

I am not one of those who believe in beginning rifle shooting at long ranges, or with expensive ammunition. But the one great thing that is important is absolute accuracy of shooting of the rifle itself. Nothing is more helpless and hopeless than the conjunction of a bad shot and a bad rifle. The former never knows, and never can know, whether faults are his or those of the weapon. But place a good shooting weapon in a man's hand and he is at once half made, for he knows every fault is his fault, and, as the doctors say, a good diagnosis is half a cure. I have been wondering whether, in default of Bisley to the rescue, it would not be worthy the attention of a newspaper like NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED—whose every reader may be supposed to have a patriotic view—to settle the claims to superior accuracy of various rifles in the market, such as do not cost more than about £3 3s., and that do not take ammunition more expensive than about 4s. a hundred. Why this occurs to me is that I have seen a variety of rifles on the market from some of which good diagrams are certainly not always to be had. As I have previously hinted, the way to learn how not to shoot is to obtain one of these cheap and nasty articles. The worst of them is that they unnerve the beginners, so that when at last they do get a good rifle in their hands they cannot trust their own let-off. They are in that vague state in which they do not know where they shoot until the marker tells them, and then do not know why they shot there.

But, for the moment, rifle gives place to shot-gun, and by the time these remarks appear in print the crack driving moors will have told their 1900 story, and we shall know whether anything like the great grouse season of 1872 has once more come. I am sorry to see that in one respect it is in some instances too like the 1872 season. In that year it was noticed that many grouse had tapeworm very badly, and the same has been noted again this year. Is there, I wonder, a connection between grouse disease and tapeworm? None of us know how the microbe of the disease (if the right one has been discovered) gets into the blood circulation. It may be that the tapeworm is the host of the microbe, and conveys it into the blood. It may be that the wounds in the intestines can only take the microbe into the system when the tapeworm is there to pass it on. Certain it is that 1872 was followed by bad disease generally, and especially on some of those moors where tapeworm had been noted.

The Bolton Hall party did better than early reports from Yorkshire indicated—318½ brace on the first day, and 228 the next. That was the record for the nine guns, and the 547 brace was also the best record for the first two days in the three kingdoms; but per gun it was beaten easily by some of the dog men, with Caithness an easy first, and Perthshire a good second.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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The Volunteer Camp Training.

A LARGE number of Volunteer corps have lately been under training in the special camps formed in the Aldershot and other districts. There has been much excellent work at Salisbury, Shorncliffe, Bisley, and Pirbright, as well as at Yarmouth and other seaside stations. In the Bank Holiday week about 150 corps were under arms. Twenty infantry battalions, forming four brigades, were on Salisbury Plain, and a large body of Metropolitan and Sussex Volunteers assembled at Bisley and Pirbright, where our pictures were taken, while the Artillery and Engineers were mostly on the coast, where good gun ranges were available.

THE NORTH LONDON VOLUNTEER BRIGADE.
Officers of the Victoria and St. George's Rifles.

The advantages of camping out in the summer-time, in comparison with the system of billeting in towns, are, of course, apparent, and it may be expected that the summer camp will become an annual institution, even though it be of a week's duration. This hope was expressed by Brigade-Major Russell when he issued a general order on the departure of the Surrey Volunteer Infantry Brigade from Pirbright. The brigade had been formed twelve years, and for the first time it appeared in camp. The like might be said of other brigades, and it has been pleasant to note how quickly the troops have accustomed themselves to the conditions. The Volunteers have, indeed, surprised even their admirers by the fine spirit they have lately displayed, and their summer training is new testimony to their zeal. The excellent conduct of the troops was reported

ON OUTPOST DUTY AT THE CAMP.
A Protection from the Summer Sun.

to the general officers commanding, and the cheerfulness with which discomforts arising from the inclemency of the weather were met during the period of encampment was fully recognised.

All this is very encouraging, and the Volunteers will look back upon the present as a record year.

They have had the opportunity of taking their part in the field against the enemies of the country, and on all hands we have excellent reports of their gallantry, endurance, and intrepidity.

A MERE QUESTION OF TRANSPORT.
In which the Work is Heavy and the Kudos Small.

SMART AND READY FOR ANYTHING.
Excellent Types of Volunteer Cyclists.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy and Army Illustrated" by S. H. Head.

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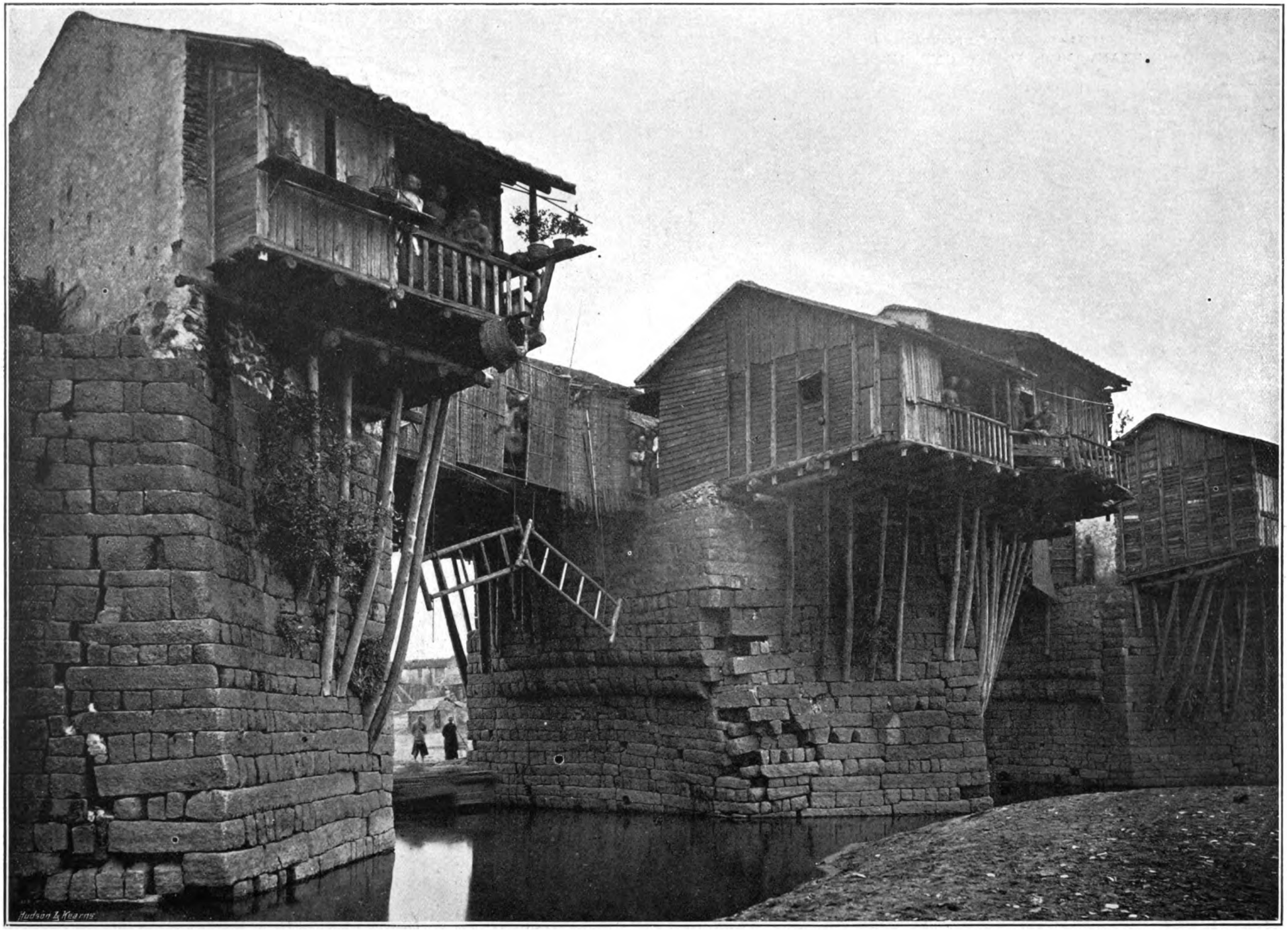

Photo. Copyright. *Thomson, Grosvenor Street.*

AN INHABITED BRIDGE IN THE KWANG-TUNG PROVINCE, WITH PORTCULLIS TO KEEP THE DEVILS OUT.

At Chau-Chau Fu, in Kwang-Tung, there is an extraordinary bridge which at once attracts the rare tourist who finds his way to the town. For one thing it is an inhabited bridge, and the inhabitants have not only chosen a site in which they obtain more fresh air than is usually to the taste of a Chinaman, but have embellished their ramshackle box dwellings with little pot-gardens. A market, too, is regularly held on this bridge. But the greatest peculiarity about the structure is the pair of hurdles which we see suspended in mid-air. At nightfall they are let down, like a portcullis, to the level of the stream, not, as you would imagine, to bar the passage of stray cattle, but to keep devils from going through. The Chinaman, though described often as a materialist, has a profound belief that the air is full of wandering spirits, and the notion that foreigners are a kind of devil is due not only to their light hair and un-Chinese features, but to the very fact that they have wandered away from home.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 188.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1900.

THE SOLDIER RETURNED FROM THE WAR.

The triumphant return of Tommy Atkins will cause a flutter in many bosoms. Already every wounded soldier back in England is a hero and the victor of susceptible hearts. He scatters rivals as he scattered Boers, and has here evidently won his way, and dictated terms of peace.

From a Photo. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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ROUND THE WORLD

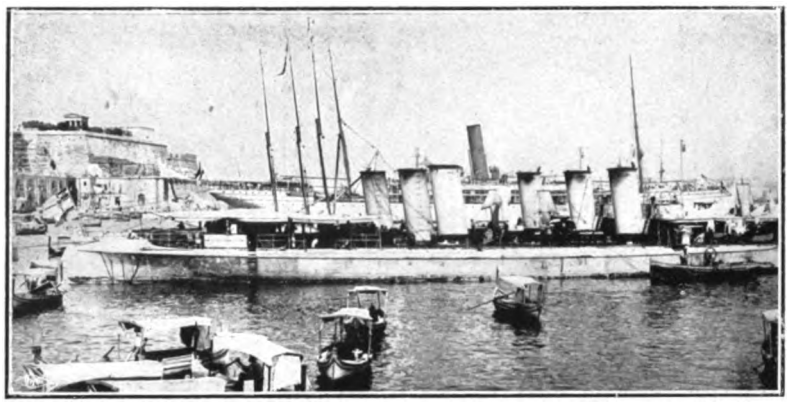
IT may be taken for granted that Russia intends to play the largest part in the Chinese settlement or further development. In 1860 England was the leading partner, and the contrast between then and now is so striking and significant that Englishmen cannot too soon realise what is coming. Russia has two advantages over the other Powers—her immense resources in men, and the fact that she is actually at war with China. This last circumstance removes all limit from her operations and justifies the vast assemblage of troops she will presently have at the scene of operations. During the month of July 34,000 men were despatched from Odessa, and in August 25,000, and in each month up to December, it is reported that the latter number will be sent to China. Thus, quite apart from the large garrison already at Port Arthur, and exclusive of the Siberian Army Corps and the troops sent overland to Manchuria, the Russian forces will number something like 160,000 men. The fact is very significant of the intentions of the Russian Government, and the only doubt is as to financial resources. It is said that up to July 25 the war expenditure was £90,000 daily, and in the following month £135,000. A colossal outlay, estimated at over a hundred millions sterling, has already been made. But Russia, though a poor country, has always shown a capacity for great efforts where political and territorial expansion are at stake, and is not likely to be wanting now.

Photo. Russell.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERT KENNEDY, K.C.B.

Who is to Succeed Sir Nathaniel Bowden-Smith at the Nore.

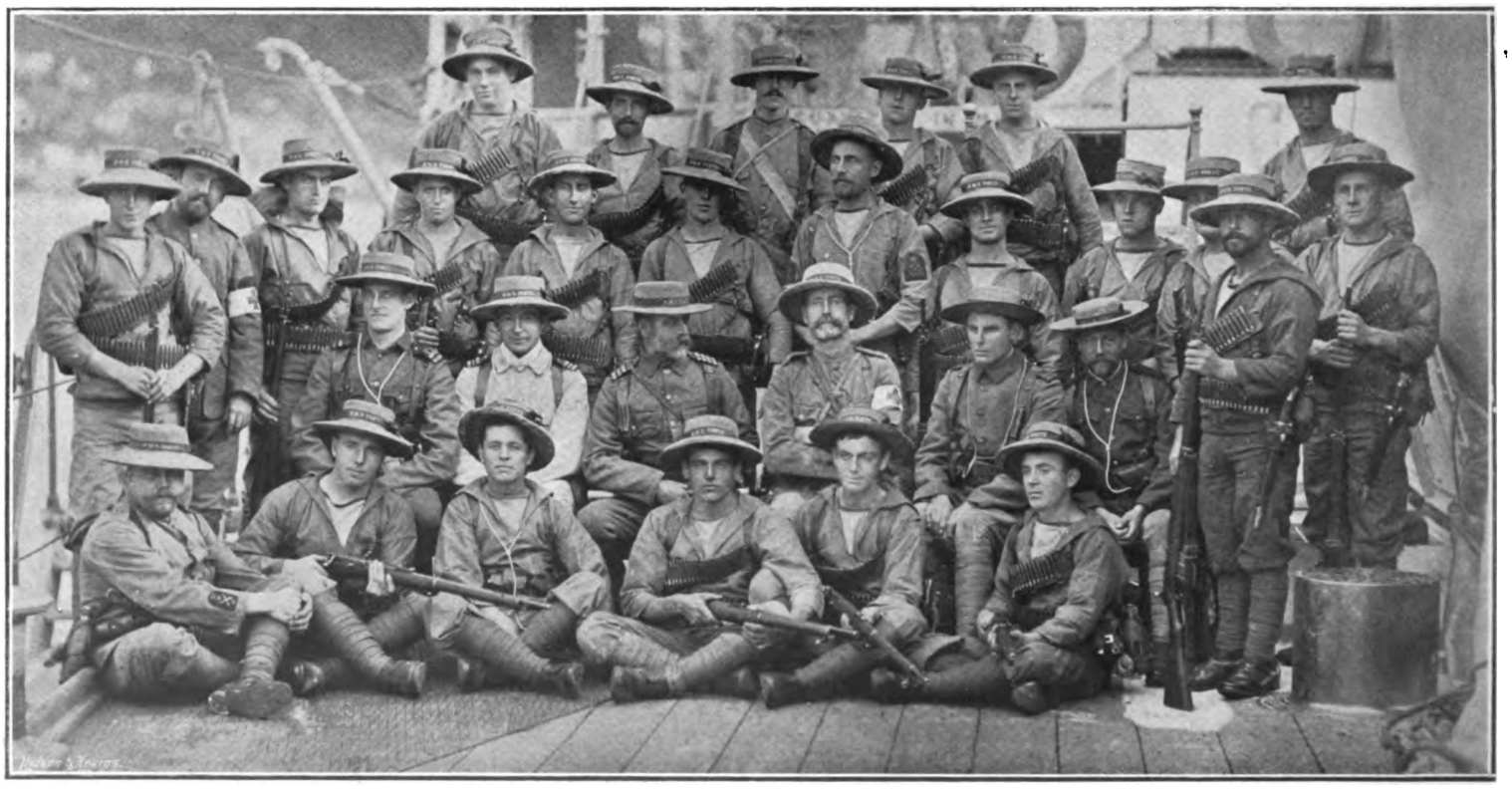
THE best thing said of Sir Edward Seymour's well-expressed admiration of the gallant Frenchmen who marched with him, was said by the *Gaulois*, a paper not always disposed in the most friendly way towards us. "The letter is, indeed, noble in thought and lofty in tone; the British admiral pays to the French admiral a tribute of which our countrymen may be proud, not only because the British know what they are talking about, but because, after what has passed between Great Britain and France, this tribute is of particular value; it does honour equally to him who receives and to him who gives." The *Echo de Paris* also spoke of the rare elevation of the language of Sir Edward Seymour, and of the cordiality of his sentiments. These are things well worth recording in these pages.



GERMAN TORPEDO-BOATS AT MALTA.

Taken on the Voyage Out to China.

THAT heavy growth of millet which thrives so prodigiously in Northern China, and which has in so many ways affected the operations of the Allies, plays a large part in the economy of the Chinaman. There are two kinds, but the tall sort, reaching a height of 10-ft. or 15-ft., is most useful on the



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CAPTAIN E. P. JONES AND THE "FORTE'S" NAVAL BRIGADE.

Which Marched with Buller to Ladysmith and Laing's Nek.

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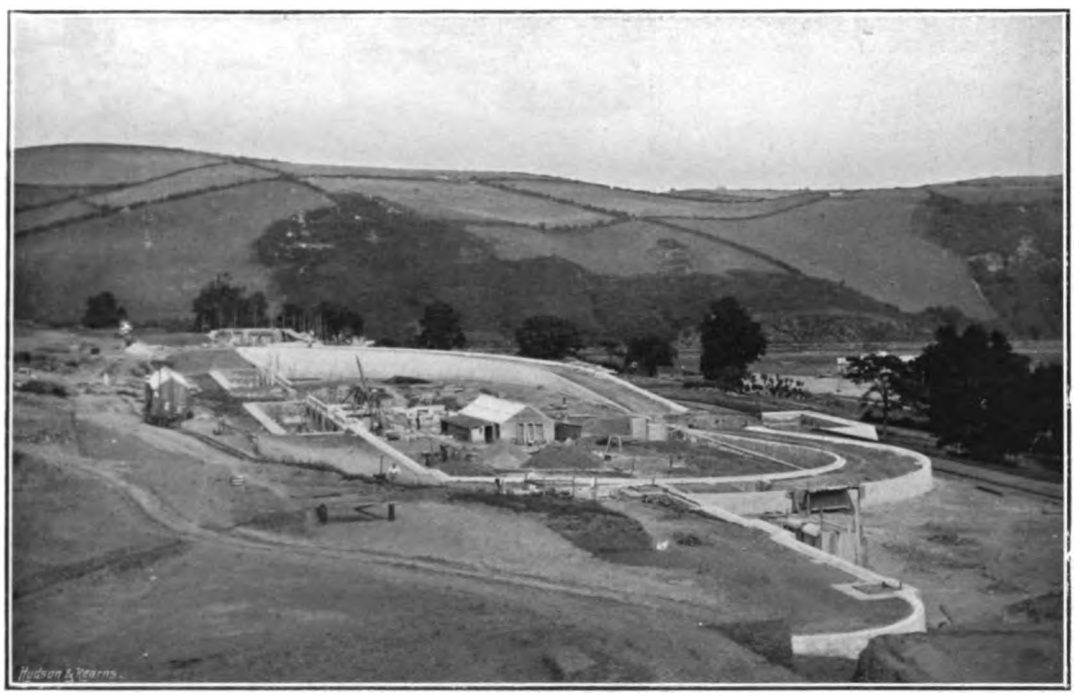
treeless plains. Grown by honest peasants for the most part, its endless recesses become the shelter of countless thieves and outlaws, and whole bands of Boxers could lie hidden in the jungle-like growth. The young green shoots make excellent fodder for animals and are extensively used. When the top ripens it is thrashed in a primitive fashion for its grain, and the stalk, being full of silica, makes excellent hedges, and is wattled for the sides and roofs of cottages, and a mud covering which is applied is almost impermeable to rain. Finally the root is dug up and makes useful fuel. Thus the humble growth gives food, shelter, and warmth for man and beast, and is an excellent illustration, as the American Consul at Tientsin has lately pointed out, of the talent of the Chinese race for doing almost everything by means of nothing. He shrewdly adds that, though they fatally lack initiative, they are not slow to recognise the merit of new methods forced upon them, which they may be persuaded to adopt, and having once adopted them, they will not give them up. Here surely is a useful hint to the Englishman.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

COLONEL BURROUGHS.

Who has Done Splendid Work in the Relief of Kumassi, and was Wounded at Kokofu.

THE revival of the Spion Kop question is an unmixed evil. After the Spanish-American War, it was pitiable to read of the dispute between the admirals anent Santiago, and we congratulated ourselves that the like could not happen at home. But the War Office, by its unhappy publication of the notorious despatches, and administering its retributary justice with an uneven hand, opened the way to the new development. It is not to be wondered at that Sir Charles Warren seeks to defend himself, though he did not write for the papers. It appears that the general did not favour the attack on the hill, which has, however, nothing to do with the question. It is more to the point that he considers Colonel Thorneycroft's retirement to have been unnecessary and precipitate, which may have been the case, as Lord Roberts thought, but Sir Charles Warren, by direction of Sir Redvers Buller, appointed Colonel Thorneycroft to command the crest, knew he was there, and did not himself visit the position. However, it appears that a new discussion was not desired.



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*

THE NEW COLLEGE FOR NAVAL CADETS AT DARTMOUTH.

Showing the Progress of the Building on the Hill above the Dart.

STRANGE are the ways of science, and multifarious the notions its professors suggest. A gentleman who bears the singular appellation of Quackenbos has recently, in the pages of an American magazine, been presenting views concerning hypnosis, immaterial principles, and sense acquisitions, which, though deeply scientific, are whimsical also. He says that in the state of hypnotism "not only does the subject share the latent knowledge, but he borrows as well the mental tone of the operator." Latent knowledge is excellent, but mental tone is perhaps better. Now, if Lord Roberts, or General French, or Ian Hamilton, for example, could have been induced to hypnotise some of our soldiers, how differently might events have happened! By successive influences, could not the qualities of various generals be embodied in a perfect generalissimo, a sort of military brain machine? At any rate we propound the idea for what it is worth to Tesla and other scientists who deal in marvels and promise even more wonderful things.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

ONE OF BRABANT'S HEROES.

The Late Lieutenant R. N. Cummings, of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

BUT, seriously, there are few things that the soldier cannot do. He succeeds as traveller, explorer, diplomatist, sportsman, author, actor, and many other things, and academic honours are showered upon him when he has distinguished himself in the nation's cause. But he is rarely found in University precincts, or academic halls outside the military circle. Captain Banning, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, is one of the exceptions, well known to military men as an instructor at Sandhurst and the author of several professional treatises. He is a B.A., and LL.B. of the Royal University of Ireland, an LL.B. of London also, and now an LL.D. of the Royal University by examination, besides having been called to the Bar at the Middle Temple. Military laurels have also fallen to the gallant officer, for he passed the Staff College with honours, and has lectured on three subjects at Sandhurst. Evidently, therefore, the phrase of Cicero, *Cedant arma togæ*, cannot be applied to Captain Banning. He weds the sword to the gown, and may be cited as an excellent type of the academic and yet active soldier.

THE sumptuary regulation which forbids Indian rulers to visit Europe, except on grounds of the highest expediency, does not mark a new departure of policy, as some have supposed, though it is perhaps extraordinary to find a Viceregal circular referring pointedly to "dereliction of public duty," and the result of European tours as "more often the collection of expensive furniture in the palace, and questionable proclivities in the mind of the returned traveller than an increase in his capacity for public or political service." The truth is that the travelled rajah, who has left his Government to a diwan, while enjoying his emoluments, may well appear superfluous at home, and is alienated from his people both by his absence and the English ideas and customs with which he comes back. The Indian Government regards a native prince as a public servant, who has important duties to perform, and has for a long time claimed and exercised the right to rebuke or even dethrone the offender. It has, in fact, just exercised the latter power in the case of the debauched Maharajah of Bharatpur. This principle was at the bottom of Lord Dalhousie's policy, and he regarded as a mischievous anomaly a native chief, who possessed unlimited licence and enjoyed full emoluments, on the system permitted by Lord Wellesley and his successors. In its final expression his own policy led to the annexation of Oudh, and, as some think, to the Indian Mutiny, but it is at the root of Lord Curzon's recent circular, which is a warning to rulers who have annexed costly European tastes. It applies, however, to comparatively few, for a satisfactory sign in India is the greater interest shown by the princes in their people, which is the fruit of good government.

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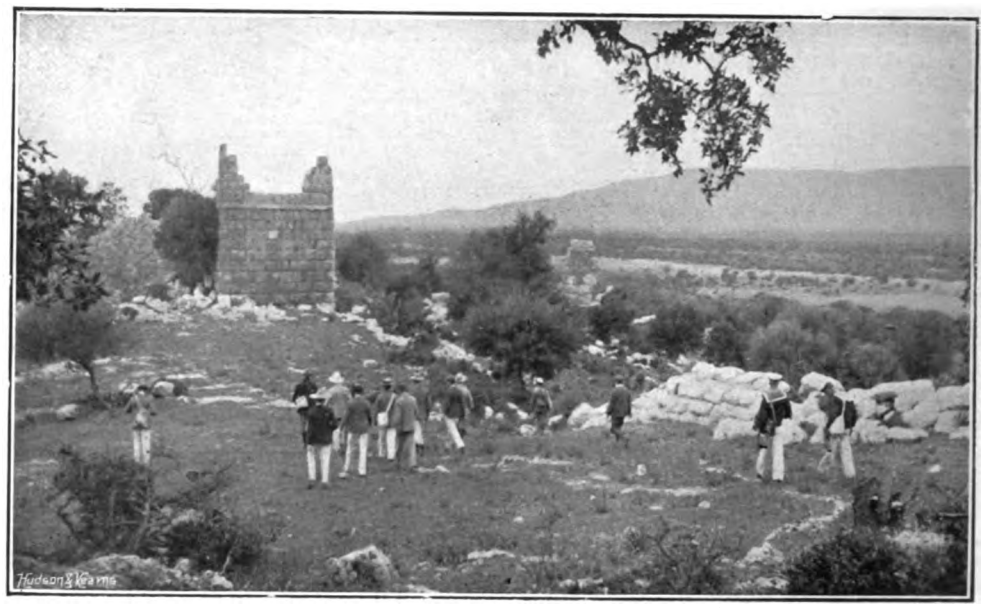
M. MENIER, chocolate manufacturer and yacht owner, is also a potentate. He is "king" of the British island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which he bought some years ago—3,000,000 acres, at five cents the acre. Shall a man not do what he likes with his own? M. Menier, at least, has no scruples. The poor Newfoundland fishermen who had squatted on the island have been evicted in cruel circumstances, and the engines of the law are in motion against the Quebec settlers, who have been bidden to depart from that island of their province. Meanwhile a French "Governor," M. Commettant, who is M. Menier's viceroy, rules the island when his master is away, and lives at the castle. An army of French workmen is employed in making roads, opening communications, and improving the harbour at Camache or Ellis Bay at the western end of the island. It is no easy matter to obtain permission even to land in the place, and settlers are barred, unless approved by M. Menier. Rod and gun are forbidden, though the sport in Anticosti is excellent. It is significant that the sale of alcoholics is entirely prohibited, lending colour to a surmise that the French fishermen who frequent St. Pierre and Miquelon and are great drunkards are about to change their headquarters to this new French preserve. The French cruiser "Isly" has surveyed the waters of Anticosti, and there are rumours that the island is being fortified. Certainly M. Menier's two steamers, in which alone imports are allowed to reach the island, cruised in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with guns projecting from their bows, threatening destruction to fishermen who dared to cast their nets within the potentate's three-mile limit. This was too much for the Dominion authorities, who called M. Menier's attention to the fact that he was not an independent sovereign, and that the revenue cruisers were equal to the situation if he should exceed his civilian rights. The status of M. Menier has been a burning question in Quebec, and may yet cause trouble, but at present he has been made to understand that the palace does not make the king. He has spent such vast sums on the place that it has been surmised the French Government is behind him.



ONE OF THE STORY-LANDS OF ANCIENT GREECE.
The Fight at Platæa is Historical.

From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

YET ONE MORE GREEK REMINISCENCE.
The Entrance to the Gate, with Its Ancient Stones.

AMONG the many things that demand the attention of the man in the street, who turns his gaze alternately from the elusive Boer to the flying Dowager, there are some things that must escape him inevitably. Yet it is worth while to record that something of the marvel of Egypt is being repeated in Cyprus. We are not creating an army, but we are organising a state. Lord Beaconsfield used to speak of the great naval and mercantile harbour to be formed there, which, indeed, is not yet an accomplished fact. But what is really encouraging is that since we took the Cypriotes in hand, and guaranteed them security, there has been a marvellous increase in their prosperity. The acreage under cereal crops, for example, has increased nearly 150 per cent., and the locust scourge is being energetically tackled. The Turks treated the island on what some historians call the "old colonial system"—happily abandoned by us long ago—of drawing everything from it that was possible and giving nothing in return. Now the taxes are equitably adjusted, and the revenue has largely increased. Agriculture is prosperous, and the vineyards cover a far larger area. The time is coming for the sponge trade and the development of the fisheries, and happiness is abroad in the land. Here is a thing for Britons to congratulate themselves upon.

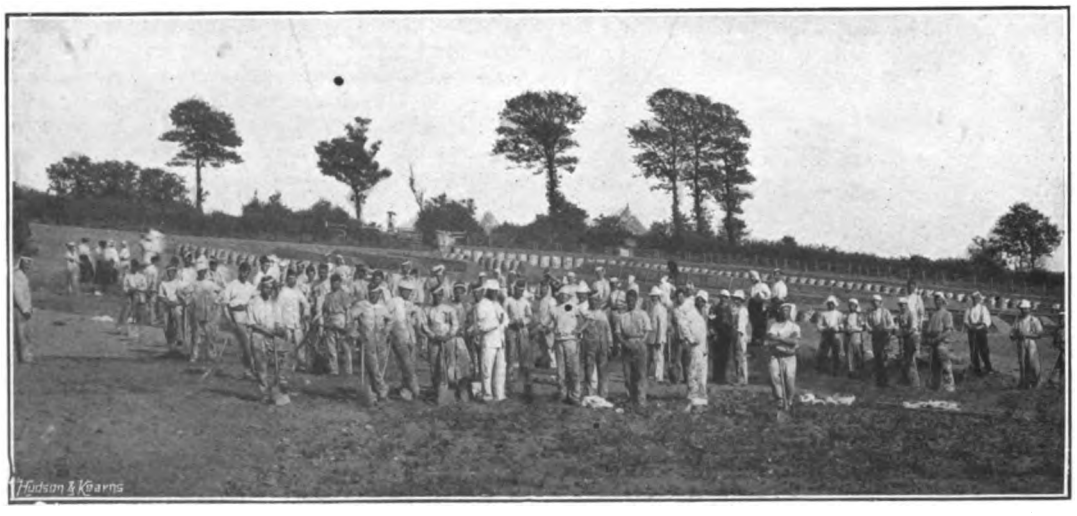


Photo. Copyright. *H. Bayzand.*

VOLUNTEER TRAINING IN DEVONSHIRE.
The 1st Devon Volunteers Entrenching at Dawlish.

EVERYONE is pleased with Lord Roberts's proclamation, which promises well for the pacification. Those Boers who have been deported to Ceylon will happily not trouble the settlement. They are in a pleasant place, however, healthily situated at Diyatalawa, 5,000ft. above the sea, where the British troops have had a sanatorium. The Boers should feel at home, for their Dutch ancestors possessed the island, which they wrested from the Portuguese, until 1796, when it was made over to the British, and many evidences of the Dutch occupation are still found in the island.

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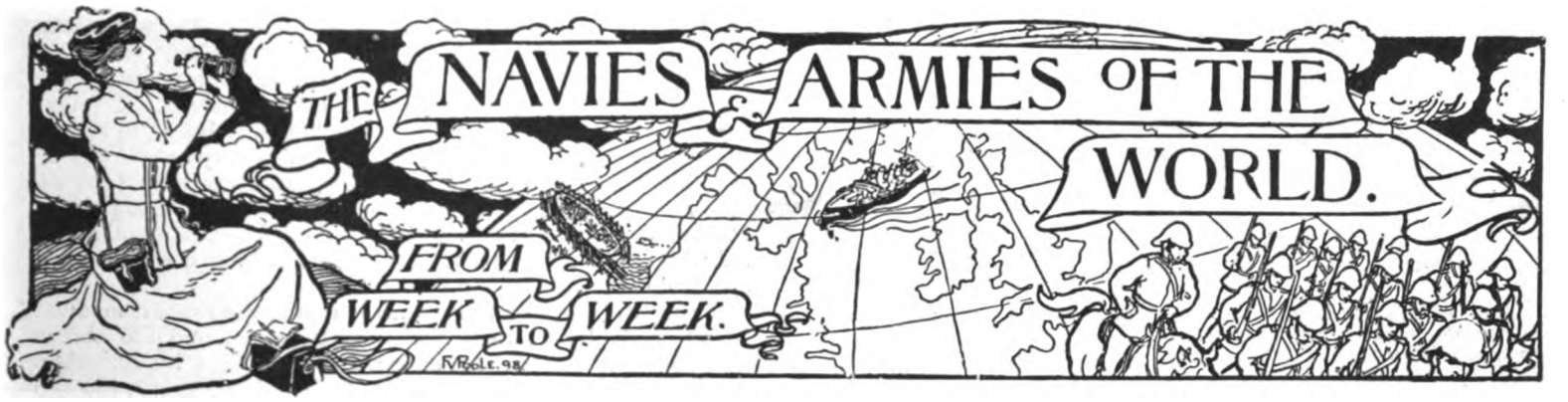

THE International Law Association, at its meeting at Rouen, has been discussing an old question of some interest to the Navy. It is the American proposal that the nations of the world should renounce the claim to capture private property at sea. If there had been no prize-money in the past, Naval history might have been very different. The Americans have always argued strongly for the view that private property should be protected against capture, though they have never acted upon it, and were under no obligation to do so, since other people would not agree with them. It must be allowed that the partisans of the American doctrine are singularly pertinacious, and that they keep on stating their case, in spite of endless disappointments. So far back as the Conference of Paris America tried to secure the acceptance of its views, and refused to renounce the right to employ privateers because it could not persuade the European Powers to agree with it. At the Hague Conference America took up the same position. Nothing is more natural than that the United States should take this line. As they are quite safe against invasion, and as there would be extreme difficulty in blockading their ports, the Americans would be invulnerable if their sea-borne commerce were protected against capture. But for that very reason it was to be expected that the European Powers would not renounce the use of the one arm they could use with effect against the United States if they did fall out.

* * * *

It is for this reason that the European Powers will not give up the claim to capture one another's merchant ships at sea, and more particularly ours. The best weapon they have against us is the destruction of our commerce, and it is no exaggeration to say that the exemption of private property from capture at sea would nearly double the effective strength of the British Navy. The proposal is that, though merchant vessels could no longer be captured when once out of port, blockade should still be allowed. Let us look at the situation which this change would create, and, to understand it better, let us begin by considering what would happen, as things stand, supposing that we were at war with an enemy possessing a fleet of any size and spirit. One of the most pressing duties imposed upon us would be the protection of our commerce, partly by patrolling the sea routes and partly by convoy. It would require a great many vessels, and nobody, so far as I know, has made a satisfactory calculation of the number which would be required, but it would certainly be considerable. Besides, the necessity for going in convoy of itself imposes a severe restriction on the movements of commerce. In peace, the merchant and shipowner can pack their goods and ship away the moment she is loaded. She can go by the shortest route, and come back so soon as she can pick up a return freight. All that is changed when convoy is used. A ship must wait till a sufficient number of others are collected to justify the employment of a squadron greater or less to protect them. Then they must go not necessarily by the shortest, but by the safest, route. Besides, all the vessels in the convoy would not be going to the same ports, and it would be necessary to pick a kind of average route. This means delay, and therefore loss to commerce. It is highly unreasonable to suppose that an enemy will relieve us of this inconvenience. But we have to think of the neutral as well as of the enemy. If, for instance, we are at war with France, it will be to the manifest interest of Germany that our shipping should continue liable to capture, because as it will go more slowly and less safely, the Germans and other nations also would have a very fair chance of picking up part of our carrying trade. It is clearly contrary to the interest of our rivals to exempt private property from capture at sea. And there is another consideration which ought to be kept in mind. As we import, and must continue to import, the greater part of our food, the neutral, who will always be safe from delay and capture, will stand a good chance of acquiring a great part of this business.

* * * *

It is true that our enemy's merchant ships would also be exempt from capture; but under what conditions? According to the American plan blockade is to be allowed. It is easy for the United States to make that concession, because when the length of their coast is allowed for, as also the immense distances and the difficulty of coaling, the work of blockading them would be as good as impossible. Anybody can safely permit the use of a weapon by which he is not likely to suffer. But the case is very different with, say, France. Her ports could be blockaded, and if we were freed from the obligation to protect our commerce, every ship in the British Navy could be used for that purpose, and in order to prevent invasion. It is hard to realise the face that would be required by the British diplomatist who should approach foreign Governments with the suggestion. In itself it would amount to nothing less than a request that they should part with the one weapon they possess against us, and not only so, but that they should agree to confer double power on one of the weapons we can use against them. Chinese mandarins will go far, and Li Hung Chang is capable of most things, but even he would blush while he presented a request of this colossal coolness to the weakest of European Ministers. For this reason alone, then, the exemption of private property at sea from capture is a pious imagination. It would be enormously to our advantage on the whole, and therefore it would be universally rejected, most naturally, for foreigners must be supposed to think of themselves first. Of course, we should lose to some extent, but our loss would be small by comparison with our gains. It is self-evident that a Navy which has most ships is best able to blockade, and that to allow it to use them for that purpose is to put it in a position to employ its power to the utmost.

* * * *

Are we fighting against the spirit of General Gordon in China? There is some reason to believe that we are. Years after he commanded the Ever-victorious Army he gave the Chinese Government a long paper of advice as to the course it ought to follow if it were ever entangled in a war with a powerful invader. One of the rules he laid down for its guidance was that it should remove its capital from Peking far into the interior, and impose upon its assailant the task of following it up. Other parts of his advice were that the Chinese should avoid pitched battles, and should use their numbers to harass the invader by incessant night alarms and attacks on his communications. The Chinese have rarely taken the advice of an outside barbarian, but if there was one to whom they might be expected to listen it was Gordon. Certainly it looks as if they were profiting by his wisdom just now. The Court has disappeared, nobody knows so far in what direction, but certainly far out of reach of the Allies at Peking. Perhaps it has gone to Sing-nan-Fu, and if so the difficulty of getting at it will be extreme. A war conducted on the lines recommended by Gordon would be a new and a most unpleasant experience. It is physically impossible that it should be waged in this fashion if the Chinese Government is obstinate. If it is told that it must be punished, it will probably prove deaf to all allurements to come back. The Dowager-Empress is not the kind of weak old lady who is likely to return to Peking to be punished when she can stay safely and with dignity at Sing-nan-Fu. So we run some risk of being put in a fix. If we remain at Peking, or even Tientsin, doing nothing she will repose at Sing-nan-Fu with a smile that is childlike and bland. If we go in pursuit of her, that will be an endless job. To have plenty of room in which to run away is in its way a defence. Gordon saw that, and put it before the Chinese with great clearness and in an engaging style. It will be strange if it is really he who is fighting against us though dead.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE British nation claims the right of being saluted first in all places as Sovereign of the Sea. This claim was formally yielded by the Dutch on February 9, 1674, after having for many years been our rivals at sea, and also by the French in 1654 and again in 1704. The right has been claimed by us since the time of King Alfred, and has nearly always been exacted.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

A National Grumbling Fit.

IT may be the result of the excessive heat in July, or perhaps of the unseasonable cold in August. It may be the price of coal. It may be the dragging on of the war. Whatever the cause, something or other has certainly got upon the nerves of the British nation. We are indulging in a fit of cantankerous ill-temper. We are having a thoroughly good all-round grumble.

The newspapers are full of grumbles and nothing else. We rail upon the Government; we gird at the railway companies; we include the Post Office and all its works in one compendious and comprehensive execration. The cyclist flies into a passion because people on foot will not obey the imperious summons of his bell. The pedestrian retorts that the cyclist is an unmitigated nuisance, and ought to be taxed and labelled and generally maltreated and crushed. The poor parson, obliged by small means and a large family to serve tables and gain daily bread outside his sacred office, complains of being expected to hold daily services. The High Churchman complains of the poor parson's complaint. The plain man regards both as nuisances, and irritably asks why these good people cannot keep their grievances for the Church papers. The Commander-in-Chief rates the Aldershot staff; the military experts rate the Commander-in-Chief either for speaking out at all or for not speaking earlier. Columns upon columns of the *Times* are filled with acrimonious disputation as to whether doctors should take part in hospital management, and whether the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society ought to have anything to do with the Bisley Homes. In ordinary times these squabbles would adjust themselves quietly enough. Two or three sensible men at a round table would soon arrive at a reasonable compromise. But when the man with a grievance insists upon rushing into print and laying lustily about him, there are soon wigs on the green and hard words bandied about, and the quarrel is lucky if it gets settled peaceably at all.

No one would deny that there is plenty to grumble at. Indeed, if Mr. Cox's definition was right, grumble is not the right word to use. "'The dictionary says "G-R-U-M-B-L-E, grumble, to complain without a cause." Now that's not my case, Mrs. Bouncer.'" So we might echo, "Now that's not our case. We are certainly not complaining without a cause." The Government is flabby and weak-kneed. There is much to give us ground for dissatisfaction in the way the war has been conducted. The Post Office is anything but the "ideal" institution that Mr. Henniker-Heaton would have it to be. The railway companies are suffering from the same slackness that affects other branches of the national organisation. All this may be granted, and yet—and yet there must be something else to account for our querulousness and irritability. It is not so much the matter, perhaps, as the manner of this universal complaining that points to the nation's need of a soothing draught and a change of air. It is the acerbity with which all our grumbles are formulated, the ferociously vindictive tone that is taken, the refusal to make allowances, the haste to impute motives—these are the grievous things that stir up anger. It is less what people say than "the nasty way they says it."

The fact is we are, as a nation, a little bit run down. We have had a trying year. Prices up and taxes up, investments down, prestige lowered, our hands full in each quarter of the globe, and little prospect of any immediate relief from our extra burdens and anxieties—all these are contributing causes, and the hot weather reduced our reserve of physical and mental energy to a very low pitch. A little while ago we were living together "quiet and amiable," like Mr. Dooley's cousins. "'Twas good for to see them settin' aroun' th' parlor—Terence spellin' out th' newspaper and his good woman mendin' socks and Honoria playin' th' 'Vale iv Avoca' on the pianny, an' th' kids r-rowlin' on th' flure." "But wan day," continues Mr. Dooley's narrative, "it happened that that whole fam'ly begun to rasp on wan another. .Honoria 'd set down at th' pianny an' th' ol' man 'd growl: 'F'r th' love iv th' saints, close down that hurdy-gurdy an' lave a man to injiye his headache!' An' th' good woman scolded Terence, an' th' kids pulled th' leg fr'm undher th' stove; an' whin th' big boy Mike come home, he found none iv them speakin' to the others."

Just the case of the British nation at the present moment. In Dooley's home, the cause was sewer-gas, and the shrewd philosopher went on to improve the occasion by remarking sagely that Anarchists were the sewer-gas of Europe, the sign that something is wrong underneath. With us, the cause is hardly so serious. We do not need a plumber yet. We need a pill or two, and a nerve tonic, and a little rest from the trials and troubles of this transitory life. If the newspapers could be suspended for a few weeks, and all the leader-writers and alarm-mongers and the irritable correspondents sent to sit on the beach at Yarmouth or Margate, we should start again fresher and saner after the interval. At present we are rasping upon one another. Legs are being pulled from under stoves in all directions.

We are paying, in point of fact, for our steadfast attitude when things were at their worst in South Africa. Any doctor will tell you that men and women often undergo great mental strain without any appearance of suffering under it at the time, but that it is bound to affect them later on. We went through our period of strain to admiration, keeping a stiff upper lip all the time, and showing the world that we had ourselves well in hand. But we are feeling the strain now. Our nerves are taking their revenge. We shall soon get over it. After the holidays we shall feel more contented. By the time there comes a touch of frost on the grass o' nights and the trees begin to stand out barely in the keen bracing October air, we shall be ourselves again. Our national grumbling fit will be over.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1760.—Capture of Zierenberg. 1798.—A French force which landed in Ireland on August 22 captured near Ballinamuck. 1800.—Malta surrendered to Major-General H. Pigot.

September 6, 1780.—Action at Perambacum. Colonel Baillie defeated Tippoo. 1781.—Fort Griswold, New London, taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre. 1886.—Distinguished Service Order instituted.

September 7, 1706.—Siege and battle of Turin. The French defeated and compelled to raise the siege. 1708.—Siege of Lisle. The covered way captured by the Confederates under Marlborough. 1807.—Surrender of Copenhagen to Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier.

September 8, 1855.—Grand assault on Sebastopol. The French took the Malakhoff, while the British assault on the Redan was at first successful but was ultimately repulsed. The Russians in the night abandoned the southern part of the town and fortifications.

September 9, 1513.—Battle of Flodden. James IV. of Scotland defeated by the Earl of Surrey. 1799.—Action on the Zuyper-Sluys. French and Dutch defeated by Abercromby. 1813.—Surrender of San Sebastian. Emanuel Rey, who had been invested since June 29, finally surrendered to the Allies under Wellington.

September 10, 1547.—Battle of Pinkie (near Musselburgh). The Duke of Somerset defeated the Scots. 1709.—Surrender of Tournay to Marlborough and Prince Eugene. 1780.—Disaster near Perambaucum. The force under Colonel Baillie surrounded by Hyder Ali and forced to surrender after a gallant resistance.

September 11, 1709.—Battle of Malplaquet. The Confederate Army, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeated the French under Villars. Both sides lost about 18,000 men. 1777.—Battle of Brandywine. Washington defeated by Lord Cornwallis. 1803.—Capture of Delhi. General Lake, having defeated a French-Mahratta force, took possession of the city. 1842.—Major-General Pollock defeated the Afghans under Akbar Khan at Tezeen, near Cabul.

September 12, 1814.—Battle of Baltimore. Americans defeated by Major-General Ross. 1897.—Saragheri Fort (North-West Frontier) captured by rebel tribesmen, and the Sikh garrison exterminated.

———

SEPTEMBER 5, 1781.—Action between Graves and De Grasse off the Chesapeake. 1800.—Capitulation of Malta, blockaded by a squadron from the Mediterranean Fleet. 1895.—The "Venus" launched.

September 6, 1808.—Capture of the French "Diligente," 22, by the "Recruit," 18, Captain Charles Napier.

September 7, 1798.—Capture of the French "Flore," 32, by the "Phaeton," 36, and "Anson," 44, off the coast of Brittany. 1801.—Capture and sinking of the French "Flèche," 18, by the "Victor," 18, off the Seychelles. 1807.—Surrender of Copenhagen after bombardment by Admiral Gambier's fleet and land forces. 1870.—Foundering of the "Captain"—472 lives lost. 1892.—The "Onyx" launched.

September 8, 1541.—Captain Thomas Spert, commander of the "Henri Grace à Dieu," and first Master of Trinity House, died. 1786.—Establishment of first training-ship in the Thames. 1811.—Action between the "Hotspur," 36, and seven French gun-brigs, off Calvados. 1881.—The "Conqueror" launched.

September 9, 1840.—Bombardment of Beyrout by Admiral Stopford and Commodore Charles Napier.

September 10, 1759.—Action between Pocock and D'Aché, off Ceylon. 1891.—Sir Nowell Salmon promoted Admiral.

September 11, 1809.—Capture of the Dutch "Zephyr," 14, by the "Diana," 10, off Celebes, the "Zephyr" being assisted by five gun-boats.

September 12, 1799.—Capture of the Dutch "Draak," 18, and "Gier," 14, off the Texel, by the "Arrow," 24. 1828.—Captain Sir Andrew Snape Hamond died.

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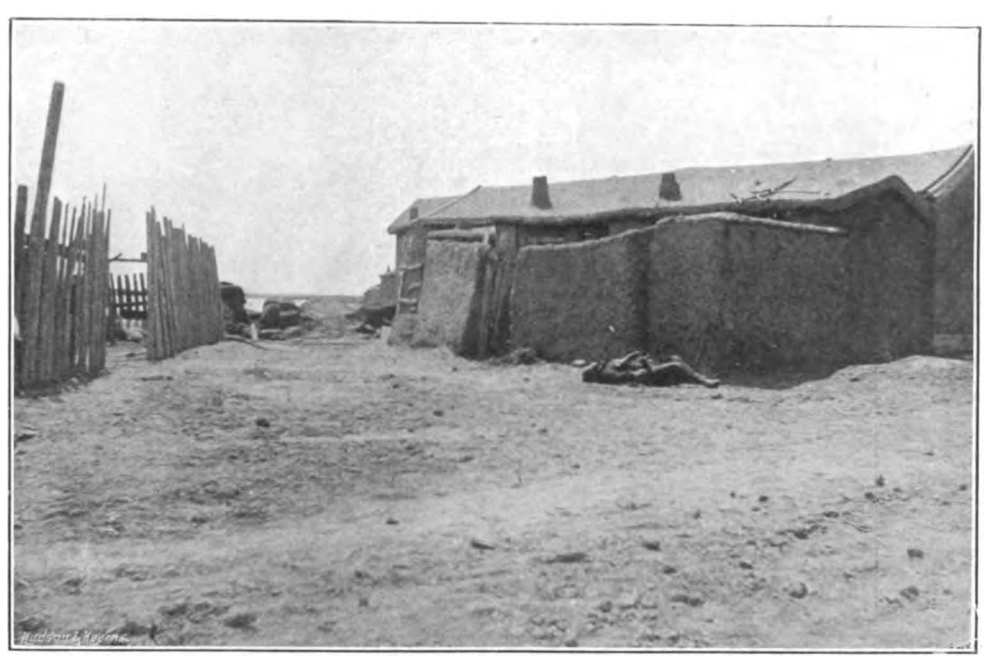
From Chinese Battlefields.

SCENE OF THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTING.
Near the South Gate, where Colonel Liscombe, 9th American Regiment, was Killed.

SILENCING THE ENEMY'S ARTILLERY.
Lieutenant Drummond and the Gun's Crew of the "Terrible's" 12-pounder in Action.

The Capture of Tientsin City.

HONOURING THE BRAVE AFTER VICTORY.
The Japanese Strewing the Graves of Their Dead with Flowers.



JUST RUSHED BY THE ALLIED TROOPS.
A Chinese Palisade Outside the City, a Favourite Sniping Spot.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer at the Front.

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Army and Navy Boxing Championship.

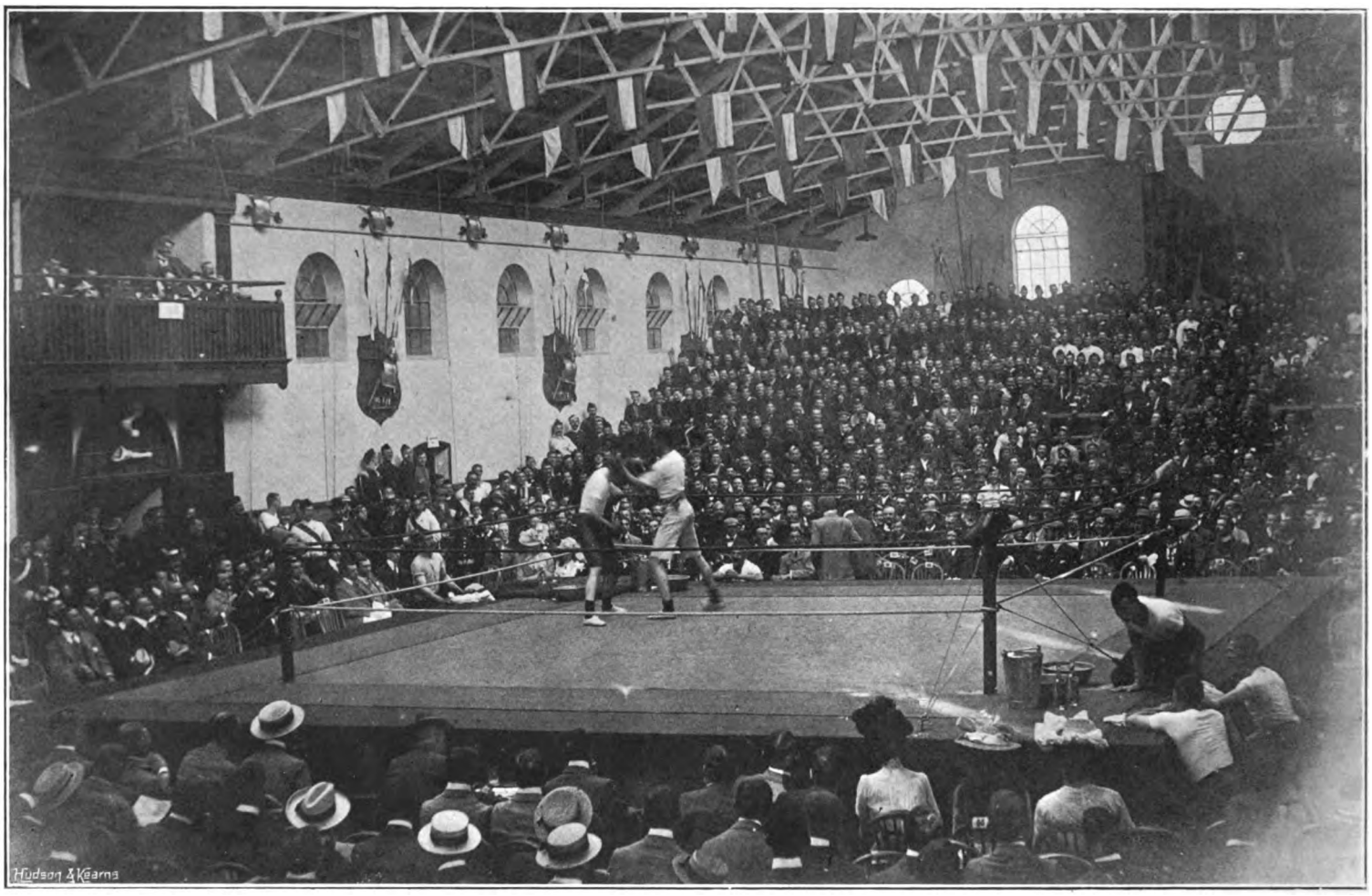
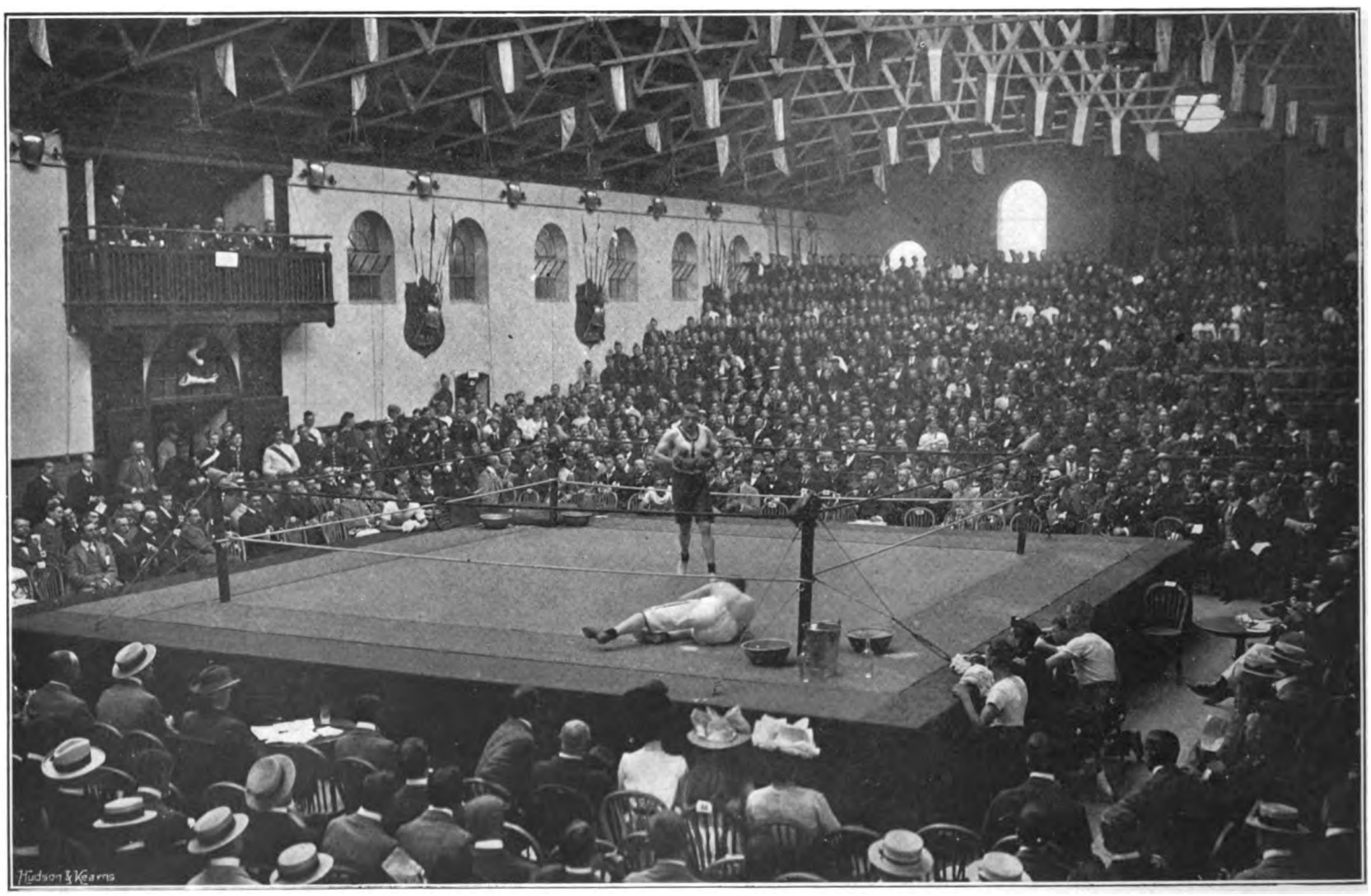


Photo. Copyright Cummings.

OFFICERS, MIDDLE-WEIGHTS.

Lieutenant G Tanqueray-Willaume, R.M.A., v. Captain C. A. Booth, 5th Manchesters



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RANK AND FILE, MIDDLE-WEIGHTS.

Able-Seaman J. Skinner, "Pembroke," v. Private G. Roache, Grenadier Guards.

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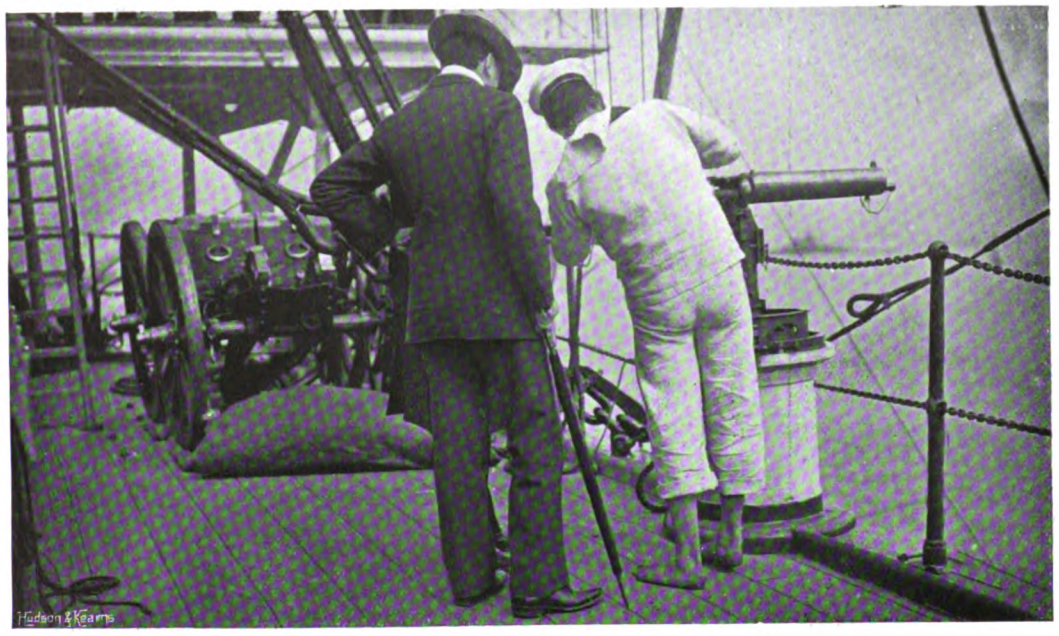
A Visit to One of Her Majesty's Ships.

ADMIRATION.
The First Glance at the Monster.

CONDESCENSION.
The Officer of the Watch Dilates.



EXPLANATION.
A Lesson in Handling a Maxim.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

CONSTERNATION.
"Excuse Me, Madam: The Queen's Paint!"

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With Ian Hamilton Across the Vaal.

PROGRESSING WELL TO THE FRONT.
Scouts of the 10th Hussars Crossing the Vaal by the Villiersdorp Drift.

DURING THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.
The Band of the Derbyshires Playing in the Market Square at Heidelberg.

ARTILLERY HALTED BY THE WAY.
Giving Much-needed Rest and Refreshment for both Men and Horses with the Guns

From Photos. taken specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer.

IT is one of the inevitable conditions of war that it makes and mars reputations, and the present war in South Africa has been no exception to the rule. The reputations which have suffered it would be unkind to indicate. There are men who have borne themselves well and have fought gallantly, as was expected of them; there are others who, favoured perhaps a little by fortune, have come prominently to the front by virtue of a combination of energy and skill. Two typical instances are Generals Ian Hamilton and French.

With General French we have no immediate concern, save that it would be impossible to omit his name in such a connection. Our present business is with General Ian Hamilton and the brilliant work he has done and is continuing to accomplish. "The brunt of the fighting yesterday fell on Ian Hamilton's column" was a part of Lord Roberts's telegram to the War Office on May 30, and then the veteran Field-Marshal—than whom no better judge of war exists—went on to describe how the Gordons and the City Imperial Volunteers cleared some kopjes and ridges which the enemy held most obstinately. This, however, was to the north of the Vaal.

It was on May 26 that General Ian Hamilton's Division crossed into the Transvaal. One of our pictures shows the advanced scouts of the 10th Hussars crossing the river at Villiersdorp Drift, and it brings into prominence the nature of the country and the pathway leading away between the hills. There is no doubt that if the Boers had chosen to make a serious stand here, the nature of the country, lending itself as it does to their mode of fighting, would have interposed many difficulties in the way of our advance.

We were told that they were going to stand at the Rhenoster River, where General Ian Hamilton's Division on the British right began the advance designed to drive the enemy back to the Vaal. The movements of the British forces, however, evidently puzzled the enemy, and the threat of attacking their communications caused them to withdraw, in spite of their skilfully prepared rifle-pits and carefully fortified kopjes. Then came the threat of a really serious resistance at the Vaal, but the idea of fighting seems to have been abandoned at the last moment, and Ian Hamilton got across the river. That there was a good deal of fight left in the enemy is shown, however, by the action, of which mention has been already made, that occurred four days later to the south of Johannesburg. Meanwhile, Heidelberg had necessarily been occupied, and while one of our pictures portrays a battery of Artillery halting on the way to that town, another shows the band of the Derbyshires playing in the Market Square. It is a scene which is certainly not suggestive of the stern realities of war, but it is indicative of the calm confidence which is inspired by the presence of British troops.

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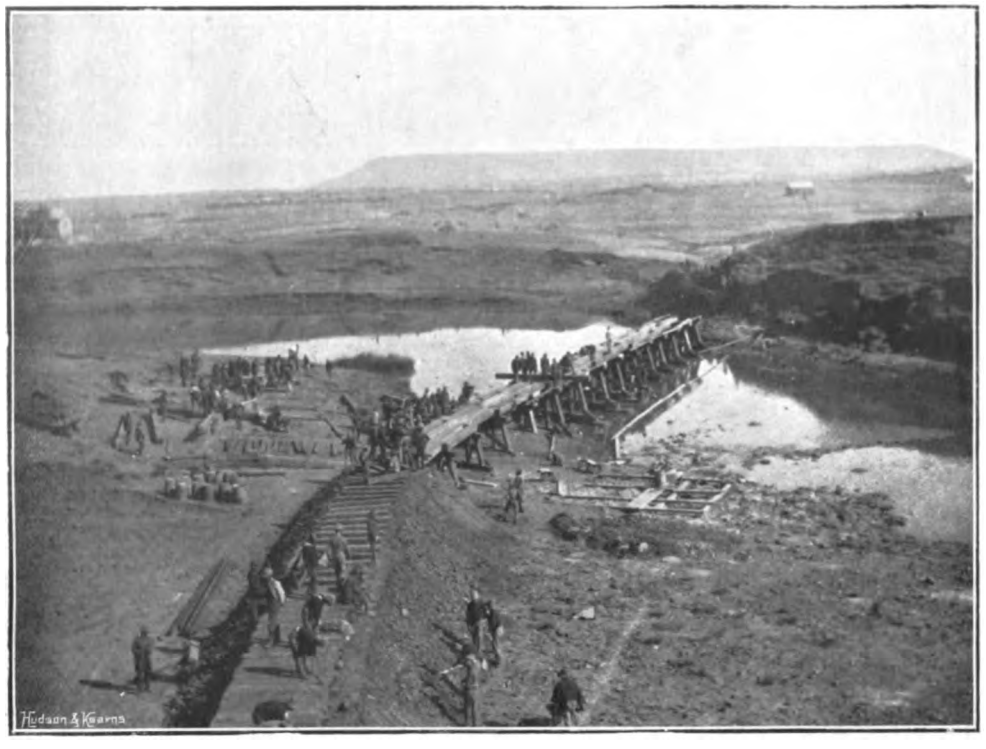
To Standerton WITH Clery.

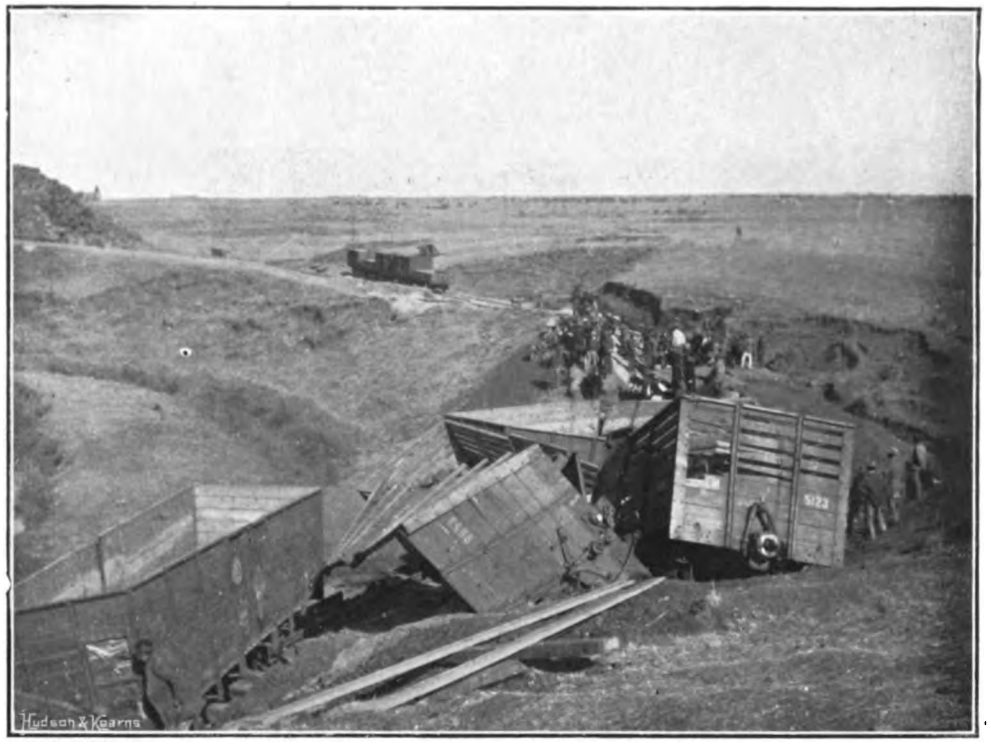
THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH IN THE FIELD.
Working Ready to Erect a Pole.

HOW THE ORDINARY WORK IS DONE.
Carrying the Reel Across the Veldt.

Telegraphists AND Engineers At Work.



AN IMPORTANT CONSTRUCTION ON THE VAAL.
Constructing the Great Railway Deviation at Standerton.



THE SCENE ON THE STANDERTON LINE.
Showing Part of the Smash Caused by the Boers.

A Correspondent sends us a letter which will explain our last two pictures. The others need no explanation. He says: "Last night we were all awakened by a terrific smash on the new railway deviation here, which has been laid to avoid the broken Vaal Bridge. The new track was finished yesterday evening, and the first train was to run over it this morning, but about 2 a.m. some blackguard slackened the brakes on a train of goods trucks which were standing on a siding in the station. They ran down a very sharp incline on the new track, derailed at a sharp curve, and piled themselves in picturesque confusion on the line. Luckily no damage was done except the ploughing up of a few yards of the permanent way; but the loss of several excellent trucks, which telescoped, is a pity." The Standerton railway deviation made necessary by the destruction of the Vaal Bridge has been one of the biggest pieces of work undertaken by the Royal Engineers, and it was carried through with a celerity that astonished the Boers.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer.

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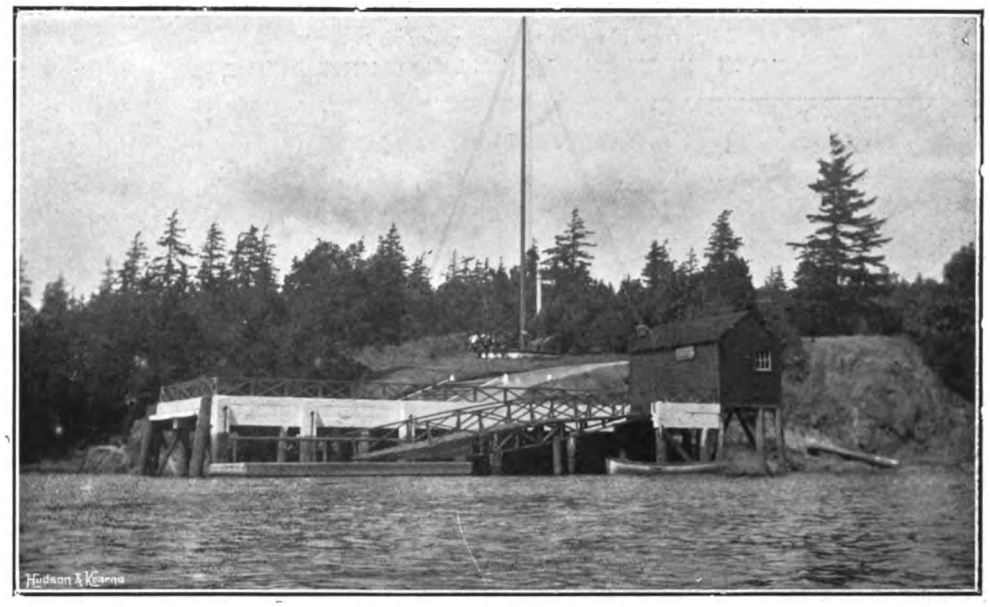
The Royal Naval Hospital, Esquimalt, B.C.

THE QUARTERS FOR OFFICERS.
Pleasantly Situated in the Grounds.

THE only Naval hospital on the Pacific station is situated at Esquimalt, its grounds being on the borders of the pretty harbour, making it convenient for landing the patients from the various ships direct without any tedious journey on land. One of our pictures is of the landing-stage, with the flagstaff which makes it one of the landmarks from the harbour. The road up to the hospital buildings is exceedingly pretty, having a fine avenue of maple trees, and passing through well-kept and nicely-arranged flower-beds, for the present medical officer in charge, Staff-Surgeon P. B. Handyside, M.B., is an enthusiastic gardener, and with the help of a couple of willing Chinamen keeps the place in a most attractive condition. Another picture gives a view of a pretty little summer-house which is a favourite spot for the convalescents.

The hospital buildings are of red brick, with cool and shady verandahs in front of them, and being of comparatively recent date, are airy and exceedingly light and cheerful. The medical officer's house is on the main road through the grounds, with the officers' quarters standing a little further back on one side, and the general buildings, which consist of wards, kitchen, dispensary, and stores, behind, separated from the house by a large square lawn, the whole being well above sea level. It is a most comfortable, pretty, and healthy little hospital, but hardly large enough for the requirements of the ships on the station.



THE HOSPITAL LANDING-STAGE.
Typical of Vancouver Island Scenery.

FAVOURED BY CONVALESCENTS.
A Summer-house in the Garden.

AMID THE MAPLE TREES.
The Quarters of the Medical Staff.

From photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Naval Officer.

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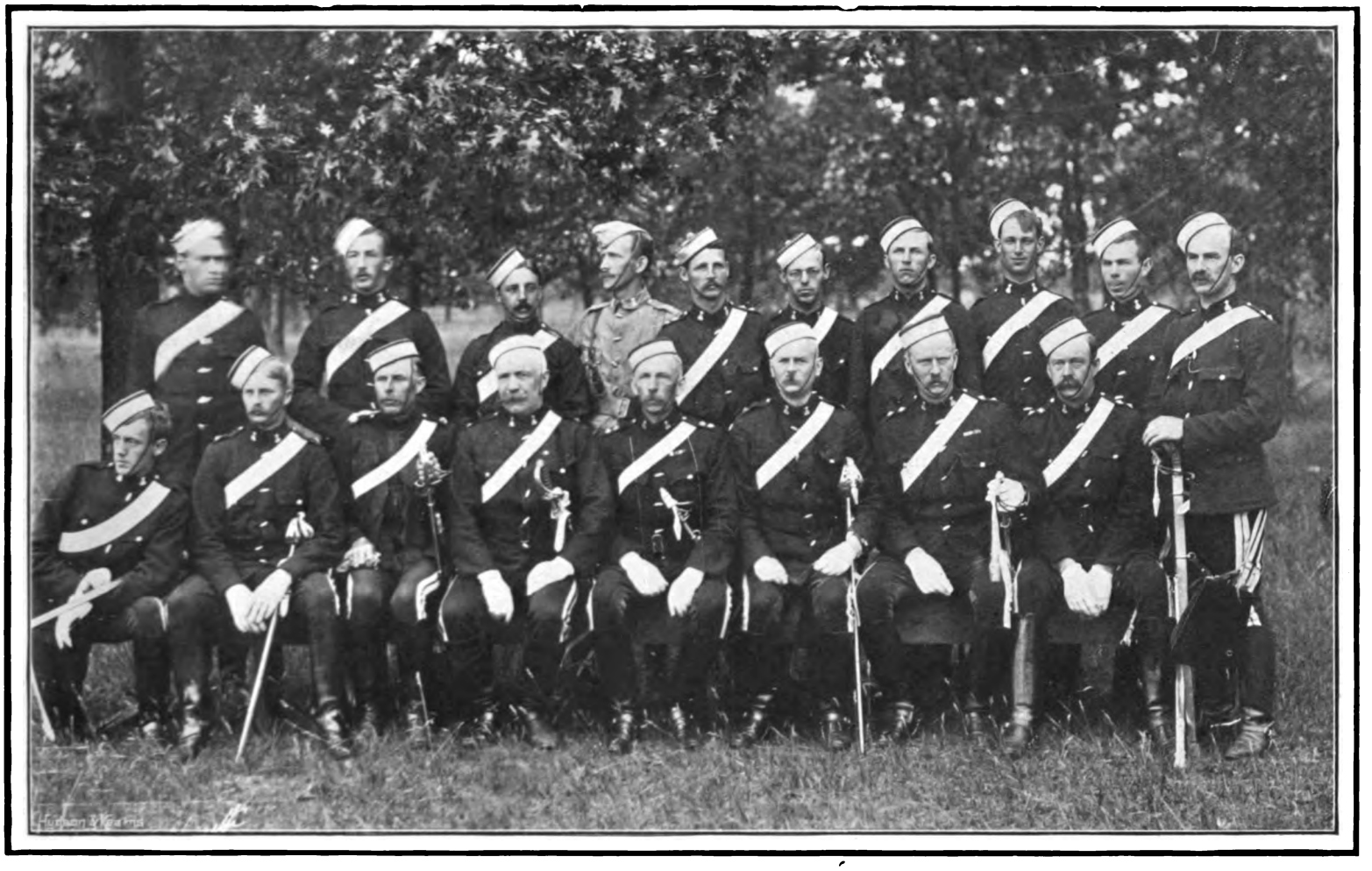
The Body-guard of the Governor-General of Canada.



GOOD EXEMPLARS OF THE TRUE IMPERIAL SPIRIT.

The Officers of the Governor-General's Body guard and Their Servants.

Photos. Copyright. *Galbraith.*

WORTHY SOLDIERS AND VALIANT TRENCHER-MEN.

The Men of the Governor-General's Body-guard at Tea.

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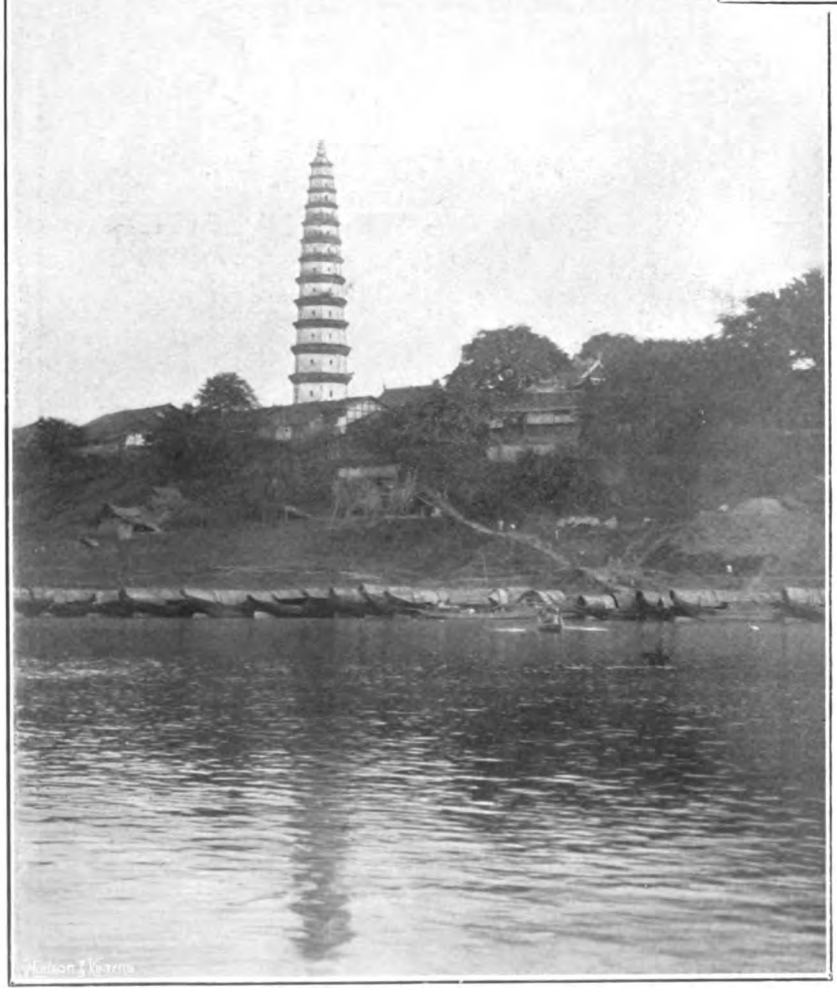
Scenes on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

THE Yang-tse is of especial interest to Englishmen. Shanghai is near its mouth, and this is practically an English settlement. Higher up the river, town after town has its British population, and the idea is certainly very generally entertained in this country that Great Britain ought not to permit the interference of any European Power in the valley of the Yang-tse or in the enormous system of canals connected with the river. The Yang-tse is, indeed, the highway to Central China, and though interrupted by rapids, these would probably be got rid of by blasting or otherwise, if the country were in the hands of a progressive Government. The river flows through several provinces, and from Hu-nan on the south, and Hu-pei on the north, the two forming the ancient province of Hu-Kwang. Both provinces are extremely fertile, and a very active trade is carried on along both banks of the river. The tea grown in the neighbourhood of Wu-chang-fu, the capital of Hu-pei, is famous among connoisseurs of the herb; and the bamboo paper manufactured in the city is extensively exported.

The southern province is rich in minerals, but, of course, under Chinese rule its wealth has not been properly developed. Many a fortune lies here for the European of the future who will have the opportunity of exploiting these mineral riches; but, naturally, few people would care to embark the necessary capital until assured of the support of a stable government. That, in the present day, is the one great difficulty in China. The dominant Manchus are alien from the Chinese themselves. The mass of the population is lethargic, and is rarely stirred into action. Never yet has it been induced to combine against the mongrel race sprung from Mongols and the Kin Tartars, who conquered it in the seventeenth century, after a war which lasted twenty-seven years.

People who know China say that the Manchus are hated by the real Chinese. It may be so, but the Manchus are the dominant power within the territory with which

IGNORANT OF ITS IMPENDING DOOM.
A Cock about to be Slaughtered in Order that Its Blood and Feathers may Bring Good Luck.



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A VIEW ON THE UPPER YANG-TSE.
A Pagoda, Typical of Many Seen by the River

Europeans are acquainted, and the western parts of the Empire—the portion watered by the head waters of the Yang-tse—are very little known. They may have been traversed, but the ordinary man knows little about the views entertained by the population. Many of the Viceroys of provinces, moreover, are in a semi-independent position. As long as they send the necessary tribute to Peking they are practically free to do as they please, and the effect of this is to diminish the possibility of the growth of any real national feeling. It is perhaps as well for Western civilisation that this is the case, for an aggressive and united nation of about 400,000,000 would constitute a danger that even united Europe could not regard with equanimity.

To deal with this at length, however, would open up a discussion which could not be properly pursued in our columns. It will suffice to draw the attention of our readers to the two typical scenes of Chinese life on the Upper Yang-tse which are illustrated in our pictures. In the first place we have a pagoda, and the point to be noted is that the Chinese pagoda, or "Ta," is not in the least like the Indian pagoda, either in appearance or in object. Properly speaking it is not a temple at all; it is generally a memorial of some great man or event, and is usually erected to bring good luck to the district. If, for instance, the local candidates in the Imperial examinations have failed to bring honour upon their town, a pagoda is erected on some conspicuous site, and then, if some local candidate comes out (let us say) as Senior Wrangler, and obtains a lucrative appointment, the credit is given not to his diligence in study, but to the good luck conferred on his home by the pagoda. In the same way, if a city is afflicted with an epidemic of poverty or disease, the remedy is obvious—put up a pagoda!

Our other picture shows a cock waiting to be executed, when its blood and feathers will be sprinkled on the bow of the boat to prevent the craft from being wrecked in the rapids.

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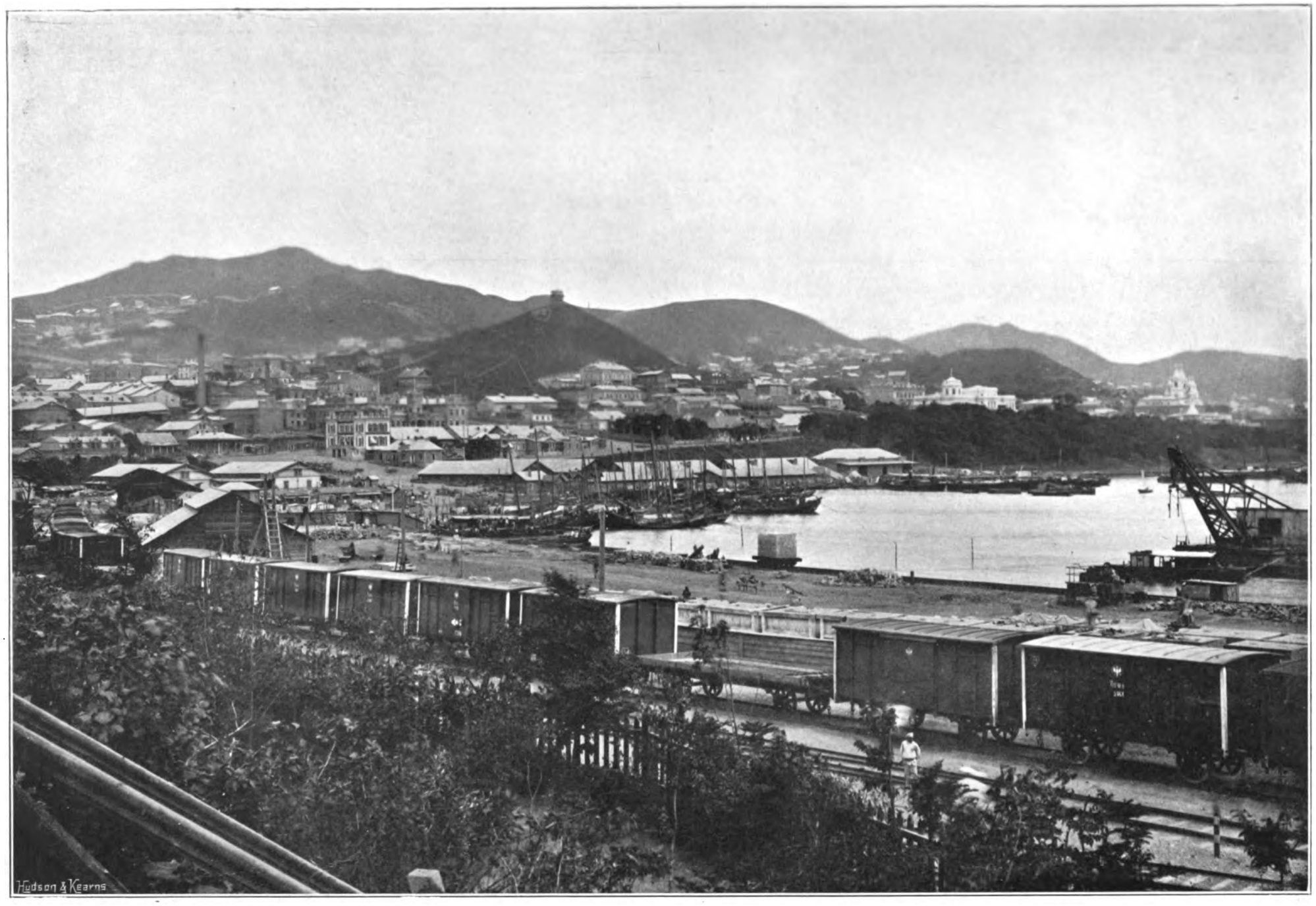

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THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF VLADIVOSTOK.

The port of Vladivostok was long the only Russian Naval station in the Far East. It lies at the extreme south of the maritime province on the borders of the Sea of Japan, but though commodious, it suffers from the great disadvantage of being ice-bound for several months in the year, a defect, from the strategic point of view, not to be overlooked. Moreover, the outlet to the ocean was through passages commanded by the Japanese. With the acquisition of Port Arthur, the value of Vladivostok has diminished, though it is still of the utmost importance to Russia. A glance at the map will show that there is a vital strategic relation between the two ports and will at once explain the envious eye with which the Russians regard Korea, since the peninsula divides the two stations. Vladivostok is a large place, and has been provided with all necessary docks and works to fit it as a Naval base. Its importance grew as the Trans-Siberian Railway approached.

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National Types at the Paris Exhibition.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

1.—Fair Herzegovians think the Show Fine, but Probably Long for Their Native Mountains.
2.—The Moors, after Seeing the Exhibition, Declare that if the French Occupy Fez They will Capture Paris.
3.—American Marines at the Opening of the American Pavilion.
4.—A Normandy Maiden and Her Paris Cousin.
5.—Two Sturdy Bretons.
6.—A Fair Waitress at a Tunisian Cafe.
7.—My Ladies' Black Attendant from Madagascar.
8.—An Astonished Arab from Tunis.

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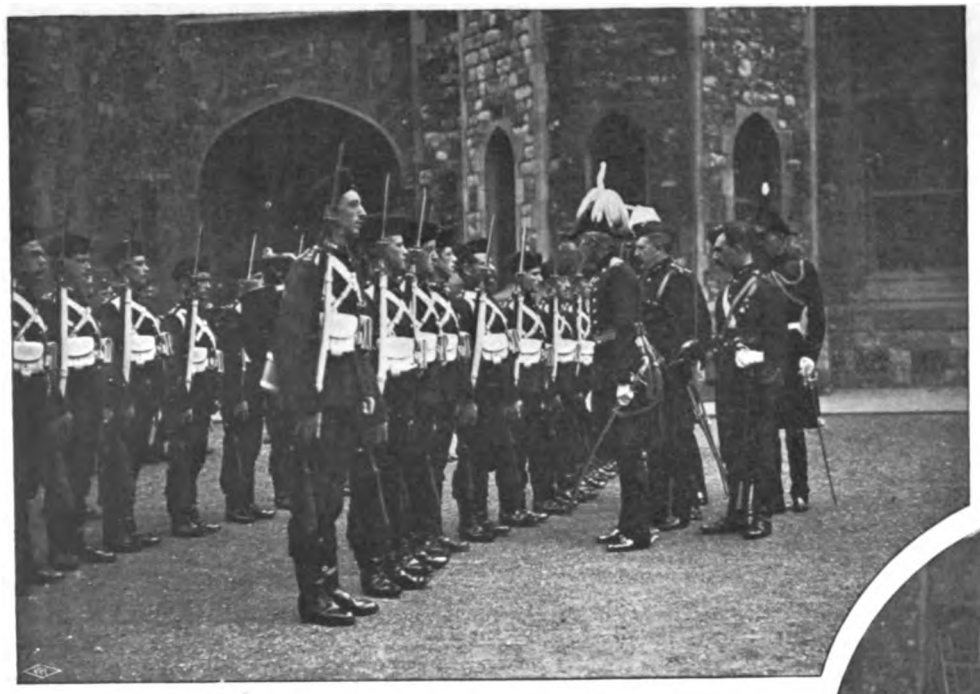
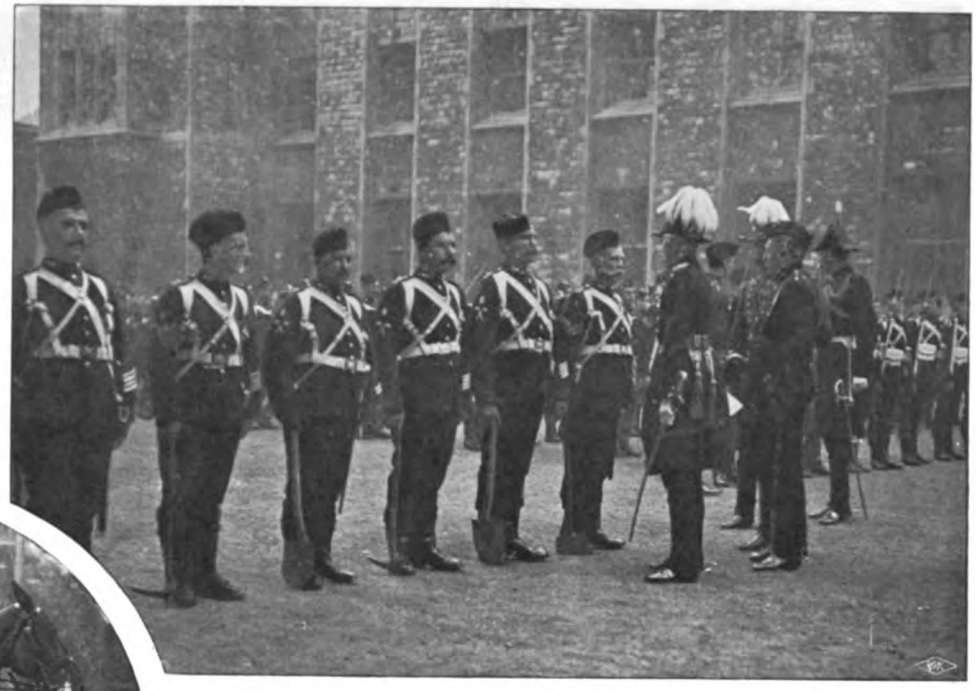
The Seventh Battalion Royal Fusiliers.



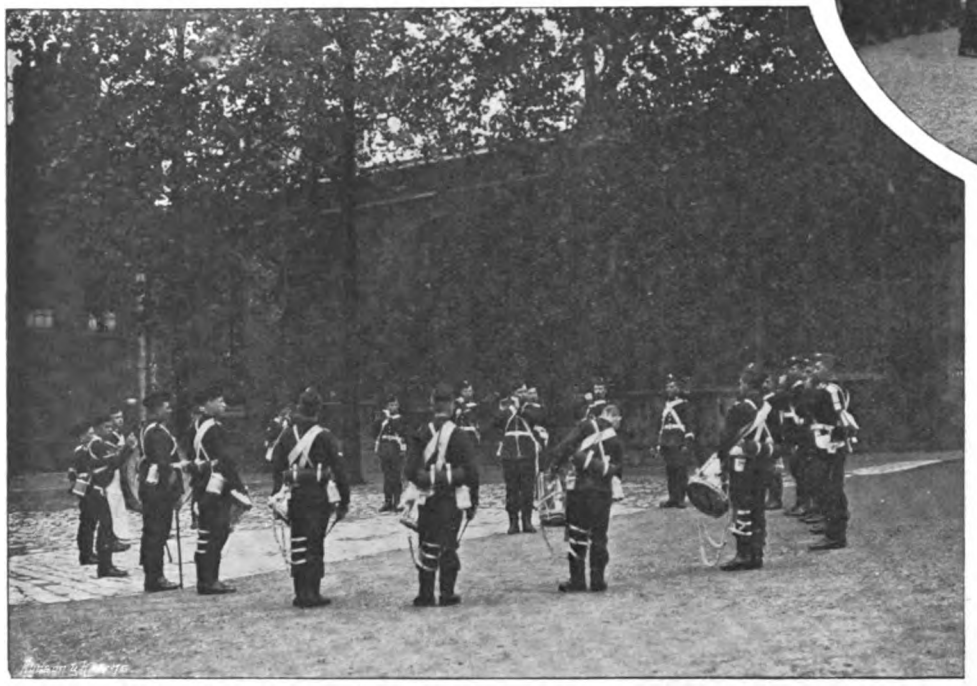
INSPECTING THE FRONT RANK
A Keen-eyed Critic.



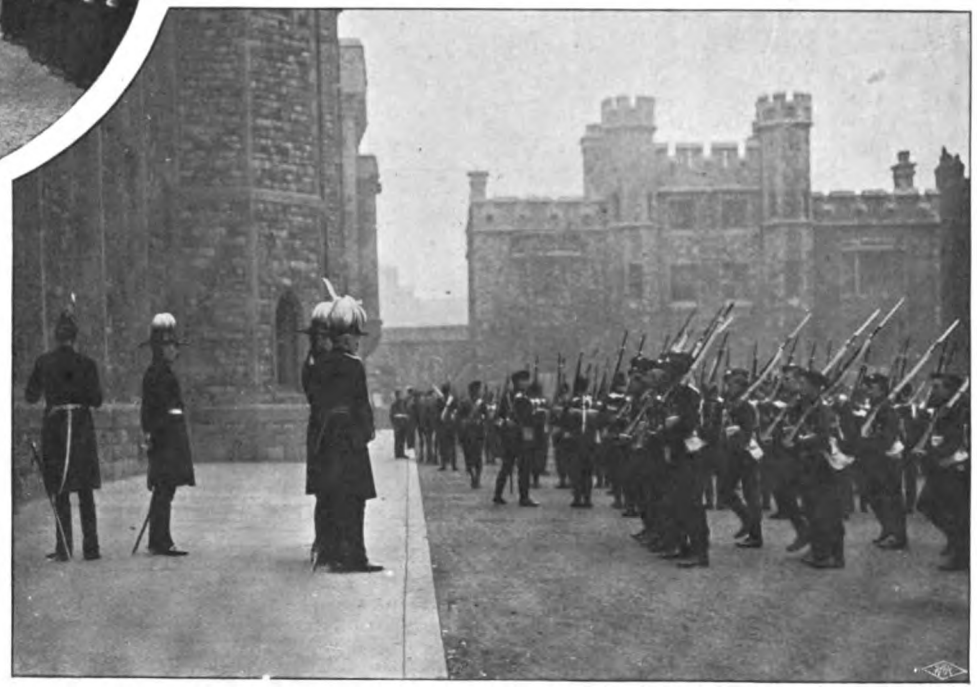
VETERANS TRIED AND TRUE.
The Pioneers of the Battalion.

THE ADJUTANT.
Captain S. T. B. Lawford.

At the Tower OF London.



TO MUSIC'S MARTIAL STRAINS.
A Pleasant Accompaniment.



THE CLOSE OF THE INSPECTION.
The Battalion Re-forms.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

HOW HE FAILED AS A HORSE MARINE.

IT has been represented to me that in recalling what I believe to be of public interest in the life of Captain Daly, my tendency has been to draw rather on those facts which redounded to his credit than on the more typical every-day extravagances of his career. Indeed, it has been objected that, in the episodes I have sketched, he figures rather as a genius of erratic moods than the witty Merry Andrew his contemporaries were content to account him. However that may be, I am fain to admit that not every mad prank Daly played ended in triumph, although I claim for him that the tale of his successes in tight places was phenomenal.

An incident in which Daly notably failed arose out of his capture of the "Bloody Bunker," an American vessel sailing on a private account under the French flag in the year 1812, and this is the way in which it arose:

When the captured vessel was safely beached upon the shelving foreshore of San Gengulpo Bay, her prize crew, consisting literally of a man and a boy, to wit, Captain Daly of the Horse Grenadiers, and Master Arthur Quilliam of His Majesty's donkey frigate "Souterrain" (popularly "Soup-tureen"), proceeded, for want of a suitable boat, to launch their persons upon the waters and half swim, half wade, to dry land.

Here they were enthusiastically received by the Horse Grenadiers and the inhabitants of San Gengulpo village, including the Padre, who had a remarkable command of the English language, and the innkeeper, who, overjoyed at the rescue of his daughter and the discomfiture of the sea-wolves, produced his best of everything for the comfort of his visitors.

The Horse Grenadiers one and all waxed merry—Major Appleby, Captain Daly, Cornet Le Mesurier, and the few other officers—with Master Quilliam, the Padre, the Alcalde, and one or two such notables, in the best room of the inn; the rest of the squadron made themselves at home elsewhere, more than one of them, alas! in the gutter, for the local tap was heady beyond words, and cavalry don't capture a pirate every day.

The rising moon saw the fun begin just as was also beginning everyone's second bottle, excepting that of the midshipman, who, having to support alone the dignity of his profession, was careful to be half a pint ahead of the company. Everyone was eating and drinking and telling stories at once, the Spanish in English and the English in Spanish, and no man was or wanted to be particularly intelligible to another. All were jolly and most were drunk; and what makes a better end to a pleasant evening than a wet night?

Cornet Le Mesurier sang, and Captain Daly sang, and Major Appleby more than once tried to sing, but it was not until the Alcalde had requested the company to "Errant and erro-ar leekay terrooay Berritish saeelors," that the enthusiasm reached its zenith. Then Appleby, getting on his iegs for the seventh time, proposed "The British Navy, coupled wif name of Horsh Grenadiers," and then, "The naval exploitsh of our gallant shelves."

As the second toast was a-drinking, Master Quilliam, fresh to the mannerisms of the Horse Grenadiers, felt called upon to protest against their flippancy. Having already bowsed up the jib, he had now to bowse himself up with a hitch of the tablecloth, in order to assume the perpendicular; but even then his commanding figure failed to attract attention, and he had to make his infinitely difficult way first to the seat of his chair, and thence to the centre of the table, treading on glasses left and right, before any notice was taken of him.

"Hooray! That's right. Give us a hornpipe," cried someone.

Master Quilliam frowned, and thrust his right arm in his breast: "I represent the Navy here," said he; "the toast should have been coupled with me. As for the Horse Grenadiers, most hospitable regiment, I'm sure, but what are their naval exploits?"

There was silence such as if a thunderbolt had fallen. Then "Shlay these men wif decanters," cried Appleby, angrily. But Daly rose to his feet and prevented the hostile demonstration. His voice was fairly sober if his mind was not.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "it is but too true. I confess it never occurred to me before, but we Horse Grenadiers can point to no naval exploits to speak of in our regimental records." Cries of "Oh," and "question." "No, gentlemen, absolutely none," he reiterated, "and I think you will all agree with me that this is a lamentable state of things." Cries of "scandalous." "But I think I may be justified in attributing it to lack of opportunity." "Of course; what else?" "Now, gentlemen," said Captain Daly at the top of his voice, so as to be heard above the growing clamour, "that opportunity has arisen."

"Eh?" cried the company; starting to their feet, as many as could find them.

"Certainly," said Daly. "The opportunity has arisen; a vessel of small burden, it is true, but big enough to make a beginning with, is at our disposal."

Tremendous cheers, over which Daly continued, in ringing tones: "Let us go forth and win laurels on the sea."

"Rural Britallier!" cried Appleby. "I'm captain, of course?"

"I shall be happy to serve under such a distinguished officer," replied Daly; and as the Major bumped his nose on the table in an effort to bow, he continued: "And I think as master, as navigating officer in other words, there could be no more suitable, more welcome appointment, all things considered, than that of our honoured guest, Mister Quilliam, whose lengthy service in a King's ship—eighteen months at the very least—has given him an exceptionally erudite knowledge of the scientific side of that profession to which we shall all for the moment be honoured to belong. May I ask that appointment from you, sir?" this, turning to Appleby.

"Certainly," said the Major; "most shootable in every way. Though mind ye, I understand the prisselples of shemenship m'self," and he commenced to recite:

> "Man the sheet anchor! Let the mainmast fly,
> And rend in shousand shrivering sheds on high!
> Let the loud bowsprit all in topsails tore,
> And stuttering imitate the sundry roar!
> For he who strives the taffrail to disarm,
> Will not, of course, impale his larboard arm."

Of the value of which counsel Master Quilliam seemed in doubt, although his disciplinary training had been too severe to encourage him to openly question the wisdom of a senior.

"I shall be delighted to act as master," said he.

"And I'll be delighted to take any post you give me," cried Le Mesurier.

"And I'll take on all or any one of the others," echoed someone else.

"And begorra, if you'll give the chaplain combatant rank, I'll offer mesilf for the same."

All turned in amazement, to see that it was the Padre who spoke.

"Indade," said he, "ye may think it a quare thing now, seein' that I left my native town of Wexford becas of an indiscretion, involvin' the rapid movement of a rigmint of yeomanry during the thrubbles; but shure it's mesilf that can distinguish betwixt the British soldier fightin' aginst liberty and fightin' for it, and I'll take it very kindly of you to let me accompany the expedition in any capacity, barrin' that of spectator."

"What are your qualificasuns, my man?" babbled the Major, who experienced some difficulty in grasping the situation.

"Faith," answered the Padre, "I haven't had your lordship's advantage of being always at sea; but I daresay I can take my trick at the wheel as well as one or two here."

"That's all right," Appleby answered, benignly; "consider that settled. You're 'pointed er—wheelwright—no, make it pow'er-monkey, wif extry penny a day actin' co'p'ral o' marines. Note that, Mr. Daly, if you please. Date from to-day."

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Presently all that were left seaworthy of the party walked, ran, rolled, or fell downstairs, and thence proceeded in the same manner to the beach, followed by some twenty of the Horse Grenadiers, who volunteered to share their fortunes.

The "Bloody Bunker's" spars in silhouette against the moon enabled them to find her without great difficulty, although the majority of the party elected to approach her by winding and circuitous paths, the pursuit of which occupied much unnecessary time. At considerable risk of drowning they waded out, the less drunk carrying their more fortunate brethren, and by means of all sorts of dexterous shifts, one after the other clambered or was hoisted on board, Appleby going up with a tackle under his armpits, and making extraordinary gyrations before he reached the deck of the ship which was to be the scene of his exploits.

The cold water and the violent exercise had the result of sobering the party a little, or perhaps it would be more correct to say of slightly abating their drunkenness, and this was well; for it now became necessary that Daly's directions, given in consultation with the midshipman, should be more or less attended to and, if possible, carried out.

To begin with, the brig's forefoot was still aground, and the middy recommended a "sally" as the best means of getting her off, which had to be done at once, as the tide was ebbing. Accordingly the roysterers were rushed from the bow to the stern, an evolution performed with such extraordinary heartiness that one half of them charged into the mainmast and the others fell over them, but happily with the looked-for result — the brig shook herself free.

Major Appleby picked himself up, pulled himself together, and assumed a dignified attitude. "Is she afloat?" he asked.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the middy.

"And all aboard?"

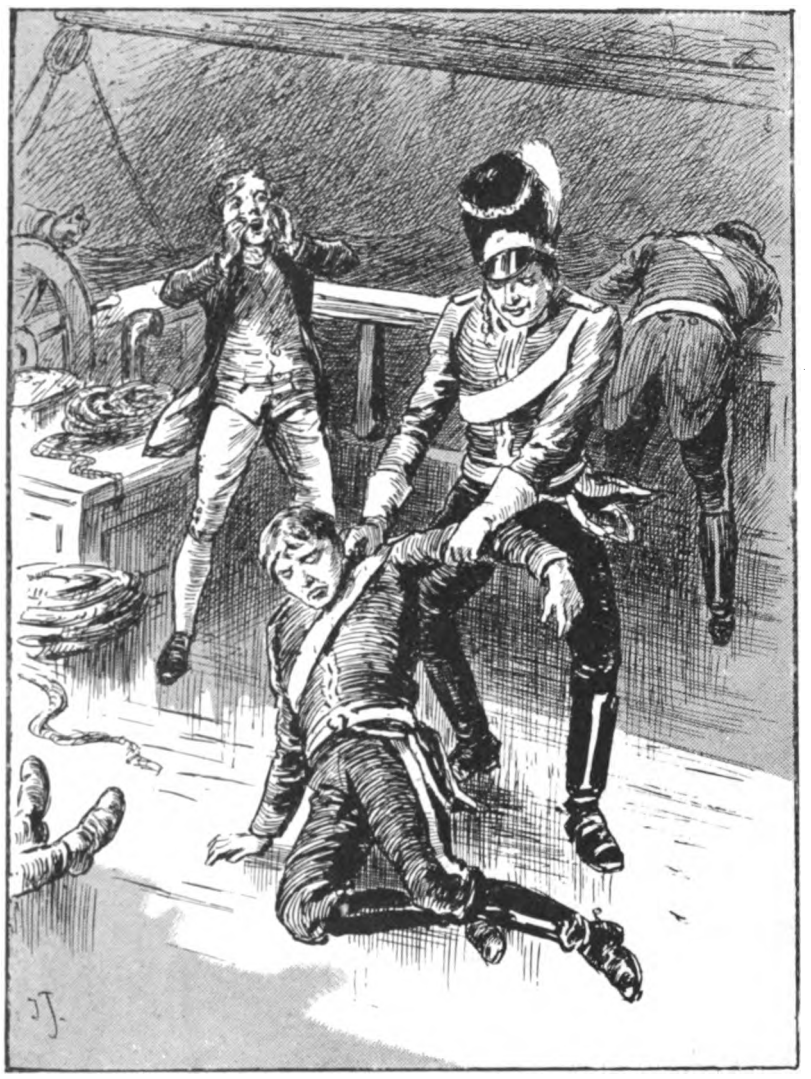
"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Good then," declared Appleby, "March," adding, to adapt the order to naval requirements, "Yo ho, my lads!"

The middy touched his hat. "I think we'd better get a little sail on her first, sir."

Appleby cuddled the binnacle. "If you think it d'sirable, I consent," said he; "Horsh Grenadiers never do it, never, never, never."

Daly, the midshipman, and the Padre set to work to spread some of the lighter canvas between them, while the rest of the party looked on and criticised, Cornet Le Mesurier recommending the bending of the stay sails to the yards, and rigging up the square sails forward as a sworn specific for speed.



Daly had to carry some of the sufferers to windward to trim the boat.

At last, however, the sails were successfully fumbled into wind catching, and the craft got under way. Appleby, rousing again, looked as big for his boots as a Serpa Pinto, Vasco da Gama, and Christopher Columbus rolled into one. "Shoulder up the left wing turning the corner," he said to the man at the wheel, which after all was only another and, perhaps, more explicit way of bidding him port the helm, to keep her off while rounding the headland.

The moon was approaching its last hour but still brilliant, and when it showed the Union Jack flapping its folds on the wind above, the party rose to their feet and cheered; but when, the headland shaken away, the little vessel first perked her nose in the air and then bowed somewhat abruptly to the breeze, most sat down again, and a few wished themselves well at home under the inn table

"Where are you taking us to at all?" a voice asked, grumpily.

"Ramsgate," answered Daly, glibly, "by the north-west passage." The words gave him an idea, or what seemed an idea at that hour of the morning, and he sought the middy.

"Ye know, we Horse Grenadiers really want to make a splash this first cruise," he said.

Master Quilliam nodded.

"Well now," Daly was eminently serious, "I just thought of the North Pole. D'ye think we could do anything that way in ten days or a fortnight?"

Master Quilliam reluctantly shook his head.

"I'm afraid it's no go," he said. "I don't know much about it, but I should say it would be a matter of weeks getting anywhere near it, particularly with the ship under-manned," so delicately did Master Quilliam touch on the nautical shortcomings of his crew.

Daly sighed. "I would rather that our first laurels should have been won in the fields of science, but since that good fortune is denied us, let us seek the Frenchmen."

Master Quilliam remarked that there were not very many about.

"Well, if there's nothing to be had nearer," Daly reminded him hopefully, "we might go and try our hand at the coastwise batteries of Barcelona."

"We might," the middy agreed, a trifle doubtfully. He hesitated to express his opinion that five minutes with one of the said batteries would spell brig and kippage at the bottom of the sea. Besides, there is more than one form of "two o'clock in the morning courage," and it is very possible that if Barcelona had been made within an hour or two he would have ranged alongside and shot his pepper-caster at them. But luckily Barcelona was not within a day's sail.

The brig was now bowling gaily along to meet the dawn, under her fore and maintop sails and jib. The breeze was freshening, and there was a positive epidemic of *mal-de-mer*. Appleby had sidled from the binnacle to the taffrail, and except the Padre at the wheel and Daly's man Tomkins up in her nose, looking out, not a soul made any further pretence of helping Daly and the middy to work the ship. Indeed, Daly had forcibly to carry some of the sufferers from leeward to windward to make her trim properly.

The night drew on more and more slowly, the brig ever holding a steady course (as steady as the Padre's victory of mind over matter could make it) for nowhere in particular. With dawn came the cry of a sail on the starboard quarter; she proved to be a three-masted ship laying much the same course as the brig.

"Shall we steer across her bows and have a look at her?" the middy asked.

Daly looked questioningly at the Padre, who answered, "Don't much like the look of her, but anything for a quiet life, gentlemen."

Daly accordingly followed the middy's suggestion, and the brig's head was put some points to starboard to cross the stranger's hawse. It might not be, however; properly handled, no doubt the brig could easily have done it, but with only four men to work her, and none of them experts, she fell astern, and eventually found herself far in the ship's wake.

Everyone crowded to stare at the stranger.

"What d'ye make her?" Daly asked the middy.

"A French merchantman," said the middy.

"And therefore a lawful object for our desires," cried Daly, rubbing his hands.

"She's French right enough," observed the Padre, "but is she a trader?"

"Yes," said the middy, decisively, "I searched her sides with old Bellamy's glass."

Appleby, who was now almost sober but as yellow as a guinea, stumbled over to them, holding on for dear life, as the boat lay over strongly to leeward.

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"How long d'ye suppose it'll take to catch her up?' he asked the Padre, nodding towards the chase.

"Faith, it seems to me we stand a poor chance of doing it at all," answered the cleric.

"Oh, but we must," Appleby rejoined. "The honour of the Horse Grenadiers is at stake. It is my duty to see that we capture that vessel, whatever the cost, whatever the labour to myself. Tell me, is there nothing that we can do to increase the speed of the ship?"

"Mebbe you'd get out and push," answered the Padre, sardonically.

Appleby turned away huffed, and his annoyance was increased by a feverish adjuration from the middy to keep to windward and not capsize the ship. He joined Tomkins on the forecastle, and found that worthy in a growing state of excitement.

"Lord, major, lord, sir," he cried, his eyes starting out of his head. "Look, sir, look!"

Appleby looked very hard in front of him and on all sides, but could see nothing surprising. "What is it, my man?" he asked, querulously.

"Why, sir, we're gaining on her," Tomkins cried. "The last ten minutes we've been coming up hand over hand. And look—she's setting every stitch she has to escape."

Appleby went aft with the news, but the others had already marked the change in the state of affairs. "It's very queer," the middy was saying. "I suppose we must have all the breeze."

"The water's white enough where she lies," replied the Padre. "I think we'd better be careful what we do."

"Careful, sir!" snorted Appleby. "Careful at such a moment as this! I can tell you, sir, I shall never quit this deck until I climb, sword in hand, or otherwise, to the deck of that ship before us."

"Sure, I hope I haven't signed articles with the 'Flying Dutchman,'" muttered the Padre. "But I warn you, gentlemen, you're running into danger."

This put the midshipman on his mettle.

"Do you want to go back?" he asked.

"Sir, to you," the Padre answered, calmly, "I don't care a mutton-chop either way."

"Let's go on, and chance it," cried Daly, stirred to his heart with the excitement of the sea.

"Hear, hear!" echoed the middy, catching the infection.

"Hooray!" bawled Appleby. "Trot, gallop, charge!"

"All very well, my boy," murmured the Padre from his place at the wheel; "but we're buying a pig in a poke, and no mistake. Has anyone seen if the guns are loaded?" he asked.

The middy coloured, for the question covered a reproach.

"Corsairs always keep them loaded," he said.

"Seeing is the best believing," observed Daly, and looked for himself.

In fact, all were loaded except the bow chasers; but as they were the first likely to be used, the Padre's reminder was a timely one.

Now that the supreme moment was coming, the men, seasick or not, looked lively enough, and parties were told off for each gun, and to look after the ammunition supply. This took some time, and, so incomprehensibly fast was the brig overhauling her quarry, that the work was scarcely ready when the middy expressed an opinion that they were nearly within range. Suddenly, catching up the glass, he ran to the bows and looked eagerly, not at the ship, but behind her in the water. Then he turned, very red-faced, and his lip trembling.

"I say, there's something wrong," said he. "She's towing a drag-sail in the water to deaden her way."

"I thought we were being had," the Padre almost whispered, so that the men should not hear. "Do you wish to go about or not? I'm thinkin' it's too late."

It was, indeed, for at that moment the chased ship luffed, four-and-twenty ports were flung open in her side and four-and-twenty guns run out.

"A frigate," gasped the middy. "Damned hucksters, they'd painted the port flanges . . . . I'm sorry, you fellows."

"All right, old chap," said Daly. "While there's life, there's hope."

"Duck, every mother's son of you," cried the Padre; "I'll jam the helm down and ram." Then he added, with sudden solemnity, "We are in the hands of the Lord."

A flash lit up the frigate's side, bathing the visible world in smoke, and, with a crash that sounded to some like the slamming of the door of life, her broadside swept the brig from stem to stern.

Daly saw the masts rising in the air, and was confident that he felt every spar of them falling on his head.

When Daly came to himself he was lying in a ship's bunk and feeling very queer. Master Quilliam, looking equally queer, was his neighbour.

"Where are we at all?" Daly asked.

"Wounded, and prisoners in the frigate."

"You don't mean to say we lost the action?" Daly exclaimed.

The middy smiled feebly. "First they blew us into the water, and then they picked us out of it."

"Casualties serious?"

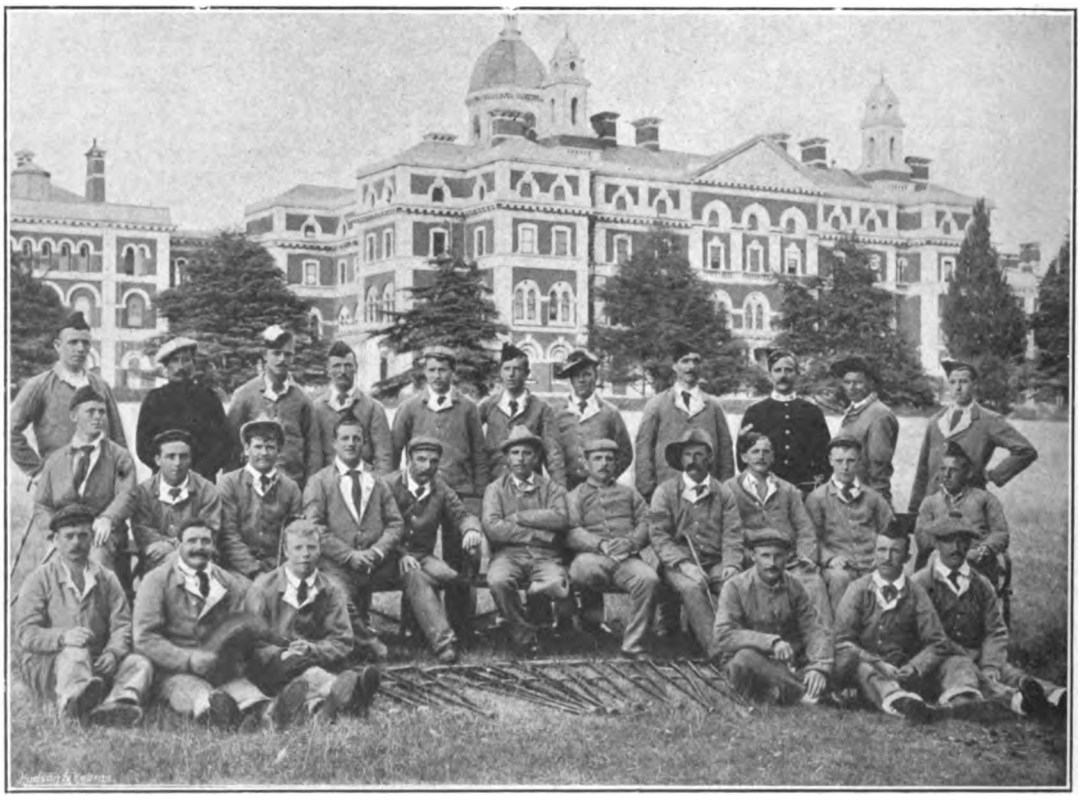
"Rather afraid so—I saw the wheel smashed and the Padre with it."

"He died praying," observed Daly, thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid it was my fault," said the middy, penitently.

"Fault, d'ye call it?" Daly ejaculated. "Why, it was the seventh Heaven while it lasted."

Invalids at Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley.



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THE STORY OF THE WAR.

Returned from South Africa.

Back Row from left—

(1) Pte. Jenkins, 1st Worcester Regiment, fractured thigh, from Dewetsdorp. (7) Corpl. Edwards, 2nd Royal Fusiliers, through all engagements to the relief of Ladysmith, then invalided with enteric. (8) Gun. Allen, Royal Horse Artillery, various battles with French, invalided with enteric. (11) Private Hockings, 2nd Scottish Rifles, wounded at Spion Kop, invalided from Ladysmith.

Middle Row—

(1) Private Winter, Inniskillings, wounded in chest at Pieter's Hill, also in the battles of Colenso, Spion Kop, and Potgieter's Drift. (2) Private Brazier, 2nd Worcesters, wounded at Slingersfontein, shot twice in the head and once in the body, causing paralysis. (3) Pte. Young, 1st Worcesters, wounded by a shell at Dewetsdorp, through Wepener and other engagements. (4) Lance-Corporal Rolfe, Royal Fusiliers, in the battles of Colenso, Spion Kop, finally wounded at Pieter's Hill; his leg being fearfully shattered it was necessary to amputate it at the hip. (5) Private Johnson, 1st Derbys, had the misfortune to lose his leg at Dewetsdorp. (6) Private W. Bratt, 1st Worcesters, wounded at Slingersfontein, taken prisoner by the Boers. He was many months on the racecourse at Pretoria, where he suffered many privations. He is very grateful for the many kindnesses shown him by the Rev. Goodwin, the Wesleyan minister, and other British residents. (7) Private Dayman, 2nd East Surrey; his leg was blown off by a shell at Elandslaagte. He considers he owes his life to the Medical Staff for the prompt way in which they carried him from the line of fire; while lying on the field he could not refrain from sitting up and looking for his lost leg. (8) Sergeant Huson, 2nd Cheshires, in the battles of Karee Siding and Jacobsdal, being wounded in the left leg. (10) Private Tuhy, 1st Connaught Rangers; both his legs were fractured at Pieter's Hill, also in the battles of Colenso and Spion Kop.

Bottom Row—

(3) Private Tool, Dublin Fusiliers, in all engagements to the relief of Ladysmith, invalided home with enteric. (5) Private Pickerill, 4th Derbys, invalided from Rhenoster River with wounded fingers. (6) Private Fitz Simmonds, 4th Durhams; whilst on the line of communications varicose veins broke in his legs. The remainder of men not mentioned were invalided home with enteric, rheumatism, and debility.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

THE fisherman in Newfoundland will find excellent sport in the Codroy and Salmonier Rivers on the South Coast, Hare Bay on the North-east, the Humber, St. George's Brook, Bonne Bay, and Hawke's Bay on the West, and the Forteau River in Labrador. Besides these are many streams holding salmon, grilse, and sea-trout, where good sport may be had, at all events whilst a man-of-war is on the spot and the poacher's nets are off.

The sport on some of the above-named rivers, notably the Codroy, has improved of late years. Admiral Fane and Captain A. Farquhar have both had splendid sport there, and in my time I caught five grilse before breakfast, when the flood came down and spoilt the day's sport. The common brown trout are scarce in the lakes and rivers of Newfoundland, except, perhaps, in those in the neighbourhood of St. John's. This is generally the case, so far as my experience goes, in waters inhabited by salmon and sea-trout, and all the lakes in the island are connected with the sea, but where there is a fall, such as at Port-au-Basque, Forteau, and other rivers, beyond which salmon and sea-trout cannot go, very fine brown trout may be got, and I have sometimes caught more than my coxswain and I could carry between us.

But let it not be imagined that Naval officers on fishery duty have nothing else to do but amuse themselves, for they have many duties to perform, amongst them magisterial ones, often of a complicated, and sometimes delicate, nature.

The captains of H.M. ships on the fisheries are *ex-officio* magistrates for the colony during their term of service, and many are the stories told of their judgments, which, if not strictly according to law, are usually based on common-sense. Judge Prowse, the genial and popular author of a book on Newfoundland, has a fund of amusing stories of such legal proceedings on the part of Naval fishermen. One of them he relates as having happened to the writer of this article, who, having a complicated case to settle, ordered the disputing parties to repair on board his ship at 9 a.m., by which time he was steaming out of the harbour!

NEWFOUNDLAND BEAUTIES.

However this may be, the fact remains that the captain's decision is generally accepted, and all parties are satisfied, which cannot often be said in a court of law. Consequently the judges of the island were jealous, and I was accused on one occasion of compounding a felony and condoning a case of arson. I leave it to the reader to judge if this was the case.

I was fishing in a river one day, up to my middle in water, when a native came slouching along, and complained that his house had been burnt, and that he suspected three brothers of having done it. I accordingly ordered the parties to repair on board the following morning, when the three brothers were placed separately under the sentry's charge. I then had them in my cabin one at a time. The first swore he knew nothing whatever about the matter, but admitted that possibly one of his brothers might. He was then sent back, and number two called. He also swore ignorance of the case, but on being told that his brother had turned Queen's evidence, he allowed that he was there, but did not actually set fire to the house. He was then sent back, and number three came in, and on being given to understand that both his brothers had given him away, he made a clean breast of it, and admitted the fact that all were implicated. Having explained the enormity of the offence for which they were liable, five years' hard, I

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compromised the matter on the promise that they would rebuild the poor man's house. They left the ship together in the same boat, and the next year, when I came round that way, the four were living harmoniously together in the new house. This is but one instance of Maritime Law, of which I could give many, but one other will suffice.

A poor servant girl had been discharged from her situation for not doing her work; the reason, I ascertained, was due to the fact of her being in an interesting condition, one of her master's sons being the cause of the trouble.

I settled the case by threatening the family with further proceedings if justice was not done to the girl. On my return, some months afterwards, I found her reinstated in her former position, and the baby absorbed into the family.

But to return to our fish. It was amusing to note the discrepancies between the weight of fish brought on board as claimed and the actual weight when scaled, reminding one of the proverb—

"The fisherman goeth forth in the early morning, disturbing the whole household. He remaineth away all day, returning in the evening, when the smell of whisky is upon him, and the truth is not in him." One might almost say in the beautiful words of Dr. Watts—

"He angled in many a purling brook,
But lacked the angler's skill;
He lied about the fish he took,
And now he's lying still."

On or about August 15 grouse-shooting begins in Newfoundland. These birds, wrongly called "partridge" by the settlers, are identical with the Norwegian ryper and are true grouse, not ptarmigan, though so called by the London game dealers. Ptarmigan are also to be found in Newfoundland as well as in Sweden and Norway, but are scarce. Grouse-shooting affords good sport on the barrens, but a good dog is necessary to find them, as they lie close; they are very numerous in the southern part of the island, especially about Trepassy and St. Mary's. Besides these fine game birds, there are snipe, wild duck, geese, and Esquimaux curlew, a delicious bird for the table; also hares, Jack rabbits, foxes, beavers, otters, and martin cats. Bears are tolerably numerous, but seldom seen, owing to the inaccessible places they inhabit.

Woodcock are not known in the island, nor are black game indigenous, though some have been introduced by Mr. Mare, and I believe have done well. Moose do not inhabit the country; a pair were introduced some years ago, but were probably shot by the settlers. The only deer known is the caribou or woodland reindeer, a noble animal, inferior in size only to the moose and wapiti. The adult male carries magnificent wide-spreading palmated antlers, similar to, but larger and heavier than, the Norwegian reindeer, which he in other respects resembles. Hunting or stalking the caribou on the barrens is the finest sport in Newfoundland, and deserves a chapter to itself. Stalking the animal is a very different thing from deer-stalking in the Scotch Highlands, where everything is done in a luxurious manner—riding your pony to the spying-place, shooting or missing your stag, and returning to most comfortable quarters at night, the trophy being brought home on the pony.

In Newfoundland there are no roads; all the portage is by boats poling up rivers as far as they can go, and the weights being carried on men's backs to the camping ground. Consequently one must travel as light as possible. A couple of lumberers, white men, are necessary as polers, and an Indian hunter for each sportsman; some of the white men are as good as Indians, but I prefer the latter, who are born hunters, whereas the white men are only backwoodsmen useful for felling trees and camp work. The pay of these men is about a dollar a day—the Indian expects two—besides their rations. All provisions must be obtained at St. John's, consisting of pork, flour, tea, sugar, coffee, spirits, and tobacco, according to the size of the party. For clothes, a couple of good tweed suits (stalking colour), flannel shirts, thick stockings, and mocassins made from the hock of the caribou. The first beast killed supplies provisions for the party. A large iron cooking-pot, a frying-pan, coffee or tea-pot, plates, cups, knives, forks, and spoons, are all that are necessary; also a couple of blankets and a waterproof sheet. This is as much as can be conveniently carried. Tinned meats, bottled fruits, and such-like are too heavy and are not necessary. Biscuits are always useful, as the bread made in camp is seldom good, and a block of compressed vegetables adds much to the daily fare, as vegetables are unprocurable on the barrens.

The actual stalking is not difficult, as deer are plentiful. The season commences about September 25, the exact date being fixed by law, and ends about the middle of October, by which time the equinoctial gales and snow-storms render it advisable to return. The annual migration of caribou takes place towards the end of September, in the rutting season, when the big stags are more easily approached.

(To be continued.)

[*The previous article of this series appeared on August 25.*]

Crack Shots.

THERE continue to be the best possible reports of the moors—that is, if one can once make up one's mind that the wonderful 1872 season is never again to be repeated. In that famous year we had it on record that at Delnadamph, in Aberdeenshire, no less than 6,558 grouse were killed in four weeks over dogs. This year gave 280 brace to four guns of Mr. J. J. Mowbray's party for the opening day and the next. Of course, Aberdeenshire and also Perthshire swarm with birds in comparison to Caithness, but then they do not lie half as well, and so it is that the Duke of Portland still heads the list per gun for a day's work over dogs. As a matter of fact he still heads it above the drivers, for it takes a lot of shooting to kill 140 birds to each gun on an average throughout a day's drive. Sir John Gladstone is reported to have got 1,300 brace of grouse in the week at Glendye, and if so he has done even better than one of the men going there told me he expected to do. Glendye is often good for 2,000 brace over dogs and 2,000 brace by driving afterwards.

* * * *

The best bag got by driving at the time of writing is that obtained at Wemmergill, 380 brace for the day. Wemmergill is a moor that has greatly improved of late years, as it gives an average of 2,000 grouse more, or half as many again as it did during the period the late Sir Fred Milbank had it. Then there were over 4,000 birds a year for the 12,000 acres. In spite of this, 1872 was such a wonderful season that Sir Fred Milbank killed over 17,000 grouse in that year. Nothing like it has ever been seen since, and it is very doubtful whether this year will come anywhere near to it in spite of its general goodness. Disease is reported in Argyllshire, but that is the only district in which it is heard of, and there it does not seem to be present, but to have done its deadly work and departed.

* * * *

In Yorkshire 1,921 birds were bagged in three days by the following successful shots: Mr. Stanniforth, Sir Edward Green, Mr. Lycett Green, M.F.H., Mr. Charles Perkins, the Rev. H. B. Portman, and Mr. Amcot Smith. The best day's work was done on the Bowes and Kexwith Beat, where 352 brace were obtained. Mr. W. H. Deacon's party on the Leeth Moors in Yorkshire have killed 269½ brace and 260 brace in two days.

* * * *

I hear that the single-trigger guns are in more demand than ever. Those gunmakers who, in consequence of the war, expected fewer to make this year only got through by the skin of their teeth. Of these, Messrs. Boss, of course, were a firm who had a large number to turn out for August 13. It seems as if we should have to make a very much bigger war than the South African affair and China combined before we should be unable to make the annual war against the grouse. It does not seem either that prices for moors are one shilling less than usual; but deer forests are a glut in the market, not because of South Africa, because it has been so for a decade. I saw a new and comparatively untried single trigger this week, that of the great City firm, Messrs. Blanch of Gracechurch Street. I am to have a trial of it.

* * * *

The story of the moors this year will be a grand one; but I have seen with regret that one sporting paper which used to have better reports than any other had not a line of reports from the moors for the first week. Why? Does it imagine that sportsmen are interested only in trade questions of gunnery or that advertisers of guns will continue to advertise only for the information of their trade rivals? There is one thing more than any other that shooters are interested in, and that one is bags. The small differences between guns and powders and primers and cases, which are so absorbingly interesting to the makers of them, have very careless followers in sportsmen. But as long as the editing of shooting matter in sporting papers is given over to trade interests, and representatives of trade interests, record seasons may come and go without being observed by them. The world is very small, after all, and I verily believe that if I went to the North Pole I should find there before me somebody I knew; but small as is the world some people can never understand how very much smaller their own little worlds are. I was lately discussing the art of advertising with the representative of a very successful advertising firm. He said: "Advertise for those you can inform, not for those who can inform you; you will make no impression on the latter except this—that you will expose to them what you are doing and force your own hand by forcing them to play one better." Where they edit for the trade they advertise for the trade and no one else; at least it is natural to suppose so.

SINGLE TRIGGER.

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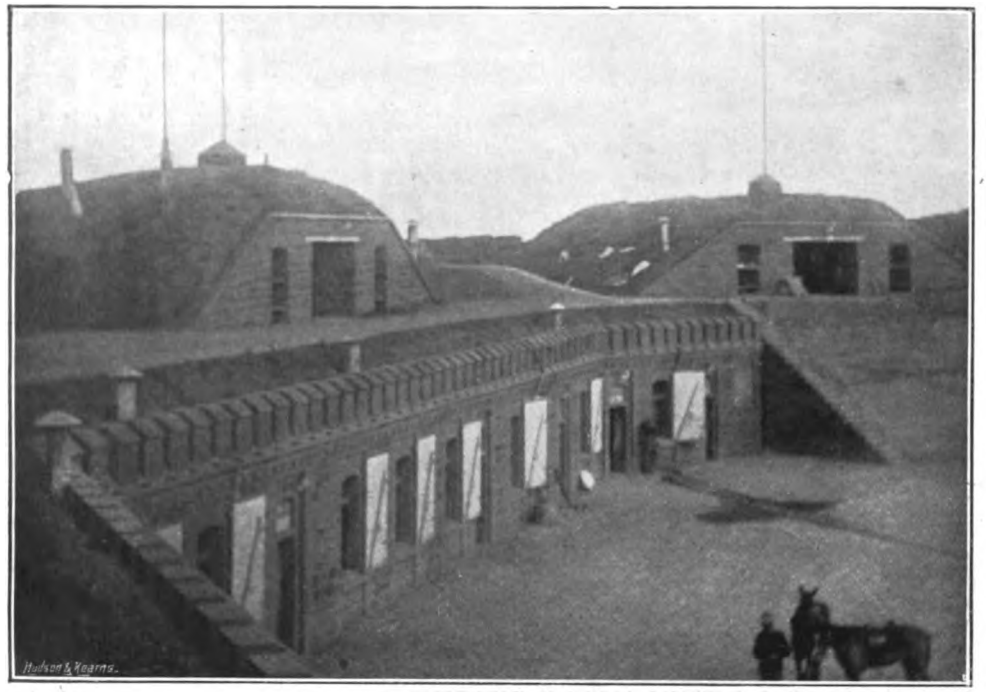
The Taking of the Boer Capital.

TYPES OF THE ENEMY'S ORDNANCE.
Some Boer Guns Captured at Pretoria.

FIELD GUNS OF THE "STAATS ARTILLERIE."
Left at Their Abandoned Headquarters.

Some Scenes in Captured Pretoria.



THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE FAMOUS FORTS.
Built and Armed at Great Expense.

THE QUARTERS BUILT FOR THE BOER GUNNERS.
The Artillery Barracks at Pretoria.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer.

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After the Naval Manœuvres.

JACK GRASPING THE SKIRTS OF CIRCUMSTANCE
As the Nursemaid's Loyal Slave.

THINGS WHISPERED ON THE SHINGLE.
The Old, Old Tale Once More.

ON THE MARINE PARADE AT WEYMOUTH.
And They All Love Jack.

THE CURIOSITY OF THE SEAMAN ASHORE.
He Would Like to Know Her Weight.

AFTER the Manœuvres there was, of course, leave by watches. Jack hugely enjoyed himself. For what other purpose was he sent ashore than that he should enjoy himself, and enjoy himself in his own way? We are not going to discuss here the methods in which Jack amuses himself. Men are men, and it doesn't make much difference whether they wear a serge frock or a different attire. There is always the same attraction of the sexes—only it is shown differently. The officers go ashore, and croquet and lawn tennis and golf occupy their leisure, not altogether without the presence of the other sex. The men come ashore, and is it quite surprising that your nursemaid is a little late in coming home, or that your housemaid, who has, of course, gone down the town on a perfectly legitimate errand, finds the period of that errand rather extensive? They are young, they are human, so are you; and though you may blame them, you cannot wonder, for Jack told the same old, old tale that was always so sweet years ago. The old story will still be told, and Jack has a chance of telling it to advantage just now.

From Photos Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. X.—No. 189.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1900.

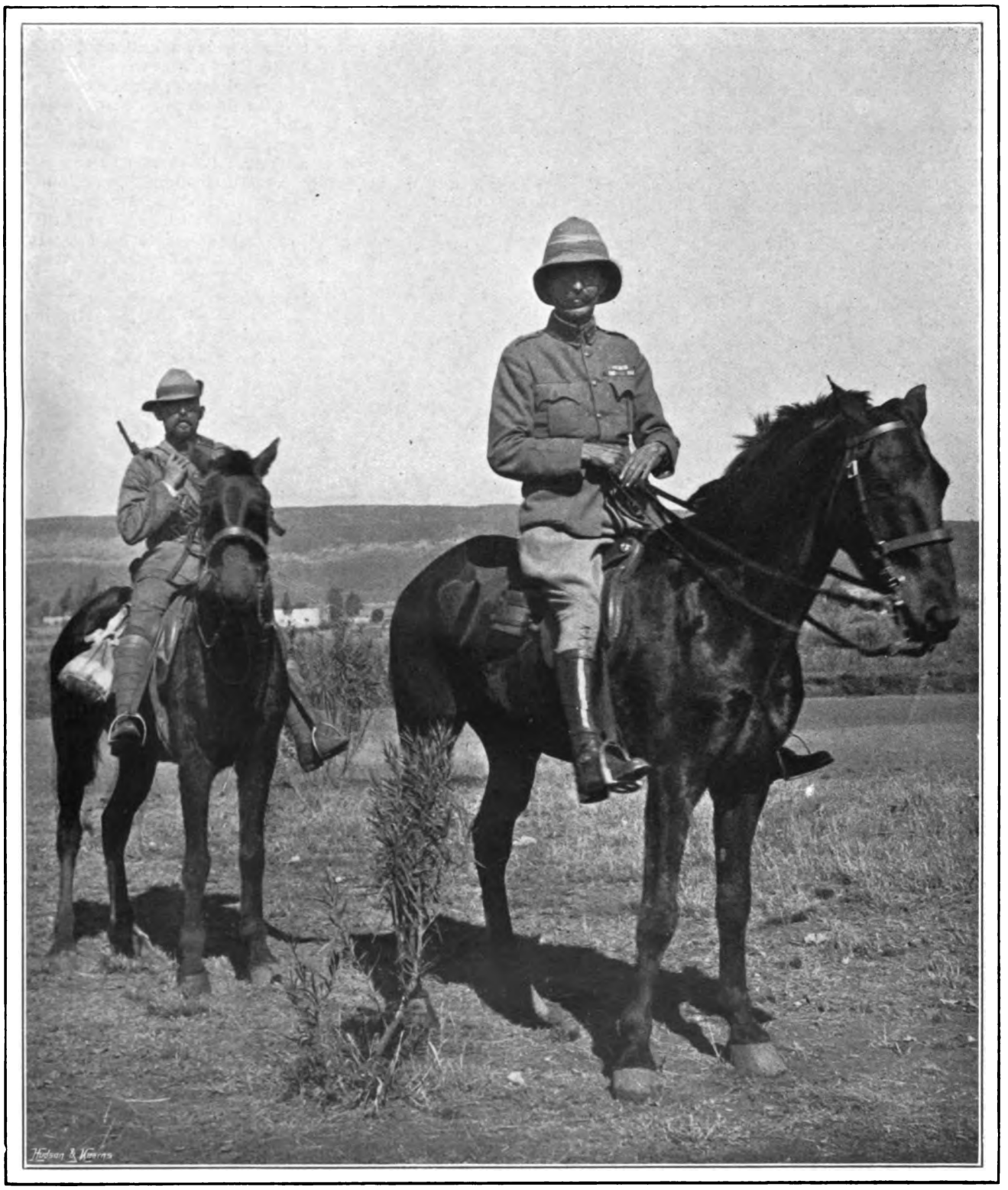

Photo Copyright *"Navy & Army."*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IAN HAMILTON, C.B., D.S.O.

The gallant officer commanding the famous Mounted Infantry Division is one of the most popular officers in South Africa. He served in the Afghan War, the first Boer War, on the Nile 1884-85, in Burma, and with the Chitral Relief Force. In the present war he was fighting at the very beginning. He completed the business at Elandslaagte, was a leading spirit in the defence of Ladysmith, and did heroic work in the tremendous fighting at Cæsar's Camp. Then Lord Roberts placed him in command of the Mounted Infantry, and the splendid achievements of that force would fill many a page. Repeatedly it turned the enemy's flank in the advance to the Vaal and Pretoria, and the general has since taken a prominent part in the chase of De Wet. Our photograph was taken just before he set out for this operation.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE annexation of the South African Republic indicates the approaching end of the war. In such cases there are always irreconcilables, but the time had come when the step was inevitable. If we had not been somewhat purblind ourselves we might wonder that President Kruger had not foreseen the day. There are few now who do not recognise the existence of that conspiracy against the dominance of our race in South Africa which is at length being foiled by our military triumph. Mr. Kruger's ambition was of that quality which o'erleaps itself, and truly he has fallen on the other side, through sheer inability to foresee. He was no worse, it is true, than General von Schmeling, the distinguished German, and General du Barail, the not less distinguished Frenchman, both of whom utterly failed to realise our vast reserve of strength, or to understand that our race would rise in an overwhelming flood and finally sweep away the Boer opposition. On our part there has also been phenomenal density, and those on the spot, even the observant people of Natal, were utterly incapable of seeing into the future to the extent of one week, and were completely surprised by the great strength developed by the Boers in their colony. Hence the many blunders into which we have fallen, and which have cost us so dearly.

Photo. Langfier.

BRIG.-GEN. J. T. CUMMINS, D.S.O, Commanding 4th Brigade, China Expeditionary Force. One of the Last Batch of Cadets Passed Out from Addiscombe, the Old Indian Military College. He has Seen Service in Afghanistan, Egypt, the Soudan, and Burma.

IT was a maxim of Napoleon's that the great general should be able to penetrate the designs of his adversary. But the veil of Stygian obscurity which shrouded South Africa has extended also to China. Few were the prescient spirits who foresaw the danger in Peking, and the diplomatists have been sadly at fault. Could anyone have foreseen the almost unaccountable action of Russia? Is the prodigious outlay involved too much for her, or is the tortuous path of her diplomacy preparing new surprises? It was her aggression that caused the trouble originally. By laying hands on Port Arthur, and by her advance in Manchuria, she impelled Germany to seize Kiao-Chau, and caused us in self-defence to occupy Wei-hai-Wei. Thus the slumbering hatred of Europeans which exists in China was fanned into flame; and now Russia, strange as it may seem, is the only Power actually in a state of war with that country. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

INVESTING PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH.

The Able Administrative Powers which H.R.H. Prince George of Greece has shown as High Commissioner of Crete have Worthily Earned for Him the Decoration Her Majesty has Bestowed. The Ceremony of Investiture was Carried Out with all due Ceremony by Vice-Admiral Sir John A. Fisher, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

Photo. Copyright. *Bell.*

IN QUAINT ATTIRE.

In Connection with Royalty many Picturesque Traditions still Survive. When the Thames was more of a Highway for Passenger Traffic than it is To-day, it was not Uncommon for Royalty to Use the Water for Ceremonial Procession in Preference to the Road, and even To-day the Queen's Watermen still Survive as Part of the Royal Retinue, though Their Office must be now somewhat of a Sinecure.

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her maxim of policy, and it suits her purpose now to appear as the friend of China. There can be no doubt as to our right policy. If the Chinese should succeed in breaking up the alliance of the Powers, and should secure the evacuation of Peking, the prestige of Europe would suffer grievously, and the material loss would be prodigious. The interests we have at stake are surely too vast and important to permit us to sleep at the present time, when action is so vital to progress.

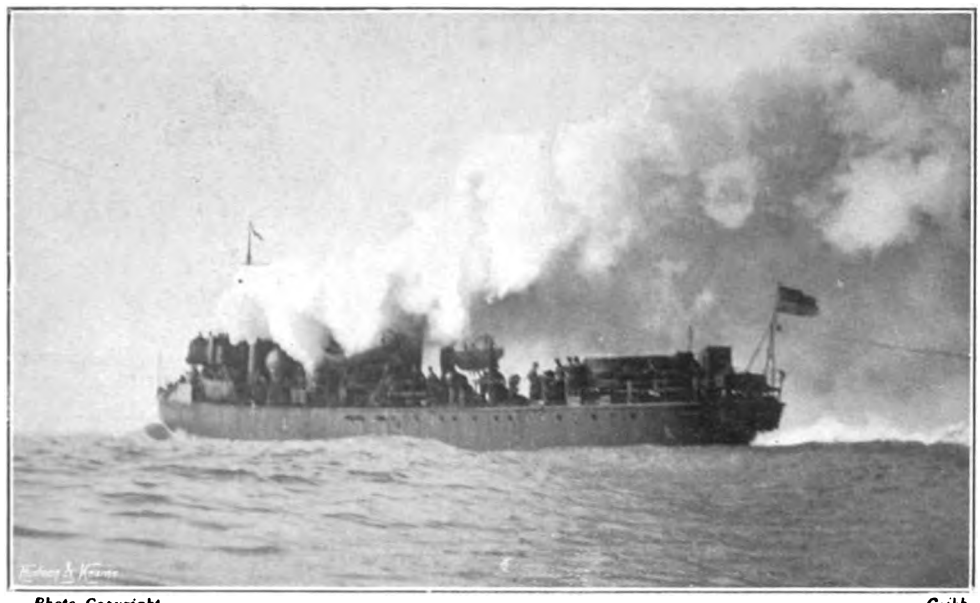

Photo. Copyright. Cribb.

THE FASTEST CRAFT IN THE WORLD.

The Turbine as a Method of Steam Propulsion Applied to War ships has been First Utilised in the Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Viper," and Our Illustration shows this Vessel Driving through the Water at a Speed of 35½ knots. One other Destroyer, the "Cobra," is also Turbine Propelled.

GERMANS, who treasure and celebrate the birthdays and deathdays of their heroes with an enthusiasm unknown in this country, do not forget the anniversary of the death of Marshal Blücher, which occurs this week. The tough old soldier died on September 12, 1819, and his memory should be respected in this country. It is perhaps not too much to say that it was the sturdy loyalty of old "Marshal Vorwärts" to Wellington that gave us the victory of Waterloo. Blücher was an enthusiastic admirer of the Great Duke. Not so Gneisenau, the chief of his staff, who had been a military attaché with Wellington in the Peninsula, and had come back from the war there with an intense dislike and distrust of him. Blücher had no head for strategy, and depended almost altogether upon Gneisenau. Indeed, the story goes that, in a London drawing-room, he wagered that he was the only man who could kiss his own head, and, the bet being accepted, he inflicted a smacking kiss upon the astonished Gneisenau. Now, the Chief of the Staff in the Waterloo Campaign did a risky thing when he abandoned his communications in order to rally to Wellington's aid, but he was resolved to see the Duke thoroughly committed to a decisive action before he would authorise Bülow to march to the field of Waterloo. Müffling was to make assurance doubly sure in this regard, and the Prussian march would have been too late if Blücher, in an access of force, had not come up, overruled Gneisenau's orders, and hurried Bülow forward into the field just before it was too late.

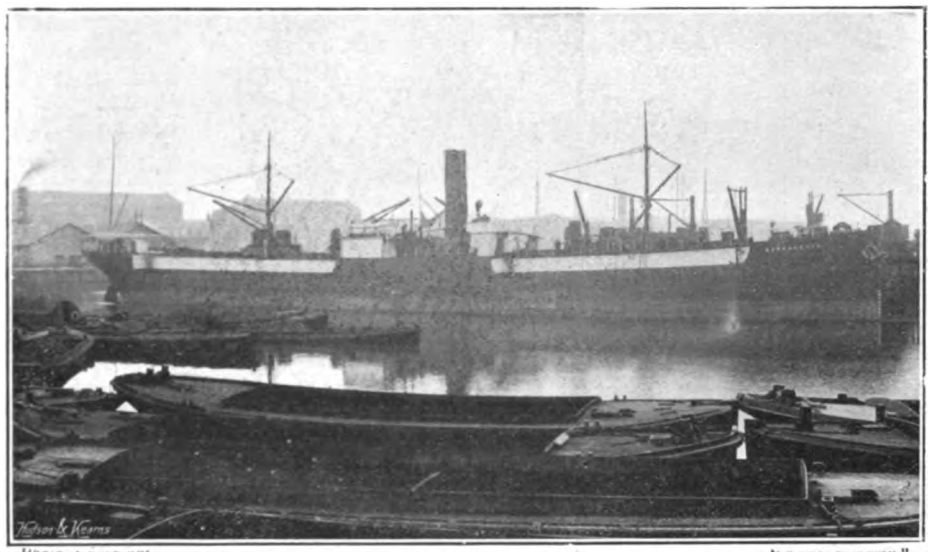

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

If not exactly to Newcastle, still to the Thames, came a Consignment of 3,700 Tons of American Gas Coal the other day, Landed at Gravesend for the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The Admiralty also has Placed Orders for Best American Steam Coal, as have several Private Firms—a Serious Intimation of the Harm that the Coal Strikes have Brought About.

IT appears from the calculations made by an actuary, which have recently been published, that it is necessary to revise some conclusions concerning the casualties in the South African War. A few months ago, after certain of the hard-fought battles, figures were presented showing that, after all, the losses were comparatively small—small, that is, compared with those in some famous engagements of the century. Now we learn that of the officers in South Africa 72·1 per 1,000 have been killed or have died of wounds, while 30·6 per 1,000 have died from disease, the total loss being 102·7 per 1,000. The figures given for the men are 19 and 31·8, making a total of 50·8. These are very startling statistics, illustrating the fact that, while officers and men have suffered in approximately equal degree from disease, the risks run by officers in action have been hugely disproportionate, the mortality among them, as compared with losses among the men, having been almost four to one. Moreover, the rates of mortality in South Africa have been much greater than was the case thirty years since, in the Franco-German War. Then an officer had only a double chance of being killed as compared with a man; and a curious fact, calling for explanation, is that, while the men of 1870 stood a fifty per cent. greater risk of being killed as compared with our troops in South Africa, they had less than half the chance of dying of disease. These calculations have been made upon a careful analysis of the casualties extended over a period of twelve months, and are the most instructive yet published.

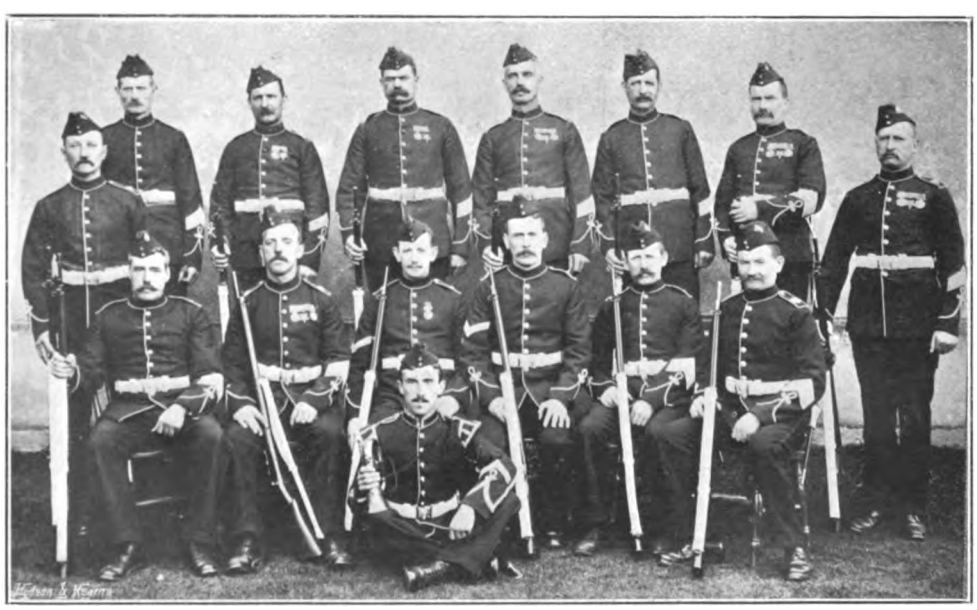

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A RECORD GUARD OF ROYAL MARINES.

The Other Day a Guard Mounted at the Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth. Not in any way Picked, but just Men taking Duty in the Ordinary Roster, their Combined Continuous Service Numbered 297 years 3 months 6 days. They showed 53 Good Conduct Badges, 5 Long Service and Good Conduct Medals, and 15 War Decorations. The Sergeant of the Guard was on Leave for Pension when our Photograph was taken.

THE disparity in the mortality from disease is most striking. Thus while our officers and men have died at the rate of 31·7 per 1,000, the proportion in 1870 was only 12·5 per 1,000, and in the case of officers it fell as low as 8·9 per 1,000. The disease rate was, in fact, in some points, lower than it is now among British soldiers on foreign service in peace-time. The nameless horrors of earlier wars cannot, of course, be compared with those of modern times. Whole battalions and batteries were many a time almost

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FRANCE'S GREAT NAVAL PORT IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Cherbourg, at the Head of the Peninsula formed by the Department of La Manche, is a Principal Base of the French Northern, or Channel, Squadron, and was the Scene of the Recent Great Naval Review of the Combined Mediterranean and Northern Squadrons. Our Illustrations are of the Forts that Guard the Entrance to this Superb Anchorage, that to the Reader's Left being the Western, and the other the Eastern, Fort.

completely annihilated by disease. In those times losses in action were also prodigious. It is asserted by most competent authorities that 480 per 1,000 were killed and wounded at Albuera in 1811, and 300 per 1,000 at Talavera in 1809. One British battalion at Salamanca had 24 officers killed and wounded out of 27, and 342 rank and file out of 420. South Africa has nothing to parallel this, though the mortality among officers is much troubling those who are concerned with "war risks."

THE French Government have displayed a new form of activity in suppressing the school history of MM. Maréchal and Auzon, because of its Anglophobe virulence. Perhaps they will next turn their attention to the gutter Press and the "Patriotard" organs. Nothing is more curious than to study the obscurity which clouds the mental vision of some French Pressmen. They are uncertain of the Muscovite Ally, and bewildered to find French soldiers coming under the orders of a German Field-Marshal. Here is a curious incident from a Parisian paper. A Frenchman meets a German in a railway carriage. "You are a Frenchman," says the latter; "I am a Wurtemburger first and a German afterwards. You understand the difference?" "You are very kind; what do they think of Frenchmen in Wurtemburg?" "France is a great nation; your Exhibition is glorious; it is a fine triumph for your country. As to your policy, we do not understand it." The Wurtemburger went on to express amazement that the French had retired from Fashoda, for had not France Russia at her back? At this dark hint the Frenchman turned the conversation to China, and naturally it drifted to England. "You don't like the English," said the Frenchman, suggestively. "No, we detest them as much as you. The German people are unanimous in their sentiments against England." At the moment the train dashed into the station, and the two shook hands joyously, having at last found a common ground of agreement. True or false, this is a suggestive story. Frenchmen and Germans are feeling their way towards an understanding. The events of 1870 are a pious memory.

Photo. AT REST IN A FOREIGN LAND. *Warren.*

Our Illustration shows the French Cemetery at St. Mary's Island, Adjacent to Chatham Dockyard, where Lie the Remains of Brave French Sailors and Soldiers who Died as Prisoners during the Great War. Originally Buried in the Medway Marshes, the Bodies were afterwards Exhumed, and now Repose under a Beautiful Monument, with a Touching Inscription of Tribute to Their Valour and Respect for Their Misfortunes. The Cemetery is under the Care of the Captain of the Depot, and the Admiralty Allots a Sum for its Proper Upkeep.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A PICNIC AT SOBER ISLAND, TRINCOMALEE.

After a General's Inspection, Festivity is the Order of the Day, and a most Enjoyable Picnic makes a Fitting Close. This Party was Entertained by Major Lane, R.A.M.C., and Lieutenant Cumming, R.E. Reading from left to right these are in the Group standing—Lieutenant E. A. Cumming, R.E., Mr. M. W. Millett (Naval Store Officer), Lieutenant G. A. Parke, A.O.D., Lieutenant the Hon. N. A. Hood, R.A., Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. Noel (C.S. Officer), Lieutenant H. J. Pack Beresford, H.L.I., Captain E. W. Comyn, R.A., Major W. R. W. James, R.A., Lieutenant C. H. Newcombe, R.A., Captain Macaulay, A.D.C., Major J. S. Edye, R.A.M.C., Miss Lushington, Mrs. Millett, Mr. Bell, Lieutenant R. G. Chichester, H.L.I., Mr. Lushington, and Mr. R. O. Boggon. Seated in Chairs—Miss Bell, Lieutenant-Colonel Fanshaw, R.A., Mrs. Comyn, Mrs. Lushington, Mrs. James, Major-General F. T. Hobson, G.O.C. Ceylon, Lieutenant H. W. Gardiner, R.A., Mrs. Fanshaw, Mrs. Bell, Mr. C. M. Lushington, Asst. Govt. Agent. Seated on the Ground—Major C. A. Lane, R.A.M.C., Miss Bell, Captain E. Gillespie, A.S.C., Miss May Lushington, Miss Parke, Miss Bell, Major F. G. Bowles, R.E., O.C. Troops at Trincomalee (at Present).

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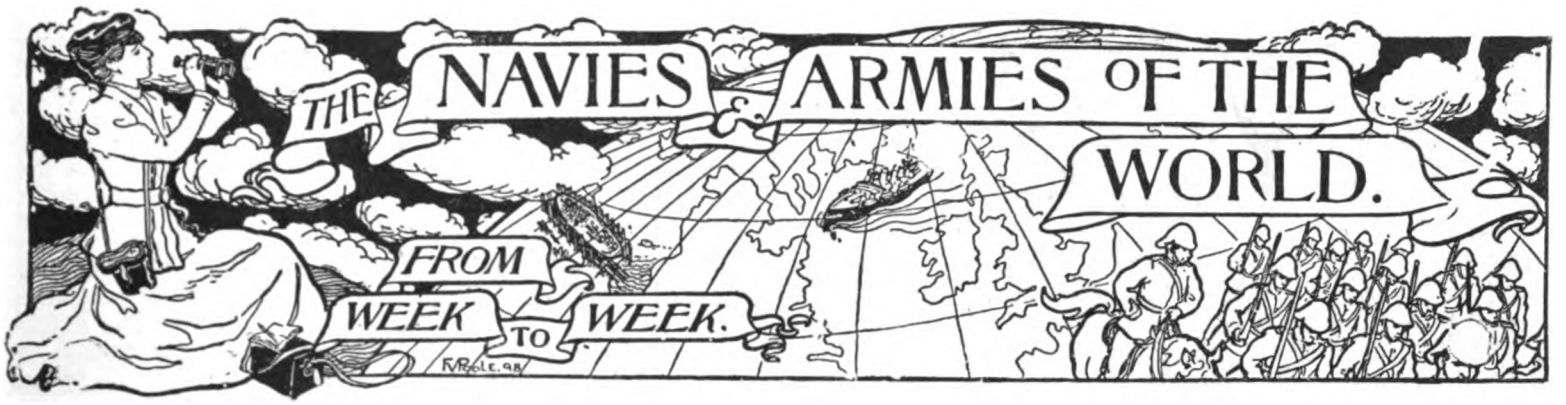

CAPTAIN LAMBTON and Mr. Brodrick have had a spirited rally. The politician has called the sailor a Jack Ashore, and the sailor retaliates by dubbing the politician a Jack in Office, which was repayment with good interest. Jack Ashore is of the nature of kindly chaff, but Jack in Office may be a term of abuse. The merits of the question at issue are not our business for the present. It is enough to remark that when Captain Lambton accuses the Government of not knowing where it was in the matter of the war in South Africa, he is perhaps singling out a scapegoat to bear the sins of the people. Every nation has the government it deserves in regard to Army management as well as to other affairs, and it would be difficult to show that any considerable number of us have been much wiser than our rulers. After the event there have been many who can go about saying that the Government ought to have foreseen this, and to have guarded against the other. But before the event, when all this wisdom might have been of real use, where was it all? Locked up in the bosoms of its fortunate possessors. The real cause and origin of our disappointments was that we never half believed that Mr. Kruger would fight, and we were a great deal too sure that if he did he would easily be beaten. We are all tarred with the same brush. Why should the sixteen to twenty persons who form a Ministry and fill the more important consultative posts, be bound to be so particularly wise. For the most part they are not eagles, but quite average men, and very fair representatives of the run of us. What we are they are, where we blunder they blunder, and it is unjust to pick them out for particular reprobation. To take an example, if our military training is defective, as Mr. Brodrick said the other day, and as thousands are now repeating to all lengths and breadths, who is to blame? Primarily the men who gave it, and in a lesser degree, the Press which publishes folios of report and comment every year and has never succeeded in bringing out the facts.

* * * *

But when this has been said by the way, what exactly is the meaning of Jack Ashore? A rather noisy fellow, considerably addicted to drink, very generous, very headlong, gullible, ignorant of life on land, and simple hearted. That is the Jack Ashore of popular imagination, and there must be some foundation for the estimate. It has been too universal, and has lasted too long to be entirely without justification. The old type of sailor did earn his money like a horse, and spend it like an ass, as the saying went. I mean he did this often, and especially when he was a man-of-war's man or a privateer. The explanation is simple enough. They repaid themselves for a hard life by a debauch, and the prize-money they wasted was "gamblers' gains," which always go as easy as they come. But after all the sailors of this type were the minority. The merchant skipper of the last century was often, in fact generally, also a trader, and frequently a shrewd and successful one. As for the Naval Officer, in spite of the Commodore Trunnion of fiction, and the Mad Montague of fact, as far as the evidence about him goes, he seems to have been when once ashore a shy and retiring man. Nothing is more curious than the total obscurity which came over the most distinguished officers from the moment they land. They went quietly away to their families, and in a large number of cases they settled themselves at Bath to nurse their gout and rheumatism, diseases to which they were very subject. If they had been a noisy and obstreperous race more would have been heard of them.

* * * *

I find Dr. Maguire quoted as saying that "our masses are degenerate; their manhood is dishonoured, our physical condition is unworthy of our position and opportunities; we are sadly fallen; can our undressed operatives look at themselves in mirrors or as reflected in lake or stream, and boast of being 'god-like erect, in native honour clad?'" Dr. Maguire is writing in praise of universal military service, and is using a rather favourite argument of its advocates. The eloquence does not, I must confess, impress me. A little definition and more precision would be better. It happened to me once when walking in the country not far from London to drop upon about fifty "undressed operatives," who were going to bathe in the river Lea. They were all well grown and muscular, and many of them very fine men. Is it so certain that military training has always a very improving effect on men who go through the mill? In the case of the half-starved creatures who are brought into the German Army from the northern parts of the Empire, and who have never eaten anything but rye bread and potatoes, military training may be a pure gain. They are developed by an intelligent system of gymnastics, and the food they get is for them a luxury. But there is another side to the question. I do not ask Dr. Maguire to believe Urbain Gohier or Lucien Descaves, but there are serious writers both in France and Germany who draw very black pictures of the effect which military life has on the health and morals of the country lads who go through it. The question is a difficult one to touch, but those who are so struck by the beauties of the military training would do well to take the case of such a town as Limoges, and see whether life in the barracks there is likely to do men much good.

* * * *

The weak point of this favourite argument seems to me, however, to be this—that universal military service would not touch the degraded types at all. In the first place there is no such thing as universal military service. France, which has fifteen to the thousand of her population with the colours, comes nearest the standard. Germany, which draws eleven per thousand, comes next. In the other military Powers the figure is six or seven per thousand. In the French figures there is a large element of sham. French officers complain that, in order to swell the apparent size of the contingents, numbers of conscripts are drawn who are unfit for service and have to be sent back to their families. In fact it is surely absurd to imagine that an army can be made a sanatorium for building up the constitution of weakly men The recruit who is not sound in wind and limb to begin with, is no good for a soldier. Of course, such men would be rejected under obligatory service. In our case, in particular, the conscription would diminish, not increase, the number of those who could look at their own reflection when in a state of nature with honest pride. We take a great many who can just scrape through the medical examination because we can get no other. If we had the pick we would take the strong ones.

* * * *

Sir Cecil Domvile tackles what, with all due deference, I venture to think is a question which had better be let alone—the question whether vessels employed for scouting purposes ought or ought not to fight. He says that many Naval officers are of opinion that our ships ought always to fight, but adds that "the day for this sort of thing has to a great extent passed away." Why? Even in the old times when the rule prevailed nobody ever heard of a ten-gun brig trying to fight a forty-gun frigate. She tried to escape, and if she fired at all it was only in the hope of knocking away a spar and crippling the pursuer. What did happen was that a small frigate would make a long fight with a big one, and even force the action on, not because she hoped to win, but for the purpose of inflicting damage and so making it more likely that the big fellow would be taken by the next British frigate which came in his way. And cases could be quoted in which the calculation was justified by results. In a general way it is more wholesome not to talk about the excuses there are for not fighting. Human nature may be trusted to run away when the odds are obviously too superior, without laborious instruction. If it gets into the habit of considering all the reasons there are for not fighting, the next step will be to look for them. The study of casuistry is very entertaining, and any person of ingenuity can invent a dozen excuses for telling lies, in order to avoid great evils. But it is better to stick to the plain rule that an honest man ought to tell the truth. If you let your mind play round the exceptions, the temptation to make them is apt to become irresistible. The rule that His Majesty's ships always fought was not established in our Navy in a day nor without great efforts, and on the whole it is prudent to do nothing to weaken its authority.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
ILLUSTRATED.
OFFICES—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Cricket and China.

A PHENOMENON that puzzles a good many people is the lack of any real general interest in the Chinese difficulty. While the Legations were in urgent need, there did seem to be genuine widespread anxiety. But this soon passed, and since then China has taken quite a secondary place in the public mind. Why is this? Our interests in the Flowery Land are immense. The whole situation is one of the deepest importance to the world. The problem presented offers a fascinating study to the observer of the rise and fall of nations, of the gradual subjugation of the old world by the new. It is in almost every way a much bigger thing than the war in South Africa. Yet the public still follows every skirmish in the Transvaal with anxious gaze, and apparently finds very little in the news from the Far East to stir its blood or to take hold of its imagination.

To the student of the public mind there is nothing surprising in this at all. The same phenomenon has been observed any number of times before. Indeed, it has been observable much nearer home than China all this past summer. What has become of the public interest in cricket? Recollect how as a rule from May until September the evening paper contents bills are covered with "Latest scores," "Record batting and bowling feats," "Great victory of Yorkshire," and so on. And then think how seldom we have seen such bills this year. The national game has been neglected. The game of life and death has overshadowed it. Grim-visaged war has filled our thoughts and left us little interest in the pastimes of peace. "Well, but surely the public is capable of taking an interest in two things at a time," says some objector. To whom answer must be made that this is exactly what the public is not capable of doing; or, at any rate, if it is capable, it does not choose to do it. There is nearly always one subject uppermost in the nation's thoughts, which for the moment dwarfs every other. It may change from week to week, or even from day to day, when there is nothing particular happening to keep the telegraph on the click and send up the demand for special editions. But this is a fact—that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get the mass of people really interested in more than one thing at a time.

Then, again, to attract the masses' attention there must be a clear issue—white against black: the great and good British nation against the corrupt and despicable Boer, for instance, or the brave and chivalrous American people opposing the worn-out and cruel dominion of Spain. No subtleties of the philosopher who can see that both sides are right and both wrong, no half-measures, for the man who settles the affairs of the universe as he goes to work in the morning and as he returns at night. He must have a hard-and-fast line drawn between combatants, the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. Again we can borrow an example from cricket. When is the interest in cricket most keen? In those years in which we have an Australian team here trying its strength in so many encounters with All England, or in which two counties stand out pre-eminently from amongst the others, and fight out the championship struggle between them. Now in China a hard-and-fast line is just what we have not got. No one quite knows whether we are at war with the Chinese, or whether we are merely acting as extra policemen to assist the law-abiding Celestial in suppressing the wicked Boxer. While the Legations were in danger, there was for a short time an issue clear enough. Could we save Her Majesty's representative and all our fellow-subjects in Peking from the horrible fate that threatened them? The situation was highly dramatic. The eager looking for news; the scraps of information that came through, now hopeful, now of the most painful augury; the prolonged suspense—all that stretched our minds upon the rack of doubt and anxiety. But the newspapers themselves soon dissipated this interest. When the public found that a different story was published with picturesquely circumstantial details every day, they naturally began to look at the telegrams with waning attention. If the Legations had been destroyed with fire and sword, and not a soul left alive, as "our special correspondent" knew on the "best possible authority," how came the American Minister to be sending telegrams to his Government several days afterwards? If, on the other hand, the Europeans were alive, why were we arranging to hold funeral services for them? The public shook its head, declined to believe anything, and turned back to the war in South Africa. They could understand the issue there, and they had the official telegrams day by day which could be relied upon.

And ever since then the situation in China has become more and more confused day by day. What is the British policy as defined by Ministers? To look after our trade interests and to go no further; not on any account to undertake to govern China or any part of it, either by ourselves or in co-operation with others. This may be the policy of the Americans, too. Nobody quite knows, least of all, probably, President McKinley himself, who, as usual, has his ear to the ground, trying to gather what the nation would like him to do. But it is certainly not the policy of any other Power. "China must be our India," say the Russians; and the Mailed Fist is wide open to grab what it can; and Japan will have a little claim to advance, too. The force of circumstances is pushing Europe nearer and nearer to a dividing-up of China, each Power taking a sphere, just as they have done in Africa, and being responsible for its orderly government. Are we going to stand alone against all the world with the battle-cry of "China for the Chinese"? God forbid. We have backed the wrong horse, as Lord Salisbury has told us, long enough in Turkey. Let us put our money on a better animal in the Far East.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1747.—Capture of the French "Renommée," 32, by the "Dover," 44. 1782.—Defeat of the Spanish Naval attack on Gibraltar. 1892.—The "Alarm" and "Leda" launched.

September 14, 1779.—Capture of the Spanish "Sta. Monica," 28, by the "Pearl," 32, off the Azores. 1801.—Attack on Porto Ferrago by landing parties from Sir J. Borlase Warren's squadron. 1803.—Bombardment of Dieppe by the "Immortalité," 38, with the bombs "Perseus" and "Experiment." 1805.—Nelson left England for the last time. 1806.—Destruction of the French "Impetueux," 74, off the Chesapeake, by the "Belleisle," 74, and the frigates "Bellona" and "Melampus."

September 15, 1782.—Capture of the French "Aigle," 40, by the "Vestal," 28, "Sophie," 22, and "Bonetta," 16, in the Chesapeake. 1795.—Surrender of the Cape of Good Hope (Dutch) to Sir G. Keith Elphinstone's squadron. 1803.—Bombardment of Granville by Sir James Saumarez with a small squadron.

September 16, 1670.—Admiral Sir William Penn died. 1710.—Attack on and destruction of three Spanish men-of-war in Ribadeo Harbour, Cape Ortegal, by the boats of the "Weymouth," 60, "Winchester," 30, and "Dursley," galley. 1812.—Naval action off Ancona.

September 17, 1797.—Sinking of the French "Trompeur," 12, by the "Pelican," 18, off Cape Nicolas Mole, San Domingo.

September 18, 1740.—Anson started on his cruise round the world. 1810.—Capture of the French "Venus," 40, by the "Boadicea," 38, and "Victor," 18, in St. Paul's Bay, Isle of Bourbon. 1811.—Reduction of Java by the East Indies squadron under Rear-Admiral Stopford and a contingent of land forces.

September 19, 1777.—Capture of the American "Lexington," 16, by the "Alert," 10, off Ushant. 1856.—Naval Brigade re-embarked after the fall of Sebastopol.

September 20, 1799.—Action between the French "Preneuse," 36, and the "Camel," 24, and "Rattlesnake," 16, in Algoa Bay. 1803.—Action between the "Princess Augusta," 8, and the "Dutch Union," 12, and "Vryheid," 10, off the Texel. 1887.—The "Trafalgar" launched.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1759.—Battle of Quebec. Wolfe defeated the French, under Montcalm, on the Heights of Abraham. Wolfe was killed and Montcalm mortally wounded. 1762.—French defeated near St. John's, Newfoundland. 1882.—Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley routed the Egyptians.

September 14, 1402.—Battle of Homildon Hill. Scots defeated by the Earl of Northumberland. 1543.—Surrender of Boulogne to Henry VIII. 1711.—Surrender of Bouchain to Marlborough. 1751.—Successful sortie by Clive from Arcot. 1854.—British army landed in the Crimea. 1857.—Delhi stormed by General Archdale Wilson. 1882.—Cairo occupied by the British.

September 15, 1762.—French again defeated near St. John's, Newfoundland. 1776.—Capture of New York. The Americans evacuated the city on the approach of General Howe's army. 1882.—Unconditional surrender of Arabi Pasha. 1897.—General Yeatman Biggs relieved Fort Guliston (North-West Frontier). 1898.—Dervishes defeated by Sir Herbert (now Lord) Kitchener at Den Zehi, on the White Nile.

September 16, 1191.—Richardi defeated Saladin and took Ascalon. 1776.—Lieutenant-General Howe defeated the Americans near North River. 1897.—Action in the Mahmund Valley. General Jeffreys's rearguard attacked by the tribesmen.

September 17, 1791.—Surrender of Raymaughur, near Bangalore.

September 18, 1759.—Surrender of Quebec to General Townshend, who succeeded to the command of the British on the death of Wolfe.

September 19, 1356.—Battle of Poitiers. Edward the Black Prince, with 12,000 men, defeated 60,000 French, under King John, who was taken prisoner. 1812.—First attack on Burgos repulsed by the French. 1896.—Battle of Hafir. The Nile boats passed the Dervish batteries which were abandoned by the enemy after being bombarded.

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The Cadet Battalion The Queen's.

THE majority of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the workings of one or more of our many adult volunteer corps, but possibly a small proportion of them only are in touch with the younger corps, composed, as they are, of those who have not yet attained to man's estate.

Almost all the principal schools can lay claim to a cadet corps of one or more companies, and attached to some volunteer battalion. For instance, the Uppingham Corps is to be found in the Army List under the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment. These corps are numerous, and yearly spend a week in camp at Aldershot, besides holding large combined field days and several minor exercises every year; but it is with cadet battalions (of which there are only six), and with one in particular, that we are here concerned. Two of the battalions referred to—the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) and the King's Royal Rifle Corps—have their headquarters in London. The remaining four are located respectively at Ramsgate, Liverpool, Norwich, and Manchester.

The organisation of each is precisely the same as that of an adult battalion, with the exception that the officers are shown in the Army List as *honorary* lieutenant-colonels, majors, captains, or lieutenants. Although the rank and file are entirely made up of lads, a number of the officers holding honorary commissions are men of experience, and frequently hold commissions in the Militia.

The acting adjutant may or may not be a company officer, but he receives neither pay nor allowances. It is, indeed, a matter for regret that the Government has not yet seen its way to extend to the junior battalions all the monetary advantages bestowed upon their seniors; but we may still hope that, with the march of time, the authorities will place the cadets on the same footing as other volunteers. One of the accompanying illustrations depicts the officers of the Cadet Battalion the Queen's, the headquarters of which are situated in Red Cross Street, Southwark. The battalion, which consists of six companies, is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Salmon, of the 3rd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, a Militia officer, and among the captains there are three who also command companies in Militia battalions.

THE GOVERNING BODY.

THE BACKBONE OF THE BATTALION.

Reference to another illustration will show that the battalion turns out on parade fully equipped with band, drums, pioneers, cyclists, signallers, and mounted field officers, and is as smart as, if indeed it is not smarter than, the average adult corps. The week in camp is well spent in the practice of drill and manœuvre, and the discipline maintained does credit to all ranks.

During the greater part of the year one company and one battalion drill are held in each week. Route marches and church parades also take place from time to time.

Those who are sceptical with regard to the utility of cadet battalions would do well to make a pilgrimage to the headquarters at Southwark on the occasion of a route march or church parade.

Photos. Evelyn. Copyright.

IN CAMP—"OFFICERS TO THE FRONT."

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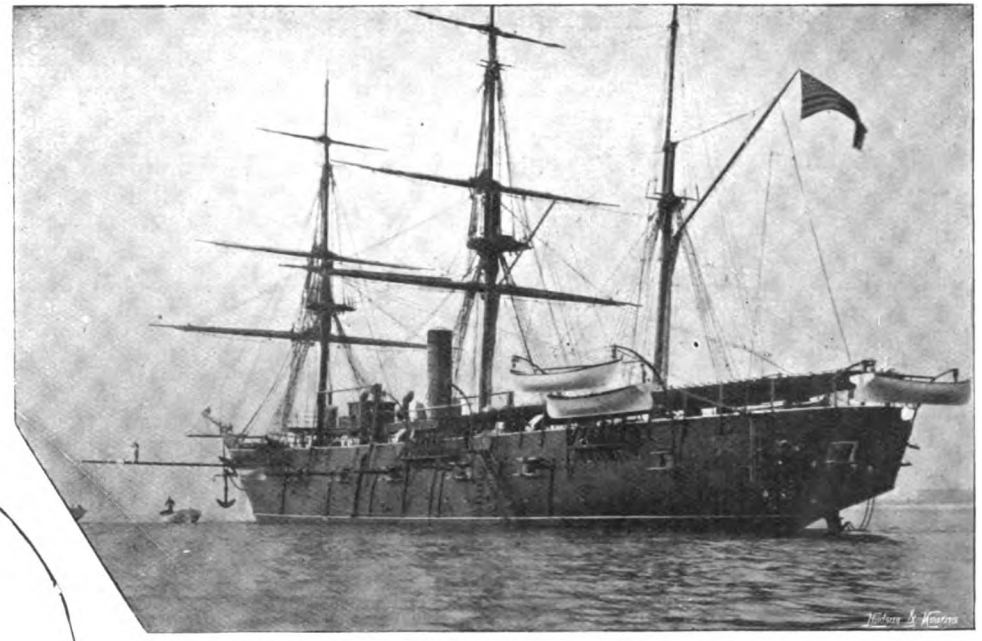
FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP, THE "HARTFORD."

THE BATTERY DECK.
Modern Guns for Instruction Purposes



THE SHIP IN PORT.
A War Veteran with a Peaceful Mission.

"OUR MASCOT."
Found Forlorn at 'Frisco, it has Now a Home in the "Hartford."

THE UNITED STATES TRAINING-SHIP AT GRAVESEND.

SMALL-ARM AIMING DRILL.
"Jackies" Learning to Shoot Straight.

ALL ABOUT BIG GUNS.
A Theoretical Artillery Class.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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A Man-o'-war's Magazine.

TO compose, illustrate, print, and publish, without outside assistance in any shape or form, a monthly magazine on board one of Her Majesty's ships is surely a performance worthy to be recorded, and we are therefore pleased to refer to the "Furious" Magazine, one of the most commendable of Service periodicals that have come to our notice. Of regimental papers there are scores, from highly meritorious to poorly printed and badly edited periodicals, if the word may be used, for they appear at very irregular intervals. But unlike their brethren of the Press in the sister Service, the editorial staff of the "Furious" Magazine have neither type nor printing machine at their disposal. Their "offices" consist of a cabin and the engineers' store-room; their

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.
The Telescope.

personnel includes the Editor, Lieutenant H. C. Sterling; Sub-Editor, Staff-Engineer W. T. Wiggins; Artists, Commander Joseph R. Bridson and Dr. H. F. D. Stephens; and Printer, Stoker Long, the latter of whom admirably combines the duties of compositor, machine-man, and "devil."

It needs but a glance at our illustrations, which, with the exception of the staff photograph, have been copied from the magazine, to show the merit of the artistic work which appears from time to time, and it may be taken for granted that the literary side of the paper is equally clever and amusing. Everything of interest that occurs in the month is recorded in the following issue, not in the form of a mere report, but in a humorous manner that would do credit to the columns of *Punch*. And what is more, and here perhaps the practical value of the "Furious" Magazine shows itself, whenever one of the officers offends against the unwritten laws of the Service or the Naval code of etiquette, attention is drawn to his indiscretion in some humorous way, so that the magazine has become quite a useful corrective in the ship! When the work of each member of the staff is so excellent, it is somewhat invidious to refer to what is done by one particular member, but it is generally admitted that the drawings made by Commander Joseph R. Bridson are so happily conceived and executed that we shall not be slighting others of the staff by referring to them. Look at the picture of the plum-pudding and the cheese which illustrated a story written by the Editor, entitled "Christmas from the Plum-Pudding's Point of View," and the skill of the artist will be seen at once. The pudding is complaining to one of the officers, who has dropped off to sleep, that he is compelled to associate with a cheese that is strong enough to blow out the candles. The look of disgust on the face of the pudding and the expressive

THE COVER OF THE LAS PALMAS ISSUE.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.
The Opera Glasses.

countenance of the cheese are indeed admirably portrayed.

The question may be asked, by what means is the magazine produced, seeing that the "Furious" does not carry a printer's outfit of type and machinery? The paper is prepared by the help of one of those gelatine hectograph compositions that are used to produce circulars. Of course the edition is not a large one, but the Printer, who really hand-writes the literary portion of the paper, very skilfully puts into shape the work given him to do. It is claimed by the officers of the "Furious" that theirs is the only ship magazine in the Service. Whether this is the case or not is hardly for us to say, but they can certainly take credit for producing an unique newspaper that was the delight of all who saw it. Inspired by the success of their magazine, and challenged to do so, the staff undertook during the recent Naval Manœuvres to produce a daily paper for four days. The undertaking was safely accomplished, and was highly creditable to all concerned. May the inspiring example of the humorous Editor be widely copied.

FROM THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.
The Disgusted Plum-pudding.

THE STAFF OF THE "FURIOUS" MAGAZINE.
Fleet Street Recruited Afloat.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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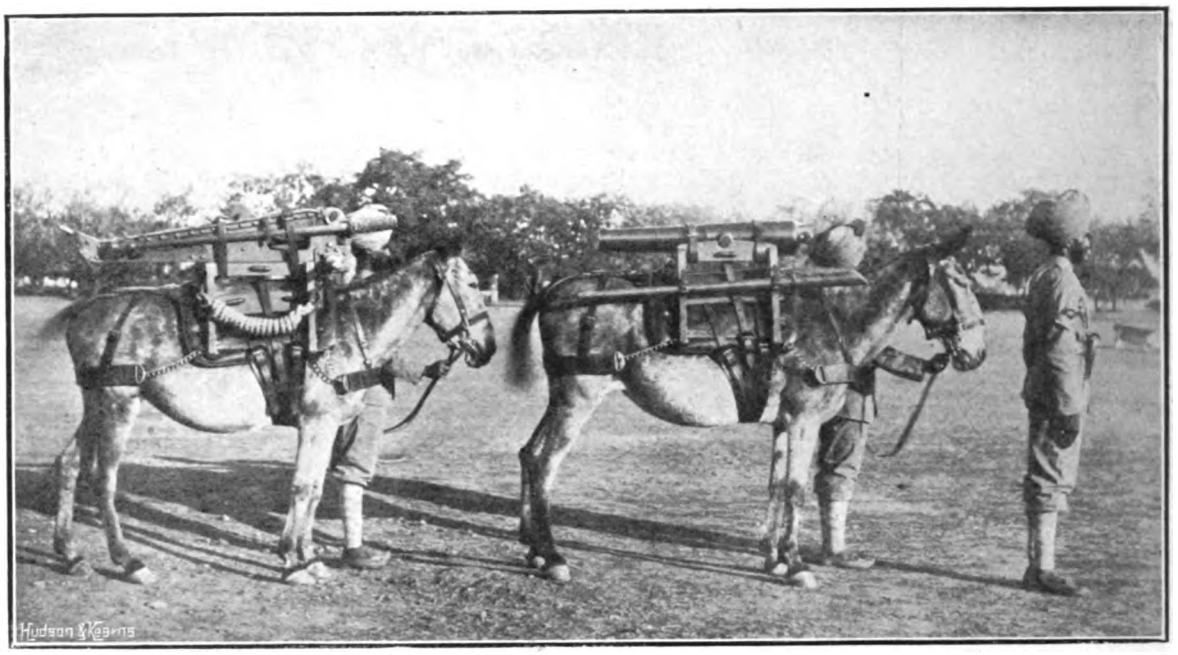
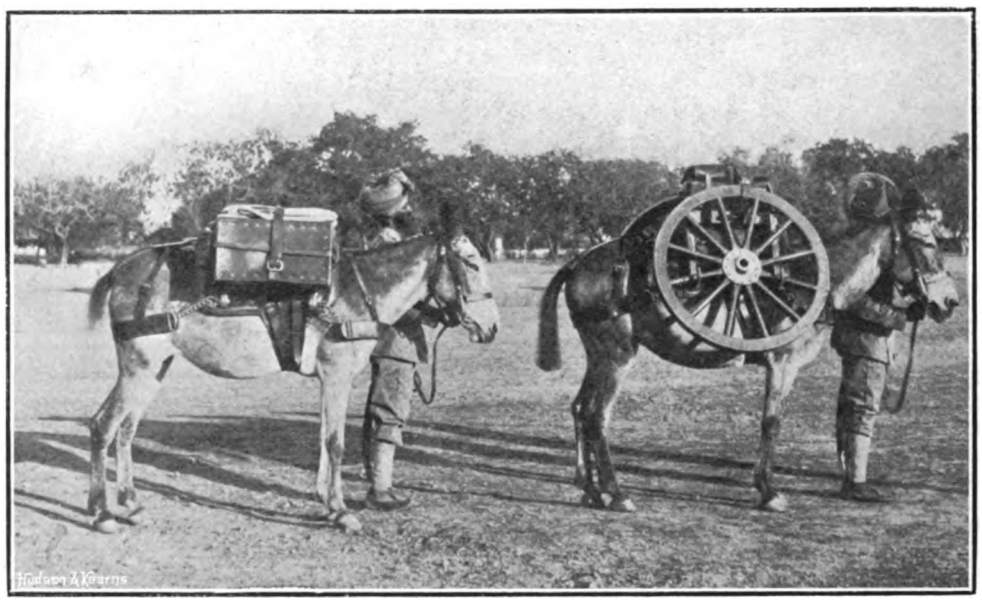
Some Military Resources of India.

THE fighting races of India are one of the strongest elements in the military fabric of the Empire, and it surprised no one that an expeditionary force of these tough soldiers was to be formed for service in China. They have given too many proofs of their qualities to be left out of the game when we are fighting a race that is yellow. There were many who thought that these dark-skinned sons of our Empire might well have been used against the Boers, and in no place was this thought more firmly planted than in their own stalwart breasts. They have taken a useful part in South Africa, it is true, but not in a combatant capacity, and now they have won the opportunity they have so much desired.



A BOMBAY MOUNTAIN BATTERY
Transport for the Gun and Its Carriage.

The entry of the Indian Army into the sphere of operations in the Far East has led us to turn attention to certain of the military resources of India, and we give a series of illustrations depicting a Bombay mountain battery, and the ammunition column which was sent to China from Campbellpore. One is a picturesque feature of the Indian Army — a battery which fought through the Tirah Campaign, transporting its load on the back of faithful mules, including the great march down the Bara Valley; the other is the essential complement to the Indian guns in China, carrying the villainous saltpetre and the shells that speak from their angry throats. Great is the contrast between the rugged mountain paths of the North-West Frontier and the millet-covered plains, with their outrageously muddy roads, which are found in Northern China; but the Indian Army is, of course, prepared for any emergency, and for operations in any country.



THE MULES FOR WHEELS AND AMMUNITION.
Completing the Chief Equipment of the Gun.

A mountain battery in India does not differ in any marked way from a battery of the same class on the Imperial establishment. Both are intended for the same work, and carry their guns much in the same way. If for the battery sergeant-major, the quartermaster-sergeant, the six sergeants, and the six corporals of a British mountain battery you substitute the havildar, the kot-havildar, the gun havildars, and the naiks, you have discovered the chief difference between the two establishments. You have dark-skinned natives instead of Europeans.

THE TRAINING OF MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY.
The Screw Gun Prepared for Action.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

The gun is a 7-pounder muzzle-loader, with a calibre of 2·5-in., and it is fitted with a screw so that the breech can be separated from the chase, and the whole be carried by two mules. The gun-carriage consists of the body of the carriage, the axle, and the wheels, these parts being usually carried by three mules. Five other mules carry pack saddles, and relieve the others, which are severely tried, especially those which carry top-loads—carriage, breech, or chase—and suffer from tight girthing. Each gun—and there are six in a mountain battery—constitutes a subdivision, and is under a havildar, being complete with its attendant gunners, mules, and equipment. In addition to the ten mules

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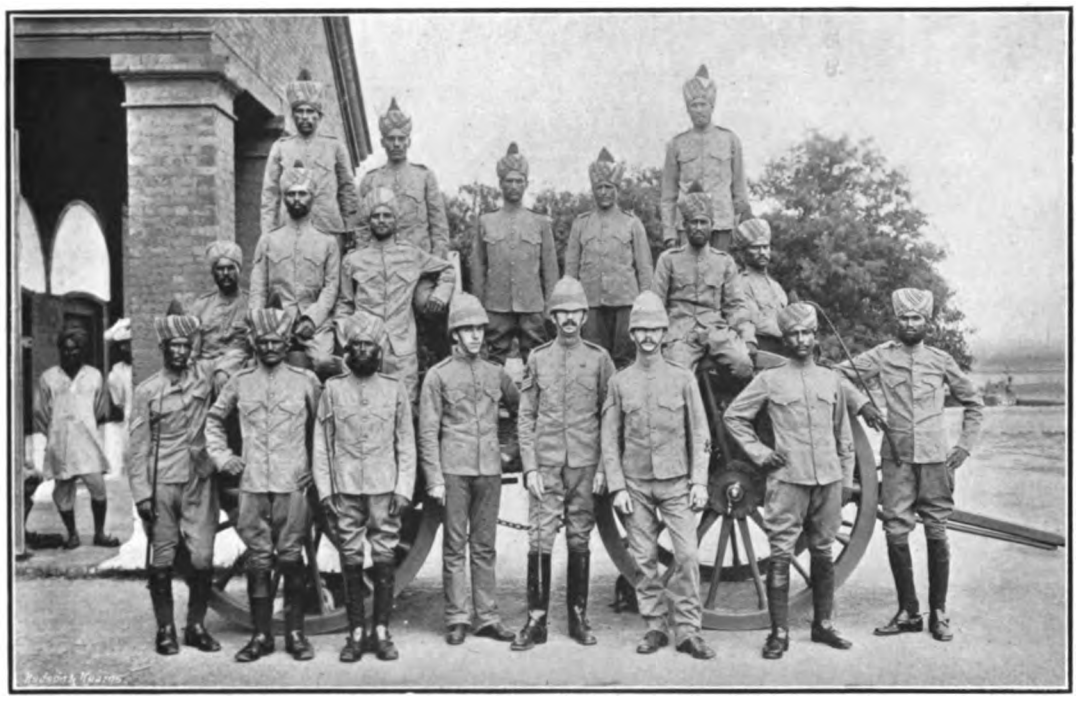
enumerated to a gun, there are six ammunition mules with one relief, a wheel and axle mule, a pioneer or an artificer's mule, and four spare mules. Thus a battery has 138 gun mules, and there are seventy-two baggage mules in addition, considerably increased on service. Indeed, the strength of a mountain battery in war depends on the nature of the theatre of war, and the manner in which the battery is to be employed. The men are increased as well as the animals, but the general establishment, in addition to the gun havildars and naiks, comprises eighty-eight gunners and two trumpeters, with a driver establishment of about 150, including shoeing-smiths and farriers, with a number of followers such as are usual in India. With these batteries projectiles of various descriptions are employed, viz., ring-shell, shrapnel, and star and case shot.

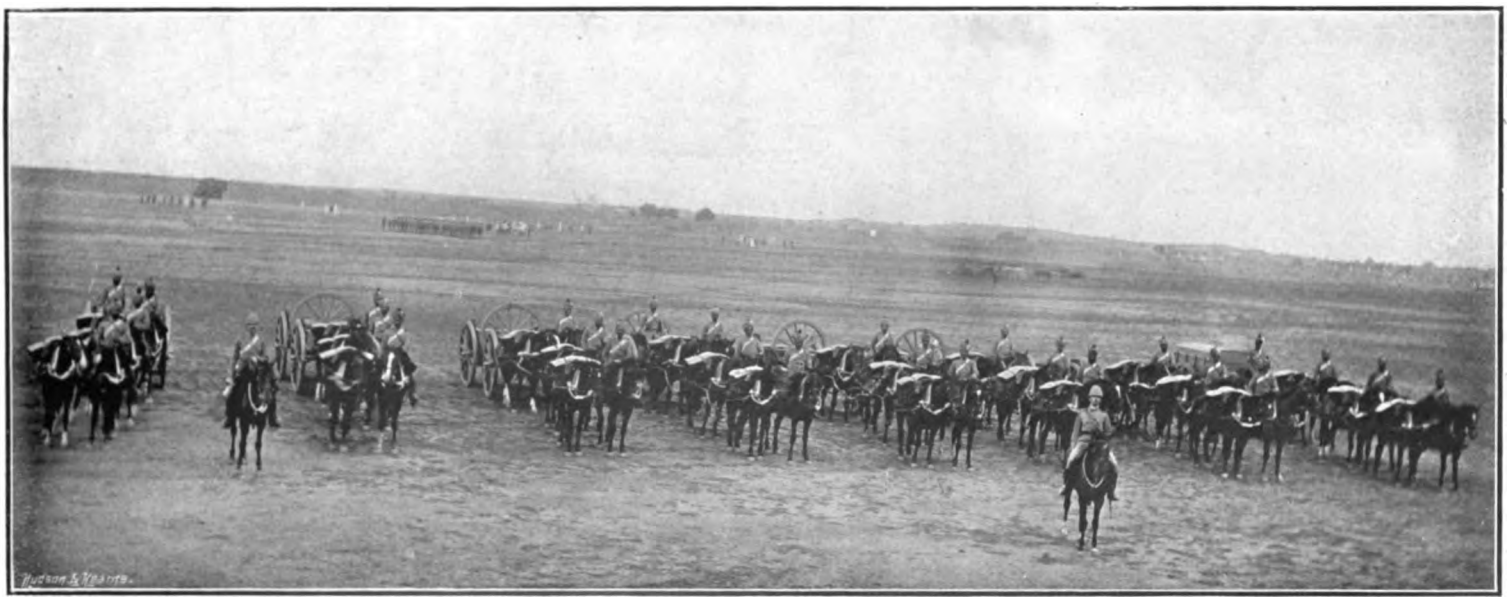
THE AMMUNITION COLUMN SENT TO CHINA.
A Six-horse Battery Ammunition Waggon



A GROUP OF THE CHINA AMMUNITION UNIT.
The European and Native Non-commissioned Officers.

Let us now turn to the constitution of that indispensable unit for field guns, the ammunition column. In India an ammunition column, like that we illustrate at Campbellpore, which is now in China, consists of three units—its headquarters and two ordinary units. The ordinary unit consists in peace-time of a sergeant-major (British), one naik, nineteen drivers, one jemadar, and twenty-one syces, thirty-eight draught horses, and six ammunition waggons. On mobilisation these three units include a captain, two lieutenants, one sergeant-major, one quartermaster-sergeant, a farrier, two shoeing-smiths, a trumpeter, three non-commissioned officers, and six drivers, all British. The native portion of the force is made up of one havildar, four naiks, sixty-five drivers, and seventy-four followers, these including syces, bhisties, sweepers, and the usual menial establishment attached to corps in India. They are chiefly recruited from the Punjab, and are composed of Sikhs and Punjabi Mahomedans.

The horses of the column number 138, and there are eighteen ammunition waggons, one spare gun-carriage, a field forge, and a store waggon. It will be observed that the waggons we depict carry spare wheels. Each waggon carries ninety-two shrapnel shells and four case shot, with cordite charges for each shot and shell and the necessary fuses and tubes. Including the supply with the limbers the total complement is about 1,702 shrapnels and seventy-four case shot. The forge waggon carries a complete set of tools for the farriers, wheelwrights, smiths, etc., while the store waggon has three months' supplies of miscellaneous stores.



THE FOOD FOR THE GUNS ON PARADE.
The Inspection of the Column at Campbellpore.
From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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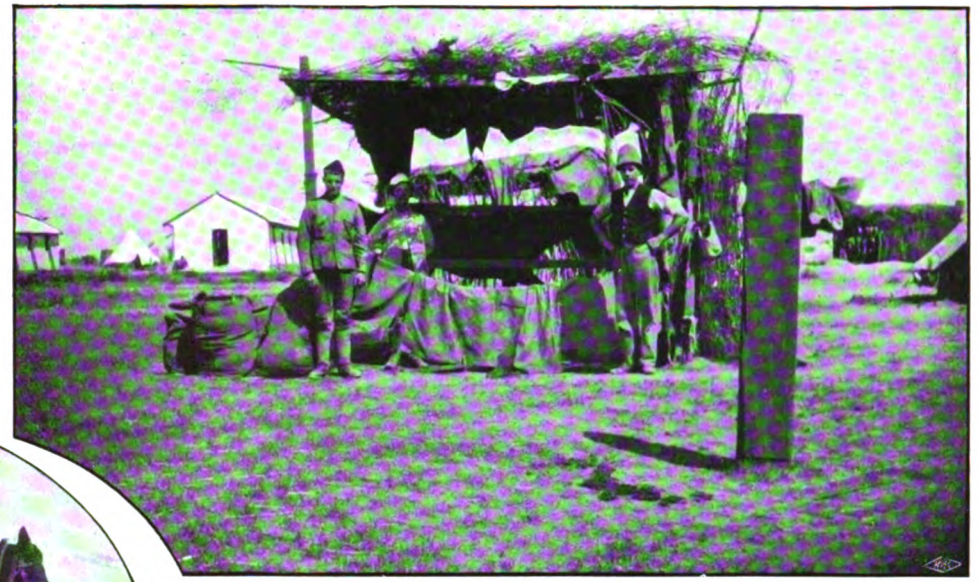
On the Track of a Boer Commando.

Across the Rolling Veldt.

OUTSPANNING IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.
A War Correspondent in Comparative Comfort.



NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.
A Stable Constructed by Soldier Grooms.

MR. DUNCOMBE-JEWELL.
One of the Correspondents of the "Morning Post."

HALTED ON THE RAILWAY LINE.
Officers Bivouacked Al Fresco.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BRAVE SOLDIER
Colonel Keith-Falconer's Grave in Orange River Cemetery.

Scenes in the South African Drama.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by L. Duncombe Jewell, Special Correspondent of the "Morning Post."

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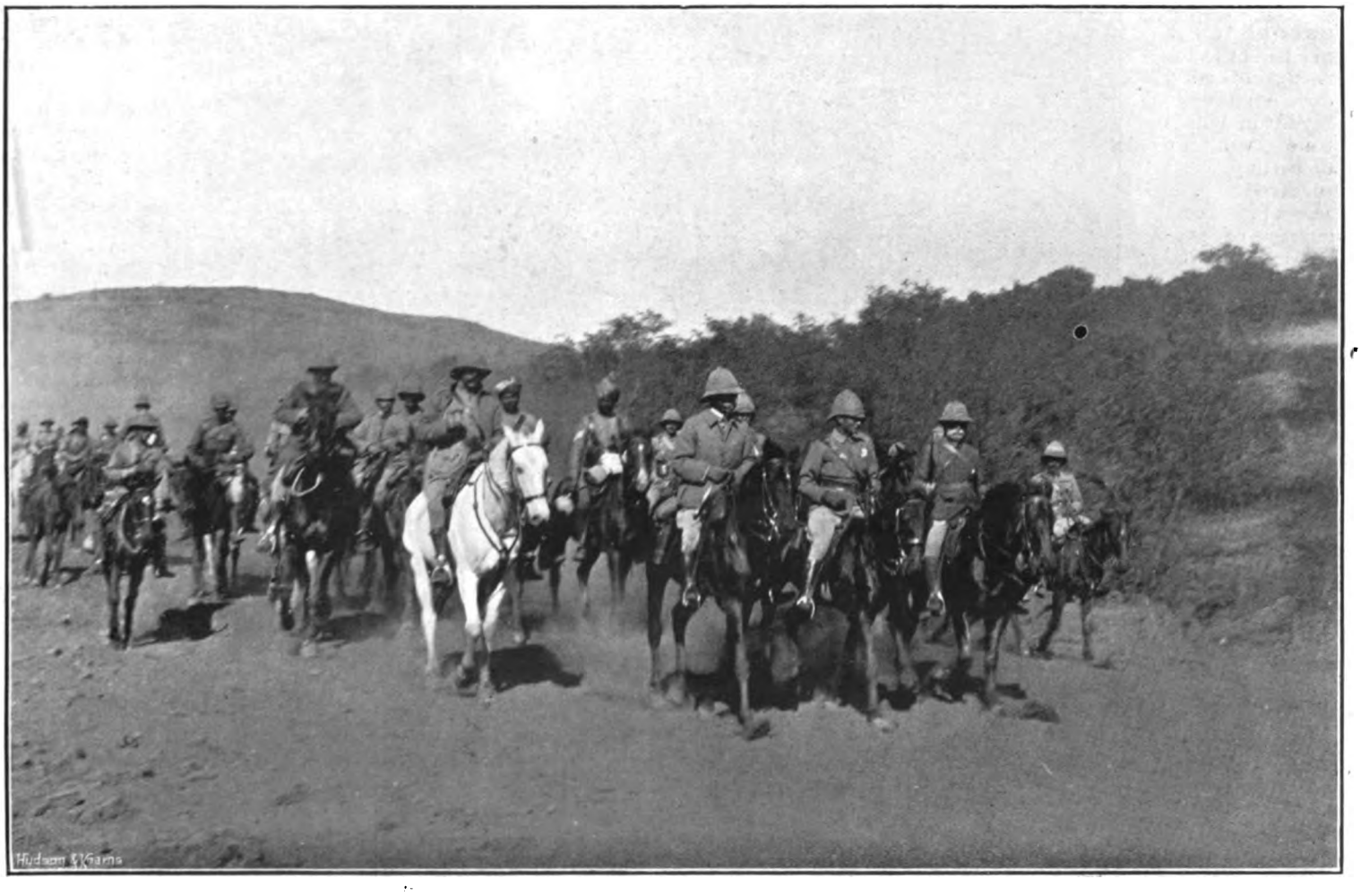
Scotching the Boer Snake.

GENERAL FRENCH AND HIS STAFF.

The Great and Dashing Cavalry Leader and His Principal Colleagues.



RIDING ROUND THE BOER CAPITAL.

Lord Roberts Lord Kitchener, and Staff Visiting the Outskirts of Pretoria.

Some Prominent Officers at the Front.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by James G. F. Archibald.

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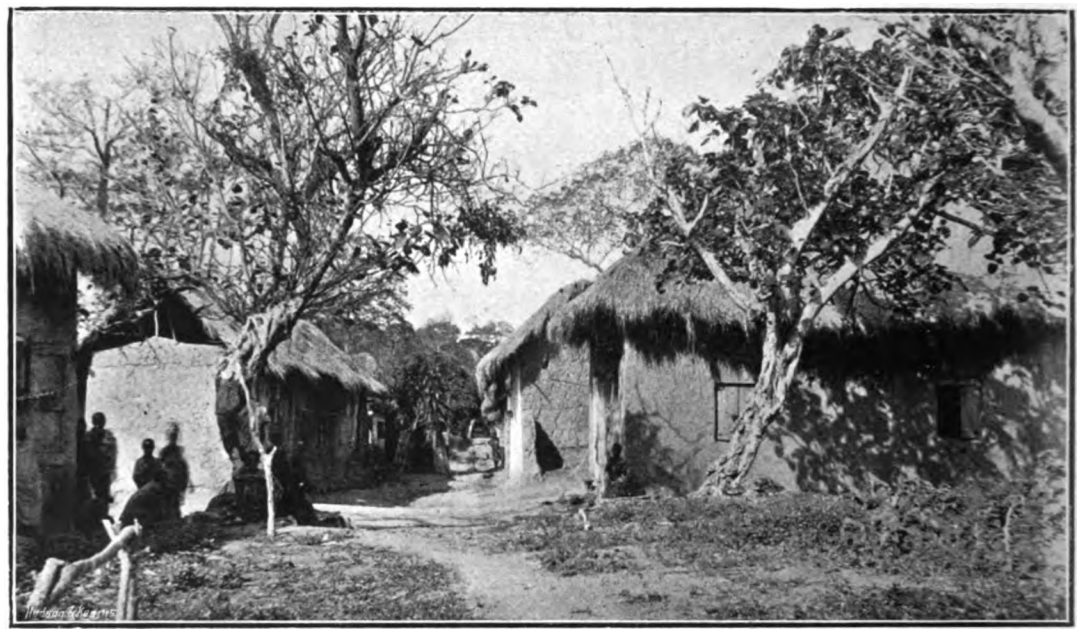
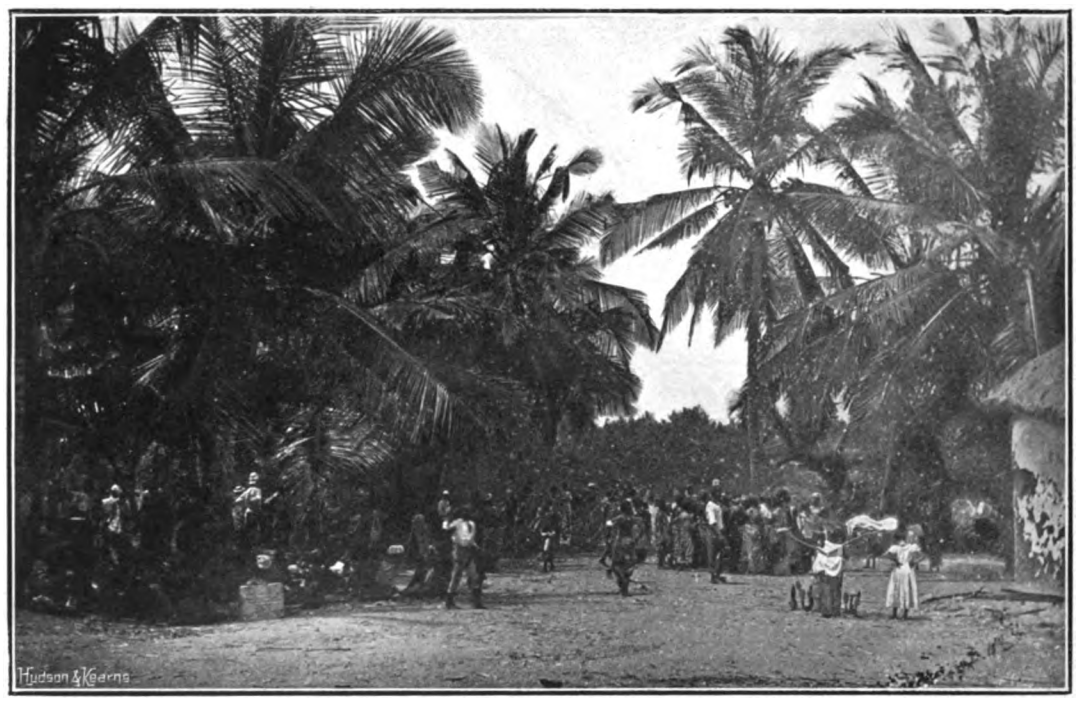
The Retirement from Kumassi.

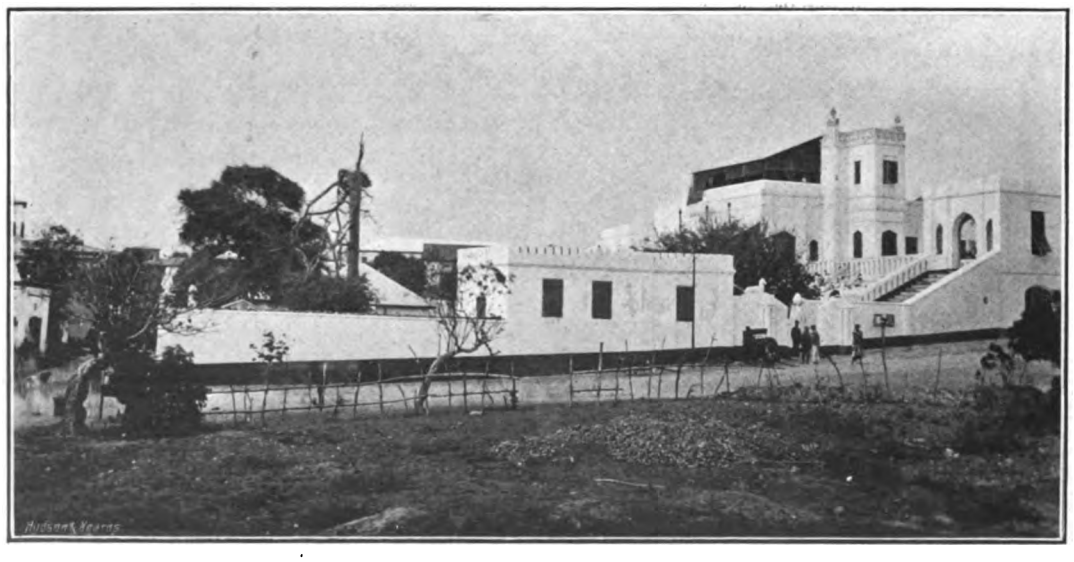
IT is perfectly certain that this country escaped a grave calamity in Ashanti by the merest piece of good luck. At any other time—at a time, that is, when there was no war in South Africa, no troubles in China, to distract the attention of the nation—the brilliant work which has been done in West Africa would have received the notice it is justly entitled to, for it is difficult to know which to admire most, the masterly conduct of the retirement of Sir Frederick Hodgson and his party — for the success of which the skill and resource of Major Morris were largely responsible; the heroic defence of the little garrison that remained; or the skill, courage, and endurance with which, in spite of hardships and hard fighting, the relieving force pushed onwards to its goal. It is to Colonel Willcocks, ably seconded as he was by Colonel Burroughs—whose wound unfortunately prevented him from taking part in the actual relief of Kumassi — and Major Beddoes, that the country owes the fact that British supremacy is still unquestioned in Ashanti. The causes of the rebellion are obscure. Perhaps they will never be known, but it is clear that what was originally regarded as a mere trivial rising speedily developed into a revolt in which the whole country was involved. The insufficient supply of provisions imposed the alternative of reducing the garrison or surrendering to the besieging hordes of relentless and untrustworthy savages. With Sir Frederick Hodgson was Lady Hodgson, and there seem to have been two other ladies in the place, so that the question of surrender could not be entertained. It is one thing, however, to talk of reducing a garrison; it is quite another thing to evade a wily and watchful foe. By a clever ruse, the retreating party contrived to elude the besieging Ashanti army. Their difficulties, however, were far from over. The weather was unfavourable; the rivers were swollen; the enemy were constant in their attacks. It is a stirring story of incessant peril and prolonged endurance. In three days they arrived at the nearest post with trifling loss, and eventually Sir Frederick and Lady Hodgson reached Cape Coast Castle, from which place they proceeded to Accra. One of our pictures shows the District Commissioner's house at the former place, in which Sir Frederick and Lady Hodgson found refuge. The duty remained of relieving the still imprisoned garrison, and the force placed at the disposal of Colonel Willcocks would not under ordinary circumstances have been considered sufficient for the purpose. But it was a case where it was necessary to be rash. Winning his way by dint of hard fighting, Colonel Willcocks reached Kumassi on the very day on which he said he would; but it is easy to imagine the sense of disappointment when the relieving force got within 300-yds. of the fort without eliciting any response to their cheers. Then, however, Captain Bishop, Mr. Ralph, and Dr. Hay, the three Englishmen in the garrison, were seen advancing to meet them, and it became certain that help had come in time.



A VILLAGE ON THE ROAD TO THE COAST.
Typical of West African Life.



A HURRIED HALT UNDER THE PALM TREES.
Pulling Up for a Midday Meal.



THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE, CAPE COAST CASTLE.
At which Sir Frederick and Lady Hodgson Arrived from Kumassi.

From Photos. Taken Specially for "Navy & Army Illustrated" by a Military Officer.

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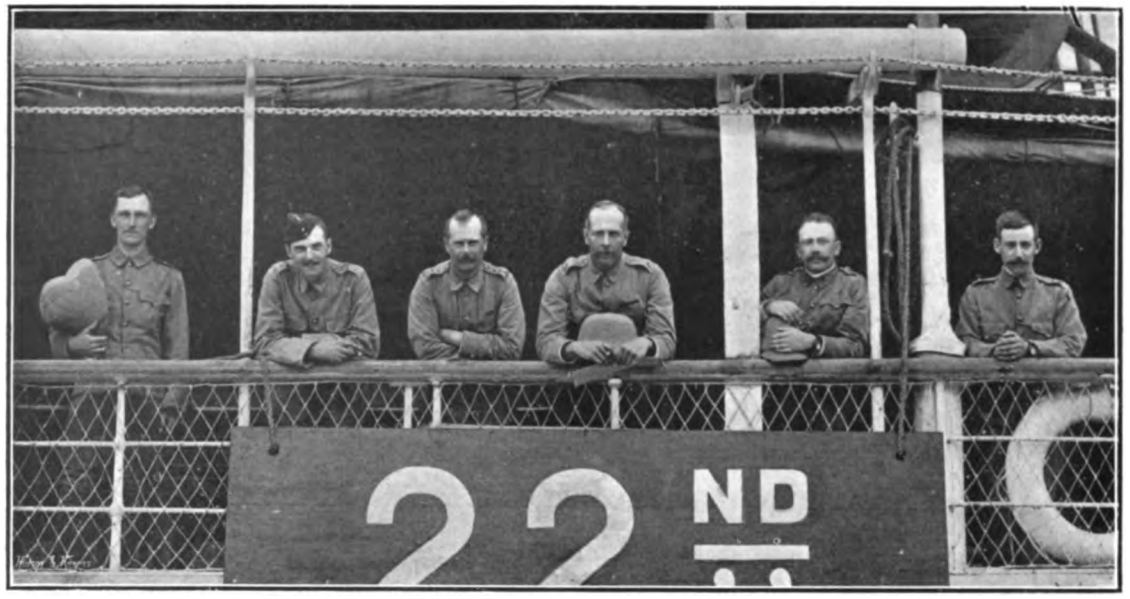
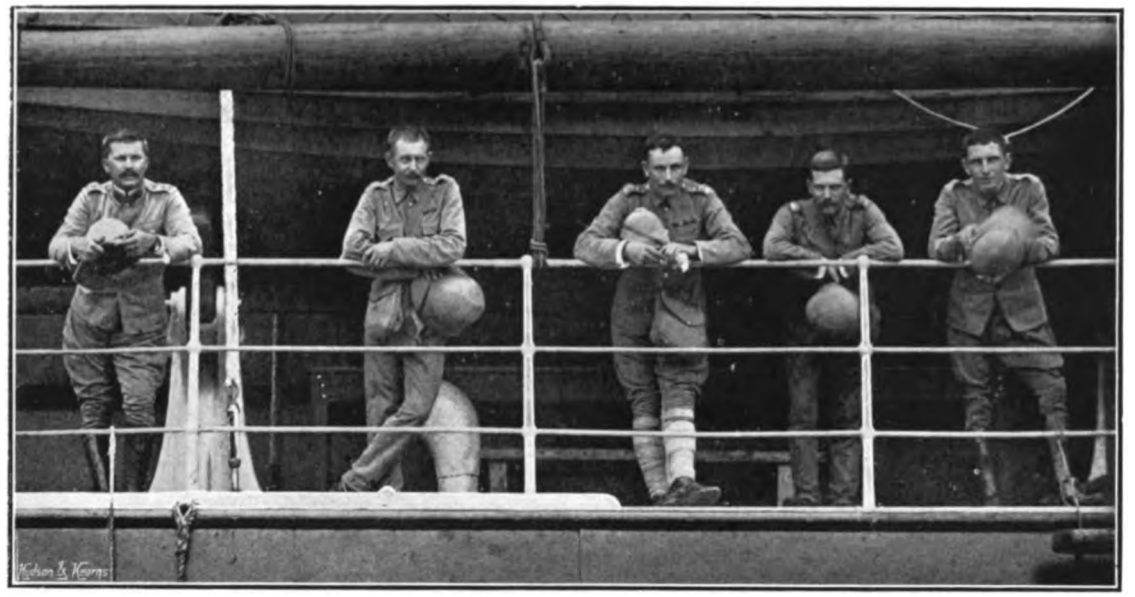
At the Taking of Peking.



ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "WARDHA."
Officers of the 22nd Bombay Infantry, Left Wing.



TO CHINA IN THE TRANSPORT "NAWAB."
The Officers of the 1st Sikhs, Left Wing.

A VALUABLE FORCE IN THE "SERSA."
Officers of the Madras Sappers and Miners.

FROM CALCUTTA IN THE "NERBUDDA."
Officers of the 7th Rajputs, Left Wing.

With Gaselee's Relief Column.

From Photos. by F. Kapp & Co., Calcutta

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A Colonial Contingent for China.

Photo. Copyright. *J. R. Mann, Prahran, Victoria.*

The force offered by the Victorian Government arrived last week at Hong-Kong.

The Camp of the Boer Prisoners in Ceylon.

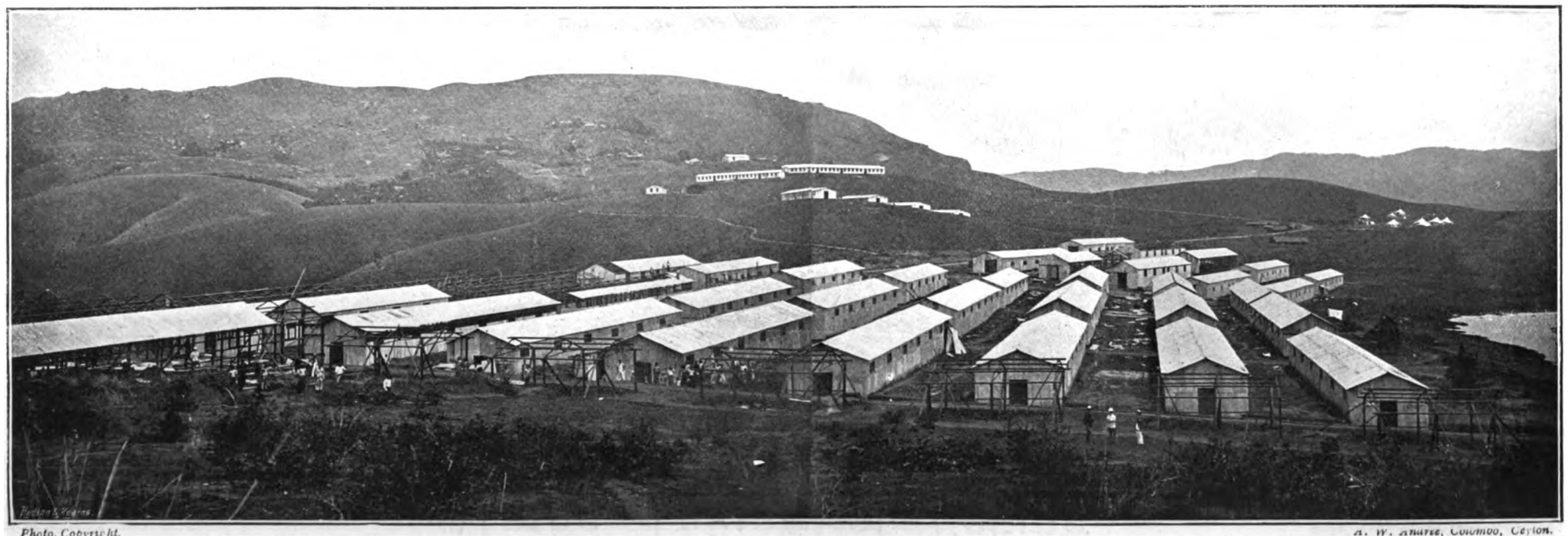

Photo. Copyright. *A. W. Ahuree, Colombo, Ceylon.*

The place selected is Diyatalawa, one of the most beautiful and healthy spots in the island. The popular name of the place is "The Happy Valley."

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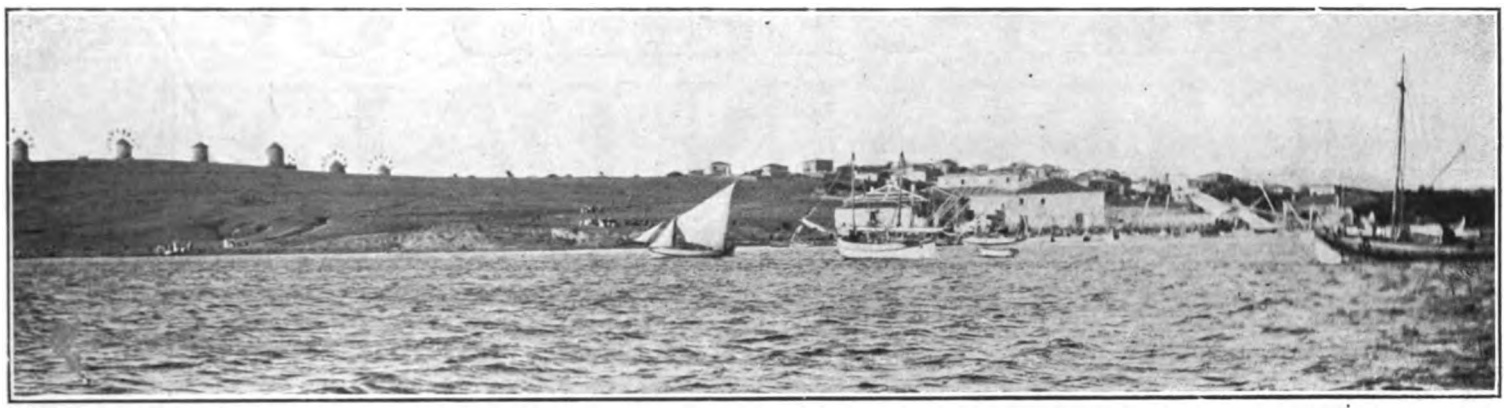
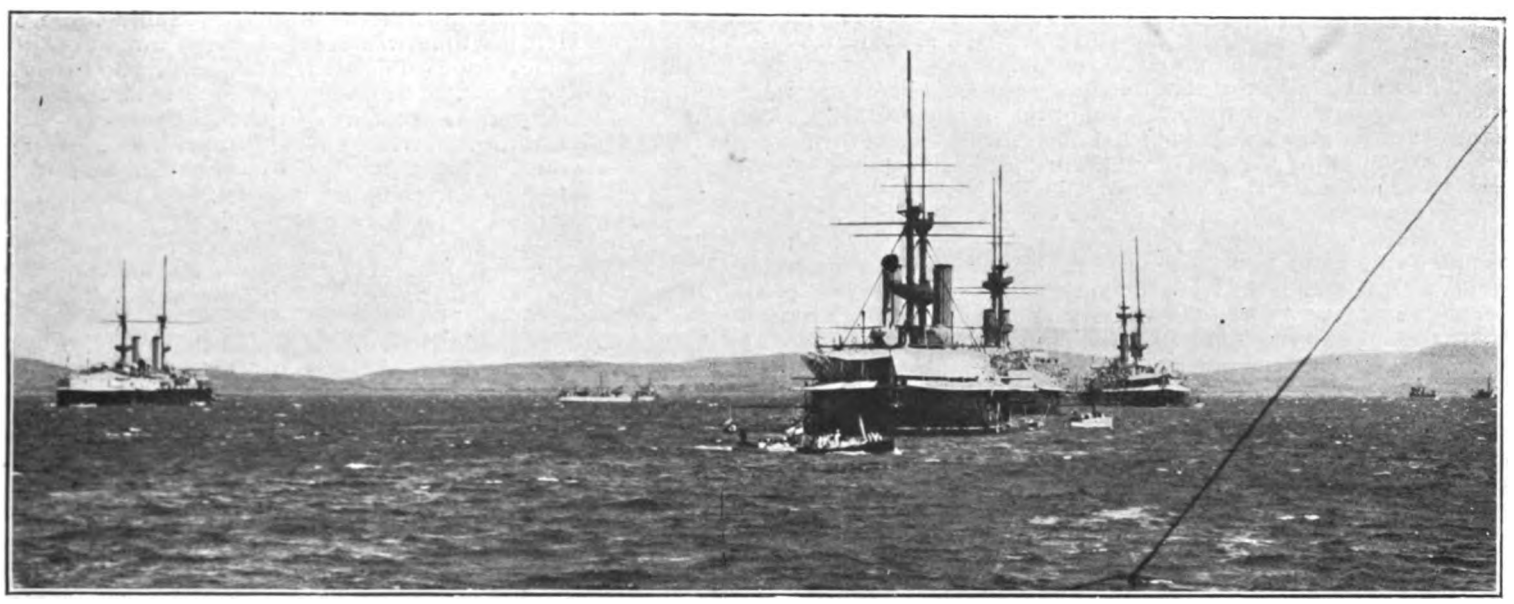
The Sultan of Turkey's Jubilee.



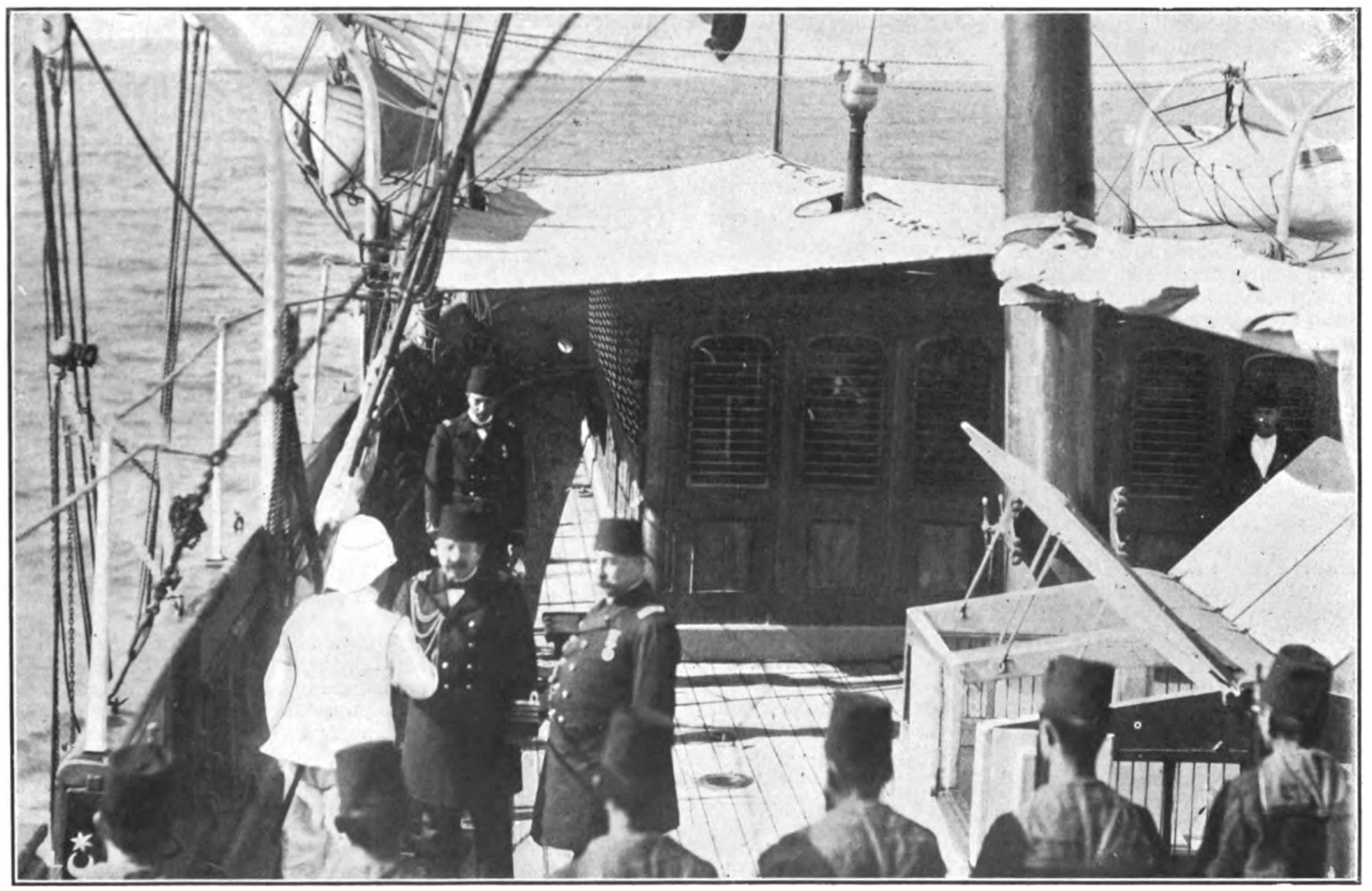
THE PORT OF LEMNOS.

British Blues on Classic Ground



SALUTING THE SULTAN'S STANDARD.

Ships of the Mediterranean Squadron Celebrating the Jubilee.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD RECEIVED BY ADMIRAL HUSNI PACHA ON BOARD H.I.M. YACHT "FUAD."

Naval Officers as Britain's Representatives on Their Way to the Golden Horn.

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THE FOLLIES OF CAPTAIN DALY

BY F. NORREYS CONNELL AUTHOR OF "HOW SOLDIERS FIGHT."

THEIR CATHOLIC MAJESTIES.

THE reader of these veracious records of Captain Daly's life is in possession of the facts which led to the gallant officer, in company with other Horse Grenadiers, and a young pillar of the dignity of the Royal Navy, by name Arthur Quilliam, midshipman, being incarcerated in a French prison. The manner of Captain Daly and Master Quilliam's quitting the same may also prove of some trifling interest to him.

The wounds of both were tolerably severe, and won them such consideration from the captain of the frigate into whose hands they fell, that, instead of handing them over with his other prisoners to the military authorities of Barcelona, he kept them as his guests until he was finally driven off the seas and forced to take refuge in the inner basin of Santona.

By this time Daly was quite himself again, and, although as much could not be said for the midshipman, his wounds were healed, and it was impossible to find any excuse for keeping him longer on board the frigate. Accordingly, with many apologies for the discourtesy to which his duty made him a party, and the proper compliments and thanks from the prisoners, Capitaine de Vaisseau Sarrepont sent them ashore to the custody of the Governor, General Lameth.

This gentleman, equally and justly renowned for his military capacity and the humanity of his disposition, accorded them a personal reception, and having put to them the formal questions as to the state of the British forces without listening to the answers, which were, of course, as he took it for granted they would be, misleading, he came to the real point of what he had to say.

"Would you wish me to put you on board one of the war vessels which your Government pretend, with what truth you can judge for yourselves, are blockading my harbour?"

Captain Daly and Master Quilliam replied without hesitation that such a course of action would meet their views.

"Then, gentlemen," said General Lameth, "it will give me very great happiness to order a boat; and while I am doing so, perhaps you will kindly sign this formal declaration of abstention from bearing arms against France or her allies during the course of the present war."

Master Quilliam was ready enough to sign; for, needless to remark, the bargain was a perfectly fair one, not to praise too warmly anything an enemy does. He, however, felt it was only etiquette to allow Daly to declare his intentions first, and looking towards him, perceived an air of pitiful disappointment overspread the latter's face.

"I owe you an apology, sir," said Daly, huskily. "But, upon my honour, I forgot for the moment the likelihood of your offer being hampered by the condition, undeniably just in itself, which you have mentioned."

"What would you have me do?" the general asked. "I clearly cannot give you your sword to-day and have you draw it on me perhaps to-morrow. You surely do not want to remain my prisoner when I offer you your liberty without the shadow of dishonour attaching to it?"

"I must explain to you, sir," Daly said, "that I am a poor man, and to accept your terms would be to sacrifice my future by severing myself from my regiment. It would spell ruin if I failed to effect an exchange."

"I do not altogether understand the matter," General Lameth replied. "Your military system is different from ours. But, at all events, I hope there will be no need for keeping the other young gentleman from his parents, who will no doubt be anxious about his welfare."

Up spoke Master Quilliam. "I won't sign, thank you, sir," said he.

General Lameth's eyebrows lifted. "Hein! it is not a *post obit*, that you should look so afraid of it."

"I'm not afraid, thank you, sir," the middy declared, "but I'll not sign it all the same."

"Come," said Daly; "you must. Why on earth should you kick your heels here when you might be at home playing marbles and eating lollypops?"

Master Quilliam looked at him reproachfully. "I haven't touched marbles or lollypops for nearly two years," said he.

"Well, then, kissing Dolly Mops and auctioneering watchmen," Daly returned. "Anything is better for a boy of your age than sitting with empty hands doing nothing and thinking damnation."

"Say what you like," was Master Quilliam's rejoinder. "I won't sign, and there's an end of it."

"Hey!" General Lameth interposed, kindly enough for a man who felt his time was being frittered away. "Unless you have some serious objection, I must ask you to sign at once, for if you force me to keep you here it is only fair to warn you that your health is likely to suffer."

"Sign at once, you little fool!" cried Daly, savagely, forcing the quill between the boy's feverish fingers; whereupon Master Quilliam, dropping it again, took the document in both hands and deliberately tore it to pieces.

"Ye spit of Satan"—this was Daly's favourite epithet when aroused—"is that Naval manners, disobeying your betters? I'm ashamed to see such behaviour; in the face of the enemy, too."

"I'll be damned if I sign," reiterated the middy. "'Taint Naval manners, as you call 'em, to go away leaving your betters behind, disobedience or not."

"O, that's the trouble, is it?" murmured General Lameth, turning his back an instant. "Now I ask myself, what can be done in a case of this kind?"

"Perhaps your Excellency would allow me to sign for him," Daly politely suggested.

"That is quite out of the question," answered Lameth, brusquely, to cover a smile. "What I suggest is this—that you both give me your parole for twenty-four hours, which I shall be honoured if you will spend at my house. Meanwhile, you can make up your minds as to what course you intend to follow. Now I must ask you to excuse me. You give parole, gentlemen?"

"For twenty-four hours, and thank you, sir," said Daly.

"For twenty-four hours, and thank you, sir," repeated the middy, who considered the dragoon an excellent model in all things that became a man.

So it was arranged, and Daly and Quilliam found themselves left to their own devices, of which freedom Daly availed himself by punching Master Quilliam's head.

"You won't sign, won't you?" he cried. "Take that"—wollop—"and that"—smack.

He did not really hit with any vigour, but Daly was a far stronger man than he himself quite realised, and the boy, toppling over backwards, fell on the floor, half laughing, half crying. "All the same, I won't sign," said he; "although I should like to go home," he added as the laugh stilled, and he burst into undeniable sobs.

In a trice he was caught up and perched on Daly's knee, while the dragoon soaked up his tears in one of General Lameth's napkins, mumbling the while in a caressing voice: "Was 'um a Naval officer, and would he have liked to go home and see his ma, only for a previous engagement with a bowld dragoon who only punched his head and never thanked him?"

"Lemme go," cried the middy, in the midst of his tears. "This is mollycoddlin'."

"You're quite right," said Daly, "it is," and he deposited him in the most comfortable chair. "I'm sorry I hit so hard, Saint Vincent."

"That's all serene," replied the middy. "Only don't bother me any more about signing that paper. You know you could have escaped from the frigate but for me, and now, whatever happens, I'm sticking to you. As a matter of fact, my father would flog me if I came away without you under the circumstances, and I hate being flogged."

"Have your way, then," Daly almost sighed. "It's fifty to one that the garrison here is short of food—the Governor's manner said as much. You'll be taking the bread out of my mouth, but you won't mind that."

The midshipman shuffled uneasily. "I wish you were not so beastly ingenious," said he.

Daly smiled. "And then, of course, if we both die of starvation on the victuals that might suffice for one, you won't blame me, will you?" he suggested.

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Master Quilliam likewise smiled. "Look here," said he. "I know you could argue me off the face of the earth, but I'm convinced it's the right thing to stop, and I'll stop."

"Stop," answered Daly, "stop! Who am I to trifle with the convictions of a Naval officer? More particularly one fourteen years of age. Stop, of course. You can remain here till Tib's Eve for all I care."

"I will," rejoined the middy. "I will, if you do."

"Make yourself at home, sir," said Daly. "Sorry I've no baccy, though it might be bad for you at your age."

They did not see their host again until the following morning at *déjeuner*. Daly noticed that while he pressed upon them what little there was on the table, he ate very sparingly himself, and could not suppress a sigh at the way in which the midshipman buttered his bread.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, when the meal was done, offering each a cigar, but not taking one himself, "I hope you are about to tell me that one, if not both, of you has made up his mind to deprive me of the further pleasure of his company."

His guests, in equally polite terms, assured him that they were sorry, but neither of them could see his way to oblige him.

"Is that your final determination, gentlemen? Do you fully realise the gravity of it?" the general asked.

The officers affirmed to both questions.

"Eh, bien!" General Lameth said, knitting his brows. "You place me in a very difficult position. May I speak to you frankly, without fear of your using what I say against me?"

"Yes, sir," said Daly for both. "It's leading us into temptation, but you may."

"Well, gentlemen, if I keep you here I mu t starve you. That is to say, I am willing to share my own rations with you, but, frankly, I do not think they are likely to last long." He looked askance at the breakfast-table. "When I have finished my stock of provisions, nature must take its course, for while I live the flag of my country shall continue to fly over Santona. You take me, gentlemen?"

"We understand, and sympathise," said Daly, his mind going back to San Ballisto. "But, for my part, I must risk starvation."

"No," said the general. "You must not—I won't allow it. I have made up my mind that if this young gentleman will give me his promise not to serve again, and you will both solemnly undertake not to turn the knowledge I have imparted to you, or you may have gathered for yourselves while my guests, against me, I shall, not formally release you, that is not in my power, but—allow you to regain your freedom."

"There in the moonlight stood a king and a queen of Spain, terrible in the rigid majesty of the grave."

Daly was moved to blurt out his thanks somewhat warmly, but General Lameth, putting out his hand, cut him short. "Say nothing until the war is over; we may meet as friends. Above all, remember I give you no safe conduct—you take your own risks with my sentries. I will give you French uniforms and a little boat. What will become of you rests with yourselves."

Needless to say, the captives jumped at the Governor's offer, and night found them afloat in a skiff outside the batteries of Santona. Their hope was to fall in with the landmost blockading cruiser, but the north wind was blowing half a gale, and the British squadron had fled for sea room. In the end, the two were grateful to be able to run the boat ashore again a few miles from the harbour mouth and to stumble over the stony beach in the dark, free men once more.

They knew little of their whereabouts, save that Santona lay on their left hand following the coast-line. A struggling moon showed them the cliffs that rose from the strand, scarce a hundred feet in front of them; had the tide been in they would most likely have been dashed against them in their efforts to effect a landing.

With great travail they unearthed a passage up the face of the rocks, and found themselves at length on the summit of the stern promontory, gazing down into the sea; behind them the moonlight glimpsed on a wild, sterile landscape. A huge shadow in the foreground resolved itself, when approached, into an abbey of great extent, but half ruined by shot and shell, and entirely deserted.

Clambering in through a breach in the refectory wall, a painful scene of desolation met their eyes. Everything man could wreck was wrecked, wantonly and hideously wrecked; all the wings were equally despoiled, but that comprising the church and burial vaults worst of all; the altars were broken, the sacred ornaments such as could not be removed were shattered or wrenched out of shape, the sacred pictures ripped open, or turned to obscenity by the rough brush work of some depraved genius who had used the blood of man or beast for his pigment; most frightful of all, the very tombs were rent asunder, and the sheeted, ghastly dead flung to rot among the offal of horses and swine. There was nothing living there but the rats, and they could not be seen, although from the sound of their squeaking and gnawing and scampering they must have numbered hundreds.

Daly and Quilliam gazed at the sight, stomach sick with horror, but unable to quit the deadly fascination. Almost beneath their feet, stinking and phosphorescent, lay an open tomb from which protruded the forms of a man and a woman, so grouped, Daly imagined, by the genius who had retouched the pictures. The male figure held in its hand a wooden bauble—Daly looked closer—a make-believe sceptre; there lay a King of Spain and, perhaps, his Queen.

"I say," gasped Quilliam, fearfully, "let's go — anywhere—but at once. I hear them talking to themselves."

"It's the wind," Daly answered; "where the arches are broken you get that sound."

But the wind does not address itself in French and reply in Spanish, and that was what both now distinctly heard.

"It's some French infantry with a Spanish prisoner," said Quilliam.

Daly listened intently: "No," he whispered, for the sound was now close at hand. "It's some of these rotten partidas with a French prisoner, and they're going to make it hot for the poor devil, too."

"We'd better see they don't go too far," Quilliam suggested. "It's lucky we're here, as our authority will have a restraining influence."

Daly sniggered. "Particularly as we're wearing French uniforms," said he.

"What does that matter," Quilliam returned. "We can tell them who we are."

"And be hanged halfway through the story," Daly answered. "No, thank you; I don't want to assist at an execution as the leading person. This fellow must shift for himself; perhaps he was one of the artists at work here, and this is poetic justice. But we can just creep forward under cover and see what they're up to; they'll never venture in after us in the dark."

A few moments' crawling amidst the bones of the dead brought them to a window from which they could see what was taking place outside.

The new comers were partidas right enough, twenty of them; and in their midst stood a French officer bleeding from two gashes in his face, pinioned and shackled, and with a halter round his neck. One or other of the partidas would now and again launch a kick at him from behind, and when he tried to turn on this assailant another would take up the joke, while a third would drop a musket butt on his toes.

Meanwhile a big man stood at the church door marking out distances on it with a piece of chalk; at his feet lay a hammer with several immense nails, or rather spikes.

"Are they going to hang him?" Quilliam whispered.

"No fear," said Daly. "They're going to crucify him."

"No!" gasped Quilliam. "We can't allow that."

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"No," said Daly, sternly. "We can't. Not if we have to fight the twenty of them with our fingers." His head sank a second on his breast, then Quilliam saw what seemed almost a devilish look in his eyes. "Will you damn your soul," Daly asked, "to save that man?"

"I'll do anything you do," the middy answered, staunchly.

"Come then," said Daly, and he led him back to the festering graves.

The big man at the church door was just taking up his hammer and nails when he heard the bolt inside grate harshly in its socket. All thought of what he was doing faded from him, and he—his comrades also—looked in a palsy of terror for what should emerge. Slowly, very, very slowly, the door swung back, and there in the moonlight stood a king and a queen of Spain, terrible in the rigid majesty of the grave.

That big man's body fed the fish before dawn, for reason left him then and there, and rushing to the cliff edge, he crashed down into eternity; his brothers-in-arms more wisely selected the direction of their homes.

"I hope I didn't frighten you, sir?" said Daly to the Frenchman, unwinding, as he spoke, the grisly endless garment from his person.

"Not so much as the prospect of crucifixion, sir," the officer answered. "Do I address myself to Captain Daly?"

"You do," said Daly, positively winding himself up again in his astonishment.

"That is fortunate," declared the officer. "I came to tell you on behalf of General Lameth that the war is over."

"Over?" echoed Daly and Quilliam.

"Our Emperor has abdicated. The news reached us an hour after you set out, and the general sent me in pursuit of you at once. I saw your boat below, and was foolish enough to think I was safe in coming up to look for you alone."

"O, dash it!" cried Daly, angrily tearing through his flounces. "And I might have spared myself all this horribleness."

"Personally, I must thank you," said the Frenchman, striving to stanch his wounds with his handkerchief. "You have enriched my life with a most interesting, if slightly painful, experience."

"I'm glad you like it," said Daly. "I didn't."

"Nor I," grunted the middy. "I'm hanged if I aint glad the blessed war is over and done with."

"Come," said Daly. "Time for little boys to be in bed."

"General Lameth will be honoured if you will accept his hospitality for one night more," the Frenchman protested with the gallantry of his nation.

Next morning Master Quilliam emptied the general's butter-dish, and Daly smoked his last cigar.

The Events in China.

SINCE the relief of the Legations the interest of the operations in China has become diplomatic rather than military. The resistance of the Chinese troops proved less determined than had been expected, and before the great force of the Allies all their preparations broke down. It was different in the case of Sir Edward Seymour's gallant and devoted attempt. With a body of 110 officers and 1,956 men of eight nationalities (including 62 British officers and 853 men drawn from the "Centurion," "Aurora," "Orlando," and "Endymion") he attempted a task that honour imposed and that it was reasonable to undertake, given the condition that the march of the column was opposed only by the Boxers. But, after the fighting at Lang-fang, when it was no longer doubtful that the Chinese Imperial forces were in the field, and when progress had been made more difficult by the destruction of the railway and the encumbrance of the wounded, a retreat became inevitable. It was made in conditions of hardship, gallantry, and devotion, that must always form a striking page in the history of our Navy, and that add new honours to the proud records of every Navy engaged. Whether we regard the object with which the march was made—the relief of men, women, and children threatened with death and nameless horrors at the hands of barbarians—or remember the fact that the force was composed of the men of nearly every civilised Power, we must see that this episode was glorious in character, and in its features all but unique. The reports of Sir Edward Seymour and of the foreign officers all speak volumes for the courage, endurance, and loyalty with which the march was made.

The advance by which the relief of the Legations was at length effected was remarkable also, and we cannot speak too highly of the skill or the fine qualities displayed. The object was attained by measures well planned, and the operation was marked by the spirit of comradeship and emulation in a good and single cause. But the flight of the Dowager Empress and her Government imposed a difficulty in the way both of retribution and settlement, and the advances of Li Hung Chang did not tend to make the situation easier. They ended in the defection of Russia, the willingness of the United States to withdraw, and the setting up of a confused and doubtful attitude among the Powers. Their forces marched through the Forbidden City on August 28, each in proportion to its strength. The British thus took the third place, being preceded by the Russians and Japanese. We were represented by about 400 men of all corps, and the salute was fired by our artillery. This was an excellent demonstration, but there is reason to fear that it will not impress the Chinese masses, since, when we burned the Summer Palace, it was popularly supposed that we had gone to Peking to do honour to the Dragon Throne. It was impossible to pursue the Dowager to her retreat, and the Powers had no choice but to establish themselves in possession. Li Hung Chang, Yung Lu, Prince Ching, and Hsu-tung, have apparently been appointed peace commissioners, by an edict ostensibly dated from Tai-yen-fu, but such credentials need to be scanned as to their authenticity, especially when it is remembered that Yung Lu is deeply implicated in the plot against foreigners. Chang Chih-tung, the Viceroy of the Middle Yang-tse, has telegraphed urging peace upon us; this we desire, but it must be with adequate and proper reparation for wrong done. It is highly important to vindicate the position of Europeans in China, and this cannot be accomplished if the murder of a Minister and the attack upon his colleagues go unpunished. The general situation indicates a tendency towards pacification, and if the responsible Government should return to Peking and offer proper guarantees, it might be brought about.

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GERMAN NURSES FOR CHINA.

Sisters who will Serve under Count Waldersee.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

IN my last article I dealt with the northern parts of the Bombay Presidency. In this I propose to write of what is of more real interest to sportsmen—the desert region and Rajputana, including the districts most accessible from the stations of Nusseerabad, Ahmedabad, and Mhow. The western side of this desert is distinguished from every other part of India by the existence of the lion, which is still found in the native states of Guzerat. The ordinary sportsman may, however, put the chance of getting a shot at one out of the question, as they are pretty thickly reserved for distinguished "globe-trotters."

The ordinary larger game of the Indian desert, and the districts on its fringe, consists of black buck, chinkara (gazelle), and bustard. For all these a single rifle of the modern small calibre is an excellent weapon, only it should, on the wide plains of India, be used with the greatest care. This may, perhaps, be a suitable place to draw the tyro's attention to the fact that no rifles with long-distance sights on them may now be imported into India; but to the general question of battery for India I propose to return at the end of my description of the sport of the country.

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE IN INDIA.

Every writer on Indian sport, from myself upwards, has had something to say about black buck shooting. And no wonder, for the Indian antelope is almost always the first living target for the griffin's brand-new rifle, being as it is pretty ubiquitous in India, and often to be found within a few miles of a garrison town. The following description of a stalk is, I think, as good as, or better than, any other I ever read. It is from the pen of that fine sportsman, the late Captain Forsyth:

"I had frequently seen in my rambles over the antelope plains a more than ordinarily magnificent coal-black buck. I had watched him for hours through my 'Dollond,' but my most laborious attempts to reach him by stalking had as yet proved futile. His horns were perfection, of great size, well set on, twisted and knotted like the gnarled branch of an old oak tree. As the sun glanced on his sable coat it shone like that of a racehorse fit to run for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes—in fact, he was the *beau idéal* of a perfect black buck. Of course, the more difficult the task appeared, the more determined was I that these superb horns should be mine, and that in future I would disregard every buck except that one. He was constantly attended by two does, to whom he confidently entrusted the duty of watching over his personal safety—and faithful sentinels they were. They seemed to relieve each other with the precision of sentries, and clever indeed would be the stalker who could approach within many hundred paces ere the warning hiss of the watchful doe aroused the grand signior from his siesta. It was then grand to see the majestic air of the buck as, after stretching his graceful limbs, he slowly paced towards the object of his suspicion, still too far distant to cause him any alarm. Now he stops, and, tossing his nostrils in the air, snuffs the breeze that might convey to his delicate sense the human taint. Now he lazily crops a blade or two of grass, or scientifically whisks a fly from his glossy haunch with the tip of his horn; anon he saunters up to one of his partners, and seems to take counsel regarding the state of affairs. Again, as some movement of the distant figure catches his eye, his sudden wheel and prolonged gaze show that, despite his careless mien, not for a moment has he lost sight of his well-known foe. But soon the does begin to take real alarm, and, after fidgeting round their lord, as if to apprise him of the full extent of the danger, trot off together towards some other haunt. Now they halt a moment, and look round appealingly to the buck, and again with feigned consternation start off at a gallop, every now and then taking imaginary ten-barred gates in their strides. At last the buck, after remaining behind a decent time to maintain his character for superior courage, follows them at a pace that mocks the efforts of every animal on the face of the earth but one—the hunting leopard.

"Such was the invariable result of my best efforts for upwards of a week. I would not risk a long shot, as it might drive him for ever from that part of the country. His favourite haunt was a wide grassy plain, intersected here and there by dry watercourses, up which I had many a weary crawl, *ventre à terre*. I soon found out his usual feeding and drinking places, and observed that to reach the latter he almost daily crossed a deepish dry nullah about the same place. This struck me as the means of circumventing him, so I took up my position in the nullah; but as luck would have it my buck took his water in some other direction for the next two days. Many other herds of antelope constantly passed within easy shot of where I was ensconced; but not until I was almost giving up hope on the third day, and was taking a last sweep of the plain with my binoculars, did the well-known form of the master buck greet my vision, as he slowly wound his way with his two inseparable companions towards the pool to which he had watched so many of his species passing and repassing in safety.

"The wind was favourable, and the buck came steadily on till he arrived within a long rifle shot of where I was posted. Here he suddenly threw up his head, and, after standing at gaze for a few moments, turned sharp to the left and started off at a canter for a pass in the nullah, about a quarter of a mile from where I was. I knew he could neither have seen nor smelt me, and was at a loss to account for his

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sudden panic, till, on turning round in disgust, there was the cause behind me, in the shape of a small parcel of does, which had evidently been returning from the water, but, having discovered my unprotected rear, were now pulled up in a body, and staring at me with an air which had telegraphed the state of affairs to the old buck in an unmistakable manner. I felt very much inclined to sacrifice one of the inquisitive does to my just wrath, but preferred the chance of a running shot at the buck; so I started at a crouching run (somewhat trying to the small of the back) up the bed of the nullah, in the hopes that the buck might have pulled up ere he crossed, and would still afford me a shot. Nor was I mistaken, for on turning a bend of the tortuous nullah, there he stood broadside on, in all his magnificence, not 80-yds. from my rifle; but, alas! who could shoot after a run, almost on all fours, of some 500-yds. or so? When I attempted to bring the fine sight to bear on his shoulder, my hand trembled like an aspen leaf, and the sight described figures of eight all over his body. There was no help for it, however, he was moving away, and I might never have such another chance. So, almost in despair, I fired. I was not surprised to see the ball raise the dust 100-yds. or so on his further side, and with a tremendous bound of, I fear to say how many yards, straight in the air, away went the buck like an arrow from the bow. In for a penny, in for a pound; once fired at, I might as well have the other shot; so stepping from my cramped position, I held my breath as I tried to cover his fleeting figure with my second barrel. He had gained at least 150-yds. ere I touched the trigger, but the ball sped true, and over rolled the buck in a cloud of dust. Short was my triumph, however, for ere I had well taken the rifle from my shoulder he had regained his feet, and was off with hardly diminished speed. It is very rarely

OUR NATIVE BEATERS.

that an antelope thus suddenly rolled over does not succeed in regaining his legs. Their vital power is immense, and nothing but a brain shot or broken spine will tumble them over for good on the spot. When shot in the heart they generally run some 50-yds. and then fall dead, and I much prefer to see an antelope go off thus, with the peculiar gait well known to experienced shots as the forerunner of a speedy dissolution, than to see even the prettiest somersault follow the striking of the ball.

"In the present instance I continued to watch the antelope through my glass, in the hope that he might lie down when he thought himself concealed, in which case I might steal in and end his troubles with another shot. Suddenly I saw him swerve from his course and start off in another direction at full speed. Almost at the same instant a puff of smoke issued from a small bush on the plain—the buck staggered and fell, and many seconds afterwards the faint report of a gunshot reached my ears.

"The person who came to my aid in so timely a fashion was a native sportsman, whom I then saw for the first time. He was more like the professional hunter of the American backwoods than any other native of India I have ever met. His short trousers and hunting shirt of Mhowa green displayed sinewy limbs and throat of a clear red-brown, little darker than the colour of a sun-burnt European. An upright carriage and light springy step marked him out as a roamer of the forests from youth upwards; and the English double-barrelled gun and workman-like appointments of yellow sámbar leather looked like the genuine sportsman I soon found him to be. Many a glorious day did I afterwards pass with him in the pursuit of nobler game than black bucks."

(To be continued.) SNAFFLE.

[*The previous article of this series appeared on September* 1.]

Crack Shots.

THE War Office Committee, which was invested with the duty of finding out how the Lee-Enfield rifles came to be made with sights in the wrong places, has had the scope of its investigations enlarged; and it is reported that it has already decided on one vast improvement to the national rifle sights. The fore-sight, according to this report, is no longer to be the fixed affair it is, as now made to gauge, and therefore supposed, in theory, to be in the right place, but it is to be a sliding sight, and is to be fixed after the individuality of each rifle has been tested. That is to say, we are to make one step after the continental method and in the right direction. When, I wonder, shall we lead our neighbours in anything military?

* * * *

Then there is the question of a wind-gauge to consider. Surely it is a common-sense proposition that what has for years been found necessary for our best shots with the match rifle, is at least as necessary for those who are worse. The military authorities, however, have never recognised that anything is military that enables the soldier to contend with success against the civilian; hence wind-gauges have been out of the question. But when that very energetic and scientific man, Mr. Leslie Taylor, who rules at Westley Richards's, saw what a mess our national rifle-makers had made of the sighting of the national arm, it occurred to him that sooner or later there would be changes, such as would enable the shooter to be as accurate as his judgment allowed. He saw that there were two ways of arriving at correct sighting for every rifle, either by having a sliding fore-sight or a wind-gauge back-sight, or by both. There is a distinct value in a wind-gauge, even when it is not to serve as a measure of wind allowance; for a rifle does not go through its life shooting true to its sights. Its shooting is liable to variation from many causes, and the wind-gauge is always a means of finding a new zero for a changed rifle. Possibly the fore-sights may be so fixed in future as to answer that purpose also. I only know that up to the present neither they nor the back sights have been.

* * * *

As the fore-sights are to be a fixture, that settles the question of having fore-sight wind-gauges. If, therefore, we are to have improvement, and if the soldier is to be as well provided as the man who plays soldier at Bisley, there must be wind-gauges, and they must be at the back-sight position. Nothing of a simple nature has hitherto been invented nearly so good or easy as this new automatic-return wind-gauge back-sight of Westley Richards's. Instead of pushing over a v-sight, as has been done before, the whole tangent leaf is pushed over bodily on its bed. It may, and probably will, be pushed too far; the way to get it back is to take the leaf between the finger and thumb and there hold it partly depressed, and it goes back slowly and automatically until, having reached the line judgment says is correct, elevation stays its further progress, and the rifle is ready for shooting. When the leaf is entirely depressed it goes back to zero with a flip, so that the soldier always starts regulating with no wind allowance; that is, from zero.

* * * *

Why this principle of moving the tangent leaf is so much better than that of sliding a v-sight across the tangent sight need not be explained to riflemen. But others may like to be informed. It being impossible to focus the object to be aimed at and the sights at the same time, it is necessary to look through the v at the object of aim. Then the v, being out of focus, is blurred, and the method adopted is to look through the lightest part of it without attempting to focus it, that part, of course, being the middle; but if there is more light on one side than on the other, then the lightest part of the opening with blurred edges is not the middle. When the v is moved across the tangent leaf sight, this is exactly what happens. So that the bodily movement of the tangent leaf across, on its bed, was exactly what was wanted, and I expect this, or something of a similar nature, will be adopted by the Small Arms Committee.

* * * *

Mr. Henry Tate got a couple of stags at the end of the first week of grouse shooting on the Caenlochan Forest, one of which was 17 stone; at Gaick, Mr. Hargreaves and party in one day at the end of the same week opened the ball with a 16-stone stag, besides 117½ brace of grouse.

* * * *

Grouse driving in Scotland since the birds became too wild for dog work has given some excellent results. Bags of between 300 and 400 brace in the day have not been exactly common, but they have been made. The dog work was very productive this year, and I suppose that since 1872 we have not had another year when so many good bags have been got over dogs, day after day. SINGLE TRIGGER.

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At the German Military Manœuvres.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED GUNS AT WORK.
The Covered Helmets Denote that the Wearers Represent the "Enemy."

THE BIVOUAC AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT.
With the Officers—The Tents and Mess-table are seen in the Foreground.

THE ENEMY'S INFANTRY IN THE FIELD.
Here evidently the Close Firing Line is not yet a Thing of the Past.

THE TROOPS DEFENDING A VILLAGE.
Making the Best of the Natural and Improvised Cover of a Hedge.

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Some Lessons in the Art of War.

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Photo. J. Owen.

OFFICERS OF THE 10TH ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS RESERVE REGIMENT.

Holywood, 1900.

Captain Ducrot. Major Wilbraham. Major Purdon. Captain Apthorp. Captain Banbury. Captain Jenkins. Captain Cochrane. Major Devereux. Major Nugent. Major Shaw.
Captain and Quartermaster Collins. Major Maunsell. Lieutenant-Colonel Heaton. Major St. George. Captain and Adjutant Mansel.

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